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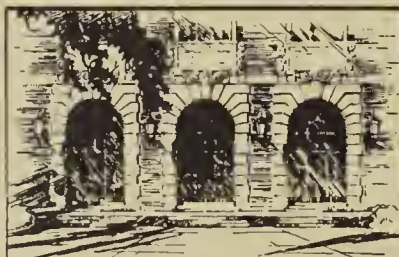
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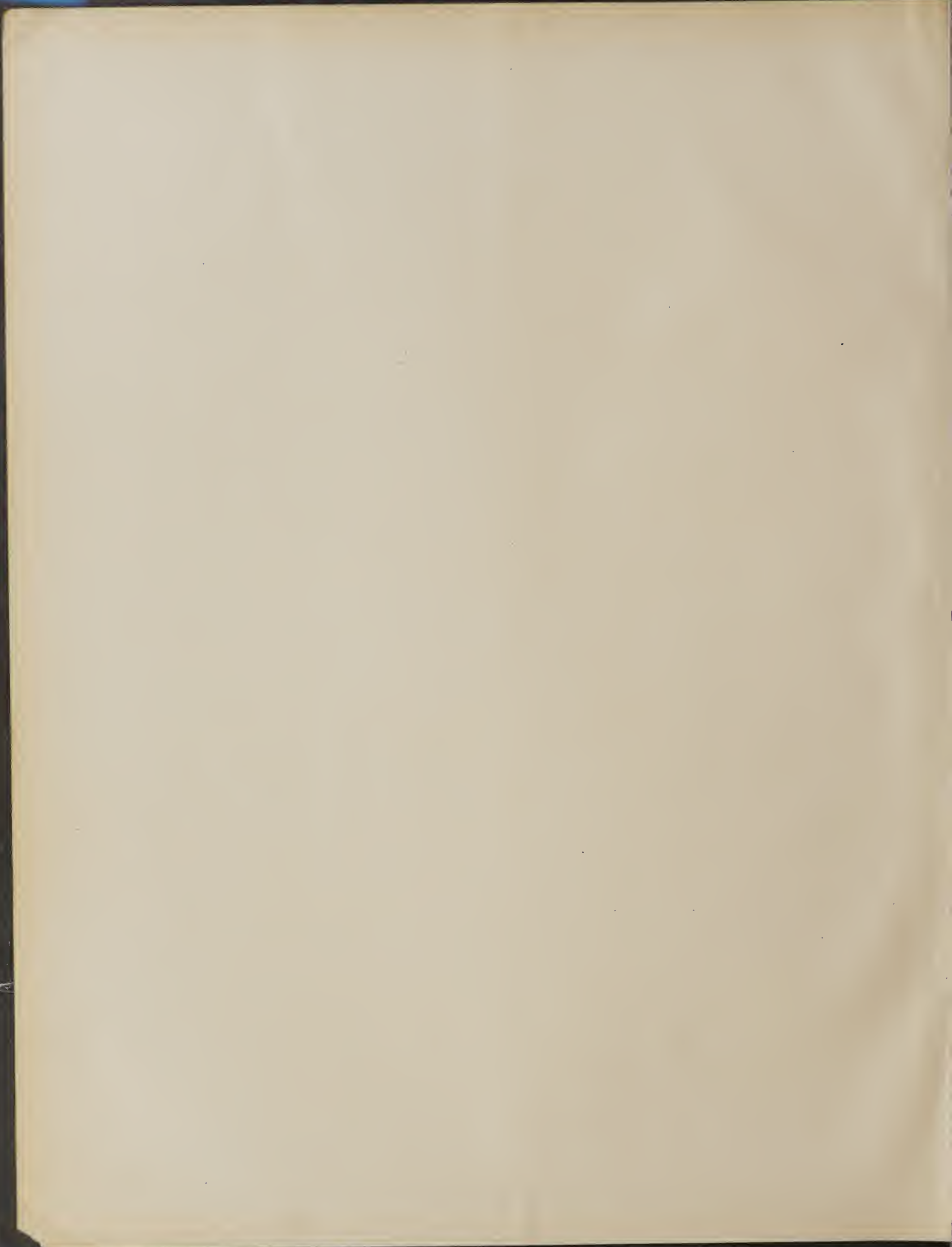
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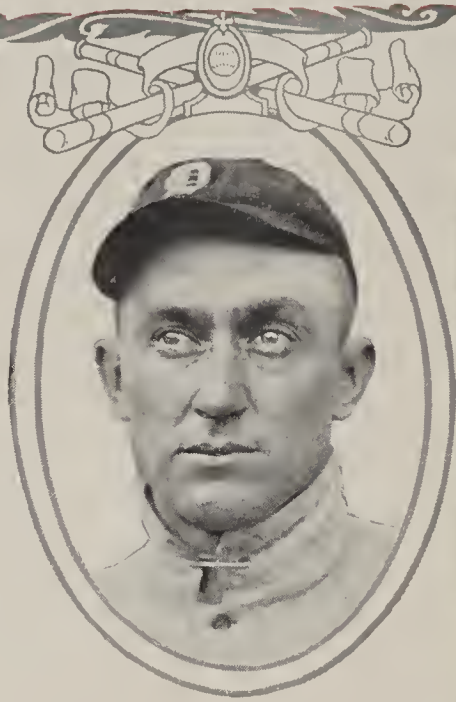


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VOLUME 84

Part 1

January to June

1915

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NEW YORK BUYS ANOTHER GAME FARM.

Under the act of the Legislature appropriating \$15,000 for the establishment of a game farm on Long Island, the New York Conservation Commission has decided to purchase two farms on Long Island.

The Commission after a thorough examination of property suitable for a game farm on Long Island, selected this tract of 139 acres splendidly adapted to the propagation of game birds. It is protected on all sides by woodland and cannot be swept by hard winds. The sandy soil is well drained. Scrub oaks will furnish shade and cover for the young birds. A river frontage in addition to a small stream running through the farm provide ideal water conditions. On the property there are buildings, which can be utilized advantageously. The Commission will have the Long Island farm fully equipped, stocked and in operation by spring.

GAME CONDITIONS IN ILLINOIS.

Game is decreasing each year in Illinois, according to a report just issued by President Dittmar of the state fish and game conservation commission, not because of excessive shooting, but rather because the great increase in land values has compelled more intensive farming. "Our thickets and other cover are fast disappearing," the report continues, "and our lowlands are being brought under a high state of cultivation, so that there is very little suitable ground left for the wild birds."

To offset this procedure the commission has adopted the plan of establishing game preserves in each county, renting tracts of 1,000 acres at the nominal sum of \$1 per year. On portions of these tracts the commission plants suitable grain, which is left standing for the use of the birds during the winter weather. These reservations can be maintained for about \$50 per year, the report declares, and will result in the propagation of game to a large extent when tracts are set aside in each of the state's 102 counties.

The report declares that the sixty deputies, under the direction of six wardens, have been doing effective work, but the force is inadequate to cover the entire state. A deputy warden for each county is recommended to give better police protection against violators of the game laws.

The commission has become self-sustaining, the report declares. During the fiscal year there was received from the sale of game licenses \$146,756.42; from the sale of fish licenses, \$6,072.78; fines collected, \$5,415.13; from other sources, \$1,772.39; making a total of \$160,016.73. Disbursements during the year totaled \$153,909.53, leaving an unused balance in the treasury of \$6,107.20.

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The cup in each case will go to the person who catches the record fish during the season of 1915, as verified to FOREST AND STREAM by the management of the hotel or camp.

The contest is open to all, subscribers and non-subscribers as well. Where different varieties of fish are caught in the same section, the management of the camp or the hotel can determine to which variety the cup will be limited, or it may be that arrangements will be made later for cups to be given for different species of fish.

More definite announcement of the contest will be made in an early issue, together with a list of summer camps to which the cups have been consigned.

FOREST AND STREAM

22 Thames Street, New York

TRIPS THROUGH THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

Forest and Stream has received from one of its old time correspondents in the southwest, a letter the contents and purpose of which may prove of interest to many readers. The letter explains without wasting words just what the writer has in mind, and we append it herewith:

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The writer, a mining engineer, has been put out of business by the war in Europe.

I would like your advice on the best means of getting up camping parties through the southwest. As you probably know there is little opportunity for hunting.

My object is to take people to the out-of-the-way-places of our country.

Through the Great American Plateau Region lately described in part by Kolb Brothers in the *National Geographic Magazine*, down the Grand and Colorado rivers. I would do it with pack outfit and wagons; also the Natural Bridges in South Utah, the Goose Necks of the San Juan River, Monumental Valley, North Arizona, the Navajo Reservation, the Naoke snake dance, the Indian Pueblos and pre-historic ruins of the southwest.

These are big scenic trips, requiring discrimination when to make them and much experience to make them successful. One would have to depend on parties of three to four weeks duration at least, five or six parties per year, at an expense of \$8 per day for each person in order to give first class accommodation, horses, and everything necessary included.

The writer is thoroughly familiar with this country described, having blazed its trails for twenty years.

The question with me is the best way to get the people to make these trips; how to reach them?

Above all do you think it feasible? Could the right men and women be interested? It's the biggest and most interesting section in this country but I fully realize it requires people of certain temperament to make a trip of this kind.

The desert and its wonderful land sculpture, its life and atmosphere are beyond the comprehension of the ordinary luxury hunting traveler used to the Pullman car and automobile.

It seems to me in order to make five or six parties it will be necessary to have a representative in the East make them up and time them for different seasons and locations. If you can consistently do so, kindly give me your opinion on the subject and confer a great favor.

W.

New Mexico, December 16, 1914.

The writer of the letter is a member of a number of scientific societies, and if among the readers of *Forest and Stream* there are any who wish further information, we will gladly supply the name of our correspondent on request. Certainly he opens possibilities of a most wonderful trip to people who have never seen the desert land of the southwest and its scenery, which surpasses anything else of the kind in the known world.

BEAVER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

The beaver has been restored to his favorite haunts, the Adirondacks, by means of restocking and effective protection, according to the reports of systematic observations of protectors and others received by the Conservation Commission

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F. SCHWALBE won Western Handicap, 99 x 100 at 19 yards, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun and Nitro Club Shells.

R. L. SPOTTS won Amateur Trapshooting Championship of United States, 188 x 200, shooting Arrow Speed Shells.

W. S. BEHM won Pennsylvania State Championship, 146 x 150, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun.

HENRY F. WHILON won Oregon State Championship with 98 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun and Nitro Club Shells.

W. E. ROACH won Indiana State Championship, 94 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun.

P. J. WHITE won South Dakota State Championship, 97 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun and Nitro Club Shells.

D. F. MALLORY won Maryland State Championship, 97 x 100, shooting Nitro Club Speed Shells.

G. M. L. KEY won Mississippi State Championship, 92 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun and Arrow Shells.

JAMES HIGGINS won Colorado-New Mexico-Wyoming Championship, 100 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun.

F. D. WADE won Idaho State Championship, 98 x 100, using Remington-UMC Autoloading Shotgun and Nitro Club Shells.

W. L. MULFORD won Missouri State Championship, 99 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Speed Shells.

F. G. DREYFUS won Wisconsin State Championship, 95 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Speed Shells.

W. H. HODGES won Texas State Championship, 49 x 50 and 25 x 25 in shoot off, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun and Shells.

JAMES M. BARRETT won Georgia State Championship, 93 x 100, and 78 x 80 in shoot off, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun Speed Shells.

E. J. CHINGREN won Washington State Championship, 311 x 325, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun.

HOWARD S. MILLS won Utah State Championship, 99 x 100, using Remington-UMC Autoloading Shotgun.

J. M. KNOX won Ohio State Championship, 99 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun.

J. T. AUSTIN won Louisiana State Championship, 98 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun.

FRED RICHTER won Minnesota State Championship, 98 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun and Nitro Club Speed Shells.

J. R. JAHN won Iowa State Championship, 97 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun.

CLARENCE HOMER won Oklahoma State Championship, 95 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Pump Gun and Arrow Speed Shells.

DR. W. H. MATHEWS won New Jersey State Championship, 95 x 100, shooting the Speed Shells.

CLIFFORD S. RANDALL won Maine State Championship, 97 x 100, shooting Remington-UMC Arrow Speed Shells.

W. L. STONEHOUSE won Michigan State Championship, 96 x 100, with Nitro Club Speed Shells.

J. K. WARREN won Alabama State Championship, 97 x 100 and 19 x 20 in Shoot Off with Arrow Speed Shells.

DR. L. G. RICHARDS won Virginia State Championship, 100 x 100, using Nitro Club Speed Shells.

WM. H. HALL won Kentucky State Championship (Not Interstate Event), 96 x 100, with Nitro Club Speed Shells.

CHAS. NEWCOMB won Pennsylvania Challenge Championship with record score of 100 x 100 for Championship, 192 straight, all at 18 yards, using Arrow Speed Shells.

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of New York. These investigations show that there are to-day between 1,500 and 2,000 beaver in the wilds, which the Iroquois Indians called "Koh-sa-ra-ga," "The Beaver-Hunting Country." The Adirondacks to-day are again entitled to their old Iroquois name.

The Legislature of 1903 appropriated \$500 to begin the restocking of the Adirondacks with beaver and in 1905 three pairs were liberated. In 1905 there was reported to the Fish and Game Commission the existence of a "small native colony of beavers, the last of the remnants of the original stock, inhabiting the waters north-

west of Upper Saranac Lake." In that year the commission placed a "conservative estimate of the beaver in the Adirondacks" at "about forty."

In 1906 the Legislature appropriated \$1,000 for continuing the restocking of the Adirondacks with beaver and in the following year seventeen were obtained from Yellowstone Park and distributed. The commission gave the beaver census that year at 100. Reports recently received by the Conservation Commission show that beaver are multiplying rapidly and are taking possession of their ancient heritage in many different parts of the Adirondacks.



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THE BEAUTY OF MAGUERROCK AND ITS LAKES.

By Edward D. Fisher.

Maguerrowock is a vast wilderness in a lake country of that name, and I will mention one of the lakes in that region, the East Maguerrowock, in the heart of these woods, one that has the most attractions for the people who visit its vicinity, in the fall of the year mostly when the woods begin to take on that blue and gold color. Oh—that splendid country, the pictures that are burned in my memory, never to be forgotten.

They who understand the wilderness only can ever learn to appreciate nature at her best; it has to be born not bred. One who is acquainted with that country may at any moment make a mental picture of the beauties that surround that lake and numerous others that are in the immediate vicinity, and see nature as no one has ever seen her before in her glory.

The reader of this narrative may now mentally go from the lake and take a stroll, from a little winding path that leads from the lake itself, and to a small hill called Sugar hill, reaching the top, going the while in a southerly direction and taking a glimpse from there behold some of the other lakes, namely the Goulding, W. Maguerrowock, the Rand in the extreme distance and about midway the small one called Rouge Lake, almost a pond, it is so small but beautiful, for on its surface always calm can be seen the reflections of the surrounding woods, real pictures that are seen in reality by those only who realize that nature has a calling and those who answer that calling will be amply repaid for their troubles.

For the hunter this region especially presents itself, as in it game abound; few moose, but deer, rabbits, partridge and several species of the cat family may be found. If one is good with his gun and it happens to be in the open season, he need not go home empty-handed.

Let the reader follow the hunters' trail that leads from this picturesque country and vast wilderness, nearer civilization, and we come to more lakes just as charming as the others. As we continue to follow this trail with now and then a rabbit darting from the underbrush, we may hear a slight sound. Now if a hunter is at our side, he will listen intently for a moment; we would take it as an ordinary confusing sound of the woods, and pass on, but a hand detains us, we stop. The hunter has sharp ears, he can detect these slight sounds as a locomotive engineer can detect the sound of a loose brake, a flying piston, a broken rod, amid the roar of the speeding train. His gun is ready, the novice wonders until he hears the sharp report of a gun, and the sound of something falling heavily. The hunter points toward the spot where the thud was heard, and behold, one of the wildest denizens of the woods, a fallen deer. With the report of the gun a loud whirring if heard and a partridge seeks the shelter of more friendly trees.

By this time we have traveled very near to civilization, and the novice is beginning to feel some of the mysteries of nature, he is nearing home, but is contented with the day in the woods as he has seen some of nature and heard some of her calls. Now he hears the friendly "Caw-Caw" of a crow in a nearby tree, he is home and regrets it, but lays the thought aside with the hope that when he enters the woods again that he will learn some more of nature.



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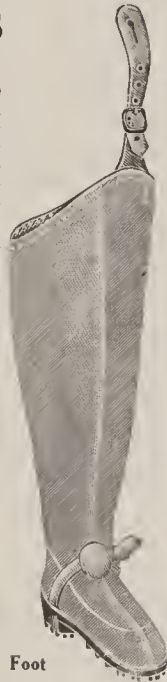
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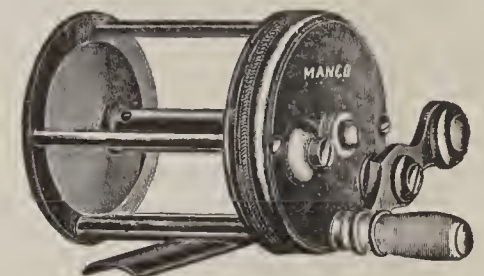
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FOREST AND STREAM

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JANUARY, 1915

No. 1



Old Wisdom—The Sand Lake Bass

By Robert Page Lincoln.

THE full flush of Spring was abroad in the northern Minnesota country. But shortly ago there had lain over that immense territory a blanket of glittering snow, some feet deep, and the wild norther had ravaged the pines and the open stretches where no pine grew. It had been a severe winter, as winters go, but the relieving sunshine had come back to the world again, and gradually, as though a veil had been lifted, the ermine had disappeared; then the country lay waiting for a time while the rains fell heavy upon the earth's carpet; the sun came out again, the grass blades undoubled, and the ash trees took on a delicate cloak of greenery. Spring was at hand. The prisoning ice quickly went off the lakes and a month, passing hastily by, left the nearby world much different indeed than it shortly had been. The returning birds from the southland were soon putting in their appearance. A black bear, out of his winter sleep stumbled down to the shores of the lake, weak from his long rest, beset with an overcoming appetite. The pickerel were now on the verge of spawning. Day in and day out in the shallows they disported themselves; seeming half giddy and powerless in

the awakening of their sex passions. Hither and thither they swam, lolling weakly from side to side; and some, reckless, yet wishing to deposit their spawn inshore as far as possible actually lay splashing on the sands of the beach. The black bear made a rush on one of these occasions and returned to the woodline the possessor of an eight pound female pickerel which he greedily devoured with a grunt of satisfaction. Overhead swung the eagle-eyed fish-hawks; darting now and then into the lake with a crashing splash, returning sky-ward as often with their prey held in vice-like claws. The Sand Lake pickerel were on the spawning grounds many days. Other fishes also were busy with the duties of reproduction. It had been a prime spawning year. The season had not been backward, and the operations went forward without a hitch. The pumpkin seeds and the blue-gills were also concentrating on that one great purpose. With their smooth bellies, and aided by their fins they had brushed out small spawning beds, some but a foot across and perfectly round, others larger. These beds were carefully set in the bottom with gravel and large pebbles carried in from outside. They were made in the order of a colony. So skillfully apparently had they been laid out it would cause one wonderment to look upon them.

The female sunfishes were now dropping their eggs and the males were approaching in their wake, fertilizing them. Soon the duty of the female would be ended. Then the male would take absolute charge over the spawning bed, the female would be driven from her home and would never again return; or if returning she would be set upon by the anger-permeated male, and driven away with the rest of the intruders. Now might be seen in every round hole a veritable sentinel on guard, with watchful eyes scanning the vicinity of his precious domain. Come life, come death—there he would remain, to guard his offspring till they were of a size that they might care for themselves. These, the minute creatures, coming from the eggs would for weeks live solely upon the tiny yolk-sacs on their breasts; and when these would eventually disappear, shrink and dry up, they would have to hunt in the water for their nourishment, as presented in the innumerable inconspicuous parasites that tenaciously clung to life in the waters. At this stage the male sunfish would instinctively lose all interest in his progeny. His duty would then be conclusively fulfilled. He would know to a day when the tiny fishes were able to shift for themselves. Then he would drive them from their home, the spawning hole—and they would

never again return there but must hunt a home for themselves, in among the weeds, beside the rocks, or run inshore where the shallows were a protection against the inroad of the larger preying fishes.

Quite much alike the spawning preparations and aftermath were the attentions given to reproduction by the large-mouth black bass. The father and mother of Old Wisdom had in the days gone by paid court to each other. There had been some rivalry in the case, but the male parent fish was a strong individual, and after some compromising, the bonds of holy fish matrimony were duly adjusted and the ways of Nature were fulfilled. Wisdom appeared from a tiny round egg as large as the head of a pin. He was burdened down with a round lump, forward of the stomach, the yolk-sac in question and upon this his voracious system drew for nourishment in no little quantity. This yolk-sac had veins and pulsed with life much the same as the rest of the body. The life of the young fishes was spent close in the spawning hole which lay in about two feet of water, in between some protecting lily-pads. Over the little fish hovered the parent, his fins trembling in an element of fighting aroused by the singular and protecting spirit of parenthood; he was intent upon letting nothing disturb the objects of his creation. Wisdom grew quite rapidly for a small fish and in three week's time the yolk-sac had dwindled alarmingly, but one might also have noted the more rounded proportions of the body that fed now so hungrily upon that precious fluid. Wisdom, as I have noted, grew rapidly. Others, his kindred, were in varying degrees of health and efficiency, though the major portions of them were weak and were undoubtedly destined to give up their lives in that battle for existence, so fixed and relentless in Nature—the survival of the fittest. Thus is it that some of a family of fish live through, seeming to have the greater portion of the united male and female parents' strength while others have been utterly neglected, unconcentrated upon.

Wisdom was early an adventurous sort of a fellow and he was destined to be one of the largest of his kind in secluded Sand Lake. He was the first of that little family to forage abroad for fare when the yolk-sac had been depleted, and when hunger set the vitals burning in the clamor to be appeased he was the earliest to mouth the succulent parasites that gyrated through the water in a thousand ludicrous attitudes and postures. Gradually others, his brothers and sisters, acquired the taste and not a day but that they were away from the hole, braver and braver as they preyed upon the queer wriggling, animated affairs that tasted so well and filled one so full of warm blood and contentment. Now happened a queer thing to this little foraging family. Instinctively they had come to rely up-

on the parent fish above them as their protector. His fluctuating shadow would lie always upon the bottom of the spawning bed by day, or would shift and be gone for some time, when hunger drove him in quest of fare. But otherwise, throughout the day his shadow cast downward from above bred in the young the security demanded, banishing all encroaching fear. But now for one whole day the little family lay in the spawning bed terrified. The shadow was gone. Only up above the sun shone down, golden and penetrating, but the shadow did not come back. A day passed; a night; and the next day arrived and yet no shadow fell mellow and compromising upon the floor of the spawn bed. The par-

the water cleared and the pickerel had gulped down his prey, nothing could be seen of the survivors. They had been scattered to the four winds of the lake it seemed. But Wisdom escaped. Foremost in the crew, he yet was missed by a hair and instantly dove into the thick of the weeds where he lay half-stricken, his heart palpitating, his whole tiny consciousness permeated with the demon Fear. But the large pickerel did not again show up, though in the days that were to follow Wisdom lay low and was more than ordinarily watchful and alert.

Wisdom soon became aware of one singular fact that stamped itself irrevocably on his minute brain. It was the instinct that other larger fish prey upon smaller fish, even as he preyed upon the water parasites, with such set determination, such vim, and now there grew in his life a watchfulness, indeed the personification of the name. It was a quality that grew in him the older he became; and many times, though he was set upon by larger fish, many a time by mighty muscullonge, yet he always managed to get away unscathed. He knew the world of the water now almost entirely. Above him there was light or there was dark. When darkness lay over the water he subsided into quietude and rest lying very still wherever chance found him; but as a rule he stayed very close to his home territory.

So now then came winter with its enveloping sheet of ice above; and the cold of the north set in, penetrating and bitter in its firm clutch upon all things; and with the coming of this season Wisdom found himself sluggish, and not at all hungry. On warmer days he would bestir himself, when the relieving light of the sun lent a gray glow even to the water, through the heavy snow that lay on the ice above. The larger, depredatory fish, upon these warmer days came inshore out of the deep to prey upon the minnows that then also bestirred themselves, for then also the parasites that clung to the vegetation bestirred themselves, and the various succulent crustaceans wiggled even so lit-

tle to betray their hiding places. On these days, instinct, alertness, and ever-present watchfulness were qualities to be carefully considered by young Wisdom; for there was always the pervading fear that intruders were in the neighborhood and meant him grievous harm. Thus was the winter passed and once more throughout the Minnesota county Spring spread her innumerable witcheries; the world became one of rejuvenation and delicate greenery; the loon shrilled out again his devilish laughter down the far reaches of the lake; birds began to arrive, and warm day succeeding warm day replaced the months of desolation that had been winter. Now then with the removal of the ice, Wisdom began to know life from still another angle. Experience opened a measurable book of knowledge before him. There were nooks and byways he knew and a thousand others that he did not know and that he wished now insatiably to know.



Old Wisdom Was a True Entomologist.

ent fish, having fulfilled his duty in the eyes of omnipotent Nature, had departed, nevermore to return!

Lazily fanning the water one day a large pickerel swam inshore near the home of the young basses of which Wisdom was the now apparently accredited leader. This family had gradually come to forget the fact that they were parentless, and were full-fledged barbarians—cannibals as far as that goes. They still continued their operations against the myriads of water beings that clung along the sides of the vegetation. Now it happened that our friend the pickerel noted this little band on forage bent. He stopped perfectly still, only his caudal fin holding his body half afloat. Scarce discernible he backed into a cozy obscure nook and lay in wait. On came the bass minnows, and still on. Then there was a lightening-like action in the water; a living bolt hit their far from formidable array, and when

His greenish body, darkly tinged here and there, and having the well defined median line; and his spacious mouth bespoke him as being one of the specie, the large-mouthed bass (*micropterus salmoides*). But there was about him something independent; some hint of aristocracy easily discernible and perhaps it was after all only the well proportioned outlines of his energetic body that would cause in one this singular belief. But, nevertheless, he was courageous enough, and soon essayed his journey to the upper reaches of the lake. Here he met others of his kind, and was now of such a respectable size as to be free from being set upon. The various large-mouthed denizens lay along beside the sunken logs, or deadheads, in clans of from six to ten; they were now arranging to spawn, and were in a spirit of feverish energy; very restless and always moving about. Wisdom kept himself well enough away and inspected with careful eye the various domains he entered. On one of these days a thrill of fear flashed through him. A great shape passed silently by as he lay there in the kindly concealment of a log. It was an immense shape, a great muscullonge that would run in weight well over thirty-five pounds. Wisdom saw him pass like a sentinel upon his way; and knew by the hideous look of the menacing eyes that the fish was preying bent.

Nor were the muscullonge alone among the greater preying fishes. There too, as he swam along could be seen the great northern pike, even more menacing in their appearance; and even more treacherous and cannibalistic, for they destroyed and consumed their own kind—in fact their own offspring. In such places, in such more or less detrimental environments was Wisdom to live his life of caution. Here he must contend with fish whose hungry lives were fed by the smaller creatures of the water; they were the fittest by virtue of their greatness, their immense destroying power.

One day while lying beside a deadhead watch-

ing and resting a strange thing happened. The bay where he had ensconced himself was of most tranquil proportions. The water was sheeted over with a mirrorlike serenity; and no wind stirring, not a wave ruffled that expanse. There stole into the bay what might have been easily known to human eyes as a boat. The boat contained fishermen. They were bent upon one purpose, and if Wisdom had known perhaps he would have been wiser. But he did not. All at once, as he lay there, there came a splash near at hand. The water cleared and he saw glide by him a beautifully arrayed creature, of blending, merging colors, having all the wonderful hues of the rainbow, but he did not know that this was an artificial minnow and that it had hooks in abundance upon its sides. He saw only the glittering, attractive front spinner revolving; and in all fascination knew only one instinctive impulse. He would snap it up. He was curious—curious beyond name. So as it began to spin away he darted forward, lunged at the side and the next moment felt the barb run through his lip. He leaped out of the water and fairly danced upon his tail such was his sprightliness, winning exclamations of wonder from the fishermen. The hook would not come out. It clung to his lip with a tenacity that boded ill; he plunged and tore, but insistently he was impelled toward the dark hulk on the water. Nearer and nearer and suddenly a net encircled him and he was lifted from the water gasping and wiggling and flopping. Then a hand grasped him lightly and he was lifted out of the net. The fishermen commented enthusiastically upon him.

"Husky little creature isn't he," said one. "In a few years more he will be a thing to really contend with."

"Every bit of that," responded the other. "You note how he fairly seemed to dance on his tail. I bet he leaped five distinct times. Let him go George—let him go, before he loses his wind."

"Out you go then little *salmoides*, and when

we visit you again be here to pay us welcome. Goodbye—goodbye!"

Wisdom, with a fluttering intake of his breath got his bearings; poised uncertain, hesitatingly; then with a glad, wavering thrill to feel the waters again, he sped away, and still kept on swimming in exultation at the thought of his regained freedom. The sensation had been an extraordinary one. Here was another thing to combat. By all the laws of instinct and fish observation the gaudy, glittering creature he had seen had been a water parasite of uncomprehended gender and origin; but he knew now, somewhere in his minute brain, that it had been a lie, a fake, a sham, built so to lead him on to destruction. It caused him fear, and instinctively he watched day after day for other such creatures to appear but saw none. His experience was not repeated for everything he ate thereafter was first duly inspected and painstakingly mouthed before being swallowed.

The animals of the earth and the fishes of the water possess, as far as we know, no distinguishing intelligence such as is the gift of human-kind; fishes and animals possess only an instinct, heightened, necessarily if brought in contact with man and civilization, or remains at its average level if remote from the neighborhood of its great enemy—Man. Possessing not a wonderful intelligence the mightiest resource at the command of the minor earth beings is instinct, sharpened by constant, often trying, experience. Some blunder, some perilous happening, in which the life was nearly lost serves to immeasurably stamp itself upon the brain, through what agencies, and with what degrees of understanding we can only leave to the imagination. Wisdom had no human intelligence; his instinct was of the ordinary; but he was learning through experience the value of careful study of the things that preyed upon him.

(Continued on page 60.)



Pioneering Quebec's New Game Country

A Description of "Canuck's" Recent Exploratory Trip into Northwestern Quebec for Forest and Stream

By S. E. Sangster ("Canuck.")



PRIMARILY my visit to the new game country of northwestern Quebec was with the idea of pioneering its possibilities for the outer, so that I might later be able to introduce it accurately to them—for it is not at any time a wise thing to attempt advising sportsmen regarding territory of which one has no actual "been there" knowledge. Always, since early boyhood, it has been my object to get into really unknown stretches—to put my canoe into waters not mapped or known—to feel the real elation of being where none have passed before.

This new Game Hinterland remains still as virgin as it ever was; outside of scattered Indian parties I doubt if any have explored it, save a very few Hudson Bay employes. A few government timber cruisers and surveyors have cruised portions in the work of sizing up

to the Indians; bear practically unknown." The Indian bands further this impression as much as possible, as they presumably desire nobody to hunt on what they have considered their own country. Even when I reached the Nottaway Station I was given the same tale.

It was because I knew from long contact with the Woods Indian of this peculiar trait of his—his desire to impress visitors with the fact that the country where he traps is not worth getting into for big game—"is 'no good'"—that I took along my own guide and complete outfit, determining to go it "on our own" as it were—to rely on no local Indian probably to lose me somewhere in the muskeg and convince me of the "no game" policy of these self-interested fellows.

As was stated in the preliminary description in *Forest and Stream* of December 5th, the territory selected by me was that contiguous to the Bell River and Shabagama lake waters, on the Nottaway—James Bay route. With the opera-

remained a *terra incognita*. Its eastern and northeastern districts have been cut up by large areas leased to clubs, that the ordinary sportsman is practically prevented from getting results there. The northwestern portion, many hundred miles in extent, is now for the first time opened to outers with the advent of the new steel, and still remains not only government land, but absolutely unknown and virgin. The game laws of Quebec give one a pretty wide range as to both open season and game allowance, while the non-resident license is the lowest in the eastern Provinces. The season opens here September 1st and remains open for moose and deer until December 31st; for caribou it is open until January 31st following. The license is only \$25 and permits one here to take one bull moose, two deer and two caribou. Bear are open to license holders. During September the speckled trout season also remains open, which is an added attraction for the earlier hunting sportsmen.

The Trip.

From Ottawa I went east via Montreal to Hervey Junction, where the National Transcontinental grade crosses. I later discovered that it would have been better even then to have gone to Cochrane and from there travelled east; but in August I could get no satisfactory details regarding transport to the Nottaway save from the eastern end. As I did not wish to rely on local Indians as guides (knowing their penchant for misleading one and keeping them off the game haunts) I took along Charles Lewis, my regular guide who accompanies me on all my lengthy trips; my point of view was that I could better cruise the new country thus and find out the game areas myself. Also my complete outfit accompanied me, including a new "CS" grade "Old Town" canoe, 17 foot (I never saw a better built canoe for such work as was here encountered), my fishing tackle and the rifle I have used for three years on all big game, i. e. the Savage .22 H. P. An Indiana man was given the opportunity at the last moment to accompany me.

It was a hard luck start; our whole outfit of canoe, clothing, food supplies and even my rifle was sent to Quebec City through error of the baggage master and consequently missed us at Hervey Junction. The construction train leaving on our arrival (the "Muskeg") was the only train going up the new steel for five days and we were in a deuce of a fix. By good luck an inspection "Special" happened to be running right through the following day and, after considerable telephoning, arrangements were made to bring along the baggage. We were tied up over the night of October sixth just past LaTuque, losing almost twelve hours—everything was sure looking blue.

However, we finally got to Mileage 360, (the East Megiskan), where in the early dawn of a cold October morning we transferred to another construction train that ran us twenty-four miles



The Click of the Shutter Brought Only Mild Surprise.

timber and mapping the areas close to the new steel, but in limited sections only have even these pioneers yet blazed their trails.

As indicative of how little is actually known of the country five miles away from the grade, I might state that all along the route none of the construction engineers or employes had any knowledge whatever of game conditions. I was told repeatedly that there was no game: "Moose very few and far between, or spots known only

tion of the new National Transcontinental line, this virgin Height of Land wilderness will be pretty easy of access. From Toronto to Cochrane (479 miles) is some 20 hours direct run in the most modern sleepers and chair cars; from Cochrane to the Bell river (Nottaway Station) it is some 180 miles east; probably a train run of 4 1-2 hours. This will be the logical route, for central and eastern states sportsmen.

For the big game sportsmen Quebec has long

westward to the Bell River (Nottaway Station). Here we had breakfast and killed three hours' time, waiting the arrival of our outfit on the Special. Finally it got in and after a quick change and a portage of everything down to the "putting in" place we were off, "Northward Ho," for an unknown country with its unknown possibilities.

From where the big National Transcontinental steel bridge crosses the Bell one paddles about half a mile to a widening of the river. The current is north, as we are above the height of land, on the direct route to James Bay, 200 miles away. For almost sixty miles one can run without a carry—surely some route for through cruisers. The widening of the river is only about two miles long, when it swings between two points of big boulders into a fairly wide stream that in turn, two miles further north, comes into a widening that is really a long arm of big Shabogama lake. It was rapidly getting dusk as we came into this, so we made camp for the night in a burned-over forest of birch that blackened everything that came into direct touch with it.

Up for an early breakfast next morning (October 9th) we were soon off for the further north waters of Shabogama lake proper. We were now in green timber. It was a typical clear October day—the lake was calm as a mill pond and in the crisp autumn air points seemed less than half the actual distance ahead. Away above we could hear a fusillade, which we found out later was due to two canoes of Indians attempting to kill a bunch of duck—result of at least ten shots was one Scoter.

By noon we had scouted some seventeen miles northward and decided to return south about two miles to a lovely location that looked unsurpassable as a site for a permanent camp. Here we located and here I selected a location for a camp for sportsmen for next season, reference to which is made below.

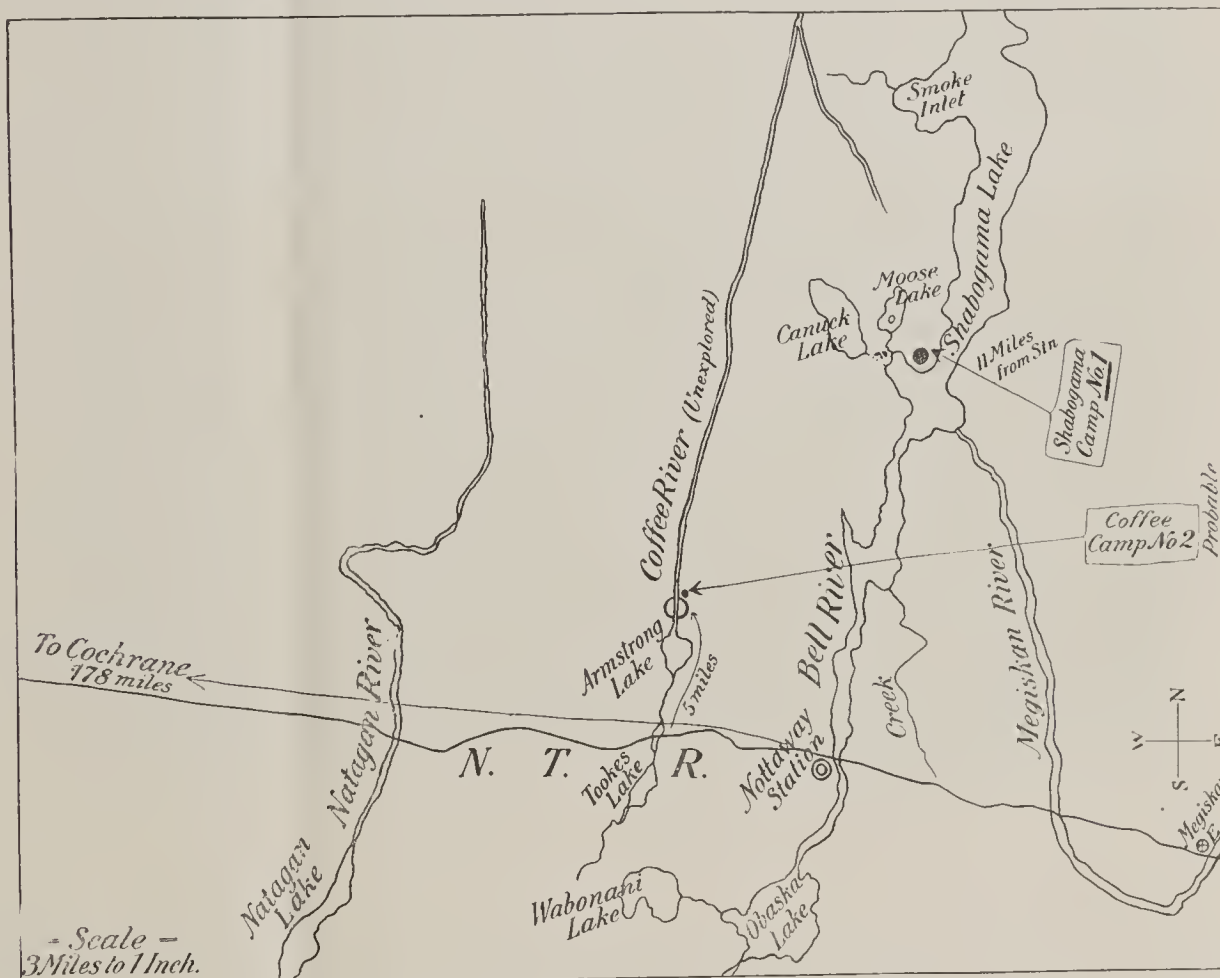
Essentially my time was given to cruising, as it was possible to locate the country only in this way. The map of the National Transcontinental Commission proved absolutely unreliable, once the steel was left. I spent considerable time following into big bays and in turn going up small streams that lead to unmapped lakelets. Again, bush hiking, traveling only by compass, was resorted to, and we found hidden waters. One exceptionally beautiful sheet of water, stretching some three miles in length and about one mile across at its widest point, I named "Canuck" lake. Another is Moose lake, into which flowed a creek about 1,000 yards in length, called Moose Creek. Everywhere was moose and bear sign; the first day we got in on Moose lake we just missed a big bull that hoofed it for 300 yards or more over the clay flats at the far end of the lake less than an hour ahead of us. A big bear had crossed the creek just ahead; the water still muddy from his paws.

On Thanksgiving Day in Canada (October 12th) we spent the day exploring and hunting in the vicinity of Moose lake. At noon we "biled the kittle" at its far end and had a warm lunch. Separating, I explored a number of dried-up creek bottoms that led westward, while O. D. struck into the bush and Charley, after accompanying me for an hour, struck back to the upper end of the lake to where he had cached the canoe. Toward evening I returned to the foot

of the lake and took a stand on the off-chance of a big bull showing up. The previous two days had been wet and cold and the game was just beginning to move again. O. D. came out across from me about 600 yards and trailed the shore toward Charley and the canoe; I decided to follow up, as it was getting pretty dark. In the meantime a big bull and his cow came out from a neighboring deadwater and down to the shore of the creek just about 150 yards above where Charley stood. He looked them over and waited for O. D.'s arrival, hearing him coming along the shore. Then they both stood and looked—it was just dark and the bull stood well in against the bush. Anyway, without being able to see his sights and simply "browning" the big fellow, O. D. pumped somewhere around twelve shots from his .35 Remington Auto at his majesty. By this time I had arrived and slipped the canoe into the water. Charley came back and we both drove the canoe down the creek and landed; it was now pitch dark, and a cloudy night. A bark flare was soon gotten and lit and we trailed the bull to the edge of the bush—blood showing in spurts at every step. Everything looked favorable to locate him next day, so

On the evening of the 13th I sat in a shore blind and watched for some forty minutes an immense cow and two yearling calves play in the creek and on its clay shores, at times within forty yards of me. An old bull stopped behind me less than 100 yards in a thicket of alders and grunted until he got my wind, when he struck off toward "Canuck" lake. Finally a two-year old bull came out on mischief bent—his motto was *cherchez la femme* and the big cow was not far away. I decided, owing to need for meat in camp and as it was imperative that more cruising be done during the balance of the trip—thus preventing further hunting—to take him; one shot with the "Imp," just missing the head, did the trick. We opened him, removed the viscera and after considerable trouble got him into the canoe and to camp, where we skinned out and cut up the meat; I never tasted nicer meat than this fellow provided; his liver gave us a grand supper that night.

Everywhere we cruised fresh sign was seen. Repeatedly fresh bear tracks were crossed in the early morning, the claw marks showing sharply in the ice-coated clay and bogs. One big fellow



Map Showing Territory Described in This Article.

we all hiked for camp and supper. Sad, sad to relate, it proved not as easy as it looked. Trailing for some 800 yards was easy, as blood was plain, on the ground and on the tag alders where he pushed through; here he bedded and undoubtedly it was from this spot we started him again, in company with four or five other moose. He had stopped bleeding now and the others appeared deliberately to cross trails, thus making it impossible to follow further. It was a sore touch—a "bore" as O. D. expressed such disappointments—but all a part of the game. That he died within a mile of his bed I am positive—he was staggering badly, the trail told its story plainly.

with a broken claw on his rear off-foot had been within fifty yards of our camp during the darkness of the preceding night.

Robins were noticed on October 20th; a great many large hawks, ravens and horned owls were regularly seen whenever we bush-cruised. Snowshoe rabbits were jumped in numbers and quite a few grouse, both the Canadian ruffed grouse and the spruce partridge; ducks were plentiful. Foxes were also numerous, while muskrats and mink were always seen.

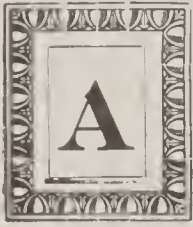
One could well spend two or three months exploring this immense district. Owing to my limited time, only one small area was properly

(Continued on page 63.)

American Cannibals

The Fierce Seri Indian Tribe of Sonora—Mexico's Eternal Foes

By Charles Frederick Holder



ANY one who has followed the history of Mexico for the past few years must at least give credit to Diaz for good generalship, as this last revolution of the insurrectos is but one of many which have harassed the government and gnawed the frazzled edge of Mexican peace. For years the Yaqui Indians were a thorn in the flesh of the body politic. They were defeated after long years of guerilla warfare, and have always terrorized the loyal Mexicans with revolts and wars or threats of wars. So far as their attacks were concerned, they were the Apaches of Mexico, though in reality a fine type of natives. But the enemies who have really terrified Mexico, especially Sonora, are the Seri Indians of Tiburon, off the coast of Sonora.

That these natives have been cannibals within twenty years there can be no doubt, and that for a century they have been at war with Mexico is well known, the story of their excesses reading more like a tale of the mediaeval ages than of 1900.

The Seris claimed the desert island of Tiburon ages ago, and for years have attacked and killed, when possible, all aliens in their vicinity, being without any question one of the most savage and debased of all native races with habits and customs which place them, or should place them, on the lowest round of the human ladder.

Tiburon island, their headquarters, lies in latitude 29 deg. near the shore, in the Gulf of California. It is almost thirty miles long and from twelve to twenty wide with an added 1,500 square miles of adjacent desert on the mainland, across shark infested El Inferillo.

It is a hilly barren desert without the slightest encouragement to hold out to a normal human being, yet the savages have lived here from time immemorial, have flourished under seemingly impossible conditions, having a fondness for their home, which amounts to an absorbing vital passion, and a tribal rule regarding marriage with alien races that has preserved the type, strong and insistent.

For years until to-day they have been gradually killed off and shot down without warning by the Mexican troops and this has decimated their numbers to a pitiful number, yet they are still Seris, full blooded, savage, ugly, treacherous, everything that is wrong from the educational standpoint, and apparently ready to dine on human flesh, whenever the opportunity offers for its accomplishment in safety.

My reason for this opinion is based on a singular experience I had.

For twenty years I had heard of the Seris. Occasionally news would drift into California that someone had gone down to Tiburon and had never been seen again, then the Mexican troops would go over to the island and have a killing; but the Seris always survived as a tribe, and always returned again to their Apache-like habit, so well known in old Sonora, of killing

and robbing everybody on principle. Several times I was almost on the verge of going to the Seri country to see to what extent the conditions had been exaggerated.

In 1893, I received an invitation to join in equipping a party which proposed to start from Yuma, and only pressing business prevented my going, possibly a fortunate circumstance, as I might have been added to some nocturnal menu of these interesting people. I was at the time desirous of obtaining accurate data about the entire country from the delta to Tiburon, and I entered into an arrangement with Lieutenant Robinson of Yuma, for a series of papers on the country with photographs, undertaking in return to defray a share of the expenses of the expedition and to join it if possible. It finally started, and in due time I received the first report relating to the lore at the delta and the old post of Santa Isabel, which I published. The next contribution was to be on the Seris. I had warned Robinson that it was, in my estimation absolutely necessary to go well armed, and in force, and to take no chances. I suggested that a guard of Mexican troops be asked to accompany him, joining him at Hermosillo or Guaymas, quoting to him the different disappearances, and my private opinion that the Seris should be watched every moment and that no chances should be taken, which meant, in plain English, to shoot at the slightest indication of trouble, and discuss the question later. In brief, I believed it was a dangerous undertaking, one worth while, yet to be followed out with intelligent precaution. Lieutenant Robinson assured me that his party would be fully armed, and that some of the party would be constantly on the alert, so I felt I was not leading men into a danger without their fully understanding it; indeed the proposition of the expedition came from Robinson, who knew that I had contemplated visiting the island some time.

Time passed and I heard nothing in reply to my repeated letters and I began to think I had been treated rather cavalierly, when after days of waiting, I received a letter from one of the party who stated that "I would have to excuse Robinson for not sending the report as the Seris had made way with him in their usual fashion." This meant that they had eaten him.

This certainly exonerated Lieutenant Robinson, and I at once took the matter up with various authorities in Sonora and Mexico, as did others in Arizona, the people of the territories being enraged. Several attempts were made to raise a force to go down and wipe out the entire tribe, but this would have resulted in actual complications and the Mexican government finally acted, killed all the Seris it could find and returned.

Lieutenant Robinson did not go with the force, I supposed he would, there were but four in the party. He wrote me in his first report that the sloop, the "Dart" had been badly injured by a tidal wave in the delta.

The story of the tragedy, which I received at

the time in answer to my letters to Lieutenant Robinson, was, that some of their ammunition was lost at the mouth of the Rio Colorado, that the number at Tiburon was not well equipped and short of water. According to my informant, Robinson and another of the party went into the interior and never returned, the third man who remained by the boat on the beach went in search of them but was driven back by the Seris. He then went aboard and with his companion went ashore but were driven off by an overwhelming force, so they sailed for Guaymas for aid. The discovery of the bones of the men in a peculiar connection justified the assumption that they had been devoured. Various other stories were published at the time, one that the party loaned a rifle to the Seris who killed Robinson with it. This seemed incredible when it is known that Robinson understood the situation, knew that he could take no chances and had been warned to be constantly on hand. That this ex-officer or any of the party should deliberately loan a Seri his gun seems beyond comprehension. Most of the information came from the natives through interpreters, and was, of course unreliable, but the facts remain that the two men disappeared as others had before, and it was the consensus of opinion in Sonora that they met the fate suggested.

The Seris would consider the killing of a white man as a sort of rare sport to be indulged in for the pleasure of the thing. Murder has no significance in the Seri language. Pity or sentiment akin to it is absolutely unknown. With the same absolute lack of feeling the reader of this paper has in killing a mosquito that annoys him, the Seri has in killing an intruder on his land or the stranger who has something he wishes.

In April 1909, I spent some time in Sonora, and was told by a Mexican who knew the inside facts that there was no question but that the Seris ate Robinson and that there were scores of things which they were known to eat far more repulsive than human flesh. The Seris of course gave many reports regarding the case, they acknowledged having killed the men, but denied the cannibalism. Of course, their testimony on any subject was, and is worthless.

I have an acquaintance in Sonora, one of the most influential, wealthiest and best known men in the State who has made the experiment of taking a Seri girl of ten or twelve and bringing her up under Christian influences. So far the experiment is successful and I saw and talked with the girl who was an interesting Indian. Her hair was remarkable for its brush-like thickness. I could think of nothing but the bristles of a Peccary I had handled in the same way in the Yaqui delta a few days before. It was black and seemingly as coarse as horse hair and it did not require much imagination to see hair of this kind rising like the hair of a dog or peccary on the heads of Seri warriors in the blood lust in which they are said to indulge.

Every tooth in the Seri girl's mouth was dou-

ble, which, however, had no significance. She was shy and modest and appeared very much like an ordinary white girl would who was having her two rows of double teeth examined by several people.

She had been educated to believe Americans monsters, not even human beings, but livid bloodless aliens to be killed if the occasion appeared.

The little Seri was under the circumstances a curiosity, but what interested me the most concerning her, was a statement she made regarding her people to the effect that they *ate human flesh when they could get it*, and she seemed to think there was nothing remarkable in the custom. So on this evidence, and the singular and absolute disappearance of many unfortunates, with their bones and the well known fact that the eating habits of the Seris are fouler than those of a dog, compared only to that of swine, leads me to believe that there have been cannibals along the Mexican line in times past, and that the reason there are none there now, lies in the fact that their numbers are so decimated.

But if one wishes to see one of the most primitive savage races on the globe, if not the lowest type, take the train from Nogales to Hermosillo in Sonora, then drive to the coast and with a party ride over the Encinas desert to Tiburon, or if one wishes to know how it seems to be devoured go to Tiburon, alone and unarmed, and wander about among its sun-baked canons. This is not an ethnological thesis but merely the opinion of a layman who believes that such an exploitation of Seriland will not be disappointing.

The Seris are from this and other reasons among the most interesting people in any land. They are passing rapidly and are no longer the slightest menace, as no one goes to Tiburon and the Seri do not wander away from the scenes of desolation they seem to love; again there are too many Papagos, Mexicans and Americans who would kill them on sight just as anyone would kill a snake and all Mexico is well guarded, hence the time of the Seri is short. The next time anyone is missed the troopers of Mexico will go to Tiburon on a hunt and the end will come.

The extraordinary vitality of the Seris is well illustrated by the fact that since the time of Cortez and the fall of Montezuma the Spaniards, and after them the Mexicans, have waged what is practically a war of extermination against them.

There were then possibly two thousand Seris; to-day they number approximately two hundred and seventy, about one-half of which are warriors; and it can be said that while overwhelmed they have not lost an iota of the savage nature which has made them stand out with startling distinctness among American Indians.

Like the Yaquis they have never surrendered to Spanish or Mexican. The rule has been to kill every intruder, anyone who approaches the island by land or sea, and the greatest honor that could come to a young Seri is the opportunity of killing an Indian of another tribe, or an American. In Mexico at large where practically the people are still Indians, marriage is often not considered necessary and a group of children will display every possible tint or shade and grades between Indian, Caucasian and Span-



The Author At His Favorite Sport.

iard (Mexican). With the Seri the reverse holds. The most lasting disgrace for a community is to have a man or woman marry or consort with an alien, hence the type is pure Seri, a remarkable one, and the men are strong, large, active, ideal primitive men, animals of the lowest type, when judged by their habits and life.

How primitive the Seris are is shown in their absolute savage nature or ferociousness. It is said the Papagos look upon them as one would a mad dog; would shoot them on sight. A good Papago was asked why he was so anxious to accompany a party to Seri land. His answer was that the Seri had killed all his relatives, and he hoped while the party was examining the island to have a chance to kill off a few of his enemies.

In their habits the Seri are like animals. They live on shell fish, turtles, fish, bird and cacti of various kinds, and while some things are

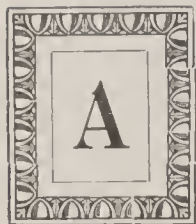
cooked, they prefer their food raw, tearing at an animal with teeth and fingers, after the fashion of a coyote, and if it were permissible in respectable print to even mention some of the food, and the feasts they make no one would doubt for a moment that they would draw the line at cannibalism.

They have not even the economic side of laying up stores of food possessed by the desert rats they kill, but wander about, not even establishing their rude homes in the vicinity of water, the woman bringing it from long distances. In the summer they go to the mainland, fatten on the fruit of the cactus, the tuna, saguaro, Pitayah, saguesa or nopal, camping in hollows in the sand beneath the giant cactus and living in the forest as long as the fruit lasts, gorging themselves as swine do upon fallen nuts. They make a flour out of the

Shooting and Gaming Along Southern Waters

A What to Take and How to Use it Article

By Dick Swiveller.



GOOD many years ago, more than I care to enumerate now, I was living in Southern South Carolina, and as the seasons passed, enjoyed the good shootings then to be had. My dear friend Sam was my companion; a big man, good natured. Sam's smile was illuminating. I never knew him to be vexed except once, and that was excusable indeed. Alex, the colored boy, our paddler, let fall overboard Sam's \$250 gun in ten foot of water, as the boat was landing. I shouted and almost followed the gun. Sam pulled me back; his face wrinkled. Alex, from black turned "yaller," and dropped in the bottom of the boat.

"Oh, Sam," said I, "what will you do without your favorite gun?"

"Use the other," said he. "Don't worry about it; there are other guns. Alex you are careless."

The gun was recovered. That was Sam's temperament. And what a beautiful shot he was on all kinds of game. So good, so kind, my memory of him will forever in this life be green. Often and often, I am with him in retrospect, and I know, almost know, he is at my side and is with me again afield. His hand has been stilled these many years, and the time is growing nearer and dearer, when indeed he will be at my side forever and we will again have the joys of shooting or their equivalent of happiness.

Now had the season returned
When the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun, the sign of
The scorpion enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the
Leaden air from the ice-bound
Desolate northern bays to the shores
Of tropical islands.

—Longfellow.

This was the time we had been looking for and had prepared for a three week's camp hunt. The boats were ready—two of them—one a long, roomy batteau, which carried the mess chest, containing, coffee, sugar, a pound or so of tea, self-raising flour, pilot bread, a big side of smoked bacon, mess pork, beans, two large "AI" hams, a bag of dried peaches, plenty of potatoes, a goodly showing of onions, for what would the camper do without this aromatic vegetable—the big white Bermuda variety preferred; salt, pepper and a bucket of good butter. Enough of all these to supply four camp appetites for about three weeks filled the old mess chest full.

The knowledge of just how much to take in the way of provisions is of great advantage. In fitting out, the writer has found the army ration a good basis. And for good, plain living, the ration itself is good and satisfying. The ration is herewith given in ounces, being one ration for one day for one person:

Flour, 18 ounces; corn meal, 20 ounces; hard

bread, 16 ounces; rice, 2 ounces; hominy, 2 ounces; peas and beans, 2 1-2 ounces; salt, 3-4 ounce; tea, 1-4 ounce; sugar, 2 1-2 ounces; bacon, 12 ounces; pork, 12 ounces; fresh beef, 20 ounces; soft bread, 18 ounces; coffee, 1 1-2 ounce.

It is understood that there is usually but one meat ration and bread ration issued at one time, i. e., if pork or bacon is issued, fresh meat is not, if hard bread, (hard tack), soft bread is not. This ration will give an idea of how to proportion the provisions to the number of people going into camp, and thus avoid taking too great a quantity of anything.

Then came the camp kit bag of heavy canvas, which could boast of a two and a half gallon camp kettle, a couple of mess pans, two frying pans—one large, with long handle, old-fashion waffle irons, with long handles, that bake one big, square waffle, at a time; waffle irons of Colonial times were they, and still in use in many parts of the South and old states. I think now, and always will think, that a square waffle is far superior to the round waffle served in quarters. Think of the old-fashioned square waffle done to a delicate, crispy brown, the gilt-edge butter running down and into those little brown squares, then the maple syrup, and hot coffee—Java of course. Well, we feel this old world contains some things to live for.

There were the tin dishes, plates and cups, knives, forks and spoons, a couple of axes—blades protected by leather caps—a camp hatchet, some nails, a ball of strong twine. There are lots of things that are handy in camp, and when the distance is to be traversed in a boat they may as well be carried.

There was a tent of ample dimensions to accommodate the party. The waterproof box containing the ammunition, plenty of heavy blankets, rubber overcoats, two rubber blankets, in fact everything to insure comfort in all kinds of weather.

My friend and I had a kit bag between us containing extra outer and under clothing, for the duck shooter, even in Southern waters, must go not only warmly clad, but be prepared to change his clothing, as he is occasionally exposed to a drenching rain or an involuntary bath in the river.

The batteau carried all this plunder neatly stowed, and was captained by the irrepressible Joe, our cook.

The second craft was built with a sharp bow plenty of room amidship, flat-bottomed, and arranged for two shooters to sit forward in the cockpit, one behind the other, the gunner aft to rise and shoot, and the shooter forward to keep his seat. Alex a big-headed, thick-lipped negro with an enormous mouth and contagious laughter, paddled this boat.

The stars were beginning to pale in the east,

when, with boats, plunder and "darks" loaded on two wagons we directed our course south for Horse Creek, five miles distant, a small, rapid stream on which we would launch the boats and be carried to the Savannah River, about two hundred miles by river above the city of Savannah.

"Mars Dick, did yer hea dem ganders, dis yer mawnin?" said Alex, as we started off.

"No, how many were there?"

"Dunno; spect dar was a heap on em; I coodent see um; dey was a cacklin' big; pears like dey must be sort ob makin' up der minds fer ter light; spect dey seed de ribbar, an was a holdin' a meetin' about getting down outen high places."

"What time did yer hea dem ganders, boy? Haint ben no ganders go over sense fo' clock; den dare am no niggers what gits up afor dat time, onless dars sumfin' werry perticular; haint gitten up fo' enny good."

"Look a hea, Mista Josef! I was on a perticular chore for de ole woman, fer ter cut some wood afore I jined you uns in de village. Taint none of yo' bisnis. Yer kin put dat in yer pipe and smoke it."

"Mebbe taint none o' my bisnis. I was a givin yo advice, nigger, fo' ter point out de way an de path what yo outer walk in. Dar was a culdered individual onct dat made right smart of hisself, dressed all up in fine clothes and puttin on a heap of style in de church, an' outen de church, and when all de congerigation was a shoutin' hallelou! hallelou! glory sinners; bress de Lawd; I'se a gwyne to fine, I'se a gwyne to fine de army ob de Lawd, an thar was nuff sperit ter move any nigger ter come forward ter de mourner's bench onless he was so alfred bigety, an de hardness ob de heart wuz so ompressable dat he couldn't see his way clear jist den ter make his lection sure. Dis bigety nigger ed just set an set, an nebber moved a mussil ob de face, an looked like he wanted ter say: 'What's all dese niggers makin' sich a time fur, a hol-lerin, and' a gronin, and a stampin ob de feet?'

"I sort ob kept my eye on dat bigety nigger, an wen Mars Posey wuz a loosin' cawn by de sackful at nite, an' one night when a sack what wuz took wuz busted an de man what took the sack an toted it wid de hole down and didn't know noffin' bout it, an de cawn trail all along de groun. In de mawnin bimeby, whin de sun wuz riz, Massa Posey seed de corn scatted all along on the ground, he jis follered hit up like a pinter dog, an bimeby he com to de place whar de big-headed, bigety, alfred proud dress-up nigger lived. Den dat nigger come down offen de high hoss an go befo de esquire to be axed, 'Who done took de cawn?'

"Now, boy Alex, yo jist mind de way yer a giyan in dis world, an' allers have a spect fo dem what givs yo advice."

"Hold on to that boat, Joe, it is slipping; keep your scrmons for some other time," said Sam.

"Dick, it will be 11 o'clock by the time we get the boats launched and loaded. What say you if we have dinner on the bank right under those trees, and while Joe is getting it ready we will launch the boats and have all in ship shape for the start."

This arrangement was carried out. Joe soon had hot coffee, flapjacks and bacon.

The batteau had been put in the water; loaded and made fast to the bank. The shooting boat was then launched. I held the rope, and in looking for a place to tie the boat I went near the edge of the bank, and at that moment the boat gave a tug, that caused me to lose my balance and I dropped into ten feet of ice cold water. Sam was near enough to reach me, and while pulling me out, begged me to hang on to the rope—

I did—This was accident number one, for this camp hunt. Of course, I was obliged to change all my clothes, and was soon in dry, warm garments.

By 12 o'clock we were prepared to run the rapids and dangerous Horse Creek. Sam, with Joe in the shooting boat, well loaded, started two hundred yards in advance. Then Alex and I in the heavily laden batteau, swirled away from the bank and instantly found ourselves doing battle with a powerful current of water, and sharp points of land armed with fallen tree tops, snags and partially submerged stumps and

logs. It was very exciting and the pace fast. Each man armed with a paddle placed one at the bow and one at the stern. As the craft would sweep around one point the next on the opposite bank would appear. Skill and coolness were necessary to successfully run these points, to say nothing of the hidden dangers in the way of stumps and snags a few inches under water. The banks on either side are for most part too high, offering but few places to land and rest. Such an attempt, anyway, would be hazardous.

The distance had been two-thirds run and I began to congratulate myself that we would get through safely, when rushing around a particularly dangerous point we saw a fallen tree projecting nearly half way across the stream and only about three feet or so above the surface. I struck my paddle in the water to go around the tree and Alex at the stern paddled to go under it. In an instant we found our mutual mistake. I had only time to dodge the branches as the batteau swung by and under the tree top, expecting the next moment to go over, or at least have most of the outfit swept overboard within reach of the terrible trunk. I looked back; the batteau had swung under the tree trunk, and its motion for a moment was arrested. Alex had "ris" superior to the situation, he thought; and grasped the tree trunk in his powerful arms, vainly endeavoring to stop the batteau and force its bow into slack water to the right bank near the roots of the tree. It was of no use. The powerful current carried the heavily-loaded boat

against Alex' feet and legs with such force as to literally boost him up and over the tree trunk and drop him in the water head first. The whole thing was so quickly and completely done, and the situation of the darkey so supremely ridiculous, that I simply rolled off my seat in a paroxysm of laughter. I think now, as then, if one weak effort on my part would have saved the boat from wreck, I would have been unable to make that effort. I imagine, that to my last hour, I will not forget the expression on that darkey's face as he paused for one brief moment over that tree trunk, head down, eyes protruding and enlarged by terror, his enormous feet encased in No. 12 shoes, high in the air, gyrating in a vain and frantic endeavor to save himself, his big hands stretched out within a few inches of the water and his fingers working with the energy of despair. He took the plunge in fifteen feet of water with a yell of anguish. Coming to the surface near the batteau, fortunately he grasped the side and clambered in, a soaked, frightened nigger. Seeing my face and quickly realizing the situation, the air was at once filled with vocal explosions that might have been heard a half mile.

"I tell yo Mars Dick, dat wuz a clus call fur me, an' when I see I was at de pint ob goin' in shur, I wuz jist mighty glad I was a member ob de church, fur I spected I wuz agwine to see dis yer world no mo. Laws, but I wuz a scart nigger! Now, I spects Mista Josef will have

(Continued on page 54.)



Sharing the Noonday Meal.

FOREST AND STREAM

January, 1915

THE NEW FOREST AND STREAM.

OUR promise of last week herein becomes a reality. This is the first issue of the new *Forest and Stream*—a monthly publication, with at least twelve objects in view, during the coming year and each one beneficial to sportsmen. Since our preliminary announcement, hundreds of letters have come to us commending the change from weekly to monthly, and offering valuable suggestions toward making *Forest and Stream* what the "big percentage" of sportsmen want. The consensus of opinion, among our correspondents, is that every issue should have at least one suggestion, to each subscriber, that will make the magazine worth the price of his subscription—this we intend doing. The general idea will be to avoid fiction, keeping strictly to suggestive articles. Our readers have noticed the series on the "new game country" that has been running in the weekly issues. This country was explored by our own representative, and he has much more information in store for you. This finding of new country seemed imperative to us, because of the decrease in big game opportunities in United States and Canada's beaten paths. When we have finished with this section we will go after new, comparatively near territory, of which there is much, requiring time and money to find. This is only one of the helpful tasks we have undertaken.

The much neglected salt water angler will be taken care of from now on. Salt water angling, surf casting and northern tuna fishing is remarkably interesting and wholesome sport, and more should partake of it, as they would did they know more of it. The Canoeist needs his inning, and we will give it him; we will "put 'em over the plate" in such a way as to make every item a hit. Trips, long and short, cruises, incorporating shooting and fishing possibilities, will stand out boldly. Field, fowl, and smaller quadruped hunting will be handled with a "where and how to" flavor. Trap and rifle shooting and how to take care of your gun and rifle, will find a generous position. In other words, we intend talking to men who want to know and want to go. We know YOU are one of these—tell your friends about us—give them a copy of the paper.

DEER AND RABBIT MUST GO IN JERSEY?

ELSEWHERE in this issue appears a note from one of our New Jersey field correspondents, wherein appears an opinion from the State Forestry Commission to the effect that deer and rabbits must be exterminated that forest fires may be avoided in the state. Appended to our correspondent's letter is a com-

munication from Ernest Napier, president of the Fish and Game Commission. The president finds that railroads are principally responsible for the past season's disastrous fires, and there is little question but that his conclusions are correct. It was proved beyond conjecture that forest fires in New York state, as those in other states, were started by fire from locomotives until railroads were compelled to take every precaution to keep sparks within their own highways. A little more legislation compelling railroads traversing New Jersey to guard against setting fires and a little less loose speculation by the forest commission will result to the satisfaction of most of the residents of the state that has suffered so heavily, this year, from fire and flood.

THE SHOOTING AND FISHING LICENSE.

IT IS conceded pretty generally among sportsmen, that there should be a shooting and fishing license in every state in the Union. To our way of thinking there is no doubt about it. We advocate a combination license, at one dollar a year—plus clerks' charges—that will enable a man or woman to shoot or fish or both, for one year for a dollar. It would not be fair to compel the man who shoots only, or the man who fishes only, to pay a double license, while on the other hand, it is unreasonable to tax the shooter with a license, part of the money from which goes to fish hatcheries and planting, for the upkeep of fishermen's sport. Each should pay his way. We never have known a day's fishing, no matter how small the catch, that was not worth a dollar, and we doubt not every one of our readers feels the same way. The question of a fishing license will come up at the January meeting of the legislatures in seventeen states, and it is our earnest hope that the combination license, at one dollar, will become a law in all of these states, before the fishing season opens next Spring. A few lines to your representative will make next year's laws much more practicable than is the case in many states that have passed game legislation during the year just past.

ONLY THE GET TOGETHER BRETHREN GET THERE.

NO STATE has a better game record than Pennsylvania; in no other state has there been a more determined effort to promote successful hunting and fishing through the enactment and enforcement of good laws. We regret, therefore, after results so happily accomplished and promise of better ones to accrue, that our Pennsylvania brethren seem for the moment to have agreed, like Mr. and Mrs. Betsy, to disagree.

Forest and Stream has given in rather complete detail both sides of the controversy now raging in the Keystone commonwealth. It was, and is, a task the necessity of which we deplore, but now that each side has had its say, may we be allowed to exercise the thankless prerogative of a mutual friend and well-wisher and remind the belligerents that no matter what they may think personally they must, willy-nilly, stick together in the cause of real game conservation, if they expect to accomplish anything worth while and preserve privileges dearly won. The futility of "liaring and dam liaring" is never so well illustrated as in cases like this. We might also paraphrase an oft-quoted proverb and say that when just men fall out the devil reaps his dues—in brief, the market-hunter, the poacher and the

game law breaker are rejoicing now over the prospect that the future opens for them if Pennsylvania sportsmen do not patch up their differences and work in harmony. Benjamin Franklin, a one-time citizen of Pennsylvania, who is not altogether forgotten by this generation, wrote a number of pertinent observations covering situations such as the one we are talking about, that might be repeated here, did space permit. Our advice to the sportsmen of Pennsylvania—and this applies to other states with equal force—is to get together, pull together and stick together, if they desire to preserve the hunting and fishing that they now enjoy.

THE OPEN SEASON ON FOR THIS OFFICIAL.

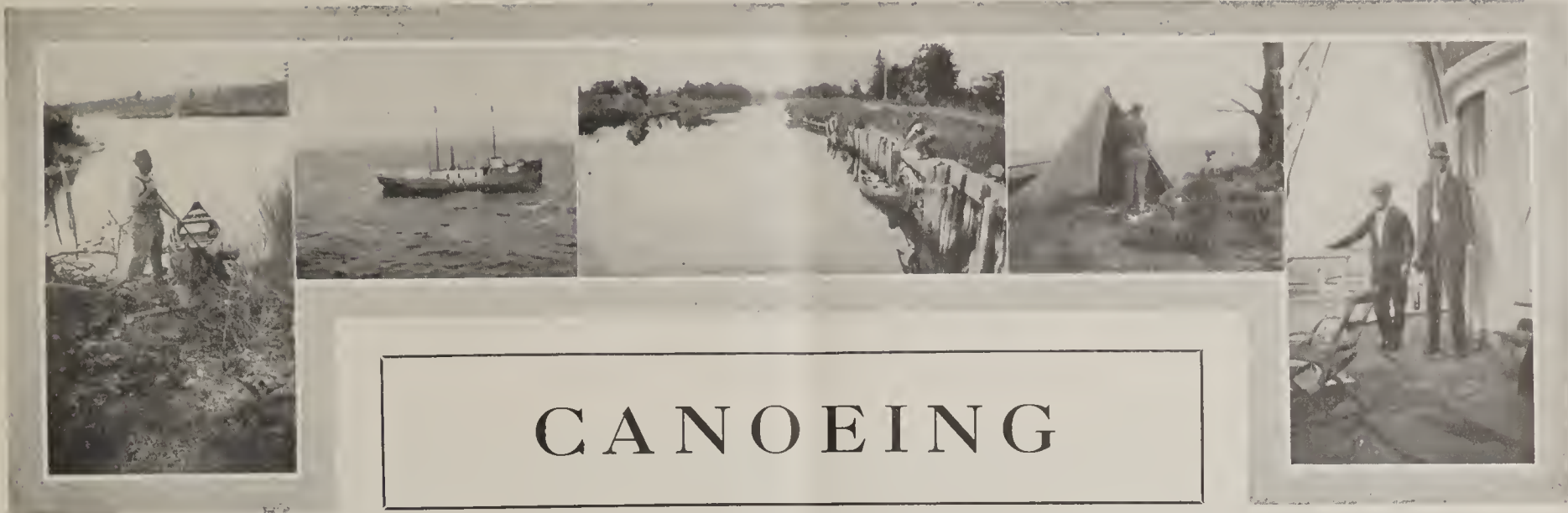
ONE of the Department heads at Washington is trying to interest Congress in a scheme to erect a "model village" in the Glacier National Park. He claims that he can thus avoid incongruity in architecture, etc., and is of the opinion that the National parks should be made self-supporting; that if they are not now, the people of the country will sooner or later demand that they shall be.

Who told him so? Has there been objection offered to keeping inviolate the magnificent Yellowstone Park, or other National reservations? If so, it must have been made in a whisper to the eager-eared official in question. No doubt his idea of a National park is a Coney Island resort, with the usual carousel and popcorn attachments. But the people of the United States will not agree to the proposition that the greatest and most wonderful breathing spots in the world shall be degraded to make a summer side-show holiday. If there are, anywhere on this terrestrial sphere, localities where "every prospect pleases and only man is vile" these are to be found in the great National parks of the United States. Make them self-supporting? The man who would try to do that in the sordidness of a mercenary spirit would cut the statues of our country's heroes into small bits and sell them as souvenirs.

KEEP AN EYE ON THIS CONVENTION.

NATURE lovers and conservationists won a great victory in New York State twenty years ago, when they succeeded in putting into the constitution a proviso that the forest and wild lands should always be regarded as inviolate against commercial destruction. That little clause has saved the Adirondacks and other sections from deforestation and has held for the people an immense area for their enjoyment and recreation. Attempts to root that clause out of the constitution have been made on several occasions without success.

We are moved to write on this subject for the reason that New York has voted for a revision of the constitution as a whole, and the convention to take up the work will assemble within the next three months. We have not heard of any special campaign to eliminate the reservation clause, but beyond question somebody will bob up representing interests hostile to it. It will pay the sportsman, the nature-lover and every citizen who appreciates his heritage to keep an eye on the convention when it assembles and watch that nothing sinister is allowed to slip through which will result in the destruction of the Adirondacks or other public territory.

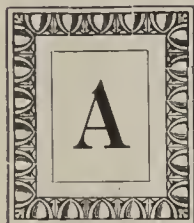


CANOEING

Along The Shores to Somewhere Else

By Alfred P. McArthur.

Photos by the Author.



DOZEN days gleaned during the charm of Indian summer. Only twelve days; but what bunches of gratification, enjoyment and comfort can be leisurely crowded into them, if your faith in the Red Gods is devout and your spirit zealous to go out, to do and to see things.

Frequently during the week, had I fretfully turned from my desk, to the office window, and gazed out over the city's roof, to the blue and the purple haze of the beyond and—Somewhere Else. A nomadic temper possessed me, I was restless, absent minded to business surroundings and fanciful. I yearned for the beyond and the untrammelled freedom of the open. I was craving for—

"The long trail, the old trail, the trail that is always new." The feathered creatures of the air, on beating pinions, singly, in flocks and in column formation were going. The migration was on, and I longed to join the flights.

The suggestion of this trip was proposed in jest. On the impulse of the moment it was agreed upon. The camp-chest and duffle-bags taken from their respective niches, and with the old sixteen-foot canvas canoe, tagged and made ready for the depot.

With pleasure, the next morning, we procure a supply of fresh ammunition and photograph films and secure good seats in the—"Smoker"—and are carried across the miles of gleaming rails to New York City. In fact, within eighteen hours from the first hint of the proposition, the good ship P——, with our expedition on board, is breasting the waters of the Narrows.

A raw, rain laden easterly wind greets us from the old Atlantic as we steam adown the Lower Bay. Our fellow-passengers of the upper harbor have vanished; but we with our chairs in the lee of the upper-deck house and beneath the shelter of the canvas awnings, are alone on the deck, watching the rain, the white capped waters of the Bay, the shore lines and ships going by.

After dinner, you could have found us in the

same chairs, as with pipes aglow and sparks flying, we watch the lights winking at us from the Jersey shore, as our vessel, rolling slightly, drives through a moderate sea, down the Atlantic coast.

A night of undisturbed slumber, lulled to rest by the rhythmic throb of the engines below and the swash and beat of the waters oversides. Awakened to the same symphony, fresh as larks to greet, out on deck, a clear fresh morning, the sun's first peep above the horizon and the tall, white tower of the light-house of Cape Charles, plainly discernible through our glasses over the starboard-bow.

Breakfast, with the mellow sunlight pouring through the port-holes of the Saloon; after which the water-proof bag, open in the Social Hall greets us to receive its contributions of newspapers and magazines for the crew of the Light-ship, a red staunch vessel, tugging at her heavy anchor chains, as she tosses and pitches on the swells, a few miles ahead. The broad expanse of Chesapeake Bay with its guardian capes Charles and Henry, Hampton Rhoads, with old Fortress Monroe basking in the sunshine, Old Point Comfort and the disembarking at Government Wharf of part of our passengers; then on again, crossing the mouth of the James to Elizabeth River and Norfolk—our point of departure.

We're done with the city and toil,

Away with your linen and tie.

We're done with the things, where coin on change rings—

Our roof is the broad open sky.

Get into your old flannel shirt,
And com'fy old headgear of felt.

With axe, gun and rod, we'll live on the sod—
The same as our patriarchs dwelt.

Less than five dollars procures our provisions over in the town. Out on the pier the camp-chest is packed. This chest is indispensable, as into its secret in'ards go fractional quantities of all our provisions to be got at, on the instant, at meal times, besides containing the cooking-outfit,

folding reflector baker, etc.; but I anticipate, come along with us this cruise and see for yourself.

The freight office makes a dandy dressing-room where conventional dress is discarded for real raiment. Woolen bathing suits become our underwear and with flannel shirts, woolen trousers, woolen socks, light-weight tennis shoes and old felt hats, our get-up is complete.

The two one-quart thermos bottles are filled with cold water from the companies' cooler. The Steamship management tender us every courtesy, and direct us to a low flat lighter in the slip where we can embark, and stand-by to help, and to see us off.

Before launching the canoe, she is turned on her nose and examined and into all suspicious spots is rubbed a small quantity of pure white lead ground in oil. This canoe never leaks, we won't let her.

Our outfit looks some bulky as it lays scattered over the lighter and causes the remark from one of our standing-by friends—"How are you-all fellows goin' t' a get all this y're stuff in that little thing?"—

After launching, the largest water-proof bag containing the tent and sleeping-bags is stowed under the forward brace and bow-seat, the chest comes next behind, then the bags containing the reserve grub—(the smallest, but heaviest of all) stows athwart the bottom abaft the chest. The two bags containing our personal outfits and spare clothing, find snug lodging in the tumble-home of the waist at each side of the chest, the thermos bottle case wedges firmly in the bow, the extra paddle with three piece mast (and also tent pole), with sail goes along the starboard run forward, the fishing poles likewise on the port side, the combination rifle and shotgun in its case, is secured on the top of the chest and ready for instant use, while the ever ready camera goes into its water-proof pocket on the after brace and the canvas water panner, with our extra supply of fresh water goes under the after seat. See how it's done!

The crew, with paddles in hand, follow the outfit and stow themselves respectively, bow and

stern. This crew totals three hundred and twenty-five pounds, provisioned for two weeks the outfit adds two hundred pounds more. Five hundred and twenty-five pounds complete and all snugly stowed, with room to spare in a craft weighing itself but fifty-eight pounds and with said load drawing three and five-eighths inches of water.

We're off! The paddles dip to a few short strokes and then rise to wave a farewell to the unfortunate toilers left behind, then fall again to the steady cadence of dip and swing, that will carry us to Somewhere Else.

With measure, swing an easy blade,
Hold steady through foul or through fair.
Strange waters we'll ride, at new camps abide—
'Long shores that we long for—Some-
where.

With the sun three hours past meridian, the first of our dozen days passes into history. The chill of declining afternoon adds zest to the paddling as we cross to Berkley and round the point. Here our light craft bobs like a chip amid the ugly broken wash from the many ferry boats shuttling the harbor. A fussy little steam launch from the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, swiftly passing us close aboard, pitches us skyward and bottomward, in most unholy and unnatural manner as we take her wake; but we are fast leaving this chaos and turmoil behind.

A mile above the last railroad bridge, we pass Deep Creek, the entrance to the Dismal Swamp Canal and beyond, naught reigns but the peaceful river, the evening breeze gently ruffling its surface and its waters tenderly lapping among the reeds bordering its low flat shores, while from the higher banks the melodious crooning from the groves of pine trees, greets our ears with their low, sweet vesper hymn.

At a bend in the river we disembark and cross to the shore over the oscillating surface of a log-boom and fill our large canvas pannier with water at the mill pump; then on again with paddles dipping the smooth stretch of quiet water aglow with the gold and crimson fires of sunset, and still on, until purple twilight softly settles over all; when with the romping, darting swallows, we skim the surface of the river and circle in toward the shore and a grove of cedars, where on a sandy knoll, carpeted by stag fern, wilted by the earlier frosts of autumn, we pull out and make our first camp.

The canoe grates gently on the sand, Montie climbs out over the bow, but not before he has picked up the mast, extra paddle, fishing poles and thermos bottles and taken them along with him. He pulls the canoe out a bit further and I come over the top of the duffle with a bag of reserve grub and the water pannier. We both draw her well up out of the water on to the beach and the rest of the duffle is carried up the bank in jig time and the empty canoe taken ashore and turned on her nose with her bottom to windward and the outfit placed beneath or handily near.

Montie and I have camped for years with this outfit and our embarking and disembarking is always the same, each handling the same duffle on every occasion and the speed of our leisurely methods is really surprising.

Taking the big axe from its pocket on the side of the chest, Montie is off for dry hard-wood, while I with knife and small axe, shave and curl-notch the kindlings and split a bit of small

wood. The small fire is burning briskly as Montie fetches in the heavier supply and as I lay the fire, he is off again to provide the pile for the night. Less than six minutes has elapsed since the canoe first grated on the beach, no word spoken and no hurry. Often for days there will be no word between us, each occupied with his own line of thought and interests, and when moving double in the canoe, proceeding with uniformity and concord. Montie calls it—Indian. While I, well I term it recreation.

While the fire is burning down to cooking condition, I open the mystic chest and lay out the cooking outfit, first driving a stake to support the open lid horizontal and instantly I have a table.

"Give us this day our daily bread." I put the reflector oven together, grease and dust the bake pan, and stand it aside. The first smoke fuss of the fire has passed and I find Montie has cut and placed the fire-forks, laid the bar and notched a few pot-hooks, so I fill the large kettle and hang her on to b'ile.

High in the eastern sky the moon is lighting our surroundings with splendor; but to add in closer detail, I unfold and prime the candle lantern and start her off with no thought of a mosquito, as their season has long passed with that of the fly and other pests.

At the chest again, I place two heaping cups of flour into the large bowl, add a dash of salt and some baking powder. The shortening follows, water is added and the whole stirred to a soft dough which is turned out on the baker-board and rolled to a half-inch thickness and a batch of biscuits cut out with the top of the mixer. What mixer? Why a tall round, tapered German silver affair. Ask any white jacketed lad who works before a mirror amid his array of crystal glasses which he polishes with a towel from time to time. The chest contains a mixer complete, and proves a mighty handy asset to a camp-kit. Flap-jacks and omelets are shaken together in a jiffy and mixed to the queen's taste, and there's many a handy wrinkle performed with this little coadjuter.

The batch of dough cuts just ten creamy white discs, which fill the bake pan completely with a little round ball left over, occupying the center of the pan. At the fire I find the kettle boiling, so I make the tea and hang her up to brew and keep hot. Next a hunk of pork is scalded and placed in the smaller kettle and hung over the fire to simmer.

After a glance at the biscuits, which I find doing nicely, I turn from the fire to find Montie coming in with the last sticks of wood, which he commences to cut into fire lengths; but stops to sniff. "Gee, Mac!" He exclaims, "The wif of them biscuits sure make me feel empty like, how soon do we eat?"

"As soon as I peel the potatoes, get 'em boiled and shoot off the head of a tin can and warm up its contents!" I answer, as I pick up the baker-board and bowl and go down to the river to cleanse them. An owl hoots at me from the other shore and a huge carp jumps within ten feet of me, while some small fry of the finny tribe, nibbles at my fingers as I work in the water.

Back again at the fire I turn the biscuit pan, as the contents are browning nicely. The tea I find is settled to the bottom, so I pour the brew off carefully into the big bowl, throw out

the tea leaves, rinse the pot with a little hot water and pour the cleared concoction back into the pot and again hang near the fire to keep hot.

The pork is cooking nicely, and I add six peeled potatoes, with it for company, then turn out the golden brown biscuits into the large friction tip tin in the chest and get out two little cubes of compressed essence of bovine, which I place in the soup bowl and sing out to Montie—"Set the table!"

Montie sets the board and arranges the seats by getting out the cylinder folded sleeping bags and places them at each end of the table, then strolls over to the fire and looks us over with inquiring glances.

A prod into the pot and the potatoes are found fit. Montie brings the bowls with the little cubes and each receives its portion of scalding water from off the pork and potatoes. The pot is then drained of all surplus water and in its stead goes the contents of a can which I open. It smells good, but however, it will get good and hot with the steam of the pork and potatoes, so we will hang the pot again near the fire while we start to commence—"Supper's ready, Montie!"

Our seats at table are restful and com'fy, you can lean back with every requisite at hand and no waiters to bother and help yourself.

First course soup, ha! A dash of Worcestershire can be added if you wish from the narrow, tall receptacle in its leather loops in the chest. Hot foamy biscuits steam when you break 'em in two, and butter from its crock in the chest at your elbow. Such an environment, the moon, the stars and the orchestral symphony of the Great Master, the wind in the cedars, in the reeds, the call of His wild creatures and the low voice of the river, all blending in harmony.

Next! The amber tea is poured, the biscuit and butter continue, the steaming pot is uncovered, the pork divided, also the now steaming hot stuff from the can, the remaining potatoes mashed and served. Go to it!—I say. Did you ever have saur-kraut and pork with mashed potatoes in the woods? Well. On fall and winter trips it's very much to the good'ski, and sustaining for out door work.

Desert—Oh! You mystic camp chest! Unfasten the airtight jar and—lay it on. Home-made apricot marmalade spread on your biscuit. Sigh, lean back. Take your ease. Load your old pipe, get her going and lay back and study astronomy, gaze at the moon, content. You've had your supper.

We had heard human voices, low and distinct, though subdued by distance, all during the evening, and as we are cleaning up, the well defined sound of oars reaches us. A boat is coming down river and shortly we have company in camp. They have seen our fire and had come down to investigate. We found we were on their ground, and for a time it would have been hard to determine whether we were welcoming them to our camp or they extending the noted southern hospitality of Virginia and welcoming us. Montie is still perplexed as to who was host.

They were three gentlemen from Norfolk who had built a shack—as they called it—on the river shore of an extensive plantation and spent their idle hours about its environment fishing and gunning. Our outfit was open and strewn about over a portion of their territory, so a demon-

stration was in order to prove to them how it all nested, compressed and compacted into a whole and came up the river with us in the canoe. Their wonder they made manifest.

At the very start they would have it no other way, but that—"You-all chaps come to the house and spend the night with us!"—Which courtesy, required some very delicate handling on our part to enlighten them as to our very earnest desire to occupy our own camp for the night; but during our later camp fire chat, we accepted their hearty invitation to take a trip through the corn fields back from the river and have a crack at the wild doves, in the morning.

The moon is descending in the southern sky

hanging the sleeping bags to the limbs of the cedars with their dew damp coverings to the south to dry in the sunshine. Launching the canoe we are off up the river to the house, which we find to be a neat commodious bungalow and our hosts astir, whose jovial greetings are hearty and sincere.

Preparations for the shooting are quickly dispatched. The average Southerner is brisk and prompt in matters appertaining to sport afield or afloat; but his procrastinating behindhand methods are marked by a personified listlessness along other lines, especially so of his process of going about his sunny country, his unexpeditious mode of travel requiring his carriers to conform to his disburdened convenience.

behind the shocks with the flight in view, mark it down, stalk it, flush it and blaze away.

It is early afternoon when we again assemble at the team. My bag is two brace, Montie has nine birds, the whole bag of fourteen brace and a single, twenty nine birds in all. We pluck them on our way back to the house leaving a trail of feathers flying from our chariot as we jolt through the woods.

With solicitude we await the conclusions of the darkey chap in the kitchen. The delectable odors wafted to us from his sanctum augmenting the vacuous sensations beneath our belt buckles.

The sun is a descending ball of fire in the west when we are finally ushered into the dining room to dinner.



An Easy Portage.

ere we unroll our sleeping bags over a mattress of ferns and crawl into them for the night.

Roll in your blankets soft and warm,
In the open under the sky;

Lulled to your rest by the strains you love best—
The croon of the stream's lullaby.

Astir in your bed at dawn, you note the crystal beauty of the dew glistening pendants in their settings of bronze, green and gold. The water-proof cover of your bag is silvered with them, the soft breezes of early morning whisper through the withered grasses and undergrowth about you and frisk with the mist on the river, your blankets are cozy and you snuggle down in them to doze until rosy sunshine calls you to be up and doing.

Breakfast over, we set the camp to rights,

We assemble at the barn, each with his ordinance in hand, to board the plantation wagon, drawn by mules, our conveyance to the fields of slaughter. Gleefully we vibrate over the crude hewed roads through the forest where we have a glimpse at intervals of a dilatory lumber industry taking place among the pines. Clearing the woods, the corn fields stretch their expanse of parched, vapid vistas in sear gray shocks, amid their short spear-like stubble throughout the fields to the distant blue of the sky beyond.

We tether the team to the trees at the edge of the clearing, the hunt is without dogs and we separate to cover the field, with instructions to cross the road beyond to the next, cover it and return. The going is a stumble over the old corn-hills with your gaze on the skyline, to seek cover

Pray, gentlemen, come sit ye down
Partake of God's bounty, His earth,
Has furnished her yield from wildwood and
field—

Be thankful—and dine ye with mirth.

Steaming soup—Perch and smoking sweet potatoes, the fish fried to a golden crispness that permits one to split them in halves, lift the back bone, scrape away the thin belly parts leaving naught before you but a creamy white boneless cutlet. Then our own game broiled; boiled rice served with a rich gravy, crimson sweet peppers, filled with a cold-slaw, and finally, home made wine from the juice of the wild scuppermong grape.

Later, on the moon-lit porch, with cigars
(Continued on page 64.)

Description of "Nessmuk" Canoe

By C. L. Johnson.



The "Nessmuk" Canoe in Action.

Select a canoe that fits you just as you would a coat or hat as "Nessmuk" said, and this is the canoe that I consider about right for a man from 150 to 175 pounds. I built her as much like the original as I could with the exception of being a little larger and stronger. I tried to keep her weight down as much as possible also, but 35 pounds complete was the best I could do.

Her dimensions are: Length, 12 feet; beam,

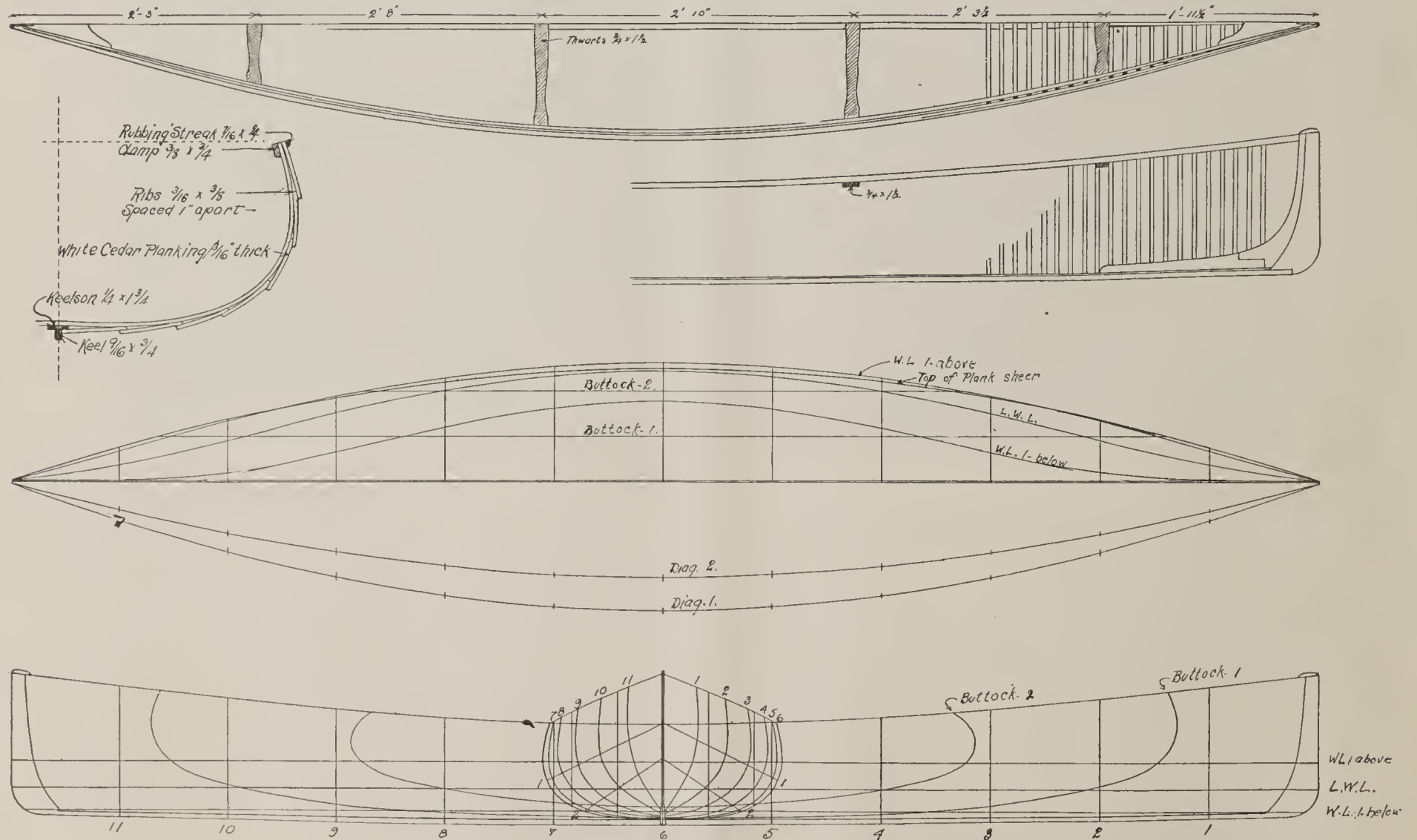
26 1-4 inches; depth amidships, 10 1-2 inches; at stems, 15 inches, with her keel sprung down 1 inch in the middle in a fair line from the ends, which is a decided advantage over a straight keel; ribs, 3-16 x 3-8 inches of white oak one inch apart, an inch tumble home; plumb stems of hackmatach or red cedar; keel and keelson white oak, clinker built of white cedar planking in seven streaks on each side. She is fastened

throughout with copper rivets and brass screws. Finished with two coats of linseed oil and three coats of best spar varnish.

One of these will be found to be the handiest kind of a one-man canoe and can easily and safely carry two even when it is beginning to get rather rough, but with one for her crew she can go practically any place and in any weather. When filled with water she is very buoyant, easy to right and bail out, and even to get back into over the side after you have had a little practice. She sits just far enough down in the water to get a grip on it so in a strong head or beam wind she makes little or no leeway, and I do not hesitate to say she behaves perfectly under all conditions. Anyone who is used to paddling a 16 or 17 foot canvas covered canoe which with the ordinary load sits right on top of the water cannot imagine the ease with which one of these canoes can be paddled into a head wind and sea.

I use an 8 1-2 foot double blade paddle with the blades turned at right angles, of course, so they will feather and offer the least resistance to the wind, and for a seat use either a cushion or low canoe seat, which can be made by stretching canvas over a wood frame and rest it right on the bottom of the canoe.

The Laurentide Company of Quebec, producers of pulp and pulpwood, is reforesting its non-agricultural out-over lands. It is also importing reindeer from Newfoundland, to see if they can take the place of dogs in winter woods work.



12 foot x 26 inch "Nessmuk" Canoe, designed and built by C. Lowndes Johnson, from the description in "Woodcraft"

Scale 1/2" = 1 foot

BOOK REVIEWS



EVER perennial, Dan Beard is out with a new book (*Shacks, Shelters and Shanties*, — Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York) designed to teach the young idea of the nation, and older codgers as well, how to chop and build the fifty-seven varieties of rustic things which Dan originated and which have been used, for these many years, by his ardent pupils from coast to coast. The present volume embodies all that the author has given before, and a great many new crooks and turns and angles. Dan is a genius in this line. No doubt he could have taught Eve in the Garden of Eden how to make a complete dress out of a fig leaf, and judging from the time Dan has been with us, he may have done so.

The new book is illustrated to the last degree of perfection with the author's plain and simple outline drawings, so that even he who is a bungler at woods carpentry can, at the expense of a few saplings, a pail full of nails, a loop or two of rope and a few bunged-up fingers, achieve some wonderful results in sheltering himself against imaginary storms under more or less imaginary conditions.

"*Eheu fugaces!*" The good old days are gone, but even we who have been around here for a longer time than we care to admit to the insurance companies, cannot remember when Dan was not telling us in our earlier days how to build shacks and shelters, boats and other contraptions, that added joy to existence, even though they scared our good mothers out of ordinary peace of mind.

If the writer remembers correctly, Dan, while an idol with the boys, did not enjoy such a high reputation among the elders. Between them and our versatile author it was something like the sentiment expressed by the elderly spinster lady to the new minister.

"Dear Pastor, how we enjoy your ministrations. Why, we did not know what sin *was* until you came among us."

So when axes were spoiled, fine tools put out of commission and the adjoining shrubbery hacked to provide saplings, parents were wont, after having invoked the usual corrective measures on the culprits, to express a wish that "the man who started all this sort of thing" were near for just a minute.

But let that not bother Dan now. He provides joy to many who recollect those days with a tender memory almost of pain, and he is still doing it for the men of to-morrow.

The writer cannot think of any boy of his acquaintance who was ever drowned or seriously hurt by carrying out Dan's ideas, but can recollect distinctly hanging perilously from tree-tops, amid the wreck of an amateur effort to build one of the eerie coops that Dan told us how to construct and can recollect also having gone through the bottom of some of Dan's boats in the middle of a

rather largish lake. That was not Dan's fault at all. It was simply the bungling carelessness of the boy builders.

And what a difference there was between engaging in one of those architectural dreams of Dan's, and doing as a penance the same sort of chopping in the backyard at the request of stern parents, and with the utilitarian object of building up the wood pile! Though the same axe was used, and the same motions employed, how the poetry did run out of the axe-handle and buck-saw, and how tantalizing it was to realize that all nature was aquiver with spring, and the *skee-re-lee* of the red-wing blackbird down by the river just coaxing the boy population to a swim.

Looking over Dan's book now, the twinge comes instinctively in an old codger's shoulder as he thinks about living in one of Dan's sod houses or bank caves. And yet that was the one thing that used to appeal to us in the days of Mr. Beadle, whose literary efforts in the way of adventure and buccaneering tales are not known to a present mollycoddle generation.

How we used to build those caves and enact the scenes and adventures of the passing Beadle hero! Probably as you, gentle reader, look back, you can picture the thing yourself and remember how Our Hero, pursued by pretty much all the Indian population left after he had got through killing off the greater part of them in the previous installment, suddenly dived, with the arrows whizzing about him, into some concealed hole and emerged a moment later into the underground cabin, decked with furs and fawn-skins, and how the beautiful Senorita and her aged father, whom he had rescued a chapter or two before rose to greet him. Just write the rest of this yourself. You can do it, as the Irishman says, "with your hands tied behind your back."

Dan Beard is a genius in construction. He ought to have been Edison; he ought to have invented the flying machine, but it is enough that his uncanny wizardry with the axe has made two generations of boys happier. Give Dan an ordinary-sized porous plaster, a few sheets of tin, a can full of nails and a couple of pieces of string and he will produce a pretty good model of a phonograph. Why he did not do it before anyone else thought of the idea still remains a mystery. His ideas run to practical matters however, and he does not as a rule, try to interest his boy audiences in a lot of things not worth while, like fiddling two sticks together to produce about once in ten times a spark of fire—a very foolish thing when we come to think of it, as long as there are matches to be had and perfectly good pants on which to scratch them.

To compare Dan Beard with *Peter Pan* is not quite right, for Peter brings up the thought of effeminacy, and anyway *Peter* was not a real character. Dan is the embodiment of Yankee ingenuity; there is nothing fairylike about him.

Dear old Dan! The thatch on his own roof of thought must be pretty well weatherbeaten, and

where it has grown thin, repairs by the use of a second-hand tomato tin and a pot of white lead are impossible. That does not matter, for as long as he remains with us, he will be the Youngest Boy on earth and yet the Oldest one alive.

THE END OF THE TRAIL.

IN THE opinion of not a few people capable of expert judgment, the best American book of travel written in the last quarter of a century is "The End of the Trail," by E. Alexander Powell (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3.00 net.) The author is a brilliant writer, with powers of observation that lend weight to what he says. Better yet, he possesses a poetic imagination, and clothes it on occasion with a vocabulary as rich and varied as the coloring of the Grand Canyon of Colorado and the desert scenery through which he takes the reader. The book in brief is the record of a trip by automobile from the extreme southwestern part of the United States almost if not quite to Alaska. It is a volume that every lover of America should read; even more, it is a book that the jaded European traveller should go over carefully, if only to learn that his own country possesses a history and a wealth of beauty that cannot be found abroad. Now that European travel is cut off, Mr. Powell has opened to his countrymen the route of a journey that surpasses any other trip in the world almost, and one that will make better citizens of all who have the time and means to undertake it.

His is a book that can be warmly commended, and one that ought to be read by every American citizen. When Mr. Powell says that much of our American scenery makes that of the rest of the world puny in contrast, he knows whereof he speaks, for there is scarcely a foot of the habitable globe which this adventuresome and keen-witted traveller has not penetrated himself.



ROMANCE OF THE BEAVER.

IN the "Romance of the Beaver," by A. Radclyffe Dugmore (J. B. Lippincott, publishers, price \$2.50 net) we have a new book by a respected and authoritative author, which deserves reading as much from the standpoint of economics and conservation as for the entertaining features it affords. The beaver is an animal so common that everybody thinks he knows all about him, but as a matter of fact, less is known of this interesting little mammal by those who come in contact with him in his home environment or by students of natural history than almost any other of our diversified North American fauna.

Mr. Dugmore has treated his subject in a manner that leaves no room for criticism. On the other hand there is much in his book to be praised, and much that will repay reading. The author has a world-wide reputation as a wild life photographer, and in the present volume he has brought to bear all his ingenuity and familiarity with that are toward giving us pictures of the beaver in his home surrounding. Not only that, he writes with a grace and style that characterize all his contributions to our literature. Mr. Dugmore spent many weeks studying the beaver in northern Canada, and naturally his best photographs were obtained under right conditions. He gives us flash lights of the beaver cutting trees at night, swimming in the water and—probably something that never before has been accomplished—he shows a beaver in the act of making the splash with the tail that precedes his dive, and which is supposed to be to warn others of the beaver colony of danger. How the beaver made this splash, which many of our outdoor readers have heard in the wilderness, has been a matter of dispute. Mr. Dugmore's photographs indicate that the smash of the tail on the surface of the water is made while the animal's head is above water; something that will surprise not a few woods life observers, for it has been held heretofore that the beaver made the smashing blow of his tail after he had started for the bottom, and while his body is submerged with the exception of the tail.

Captain Cartwright, that strange character who about the time the American colonies were battling for their independence, settled in Labrador, and established himself as an early lord of the manor, and whose diary was a few years ago carefully edited by Professor Townsend, wrote one of the best histories of the beaver ever printed until Mr. Dugmore's book appeared. It is rather strange that Mr. Dugmore has not referred to this work, for he is extremely liberal in giving credit to every source of authority to which he had access. At any rate Cartwright, although his diary is now 131 years old and over, did much to clear up the popular superstitions and misconceptions prevailing with reference to an animal which in addition to yielding millions of dollars of profit to the world has another value to this generation. Even so great a naturalist as Buffon wrote that the beaver had a scaly tail because he ate fish. Cartwright sagely

observed that if a fish diet produced such results, Buffon himself should have had a similar appendage, since he probably had eaten more fish in a year than all the beavers in the world had consumed in one hundred years. And the misconceptions of Buffon and his successors in the field of natural history have extended over all the years that have intervened.

It is well that a man like Dugmore should have come to the front with such an honest and painstaking effort to tell us what the beaver is and how he lives. Dugmore has added another chapter showing how shortsighted civilization has

and what is worse, the white men to whom they sell their furs, pay little attention to these laws. Readers of *Forest and Stream* may have noted in recent numbers that contributors, writing of the new country being opened by railway in the northern portions of Quebec and other provinces, have mentioned that beaver are becoming scarce, because persecuted at all seasons of the year, and beyond all reason. When these sections were in the firm control of the Hudson's Bay Company the taking of beaver was strictly regulated, and the supply maintained. As the grip of the great fur corporation was broken, the Indians followed



How the Beaver Works. (Watch Contrasts Size.)

Photo by A. Radclyffe Dugmore (Copyrighted)

been in almost exterminating or permitting the extermination of the beaver, which as a conservationist has performed a work, the interruption of which we see to-day in the terrific floods of water bursts that are costing America immense sums of money. Congress thinks nothing of appropriating millions of dollars in engineering projects to hold back the water at head sources, in order to prevent floods. It will cost America hundreds of millions before this is accomplished, for the floods are becoming worse year by year as deforestation proceeds.

If the beaver had been allowed to exist in numbers, as he did before civilization touched him, the dams he built across streams would have done much to hold back the terrible onrush of waters that now devastate portions of our fairest and most fertile valleys. It has been argued learnedly that cutting down the forests prevents the holding back of water, but is it not true that there are two facts to be considered here? As the forests are cut down, and the land settled, the beaver is destroyed and his conservation work is stopped. The point is well worth thinking about.

And the beaver is being destroyed more rapidly than we think. Some of the Canadian provinces have protected the little animal for periods running from two to five years, but the Indians,

no set rule in this particular, and as their grounds were invaded by outside trappers, the whole plan of procedure finally degenerated into a murderous onslaught on one of the most valuable animals in North America, and with disastrous results. It is time that this was stopped. Mr. Dugmore even complains bitterly that in the great Algonquin Park, set aside by Canada as a playground for the continent, the government is so anxious to derive a revenue from the park, that its rangers officially are permitted to take beaver in quantities that are depleting the supply. If this is true, it is little less than a crime.

The early settler and pioneer on this continent found that in innumerable instances the beaver had done much to make things easy for the beginning of farming operations, the beaver dam old and new, having brought about the clearing of lands through the destruction of timber and by the drowning process, and also by building up low swampy places into a condition where a little draining or no draining at all created a ready-made farm. The North American continent owes more to the beaver than to any other animal. It was in quest of his valuable pelt that explorations were pushed outward into the wilderness. The beaver it was that determined the political destiny of the future. Well may he be the emblem of our neighbors to the north.

Some Queer Things Happen in the Woods

John and His Zero Weather Frog and His Self-Shaving Beavers Only Second to Pete's Belief in Pre-Glacial Monsters

IN LOOKING over a new book on the beaver, by a very capable author, I was impressed again with how much might be written on the natural history of this little animal and how little has been contributed in the way of literature on the subject. Indian legends, or to dignify them by a title better known, Indian mythology, are saturated with the beaver. Who can wonder at this, when the intelligence of the animal is considered? No doubt a lot of foolishness has appeared in print on the subject, but to me the most interesting tales are those which, while seemingly incredible at first hearing, are capable of logical deduction, or find their foundation in absolute fact.

I recall a few years ago having gone into the woods with John ———, a lumber foreman who at that time was well known all over the upper Gatineau and Ottawa River country. John had expressed a desire to take a "day off," as he called it, during the summer and so we went wayfaring together with a small outfit into new and unvisited and unvisited regions. Sitting one day at lunch on the shore of a lake that even the timber cruisers had not discovered, John took up a stick which a beaver had been gnawing. Space will not permit repeating John's natural history lecture on the beaver, but he did know the animal both from personal observation and from years of contact with the Indians. Winding up his expressions of admiration of the beaver's intelligence, he said:

"And they even shave themselves."

"They what?"

"Well," continued John, "they shave each other."

He then went on to explain. "If you trap a beaver near his house and find the whiskers grown to their natural length, you can make up your mind at once that no other beaver dwells there, but if you catch a beaver with whiskers partly gnawed off, you may be pretty sure that there are other beaver in the same colony."

This was a staggerer. I had never trapped beaver myself. John had, and as he was always a truthful man, it was not for me to express incredulity.

John was always seeing things. He told me a story one day of the strangest thing he had ever seen in the woods. According to his tale, he was crossing the ice on a lake near where his men were working and all at once he noticed a puzzling trail which he could not read—and the trail that John could not read was some mystery.

"I knew it was not a bird," said John, "and it must have been a queerish animal, so I followed the tracks up for two or three hundred feet, and what do you think I found? Nothing but a big bull-frog, frozen stiff. How did he get there? I don't know, for the thermometer was just about hitting zero."

John and I discussed the matter for some time and I put this proposition to him.

"Suppose, in the mud at the bottom of the



WATER CONSERVATION BY BEAVERS IN CANADA.

Note the Beaver Dams and the Different Levels of Water in the Three Ponds.

lake, a frog had buried himself for the winter. Suppose again that a big hungry pike—for pike do not hibernate—was rooting around in the mud and uncovered the frog. We will have to suppose again that even though sluggish the frog, to save himself from furnishing a supper for Mr. Pike, shot upward through the water and happened to have the good luck, or bad luck, to strike an air hole or an open spring-hole at the top. He could climb out on the ice and make a few hops before the cold got him."

John agreed that this might be possible, but he evidently preferred to hang to the theory that the whole thing was a miracle. At any rate, he had seen the frog.

A year or so after, I was out in company with Pete, a very capable and efficient half-breed Indian citizen of the Dominion, and I put to him the new fact in natural history concerning the beaver, first expounded by John.

Pete was impressed with the story but, even imbued as he was with the taciturnity of his race, Pete indulged himself in the luxury of a laugh.

"John sell 'um razor, mebbe?" he queried.

Pete and I then tried to thresh out the matter. "You know, Pete," I said, "or at least you believe you know because you have opened beaver houses, that beaver sleep on a platform, and I have heard you say that they leave their tails hanging in the water for the purpose, as you imagine, of knowing when the water in the dam falls and so they can get out at once and make repairs."

"Yes," said Pete, "that's right."

"Now," I went on, trying to state the case like a lawyer for the defense, "if they sleep on a round platform with their tails in the water they must sleep with their noses pretty well together?"

Pete did not offer any objection to this and the rest of the defense was forthcoming.

"If, Pete," I said, "they have their heads pretty well together, is it not natural that, like ninety-nine animals in every hundred, there would be more or less 'nuzzling' and biting in play or otherwise and pulling out of whiskers?"

Pete as a jury was not convinced, for he had not noticed the thing particularly, so the case will have to be decided on appeal to better authority.

Speaking of Pete, it is strange how environment changes the character of a man. More than once as I had looked at Pete, sitting patiently in the wetter end of a wet canoe, on a wet day, I had experienced something of a pang of conscience to observe his rather insufficient clothing and lack of protection against the elements. True, everything he wore bore marks of the painstaking and even pathetic industry of Mrs. Pete, to make her husband look presentable while out with *M'sieu*, but there were lots of little Petes to provide for and pork and other things were going up and work was not always to be had. So I had regarded Pete as rather abject. How he regarded me I cannot say, but perhaps from his point of view the taking of superfluous trout from a wet lake on a wet day just to bring the fish to the canoe and turn them loose again, must have seemed rather foolish, particularly when one could have been more comfortable and better occupied in a dry tent with a brisk fire burning in front and a soft

balsam bed and plenty of warm blankets to lie on, not to mention the little but important tasks to be attended to, and a splendid library in the shape of a battered cook-book to read.

If I have described Pete in the rain, it is due him to tell of the change that came over him when he came into his own, so to speak. Pete and I were headed through the Tomasine country toward the Barriere Post in upper Quebec. I had noticed that we were swinging in a circle rather than going in a straight direction but as Pete was choosing the way, I said nothing. On our return some days later, Pete looked at me one morning and said a little hesitatingly:

"If I take you straight and save a day, you say nothing where you go through?"—in other words, Pete had taken me around his own trapping district and now that we were a little better acquainted, he proposed going through it but did not want me to talk too much about it to others. It was an intensely interesting trip. For the first time I came in actual contact with colonies of beaver that had been carefully protected and conservatively trapped. Pete was no longer abject. He was boss here. Very proud he was of his own particular country and he showed me more about the beaver in two days than I had learned in all my life before.

The promise to Pete still holds and the location of his colony will not be disclosed although, to tell the truth, not much harm would come of it now, for others invaded Pete's trapping district and took more than their toll; worse yet, Pete in a desperate effort to reap the harvest he had watched and saved from marauders, went to the length of buying for himself an evil-countenanced mongrel dog with an uncanny knack of being able to scent beaver under the ice and even following them to shore where, as a rule, they met destruction at Pete's hands.

It was going around a little lake in this locality that I suddenly broke through the subterranean home of a "bank" beaver—that is, a beaver which holes instead of building a house. As I climbed out, expressing sundry observations to Pete, that stolid specimen got even with me on the "John" theory of whiskered beaver. After looking at me wringing water and scraping mud off myself, he asked without a smile,

"When you go down you see 'um beaver with *barbe*, mebbe?"

I noticed another thing while on this trip that may in part explain some of the peculiar controversies that break out once in a while on the question of nature faking.

Pete sincerely believed, as did all his friends and acquaintances that I ever talked to, that some huge animal or monster had, not so many years ago, gone through that portion of the country, leaving a path of destruction in its wake. What it was no one could say, but Pete solemnly assured me one day that if I would go over a mountain with him he would show me the swath left through the forest by the mysterious beast. I believe that the story was simply one of the numerous *Nenebojo* legends of the Ojibways, but the strange part of it was that it had probably been told first as a legend by a past and gone generation to white trappers, and then retold by them and accepted as a white man's story by the younger Indians as an occurrence of recent date, or at least within the memory of

living man, for as the Indians forsook their tribal ways and drifted under the influence of white people and fur traders, they lost much of their own mythology.

A curious illustration of this acceptance of modern dates for incredible events happened after I had regaled Pete one night before the camp-fire with an account of the Greek myth of Theseus and Adriadne and the slaying of the Minotaur. The story had been brought out to match something that Pete had been telling me. Probably you remember, even some of you older readers who have been out of school for a long time, the stately rhythm of the poetry, although none of us ever translated it so perfectly

Gnarled, swinging his arms, like some cone-burthened
pine tree,
Oozing the life from his bark, that, riven to heart by
the whirlwind,
Wholly uprooted from earth, falls prone with extrava-
gant ruin,
Perishes, dealing doom with precipitate rush of its
branches,
So was the Cretan brute by Theseus done to destruction
E'en so, tossing in vain his horns to the vacuous
breezes.

and so forth and so forth. I did not tell it to Pete in that language, but nevertheless he was impressed, for I heard him some time later getting it off very eloquently and impressively before a listening group of his friends. In answer to their queries as to when all this had been, Pete said he did not know, but "he think it was year before las' but he would ask *M'sieu*."

Perhaps in another issue of *Forest and Stream* I may be able to tell, using Pete's own language, the new version of this Greek fable. It will surely astonish the ordinary reader. If Homer nodded, Pete didn't.

Now the point to all this is: a story that is a legend becomes to people like Pete, an incident of fact. Their own legends have had a powerful impress on their daily life. Animals to them are not the ordinary creatures as we see them, but there is a tinge of connection between persons and wild life. The curtain that divides creation is to the Indian very thin. Why, for instance will he when away from civilization, but well acquainted with it, carefully take the bones of the beaver and sink them in water or put them where dogs cannot get at them, and why will he leave some portion of the bear he has killed, not to mark the locality, but as some act to propitiate the spirit of Bruin?

When the superficial white man gets among the scenes of a life and incidents he little understands, he is apt to put things together wrongly and when he returns to civilization, is still more apt to give us some of those interesting stories that lead the scientific world to denounce him as a high-toned but nevertheless accomplished liar. The trouble is that he does not know how or when to differentiate between truth and fiction.

As well might we have denounced the gentle author of the Uncle Remus' *Brer Rabbit* stories for toying with natural history, or sling aspersions at the long forgotten Ayran originator of the Red Riding Hood story so dear to every child, for perverting the mind of the young on natural history.

But here I have wandered along telling pretty much everything and yet not much of anything that I started to write about. That will have to go into a future number of *Forest and Stream*.

OLD CAMPER.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

ALBINO RAINBOW TROUT.

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A. B., M. A.,
M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

TRUE albino rainbow trout are a possibility of the near future. They will be bred at the New York Aquarium and developed at one of the fish hatcheries. It will be the first time any attempt at scientific breeding of an albino food fish has been made. Sportsmen may not be able to wet a line in waters containing them for several years, if at all.

Some twenty such trout now occupy a tank in the Aquarium. They are all "sports" from several schools of otherwise regularly colored rainbow trout, products of the Vermont State hatcheries and presented to the New York Aquarium as freaks of the fish world. Chalk white they are, with pink eyes, and so true albinos.

Should these fish show any indication of being with spawn, Capt. C. H. Townsend, Curator of the Aquarium, will have them stripped and see if they will reproduce white trout or "throw back" to the color of their parents. Should they produce parti-colored trout, which they probably will if the Mendel law of heredity applies to fish as well as to fowls and animals, two other generations of fish, with careful selections of parent fish, will have to follow before the pure white and true albino type of trout can be certainly fixed. As an experiment in Mendelism, the breeding of albino trout will be worth while from a scientific standpoint.

That the creation of a breed of albino trout would be of commercial value is wholly problematical, hardly possible, unless the trout could be confined in waters that none of their natural enemies could reach. Nature's principal means for a trout to evade its enemies—the protective coloration—would be missing and the fish would fall victims to natural enemies should the fingerlings or yearlings be distributed in streams where there are other fish. But in the well-sheltered and screened ponds of the State fish hatcheries there is every chance that they would live as long as the darker colored trout. Fishermen believe they would retain their natural gameness, breed true, and be no more susceptible to disease than any trout. But they would be the objects of ready attack from hawks, snakes and other birds and beasts of prey who occasionally like a fish diet.

With such perfect facilities as it has at its command for trying out the Mendelian law as applied to fishes, it is hoped by sportsmen and naturalists interested in fishes and fish culture that the Zoological Society will carry the proposed experiment through to a definite end. The law has proven true with birds and minor beasts, but never has been tested scientifically with fishes, as there has been no pressing scientific or commercial reason for doing so.

A veteran fisherman said that he never knew of an albino trout being taken with a fly, though he has often seen small albino trout in artificially hatched batches that have been distributed in the

streams. It has always been something of a mystery to him why none have lived long enough to be taken. He has shot albino prairie chickens in Iowa, an albino partridge in the Adirondacks just south of Loon Lake, near what is now called Lake Kushaqua and saw a party that killed an albino deer near the Richardson Lakes in Maine. How these and other albinos of their breeds happened to survive while the white trout vanished seems rather strange.

Central Park lakes have furnished the nearest approach to proof that a breed of albino fish, normal in every other way—which the white cave fishes are not—can be developed. The pearl roach which breeds there and is not known elsewhere in the world is a near-albino, but not a perfect one. A tank of these peculiar fish is in the southwest gallery of the Aquarium. These have a white skin, scales with the iridescent coloration of mother of pearl shell, and pink tipped fins and tail. The eyes are the dark eyes of the common roach of the country streams and not pink as in the true albino.

The pearl roach is a graceful, shimmering, and dainty fish, and was accidentally discovered in a little pond where it has bred for twenty-five years, probably longer. That pond was stocked with common roach when it was built, for it is an artificial "lake," though fed in part from the same underground stream that caused so much trouble when the present home of the New York Athletic Club was in process of erection. The presumption is that a number of "sports" or albino roach must have appeared in some school hatched in the early history of the lake, and that the pearl roach are the descendants of these "sports" through natural processes. Save in coloring they differ in no detail from the common roach. Therefore they are a distinctive type which reproduces itself certainly and naturally. Had a

scientific selection of parents been made in the early stages of the development of this type, fish culturists believe there would have been developed a perfectly true albino roach instead of the present hybrid.

What the roach has done for itself under ideal surroundings that is with no enemies to interfere with the development of the type, pisciculturists believe could be done with the rainbow trout under the very favorable conditions for trying out the experiment existing at the Aquarium. So a true albino trout is a certainty of the future.

CLOSER PROTECTION FOR BLACK BASS.

Several fish and game protection and propagation bills will be introduced at the coming legislative session in Ohio. The fish and game division of the state agricultural commission will be behind them.

Two bills in the interest of bass fishing have been drafted and it is expected they will be offered by Representative A. H. Etling of Wayne county. These measures limit the size and number of bass that may be caught.

"Whoever in any one day takes or catches more than eight black bass or more than thirty-six calico bass or strawberry bass, croppies or rock bass, in any of the inland waters of the state, shall be fined not less than five dollars nor more than twenty-five dollars, or imprisoned, not more than ten days, or both."

The other bill provides that no black bass less than ten inches in length shall be taken, and that none of the other kinds of bass shall be taken that are less than five inches in length. This includes the strawberry bass and the croppie or rock bass. These varieties of fish may only be taken with hook and line, with bait or lure.

Another bill which it is proposed to offer will



game preserves, probably in southern Ohio, where more land can be purchased more cheaply than in other parts of the state. It will provide for the establishment of forest, bird and set aside approximately \$25,000 of the proceeds from the hunters' license fees for the purchase of territory for the preserve.

The commission had hoped to put the project into effect this year, supposing that money from this fund could be used for such a purpose, but the attorney general's department ruled that specific action by the legislature would be necessary before the money could be so used.

Some months ago the agricultural commission appointed a committee consisting of H. C. Price, member of the commission; Charles E. Thorne, director of the Wooster state experiment station; J. Warren Smith, chief of the weather bureau station at Columbus; John C. Speaks, state fish and game warden, and B. W. Gayman, secretary of the commission to investigate reforestation, and this committee has reported in fa-

vor of the establishment of a preserve to provide for this and for fish and game propagation.

THE BIGGEST MUSKALONGE.

State Fish and Game Warden John C. Speaks failed, last week, to secure for mounting and preserving what is believed to be the largest Muskalonge ever taken in Ohio waters. The fish was taken by the Post Fish Co. of Sandusky, in a trap-net by Cassidy and Welch, two Kelley Island fishermen, near Kelley's Island. It measured four feet, five and one-half inches in length and weighed just 43 pounds. Years ago muskalonge were taken frequently in the bays of Lake Erie, but lately they have been rarely found. There is no record of a fish of this size, however, and General Speaks, to whom the matter was reported, was anxious to secure the specimen for mounting and preservation, but before his request reached the fish company the monster had been sold to a caterer in Sandusky, who served it at a dinner.

History of the Kentucky Reel



In a small and dingy room up a narrow stairway in Lexington, Ky., an old and gray-haired man once told me the story of the Kentucky reel. The room was littered with the machinery and the debris of the metal-worker's craft, the stairway was not overly clean, and the faded little blue sign which informed us that J. L. Sage dwelt above gave small promise to my two friends and myself of anything extraordinary. Yet I found something which was quite new to me, at least, and which in some of its features may be new to readers of *Forest and Stream*.

"They tell us, Mr. Sage," said we, "that you know something of the life and adventures of the Kentucky reel. Is that so?"

"Well, supposing it is?" said the old gentleman.

"Why, we want to know all about it, and if you don't mind answering a few questions, we will just trouble you for a little while, for the sake of a paper that loves good reels of all kinds."

The old gentleman laid down a reel which he was finishing—for he himself was a maker of fine reels of a sterling local reputation—and took off his hat. "If you will just be still," said he, "and let me begin at the beginning, I will tell you all about it."

We promised, and although our eagerness often interrupted him, he went on, beginning as he said, at the beginning.

"A good many people," said he, "have the idea that the Kentucky reel is the product of one man, or at most the product of two firms, and that there is a patent covering a certain definite form of it. This is not the case. There are several parties who have made or are making the Kentucky reel, and these reels are nearly as good one as another. Their general resemblance in mechanism is a matter of following a type. This type was established long ago, and there has not been so much change in it as you might think.

"In old times, you know, things were different from what they are now. Tradesmen worked about from place to place more, and a man

of any trade often did parts of work belonging to other trades. Thus the old-fashioned silversmith used to make and repair clocks, and mend watches, and do pretty much all sorts of fine tinkering. It was a silversmith who made the first Kentucky reel, and indeed the making of the best specimens of that reel has pretty much always lain with workmen, skilled in the watchmaker's trade. That is why they are so fine and delicate and accurate.

"The man who made this first reel was named Sneider, and he was a silversmith watchmaker, probably from Switzerland. The Clay family, over around Paris, in Bourbon County, were all great fishermen, and I reckon it was some of these Clays who first got Sneider to make a reel.

"That was in 1837. Then Sneider got to making reels for the Blairs, the Bibbs, the Morrisseys, McCurdys and Holemans, all Frankfort men. There are some of these old reels there and in this town yet. I can show you a Sneider reel to-day that is as good a casting reel as you need ask, although it is a good deal more than forty years old. You men talk about a reel wearing out in two or three years, so it has to be fixed or be worthless; I tell you a good reel will outlive a man, and if you don't believe it, you can try one of these old reels yourself.

"Well, Sneider made good reels, and he died. Bear in mind that to him is due the credit of the first Kentucky reel, and that it was well and honestly made.

"Sam Ayres was a Lexington watchmaker, and after the fashion of his kind, he had to move, and so he went over to Danville. Jonathan F. Meek was apprenticed to Ayres, and learned his trade there. Then Jonathan Meek left Ayres and went over to Frankfort and worked for Loomis. Meek was a fisher himself, and loved the sport. At that time the Kentucky river was a pure and undammed stream, and the fishing for bass and jack—or pike, I suppose you Northerners call them—was all that could be asked. This was in 1839, and about this time Meek left Loomis, rented a little shop, and set up a watchmaking business for himself.

"Old Judge Brown and Meek used to go out hunting and fishing together a great deal, and one day the old Judge said: 'The fish are biting splendidly, Jonathan, I reckon I'll have to send over to Sneider and get another reel. But tell me, why can't you make me a reel? You're a pretty good workman.'

"Jonathan Meek did make the Judge a reel, and it was a mighty good one, a better one than Sneider made. It was a very small and long reel, and you will remember that was the old form of the Kentucky reel. Meek cut out his own driving-wheels at Frankfort, but he had to go back over to Danville to get at a machine to cut his cogs. He finished up the reel with his watch tools.

"Along about 1839 Jonathan's brother, Benjamin F. Meek, was also apprenticed to Ayres. Ben was a prodigal son, and went wild. After a while he went over to Frankfort, and Jonathan took him into the business with him. Jonathan worked at the watchmaking trade, and put Benjamin at working the reels, for which there began to be a demand. They worked this way along about 1842. They followed the Sneider pattern of reel pretty closely. It was about this time that Jonathan made a reel, the end plates of which were silver dollars.

"In 1843 there was, up in Louisville, a silversmith by the name of Hardman. He was a good workman, but he was a visionary fellow, what you call 'cranky,' I believe. He was an inventor, and if he happened to take a new notion, he would drop his work and everything else, and sit and study; then when he got a thing half worked out, as like as not he would throw it away and never finish it. Hardman made a few reels. He made a 3-bar reel, shorter by one-third than the old Sneider model. He ornamented his reels. The Kentucky reel of to-day is practically the same thing as the old Hardman reel. That is the existing type.

"It was about now that the Kentucky river was dammed and locked. The boats used to lie up at a lock, and the passengers would get out and go fishing. A great many of these used the Hardman reels. Benjamin Meek, thus happened to see a Hardman reel. He dropped the old Sneider model, and at once began to follow the Hardman model. Benjamin Meek made a perfectly finished reel. He put on a knurled rim to his plates. But he made a 5-bar reel, and he did not screw through the plates into the bars, as Hardman did. Barring that, the best reels of to-day are practically Hardman reels. These older reels nearly all had the "click" made of a piece of goose-quill. This makes a pretty good click, but one that will only wear about a month.

"Benjamin Meek made reels in the firm of J. F. and B. F. Meek at Frankfort, till 1850. Then the boys failed in business, and had to give up their old shop. Jonathan went to Louisville to work at his trade at watch repairing. Benjamin took in B. F. Milam as a partner at Frankfort. Milam was formerly an apprentice of Loomis, afterward worked for Benjamin Meek and then became his partner. In the new firm Meek made the reels and Milam made the watches, but Milam made poor watches, so they traded work, and Milam made the reels.

"Things ran on in this way till 1864, and then Benjamin Meek and Milam dissolved partnership. Milam went on making reels, and Meek kept up the jewelry business. At length Benja-



Where Lake and Mountain Meet.

min Meek went to Louisville, selling out his shop to Milam. That was in 1883.

"Now how about yourself, Mr. Sage?" we asked. "You are leaving yourself and your reel out."

The old gentleman smiled. "Well," said he, "you can see my reel for yourself. As for myself, I was apprenticed as a gunmaker and maker of fine mathematical instruments. I worked at such work as this at Frankfort until in the '50's. Then I went into the gas and water works, and did rough work, like gas-fitting, from 1853 to 1865. Then I went to Paris, and with Mr. Jeffrey, whom you know, built the gas works there. I went back to Frankfort then, and worked as United States gauger. You see I have led a varied life. It was 1848 when I made my first reel. I was making some of the old Morse telegraph instruments then, and I used my tools on the reel work. In 1883 I went regularly into reel-making, and you can see some of the reels I have made here. I followed the old Hardman type in general form. Some of my old reels are in Frankfort now, and they will run, sir—they will run!"

"How about putting jewels in a reel, Mr. Sage?"

"Well, jewel points are no hurt to a reel, but they are not the benefit that it is commonly thought they are. Most people don't know how these reels are made, and think the full bearing

is jewelled, or that the spindle of the reel works on jewels. That is not the case. You see this little plug, that screws in. Its tip just rests against the point of the spindle. There is very little friction at the end of the spindle; that comes mainly on the sides, where the spindle rests in its bearings. Now, the jewel is put right in the end of this little plug. All it can ease is the end-friction, and that is not so very great a saving."

"What is it, then, that makes the best reels run so smoothly?"

"Nothing but the perfect workmanship, and the perfect material. The steel used is of the best and finest tempered. Of course you know the steel spindle works in a brass box. One hard and one soft metal together is the rule in machinery, you know. They will wear longer together than two hard or two soft metals."

I asked Mr. Sage about the advisability of using oil on the bearings of a reel, having in mind a friend who has bored a hole in the end plate of his reel, and carries a little oil can in his kit. "That is all nonsense," said he, bluntly; "you should never use oil on a fine reel, or not oftener than once a year. A reel that heats and sticks from a day's use, no matter how hard, is simply a badly made reel. The perfect reel has no provision made for oiling without taking the reel apart, nor should it have. It is true you oil

a threshing machine, but you don't oil a watch very often. Well, you should compare a good reel to a watch, and not to a threshing machine."

"That's so," said one of my companions. "I oiled my reel once, and it wouldn't run at all. It clogged right up."

"Exactly, so would a watch or a clock. Oil should be used on a reel only with the greatest care, and very rarely."

I had noticed also that the balance-handled reel, so universally popular in the North, was little seen in the stocks of reels I examined in the South, and that there seemed a prejudice against it among Southern anglers. I asked Mr. Sage about this.

"Well, I suppose that is largely a matter of fashion," said he. "Our anglers think a single-crank reel looks less awkward. It doesn't make much difference in the running of a reel. When I cast with a reel, I turn the handle upward with a turn of the wrist toward the end of the cast. The plates thus lie parallel to the earth, and the gravity of the handle doesn't cut so much figure, so that the reel runs easier that way."

I think that most anglers who have used the balance-handled reel will prefer it to the single-crank, however; while as to the side turn of the reel in the cast, that is beyond the amateur. He will have quite enough to do with his thumb, without watching his wrist.

Hawaiian Fishes at the Panama Pacific Exposition

By James C. Crawford.



HAWAII'S pavilion at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition is in readiness to accommodate the "rainbow" fishes that are to be brought from Honolulu by the liner *Matsonia*, and the beautiful exhibit will be installed by Mr. Fred A. Potter, superintendent of that city's world-famous aquarium, who has spent six months collecting the various specimens and arranging for their transportation and care while on show.

That has not been a trifling task, for the fishes are delicate as well as eye-ravishing, and in order to keep them in good form, while crossing the Pacific, constant attention will be necessary. Aboard the *Matsonia*, a number of galvanized-iron tanks, especially designed for the purpose, will contain water incessantly undergoing change and maintained at a temperature of seventy-two degrees; and for the carnivorous fishes, the food to which they have been accustomed—mostly worms and small crustacea—must be doled out in specified quantity and at regular intervals, while their vegetarian neighbors may consume all the seaweed they desire. At all times an attendant will be ready to segregate the sick or remove the dead and see to it that the water does not cool or the food supply cease.

Experience has taught Mr. Potter that too much vigilance cannot be exercised while his charges are en route, because the first time he attempted to transfer a similar exhibit from Honolulu to San Francisco, during the Midwinter Fair in the latter city, about twenty years ago, every fish was dead before he entered the Golden Gate. Since then, however, he succeeded in depositing 130 live fish at the Seattle exposition, where they flourished until the fair was over, and then were presented to the University of the state of Washington, where their bodies now occupy bottles. His success was repeated three years ago, when a tank, containing "painted" fish was surrounded by tables, at a banquet given by the Hawaiian Sugar Refining Company in the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. Those specimens are now preserved by the University of California.

Nor will vigilant care relax after the coming consignment has been divided among the ten big glass-fronted exhibition tanks provided for it at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Water for the receptacles will be brought from about twenty-five miles beyond the Golden Gate by a steamship specially equipped for that service, and the pure aqua thus secured is to be kept stored in sufficient quantity to maintain a constant flow in the exhibition tanks. The food supply will be brought from Honolulu.

To describe in detail the marvelous variety of

color and form of the seventy-five different kinds of fish, that Mr. Potter has collected for this exhibit, would simply be impossible, for in shape they are an aggregation of eccentricities and their markings are the despair of artists who have tried to transfer them to canvas. All the hues of the rainbow, with some shades exclusively their own, are found on these piscatory freaks.

There, for example, is the *hinalea*, nick-named the "bird fish," because of the beak-like formation of its mouth and the dominance of peacock-blue in its coloring. Also may be mentioned the *alaihi*, or "squirrel fish," whose eyes are just as disproportionate as those of the animal it is nick-

named. "Wait awhile," Mr. Bryan responded, "until this fellow has collected his thoughts and starts to speak." Since then the *oakupai* has been usually introduced as "the slow-witted orator."

Another funny-behaving fish is the *lae-nihi*, that looks like a blunt nosed dirigible, painted light blue and bespattered with crimson and yellow. Atop of his head is a single fin that lies flat until he catches somebody looking at him, when it sharply rises and remains erect, like an interrogation mark, while his saucer-like eyes fairly blaze mingled resentment and inquiry. He is a bashful chap, but irascible when roused.

With brilliant purple spots all over his crimson body, and a yellow tail, the *akilolo* is also afflicted with shyness, for when he detects a human eye leveled at him, he burrows into the sand like a frightened rabbit until every bit of him is covered. Mr. Potter says the *akilolo* spends his nights completely immersed in the sand, and seems to experience no difficulty in breathing there with as much freedom as if he were in clear water. His penchant for burrowing, has earned for him the side-title of "rat fish," and the shape of his head strengthens the aptness of the nickname.

Along the broad dappled sides of the *awela* are double rows of square blue-bordered indentations, and because of them he is mostly alluded to as the "harmonica fish." He is very pretty in form and coloring, the rich yellow and deep red of his body markings being relieved by ultra-marine fins and tail tips.

With a snout like a woodpecker, the little *kikakapu* bores into the coral in quest of food, and is ever the busiest fish of the collection. He is mostly yellow and black with a blue tail, and heavily armored with spikes the entire length of his back. As he ignores all food, but that which he excavates for himself, neither hook or net could capture him, so Mr. Potter caught him by means of a trap.

Most curiously formed and marked of all the Hawaiian fish is the *kala*. He looks like an inflated bladder with a forked tail attached, the two prongs of the fork streaming behind him to a length of several feet. His dorsal fin is alternately striped and barred with black, white, yellow and blue, and his ventral fin is dazzling yellow. The body is splashed a variety of delicate shades.

There is a "Moorish idol" fish that eclipses all the others in brilliancy, with black and yellow bands around the body and a dorsal fin tapering into a long plume that is several times the length of its owner.

Several varieties of "trigger fish" are so called because their dorsal fin can only be lowered by pressing a small protuberance behind it. And there are also several varieties of "convict fish," with

(Continued on page 64.)



Half Dome, Court of the Four Seasons at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. To the Left a Glimpse of the Top of the Tower of Jewels is Seen. The Height of This Structure is 432 ft., and the Sphere Surmounting it is 117 ft. in Diameter.

named after. Admiring tourists have called it the "candy fish," on account of the vari-colored stripes of its body resembling those of a candy stick. Of the *kapuhili*, or "butterfly fish," there are twelve varieties, in coloring, the prettiest of them having a yellow ground with red, blue, black, white and gray markings. It is of the perch family, with back armor that bristles like a row of bayonets.

But the queerest-acting fish of the lot is the *oakupai*, a big fellow, shaped like a cod and splashed with a dozen different hues, all glaringly brilliant. He has a sturdy ventral fin, and it is his wont to utilize it as a prop while he perches, so to speak, upon a coral rock and stares straight ahead of him with lusterless eyes that protrude like hat-pegs. He has been known to pose thus from morning until night, without apparent motion of any member, and the sobriquets, thus earned by him, are numerous, varied and more or less apt, most of them signifying laziness. When William Jennings Bryan visited the Honolulu aquarium, before he became Secretary of State, he exchanged stares with an *oakupai* until a member of the party suggested that they move on

"Kingfisher" and Starbuck in Real Life—A "Reminiscent"

By Will C. Parsons.

Some time ago I mentioned to one of the *Forest and Stream's* family that, 'way back, I had known Alexander Starbuck and also the "Kingfishers." From what I said he evidently got the impression that I was a "bos'm" friend of theirs, and had white whiskers like Santa Claus, and so he requested me to write something in a "reminiscent mood" about the men.

That frightened me! I peeked into the glass and saw there a good deal of gray, and some white hair. Then I made a dive for the collegian's school dictionary and rapidly shuffled the deck until *Rem* turned up from the bottom. Here is what the dictionary man said: *Reminiscence*—That faculty of the mind by which ideas formerly received into it, *but forgotten* (the italics are mine) are recalled or revived in the memory.

Nothing doing, for the *ideas were not forgotten*.

Let's see, "reminiscent" now?

"*Reminiscent*—one who calls to mind and records past events." That's all right: I'm "an *reminiscent*."

In the eighties I was attending old Farmer's College (where Murat Halstead, the editor-author, and also another fellow who made a fortune out of the manufacture of a patent medicine got their rudiments); and this institution of learning was situate at College Hill. That village is now a suburb of greater Cincinnati.

Forest and Stream was one of the chief ends of my week—and it is now, for that matter! I read it from cover to cover, advertisements and all, and the more gun and dog ads the paper carried, the more I liked it!

It was two miles and a half down hill to Cumminsville, where one took the mulemobile to Cincinnati, and it was two million miles and a half up hill when one returned from the city! It took over an hour to "hoss" car it down to Pop Hawley's in Vine street where the good old paper was sold. If Pop happened to be out of the issue when I hit there, gloom a foot deep settled over the landscape, and my Sunday was all shot to pieces. Pop had other publications, but none "just as good" as *my paper*!

Alexander Starbuck, "Ned," and the north shore of Lake Superior were *then* but words upon paper for me; but the number of names Mr. Starbuck could call a speckled trout, and not spell "trout" with five letters set my immature brain gyrating.

"An iridescent leaper of the nectarious waters" was a comparatively simple name for the trout in those days!

I don't know where Mr. Starbuck got all those adjectives but—*he had 'em!*

In cold type I followed the canoe of this penmaster, and the jovial "Ned," from the "Soo" to Thunder Cape, and back again. He made his readers *see* the leap of the trout from his lair among the jagged rocks: made them *hear* the

song of the reel, and *feel* the writhing of the good old split bamboo. He let his readers "in" on the comments that flew from one canoe to another as the "big one" sawed the leader and broke away.

At night, he let us sit by the camp fire, and as the sparks snapped heavenward, we listened to the two Solomons of the fishing clan. At that time mental negatives of the region were so clearly set in my brain that in after years, when good fortune allowed me to visit the locality, lo, it was the work of but a moment to take one of Mr. Starbuck's *negatives* out of its cerebral cavity, and have a *contact print* either by sunlight or by the camp fire!

A man who could picture a scene as he did—and truthfully—was a master writer!

College days past, the grind in the newspaper

Remember the voyages in "Old Ironsides?" Remember "Sairey Ann," "Old Sam," and the cheery song of "an' airey a picker-ell?"

In fancy I camped with this jolly party; dipped into the "blue gill" pockets (*holes* he called 'em); tore my way through the "bresh" along the trout brooks; and met the wall-eyed pike, and other candidates for the pan. I sat, as the camp fire flickered, and (mentally) took part in the josh and chaff of this premier band of campers.

I was still in Cincinnati, but had visited many of the places made famous by "Kingfisher" in his stories printed in *Forest and Stream*. I ventured to write something that attracted the attention of the party's chronicler and he called upon me.

What an honor! I had been admitted to the



Photo by A. Radclyffe Dugmore (Copyrighted)

A Picture That Proves the Beaver an Adjunct to the Agriculturist.

mill began. The old Cuvier Club's room in Longworth street was the Mecca.

There, at some of the big game suppers and banquets, I saw Mr. Starbuck, and had the pleasure of shaking him by the hand, and tried to tell him in a stammering, bashful way, what good he had done the callow youth. I met him as a vassal would a king. Our spheres were different; and revolved in separate orbits! I was a 22 calibre "pill" while he was a "14-inch mortar" throwing lyddite! But—I had met him; I had shaken hands with my hero!

Men *listened* when that sage spoke!

I can see him yet; can hear his voice; but above all stands out that wonderful series of words paintings he gave us so long ago. Their colors cannot fade.

And then, there were "The Camps of the Kingfishers."

blue lodge of fishery! I can see him now; a quiet, gray-headed gentleman, wearing spectacles. He worked in the Cincinnati post office, and if I "reminiscent" correctly, made no claims as an author. He *was*, though!

He did his work for amusement and pastime. I wonder if he ever knew the good he accomplished? I tried to tell him!

Is he dead? If he is he has left a monument behind him more enduring than stone!

His tales of the "blue gills," the small-mouths, the grouse, and the red squirrels will live long after marble has crumbled and granite disintegrated.

"Kingfisher" held the mirror up to nature, and caught her reflection! As a boy, I loved him; as a man reverence him. *Reminiscent—NOT reminiscence!*



Nature Studies Close by Yellowstone Park

By George B. Pastor.

LATE last year, I spent two months and more in a little cabin on the Continental Divide, in Wyoming, not far from the Yellowstone Park. The elevation was about 8,500 feet, and at that altitude, the jay known as "camp-robber" was very plentiful, and I saw a good deal of them, and took note of some habits of theirs which interested me greatly.

The birds are said to breed very early in the year, in February or March, when the snow in that altitude in the Wyoming Rockies lies many feet deep on the ground. Now their natural food is undoubtedly of animal origin exclusively. I do not think they ever touch seeds or the like. In summer they subsist on grasshoppers, beetles and such provender. But in the late fall, when the cold has killed all this sort of insect life or driven it to shelter under ground, the birds work as assiduously as ever. In fact, they put in longer hours than any feathered creatures I know anything about. I have seen them working until it was almost too dark to discern them.

They almost always work on the ground, and apparently in October and November upon the chrysalies of bugs and the eggs or frozen bodies of hoppers. Whether this food passes at once into the stomach or craw, to be regurgitated, or whether they have a pouch or extension of the gullet, I do not know. But it is certain that when they are "chuck up," they fly to a tree not far away, "cache" the load and return and repeat the process.

They invariably work in pairs, male and female, uttering the while, faint, soft, purring notes to each other. They fiercely resent the intrusion into their bailiwick of another pair, and more than one pair is seldom seen in the same place. They are very tame and harmless, and must do an immense amount of good, through the destruction of wood-boring beetles, grasshoppers, and other cicadae. But their sinister name doubtless leads many a thoughtless person to shoot them on sight.

This jay really does no harm about camp that is worth mentioning, and he is so companionable that I like very much to have him around. To be sure, he is inordinately devoted to the purveying of fresh, clean meat, especially the fat, and when any is exposed about camp, he will undoubtedly give it his most careful attention. But he toll that he levies is so trifling, and he is so clean about it that I never interfere with him.

Last fall, the pair that haunted the cabin were

so tame that they would sometimes alight on me, if I stood quietly near the elk quarters hanging on the shady side of the door, before lighting on the meat. And when before meal-time. I threw out meat trimmings, there was always a scramble. It was astonishing what storage capacity they had.

Tame as they were, they would never let me see in what tree or in what crevice they stored the plunder. If I followed them, they simply sat and watched me, without doing anything, no matter if they were so filled, as was often the case, that they could not close their bills together, until I had gone away. Or they would fly farther on, out of my sight.

While at work, they sometimes "coughed up," so to speak, the dejecta of previous meals. But it was the hard shells of bugs, or the overings of pupae, never any shred of the meat and fat they were so busily storing.

Repeated observation has convinced me that the number of these birds in any locality has a causal relation to the recent climatic conditions. That is, a severe winter and late spring seems to make serious inroads upon them, and the natural increase also is apparently curtailed. This has led me to believe that all this provision is exerted on behalf of the expected nestlings.

I take it that the blue jay, which in winter lives almost entirely upon the larvae and eggs which he finds in trees, has a hard time of it, and that this is in part at least why he is so comparatively scarce in the Rockies, where he is greatly outnumbered by the "camp-robber," in comparison with whom the jay is as the grasshopper, in Aesop's tale, to the ant. For while the blue jay does occasionally store away fragments of meat, it is only, I believe, when he happens to have more on hand or in sight than he can eat, and he then disposes of the surplus, by hiding it, just as an overfed dog does with extra bones.

Everyone who has camped in the Rockies is familiar with the short-tailed wild mouse. He is a great nuisance about camp, delighting to explore the recesses of every sack, and always taking to its interior the shortest route, using his teeth for the purpose. About this cabin, which was a one-roomed affair, with dirt floor and roof, full of holes, he was a veritable pest. He loved at night to burrow his way around through the roof, made of pine saplings, with earth loosely thrown on, and this not only made a great racket, but invariably led to a plentiful shower of dry dirt on my face.

With a small trap, I used to catch one specimen every night, but the supply never seemed to

diminish in the slightest degree. Every morning, the carcass of the last victim was thrown out, and much to my surprise, it was evidently regarded by the "robbers" as the greatest tit-bit of all, for no sooner did it strike the ground, than it was pounced upon, not matter how attractive and numerous the scraps of meat within reach, and borne off bodily to be secreted in manifest triumph. It had never occurred to me that mice might be preyed upon by a bird like this, though it may easily be that this is the case. No stranger this, than that I had a few weeks previously taken from the maw of a black-spotted brook trout weighing less than two pounds a very large mouse.

Alongside my camp-robbers, there often worked about the cabin, a number of the Jays known as cedar-birds. These were much shyer and less attractive. Though I cannot vouch for it, I was convinced in my own mind, that they stole the treasures which the camp-robbers had laid up for themselves. The cedar-bird I never saw storing anything. But he is equally fond of fresh meat, and I have seen him prowling around the scene of the robbers' activities, and taking scraps of meat and fat from crannies in trees, which I am very sure he never garnered up himself.

But, curiously enough, though camp-robbers will attack another pair of their own kind, that ventures upon their preserve, they seem to have no feeling whatever about the cedar-birds, and both will feed peaceably together.

The frozen elk meat was a source of temptation not alone to the Jays, but perhaps most of all to the little striped ground-squirrels. They simply could not keep away from it, and as they were not so nice in their habits I rather resented their depredations. But it was useless. I hung the meat on the end of ropes from the roof-beams projecting over the end of the shack. This puzzled them for perhaps half a day, but not longer. They simply ran out on the beams, down the ropes, and were so tame that they would nibble away, when I was standing at less than arm's length away. I caught one by the end of his tail, but he promptly vamoosed leaving me with the tuft of bushy hair adhering to its thin sheath of skin, between my fingers. The figure he cut thereafter, running about with the end of his tail bare to the bone was rather ludicrous. Aesop tries to make us believe that the fox which lost his tail, encountered the derision of his fellows, but this little chipmunk never seemed to mind his loss a particle.

During my absence the magpies used to pay a

visit, but as their habits are altogether filthy, I determined to end that, if possible. So I "played 'possum." The door, which like Robinson Crusoe's, was made of thick planks or slabs, hewn and squared by hand with an axe, from the solid trunks of trees, swung on leather straps for hinges, and was kept closed with a short piece of rope. Ensnared behind a crack, I killed a couple of the magpies, and again like Crusoe, with the birds that were destroying his grain crop, exposed their bodies, and never was bothered with another magpie again.

They are very wise birds, these magpies, and are not at all easy to kill. When one of their number is killed, and the rest of the tribe, for like gypsies, they usually band together in the fall, discover the remains, though it be a day or two after the fatality, they hold a sort of wake over the deceased, gathering about him, and setting up a loud squawking and cawing, which lasts for a minute or more. Thereafter in that neighborhood, for a while, it is all but impossible to get a shot at one except from ambush, and then with difficulty for at the slightest sound or movement they are off.

Other visitors were the ravens, but they never really intruded. Scenting the meat afar off, they would pause in their flight, and take a

perch upon the top of some dead pine nearby, emitting that peculiar note which they never utter except when the mouth is watering at the sight of something to eat—a curious sound it is—a sort of compromise between the gurgling of water from a jug, and a hoarse chuckle. They are said to attain the age of one hundred years, and certainly they embody the wisdom of long and varied experience, for it is almost impossible to get near enough to watch their behavior, to say nothing of a shot. They have learned to know that in the fall, a man on foot or horseback, carrying a gun, in the game country, is quite likely to have casual relation to a killing and a subsequent feast. So that they seldom see a hunter but they circle him, soaring above his head, until they have satisfied themselves as to how the matter stands.

Man's presence and activities do not always spread fright and woe among dumb wild brutes. Until they "holed-up" in September, gophers were plentiful about the cabin, and nowhere else in that region. The reason was, of course, that the coyotes killed them off almost to the last one elsewhere, and the coyote is too suspicious to venture close to man's habitation except by night, and then the gopher is safe in his burrow. I never saw such presumptuous little

wretches. They came and went in the cabin at will, either through holes which they burrowed beneath the logs, or through the door which was always open, for the admission of light and air, for the cabin had no windows. And how passionately fond they were of flour. There were scores of them and so fearless that when my sudden entry surprised some fat old depredator with his head and half his body sunk in the hole he had tunneled in the flour sack, he would not bother to run, but backing out, would eye me, though not two feet away from him, stolidly and with manifest disapproval, as if he meant to challenge my right to interfere. But my patience was not proof against this, and one day the sight of perhaps a dozen gophers, scuttling around the cabin, with their whiskers full of flour, moved me to wrath, and the little short-barreled Stevens .25, a mighty handy gun.

They never forgave me, and whereas the chipmunks continued to dance over the dirt floor until the very last, the gophers after my summary execution of sundry of their number, *pour encourager les autres*, as Las Casas said of the Indians whom the Spaniards tried to convert by burning at the stake, they gave me a pretty wide berth, and would run whenever they saw me.

Though the gopher is supposed to be a pretty



A Difficult Bit of Nature Photography.

strict vegetarian, I learned that he is not such, and that he will not only eat meat, but that he will, in the midst of plenty, turn cannibal. Every time I shot one, I saw other gophers feeding on his dead body within a few minutes, and that, too, though there was a superabundance of other provender all about.

Near the cabin ran a branch of the Gros Ventre river, in which small trout were very plentiful even in November. How they managed to survive the bitter cold, I could never surmise. The little brook had rather a swift descent, and was seldom frozen over except on the level reaches. Even when the mercury dropped below zero, the fish did not run downstream into the deep holes, but in the severest weather were plentiful in water not over a foot deep, and often much shallower, and so far from being dormant or sluggish, were as lively as in summer. A tem-



A White Man's Burden in Pinehurst.

perature approximating zero in the atmosphere must be conducted to a large extent through a foot of water, even though the water be running too swiftly to permit of its congealing. How they stood it was always a puzzle to me.

The country was infested with wolves, and I saw their tracks wherever I went by day and their howling I heard by night—not the coyote's, whose evening concert, given at dusk, when he leaves his lair, for the night's foraging, I love to hear. That curious barking and yapping is rather a pleasant sound than otherwise. Not so the howling of a pack of wolves. I never hear it, far or near, but it makes my flesh creep and my hair bristle. It is a gruesome thing—like a chant of lost souls, without time or melody, wails of unspeakable trouble, and anguish and despair. The deep, hoarse, full-throated bass of the elders, while it does not harmonize with the shrill, clear, strident peals of the young fry, does in a measure blend into a sort of chorus. And they keep it up for an hour or more, always in the middle of the night, and often close

to camp. I have never known anybody to venture out to disperse them. Probably they would turn tail and run away, perhaps not.

I have often wondered why they do it; some say they make the noise to call together scattered members of the pack, preliminary to the nightly killing, which is nearly always made just before or at dawn. Mowgli's foster-brothers had a different plan but then that was in India. A barbarous killer the gray wolf is. No one who has seen his work wants ever to see it again, or needs any additional incentive to slaughter the brute on sight.

The onslaught is made usually by the leader of the pack, and is not killing at all. The victim is attacked from behind, hamstringed and dragged to the ground. Then the pack eat out his hams, and seldom touch anything else, going away leaving their victim to die a lingering and horrible death.

While their natural prey is wild game, they prefer cattle, of which there were not a few, ranging for the summer about the cabin, and belonging to ranchmen living in Jackson's Hole. They were in charge of an old time Montana cow puncher, whose imprecations upon finding a fine calf so maltreated, but still alive, are better imagined than described. The killings continuing, he "laid for" that pack early and late until one morning, when it was still so dark that he could barely see the sights of the gun, he got the leader, and the pack then turned its attention to the elk.

It was quite a feather in M.'s cap, to have bagged the big dog wolf, for they are a wary, crafty beast, nocturnal in habits, seldom seen even by those who are much in the mountains. Riding thousands of miles on horseback, in the Rockies, of several different states, I have seen but three. The cattlemen say that five full-grown wolves will average a killing every night, and so the bounties on the wolf's head rise sometimes to nearly \$100. Yet as he covers a wide territory, killing here to-night and perhaps miles away to-morrow, he manages to survive, and seems actually to increase in numbers for some time after the advent of the settler. This was the rule with the coyote, which now is a tremendously destructive pest in regions where he was unknown prior to the settlement of man. It is my positive conviction that the practical extermination of the white and black-tail deer in large parts of Wyoming and Colorado, was due more to the destruction brought by the coyote than to all other causes combined.

Long association with my furred and finned and feathered friends has taught me something of the hard conditions which they have to combat. It is a relentless struggle with them even to exist, to keep bare life in their bodies. So I have come, as all must whose nature has in it any milk of human kindness, to deal gently with all helpless wild creatures and never to take life, except from the predacious, if it can be avoided. One does not need to be sanctimonious to believe that "he prayeth best, who loveth best, all things, both great and small."

UNITED ANGLERS LEAGUE.

We have perused a booklet from United Anglers League, in which, interestingly, is outlined the policy and workings of the organization. Its objects are to promote and protect the interests of

all anglers by uniting them in a progressive body, to see that the laws are enforced and in promoting laws beneficial to the angling fraternity. One important object in view: A demand on behalf of salt water fishermen for as much recognition by the state, and union, as are given fresh water anglers, without curtailing theirs. Meetings are held first Thursday in each month at 302 Madison avenue, New York City, third Thursday at 671 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn. Salt water anglers would do well to drop in and get acquainted with these briny linemen.

SPORTSMEN OF PENNSYLVANIA TO FORM NEW ORGANIZATION.

Hunters, fishermen, nature lovers, canoeists and persons interested in the welfare of the forests, streams and birds and wild life generally in Pennsylvania are back of the plan to form an entirely new organization to cover the state and provide actual live-working bodies in every community. There are several existing organizations, but their form of government lacks ties between the individual members and the state organizations, and thus has greatly hampered the usefulness of the organizations.

The new organization, to start with, is expected to enlist at once practically the entire strength of the United Sportsmen west of the mountains, and this is estimated at twenty-three organizations, with a total membership of close to 1,300.

It is understood that the new organization will be launched formally within the next 30 days. While the name, the Out-Door League of Pennsylvania, has been suggested and met with favor, the title has not yet been selected. The plan of organization will be based on the established civic divisions of the state, namely community, county and state leagues, closely affiliated with the representatives to the county governing bodies elected by the local clubs or organizations, and those of the state governing body elected by the county organizations. The work of the new association will be broad enough to attract more than hunters and fishermen, covering the whole field of wild life conservation and recreation.

Demand More Reserve Here.

In view of the immense amount of practical conservation legislation that is to be considered by the coming Legislature, the necessity of guarding the great resident hunter's license fund of almost \$600,000 from being used for other purposes than those for which it was contributed, the crying demand for a synchronous small game season and the proposed increase of the state's game and fish propagation and planting, it is regarded as essential that strong local organizations be formed in every town and county in order that the necessities of each region may be given proper consideration and the state be enabled to furnish facilities for out-door recreation without discrimination in favor of certain sections.

The forestry department is also planning to greatly extend the forest reserve system, and as Western Pennsylvania now has only 9,000 of the 1,000,000 acres of forest reserve, the lovers of wild life in this section demand that most of this extension be made in this end of the state, which will require some additional legis-

(Continued on page 41.)

the big game laws and that many of the offenders are among the most prominent citizens of the town.

"Minnesota will never receive the best work from its game wardens until the game protection service is taken out of politics and placed on a civil service basis," declared E. A. Cleasby, Federal inspector of migratory birds, at the state capitol to-day. "Game wardenship should be a profession and not a job. Under the Minnesota system a game warden likely as not may be displaced just about the time he has mastered the duties of his office and come to be of real value to the state.

Civil Service Proposed.

"Six states already have civil service for state employes and in the departments with which I am familiar, as in the game protection and for-

ing is not allowed in Michigan, but the deer are steadily decreasing in number.

How does he know that "City Feller" hires the best shots to shoot everything they see until they get a good buck for him? These best shots must be local men, friends of Peter Flint's Farmer; and they must tell him their experiences. Who is breaking the law, and who is accessory after the fact? Why are there so many does in evidence with all this slaughter? How did Peter Flint's Farmer *et al* get those fine bucks he mentions so quickly and easily? Why were those bucks so fat? With the rut and the pestering of hunters the "few" bucks should have been lean. Peter Flint's Farmer's buck was running when he first saw him, and Farmer pumped lead as fast as he could through the brush, yet he knew it was a buck, all right.

nate them, but efficient wardens can keep them in check.

Set aside a few sanctuaries where no deer of any kind shall be killed at any time. We cannot eat our cake and have it, too.

Would not "City Feller" and "Best Shots" and "Peter Flint's Farmer" kill several deer to get a good one just the same if there were no "Buck Law?" Would a change of law change their natures? "Can a leopard change his spots?"

H. S. WINTER.

BACK TO THE OLD TIME.

Williamsport, Pa., Dec. 26, 1914.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In renewing my subscription for *Forest and Stream*, I want to tell you how much I appre-



Winter in the Woods.

est service, I know that better results are obtainable than under the old system."

Mr. Cleasby is inspector in charge of the lake district, comprising the states of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, and devotes most of his time to supplementing the work of the state authorities, by instruction and device.

REFERRED TO PETER FLINT.

Mohawk, Mich., Dec. 22, 1914.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In a recent issue of your paper you print a supposed interview which Peter Flint has with a farmer. In this interview the farmer objects to the "Buck Law."

He starts by saying he hasn't seen so many deer before in forty years as this year. Hound-

Three-fourths of the hunters in Michigan try to live up to the game laws. I believe this is true in New York also. "City Feller" and "Best Shots" that he hires belong to the other fourth. They are the answer to the question, "Why is a game warden?" Are there no wardens in New York?

Does do not all breed every year anywhere. A farmer owned a tame doe in a part of Michigan where there had been no wild deer for many years. In the fall she disappeared. He gave her up for lost, but in December she returned. In the spring she had a fawn. The nearest wild deer known were thirty or forty miles away.

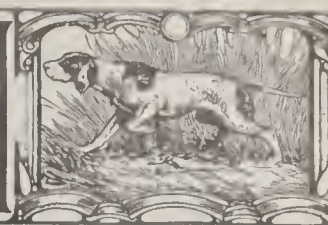
There will always be game law violators, and game hogs who shoot everything they can without regard to size or sex. No law can elimi-

ciate it. I have been a reader of it ever since it was published, and have always felt the spirit of its writers touched a responsive chord in my heart. The writings of the old timers are particularly pleasing, especially "Nesbuk" as he hunted and fished over the part of Pennsylvania most familiar to me. The Black Forest Club, located in the mountains of Lycoming County, close to the borders of his old home, Tioga county, Pa., and also adjacent to Potter county, and Clinton county, Pa., has members who remember him and many times is he spoken of as the best writer who ever hunted and fished in this section when trout, grouse, deer and bear, yet furnish the finest sport to those who love the Allegheny mountains best of all.

C. W. YOUNGMAN.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Woodcock in Corn

By Theodore Gordon.

The time has gone by when we could take advantage of the woodcock's habit of visiting fields of tall, low lying corn, in August and September; but in its day it was fascinating sport and gave one some very difficult snap shooting.

I never made a really large bag in this way, but I knew one man who made a sort of specialty of cornfield shooting. He made some large scores, as birds from a distance came into the local fields in August attracted by rich feeding in the corn.

Our friend prided himself upon not being "fussy," upon using any old gun and any kind of ammunition. With two of the finest breech loaders in his gun cabinet, he frequently shot an old 10 gauge muzzle loader, common black powder, and newspaper leaves, or any trash for wadding. He was a strong advocate of large charges of powder and very fine shot; and killed all kinds of game birds with "Mustard" seed, (No. 12, the finest shot manufactured, except "Dust." The last is used by collectors for humming birds, and other tender things). Of course the pattern must have been wide, but anyhow, he claimed to have bagged 49 woodcock in corn, and to have killed them "Straight," not missing a shot.

I never saw more than one-quarter that number in the corn, in one day, and do not remember killing more than 8 birds in such places. I know that I made long journeys to districts where the birds were by no means plentiful, for a little of this shooting. I know that I went to Ohio, because I had noted what appeared to be fair breeding ground, when quail shooting the previous autumn. The land was rich, and the corn immense, towering far above one's head. I found woodcock in fields where there were low damp spots, and one could say very quickly, after inspecting these if there were birds about. The borings and chalks were easily seen.

One day early in September, I had tramped my legs weary for three cock, before returning to mine inn, but I was not dissatisfied; a few woodcock are enough when they are not plentiful. In conversation with one of the men seated on the front porch he asked me if I had tried a field of magnificent corn that seemed to be within the village limits, and I said that I had not. "Well," he said, "That strikes me as the most likely place I know of for a few woodcock."

The field was only a few squares away, so I resolved to try it at once and proceeding thither found that the portion nearest the village was on high ground, but that it gradually sloped away to a considerably lower level.

My dog was a slow worker and in corn never ranged more than 20 paces in advance of me which was all right for this shooting.

In a low spot near the far fence I found the tell-tale borings; plenty of them, and a moment later a fine cock flushed and was cut down, as he disappeared from view. We started and bagged

three birds, and I heard the whistle of another. As all the woodcock had flown in the direction of the high portion of the field, I beat in that direction. On that day I was trying the mustard seed shot, and it seemed quite as effective as number 10, the size usually preferred; but the ranges were short. We had worked back and forth to within a short distance of the fence next the village, before we put up the other cock, and

making no complaints, and treating the accident as a joke, but I felt much more serious. I was thinking of their eyes. I carried them off to the only drug store for soda water, and never shot in that field again. Woodcock arrive from the South, early in spring and the eggs are hatched the first week in May. The young birds are usually full grown before July 1st. They scatter from the breeding grounds in August.

CONDITIONS ON GAME RANGES.

The following are extracts from the annual report of the Bureau of Biological Survey, United



Deer Being Shipped From Mackinaw, Mich.

it flushed a bit wild, but by good luck it followed the lane of stalks in which I stood, and I could see it just topping the corn.

I fired one barrel and the bird set its wings, hard hit, so I gave it the left to make sure, and at once a shrill yelling came from the fence. Hastily gathering my bird, I hurried to the place from which the outcry proceeded, and found the village gang of boys in some excitement. They had been well peppered with No. 12 shot. It seems that they heard my first shot and at once raced to the highest point on the fence surrounding the field, where there was an entrance with high posts and bars. By standing on the bar next the top they could overlook the corn, the flying woodcock and the effect of my shots. They had marked down the last bird, but retained their position, boy-like never thinking of danger. The woodcock flew directly at them and both charges of shot were well sprinkled over their persons. The only real danger was to the eyes, as the tiny shot stung hands and faces without penetrating the skin. The boys were very nice about the affair,

States Department of Agriculture, referring to the game reservations other than those for the protection of birds.

National Bison Range. With an addition of 19 calves born to the herd of buffalo on the National Bison Range, Montana, during the past year, the total number of the herd is now 115. It is difficult to ascertain the number of elk on the range, but 25 head have been observed by the warden in charge, an increase of one over last year. There were nine antelope on the range at the end of the fiscal year, but the number of young born in the past spring is not yet known. No animals have died during the year.

Weather conditions during the spring were ideal, and an abundance of bunch grass and other feed was the result. Many improvements have been made, roads have been repaired, trails cleared, and a telephone line two miles long constructed to connect with the Flathead Company's lines.

Elk Refuge in Wyoming. Negotiations have been practically consummated for the purchase

of a tract of land for a winter elk refuge in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, authorized by act of March 4, 1913, but title to the land has not yet been secured.

Niobrara Game Reservation. Conditions on the Niobrara Reservation, Nebraska, have been exceptionally favorable, and all the animals are in good condition. The reservation continues to be an attraction to citizens of the State, as is evidenced by the large number of visitors. The 37 animals now on the reservation include ten buffalo, twenty-three elk and four deer. Since their arrival there has been an increase of two buffalo, seven elk and one deer. The only loss so far reported was that of a young elk, which died during the winter. The additional deer was purchased from the park department of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Wild Cave Game Preserve. Through co-operation of the American Bison Society, fourteen buffalo, seven males and seven females, donated by the New York Zoological Park, were successfully shipped by express on November 25, 1913, to the Wild Cave Preserve, near Hot Springs, S. Dak. Sufficient land has been acquired and added to the preserve to insure a permanent water supply. With the twenty-one elk transferred from Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and a deer recently purchased, there are now 36 animals on the preserve. Contracts have been let for the construction of a strong woven-wire fence, 88 inches in height and 8.67 miles in length, to inclose 4,160 acres of the preserve.

As a result of the unusually mild winter in the Jackson Hole region in Wyoming, the migration of elk to the feeding grounds was not large. Feeding the elk began January 30th and ended March 28th, with a total of 6,150 elk fed. Two hundred and forty-one elk were captured in Jackson Hole for distribution to National and State game reservations. Fifty head were distributed in the National Forests in Colorado; 46 in the National Forests in Utah; 23 to the newly created State preserve in Custer county, S. Dak.; and 21 to the Wind Cave game preserve near Hot Springs, S. Dak.

Reports indicate that there were but slight winter losses among the elk not fed.

In co-operation with the Department of Interior and Treasury, the project of stocking the reindeer part of the Aleutian Islands Reservation was begun in the Summer of 1913. Owing to very rough weather, a number of reindeer aboard the Manning, which left Portage Bay with 65, refused to eat. As a result, eight died. It was therefore determined to place a herd of 21 on Dutch Harbor Island and to land the remaining 36 head at Umnak.

DEER AND RABBITS MUST GO.

Jersey Too Densely Populated and Hunters Cause Fires, Says Board.

Trenton, Dec. 17.

Virtual extermination of deer and rabbits in New Jersey is planned by the state forestry commission as the only effective means of protecting the state woodlands against forest fires such as destroyed nearly \$200,000 worth of property during the first two weeks of the present gunning season.

The argument advanced by the forestry commission is, that New Jersey is becoming too

densely populated to make it much longer available as a game refuge. As the commission holds that the presence of gunners in the field in large number is principally responsible for forest fires, the members contend that the state should devote its efforts to savings its forests, even at the expense of its game.

That the action of the forestry commission will stir up the opposition of most of the 70,000 hunters with which New Jersey is credited seems almost certain. On the other hand farmers who claim that their crops are destroyed by deer and rabbits may line up on the other side and make the fight an interesting one.

Trenton, Dec. 22, 1914.

Dear Mr. Beecroft:

I have your letter of Dec. 18th, and in reply to the same would say that the Fish and Game Commission will strongly oppose any measures looking to the removal of protection from rabbits and deer. There is no proof whatever that the recent forest fires were started by gunners. In fact we are very certain that the railroads were responsible for a number of them. I personally do not believe that any law looking to the extermination of deer and rabbits will be passed by the next Legislature.

ERNEST NAPIER, President.

State of New Jersey Fish and Game Commissioners.

THE NEW QUEBEC GAME REGION.

One Who Has Been There Advises What Portions to Avoid—Indians Killing Off Game.

Hanover, Pa., Dec. 21, 1914.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I was much interested in several articles lately published in *Forest and Stream* relative to the new North, or properly, the new country opened by the Transcontinental road in northern Quebec.

With reference to this new big game country which, to some extent, has been exploited, I want to sound a word of warning to prospective hunters for the coming year.

"All that glitters is not gold," neither is all of this north country a game paradise—not any more.

The country is virgin enough, but the section north of the Abitibi Lake, fifteen to twenty miles north from steel, has been hunted, and well hunted at that.

With a companion and two Indian guides I spent two weeks northeast from White Fish in October, and no matter where we went, we found evidences of the country having been recently hunted. All good camp sites held their tepee poles and recent beds. Before leaving the railroad a Hudson's Bay man informed me that the Abitibi Post Indians had already killed seventy or more moose and that at that time, October 13th, most of them were out hunting meat.

The Hudson's Bay Company have not and will not advance outfits nor extend credit to any of their Indians this year and have instructed all of them to hunt meat this winter.

It simply means, that you must get at least fifty to seventy-five miles from any Hudson's Bay Post in the future.

They tell you that there are no deer in the north Abitibi country, very few bear, caribou being so infrequent, that they tell you there are none.

I went east eighty-six miles from Cochrane to

White Fish River. The time limit prevented me from going north on the river, which route entails an eleven mile portage into Turgeon River waters, so was compelled to choose the south course from the track to the mouth of the river, then across the northeast area of Abitibi Lake to Fish River, then north about fifteen miles, hunting this country north by canoe and overland with results as mentioned.

The Bell River region farther east on the line; seems the ideal country, easy to reach from east or west, and with very little portaging north from steel. The country is virgin and, from the best information at hand, contains moose and bear in plenty. This section will be well opened in 1915, will contain good new hunting camps and guides and should surely appeal to the man in search of a good head.

A trip north from steel on the Harricanaw River—midway from White Fish and Bell River—while it entails numerous portages—opens magnificent big game country, and I am told, the small lakes contiguous and the tributary streams, contain all kinds of trout.

It is, all of it, surely great and virgin country. But yet away from steel and particularly, from any Hudson's Bay Post.

J. A. MELSHEIMER.

AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR IN PRINT.

Forest and Stream acknowledges with pleasure the receipt of a handsome booklet "Wild Western Scenes" by C. L. Stratton of Chattanooga, Tenn. Mr. Stratton states as his "excuse,"—although the book needs no apology or excuse of any nature—that the articles were written for and published by *Forest and Stream* and have been reproduced mainly for the purpose of preserving some scenes and incidents of happy memory. This purpose has been well accomplished and the stories in the book are as interesting, and some of them more interesting now, than when first written. Mr. Stratton has been a *Forest and Stream* contributor for many years and thousands of readers still recall with pleasure some of the exquisite little things he has published in these columns. The pamphlet is for private distribution and bears no price mark, but it deserves a wider circulation than intended by the author.

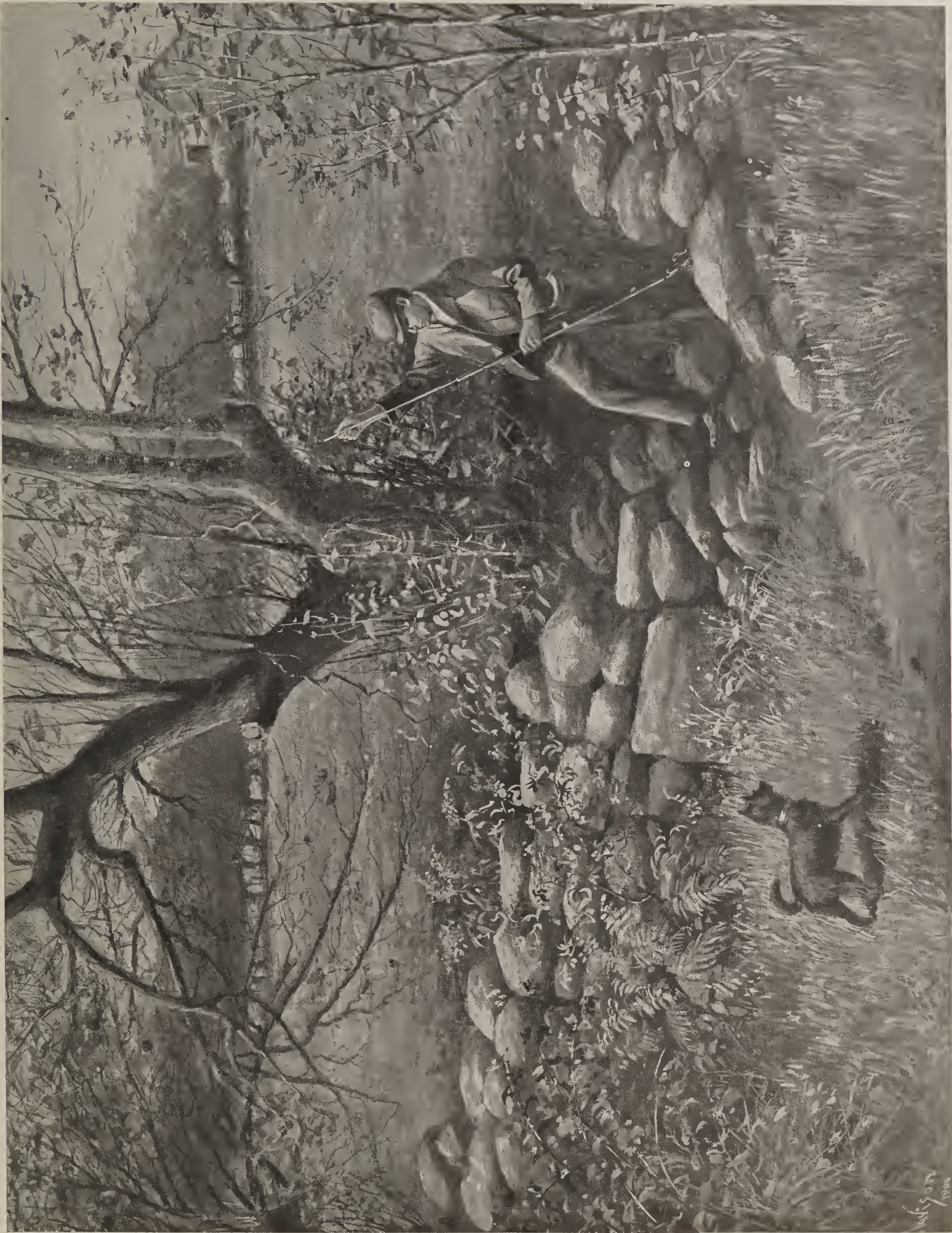
THE CALL OF THE WOODS.

By James B. Carrington.

O, take me away from the town to-day,
For it's dull and dreary and stale and gray,
And I hear afar the murmur of trees,
The music of waters afloat on the breeze.

Let me drift once more in the old canoe,
Where the skies are pure and the stars are true,
Where the wood folk stare at the camp-fires
glow,
And the trout leap high in the pools below.

Away from the noise and hurry and strife,
Away where the pines are the breath of life,
Where the blue hills dream in the fading light,
And the loon's wild cry echces down the night.



It Was Just Like This in the Olden Days.

Pennsylvania Game Law Changes

The United Sportsmen of Pennsylvania are going to ask the legislature this winter to amend in a number of particulars, the present game laws of that state, and when they ask for amendments they will show by the result of test ballots, that hundred of hunters and fishermen in the different counties are in favor of the suggested changes. The law that they desire will contain the following provisions:

Open season for gray, black and fox squirrel, gray rabbit and hare, wild turkeys, ruffed grouse, Virginia partridge, commonly called quail, woodcock, Mongolian, Chinese and ringneck pheasants, during the month of November of each year. This includes all small game in a uniform season.

Open season for bear, November 1 to December 15, both days inclusive.

Open season for deer, December 1 to December 15, both days inclusive.

No hunting to be allowed in the forest or waste lands or on agricultural lands for any purpose during the months of September and October of each year, for red squirrels, groundhogs or any other unprotected animals or birds, excepting web-footed wild water fowl, snipe, shore birds and other migratory game birds as provided by law.

The sale of no native game birds or animals killed in Pennsylvania to be permitted. This adds squirrels and rabbits to the list of game which may not be sold.

The bag limits proposed are: Wild turkey, one in one day; two in one week or two in one season.

Ruffed grouse—Five in one day; 20 in one week; 25 in one season.

Squirrels—Six in one day; 20 in one week; 40 in one season.

Quail—Ten in one day; 30 in one week; 40 in one season.

Rabbits—Ten rabbits or five hare in one day; 30 gray rabbits or 20 hare in one week; 60 gray rabbits or 30 hare in one season.

Woodcock—Thirty in one week; 40 in one season.

Deer—One in a season, which in every instance must be a male deer with horns or antlers extending not less than two inches above the hair.

The deer limit would remain the same, but reductions on other season bags would be heavy, the present limits now being: Ten in one day on rabbits for as many days as the shooter hunts, reduced to 60 in a season; quail reduced from 75 in a season to 40; ruffed grouse reduced from 50 in one season to 25; squirrels reduced from six in one day for any number of days to 40 in one season.

In addition to this, it is proposed to amend the law for closing territory to the hunting of deer or elk so that from one to five contiguous counties may be closed to the hunting of any one or all of the species of native game birds or animals. By this system it will probably not be necessary to establish any more closed periods of years on quail or turkey, as enough counties may always be closed to insure a good stock of birds.

The present law is mandatory upon aldermen.

justices of the peace and others having jurisdiction in cases of game law violation so that the magistrate must impose the penalties fixed whenever a conviction is secured. But in several instances justices of the peace have had convictions, or even pleas of guilty, and discharged the defendants without penalty and without any excuse to justify such action.

Fishermen, farmers and sportsmen who believe there are too many dogs running about the woods are strongly urging the repeal of the law which protects the raccoon as a game animal. He is not included in the list of game animals for which seasons are fixed above. In case hunting is prohibited in September and October two months will be cut off the coon season anyway.

GAME CONDITIONS IN WESTERN CONNECTICUT.

The close season on birds practically closed in this section on the 19th instead of the 23rd of November, as it was useless to try to hunt with any expectation of success on account of the snow and cold.

There was a crust on the snow that would warn a partridge of the approach of danger two or three gun shots away. Very few were brought to bag after the snow came.

It no doubt saved hundreds of partridge. From reports from rabbit hunters who have been out since the season on birds closed, there is more birds left over than usual. Almost every hunter plans to go all they can the last week, as it generally is the best time to make good bags. In the past I have killed as many partridge the last week as I would all the rest of the season. This year I got one in the four last days. This was the case with dozen of others whom I personally know and hunt with. Four of us were foolish enough to go up to Litchfield County in an auto the last day. It was a trip you will not forget. We struck six inches of snow and so cold you had no feeling in your hands. We all had some good shots, but could not handle our guns and, after an hour, there was a young blizzard raging and we made for the auto in quick time most frozen. We vowed never to tackle that country in snow again. It took about an hour to run to New Milford and we killed more birds in Tom Young's hotel than we did any day this season.

From my own experience and what I can learn from the sportsmen I have come in contact with the past season has been as good, if not a little better than last year. In some localities where you would not find any birds in the last two or three years, they would be quite plentiful. The quail has certainly increased. I moved four flock in one day, which was unusual. The dry season no doubt, saved a good many birds, as there were very few days when the conditions were right for good dog work, the birds being wild on account of the noise in the leaves. The introduction of the pheasant has made better shooting in Connecticut, as the game commission liberated 6,000 in the State. You hear a good many say they ought to be protected, but as long as they can be propagated on the game farm and liberated each spring, it gives the sportsman

something to shoot and helps to protect our native game birds, which we have not been able to raise successfully up to now.

I know of parties who have spent a whole week chasing pheasants, whereas they would have been hunting partridge and quail.

On account of the dry season the woodcock shooting has not been up to the standard. On Dec. 2 I was out for a walk with my dogs and moved one. Now the season is over and we have had our fun, let us devote a little thought and time in looking after the beavies of quail we know are left and see that they are fed and cared for this winter. Get in touch with the nearest farmer where the quail hang out and see that he gets some feed. If he has a son get him to go with you to locate and build a shelter, where you can scatter feed, so they will get the habit of coming there for their meals. Our partridge will take care of themselves, as they will bud when they cannot get their other food. Another matter that every sportsman should take an interest in, is the Legislature at Hartford, where the laws are enacted. I have been on the legislative committee to attend the hearing before the Fish and Game Committee ever since the Pahquioque Rod and Gun Club was organized sixteen years ago. There is more good legislation started from this club in that time than all the rest of the state combined. The commissioners gave our committee the credit for starting the license law, Senator Bailey of Bethel, introducing the first bill which was defeated that year but the next session there were several bills introduced from different sections of the State which was through the efforts of this committee. Every sportsman should take an active interest in the fish and game laws. Now the duck law is taken care of by the Federal authorities which seemed to be the bone of contention for the last few years. Now we can go there united on the best laws to be enacted.

The present law on game birds is giving good satisfaction with those who want to see game increase, or hold its own, while others want to see a longer season.

We all know what that would mean under the present conditions with the auto to take you to any cover which was impossible to make before, unless two or three days were spent in going and coming. It is going to be hard in the future for our game to hold its own with the modern things to get it with.

The rabbit laws certainly should be improved on. There should be a limit placed on the number taken in a day, the season should be shortened, then there would not be any such slaughter as we read about once in a while. A party of rabbit hunters went for a week's hunt this fall and came back with 100 rabbits. They were not satisfied with getting that many but had to put it in the local paper. A man in the town where they hunted saw it and was furious over it. He sent the piece to one of the farm journals, and of all the call-downs you ever saw anyone get, it was the hunters in general. Any man from Danbury has got a black eye in that town now, no matter what he hunts.

I do not suppose the rabbit hunters will like it but it seems all the kicks you hear from the farmers is due to the rabbit hunters tearing down the walls to get a measly little rabbit instead of trying to find another. The law gives them the

use of a ferret more for that reason than any other, but still they persist in doing it.

This man said that inside of three years there would not be any land in that town but what was posted.

We all know if it was not for the farmer we could not hunt, then why not use him as we would like to be used and show him that it is for the sport and recreation we are after and not to cause him trouble, and very few will refuse to let you hunt.

E. H. BAILEY.

HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC AND ALASKA.

MARSHALL SCULL is one of the outdoor writers who understands how to tell his experiences in print. His new book, "Hunting in the Arctic and Alaska," (John C. Winston Company, \$2.50 net), will attract attention, first because it relates the experience of a most unusual hunting trip, and secondly because the book is so thoroughly well done. It gives the summary of a season's cruise down the Yukon River, through Bering Strait to Herald Island and Northeastern Siberia, and by Bering Sea to the Alaska and Kenai Peninsulas. Mr. Scull's party was the first one successfully to accomplish a hunting trip into this part of the Arctic. There have been many successful trips made into the Arctic Ocean on the eastern side of North America, but, because of the difficulties and great distance to be covered, hunting trips north of Eastern Siberia have not previously been attempted or successfully concluded. In this book Mr. Scull tells the story of a big game hunt, of which the trophies included practically all the game to be met with in Alaska, the western Arctic Ocean, and the shores of Siberia. But he does more, for the adventures which befell the party overshadow in interest the chase of polar bear and walrus. Incidentally he gives personal impressions of the important places in the interior and around the coast of Alaska.

Mr. Scull's party travelled altogether something like 17,000 miles, counting the trip across the continent from Philadelphia and to Alaska and return. Some of the readers of *Forest and Stream* may have had the pleasure of witnessing, through the medium of moving pictures taken by Captain Kleinschmidt, some of the thrilling incidents of Mr. Scull's journey, but the trip was not a moving picture expedition, and was conducted along the highest plane of true sportsmanship, and for the purpose partly of making collections for one or more American scientific institutions.

FAVOR GAME PRESERVES.

The Ohio State Agricultural Commission expects to ask the legislature to allow an appropriation of \$25,000, to be taken from the hunters' license fund, for the establishment of a game preserve in southern Ohio, in territory which includes Scioto, Pike, Ross and Winton counties. A special committee to investigate this project, reported to the commission Tuesday, favoring it.

A strong array of feature articles are scheduled for the big February number. It will be on sale on all newsstands. Do not miss it.

The Rise of the "China"

Give the English gentleman sportsman the privilege accorded the Oregon gunner, in bird shooting during the few months last past, and countless would be heard the exclamation "B' Jove! Some sport."

At the season's opening and for some time following, the beautiful pheasant, accustomed to protection, was slaughtered almost at will, but quick to learn its unexpected peril, the bird developed a cunning and a gameness satisfying both the amateur shot and the crack professional as well.

All are familiar with the method of hidden traps as practiced by some eastern rod and gun clubs at a clay pigeon shoot. Substituting the round whirling clay for the brilliantly feathered rooster and the limited park enclosure for the entire Willamette valley, one will then realize the delights offered when the state of Oregon removed the ban on killing its great game bird.

The China, the wild and undomesticated at heart, loves the cultivated fields and the adjacent shelter of low shrubs and other natural valley growths. Although he is met at times about the favorite dusting grounds of the upland quail, more often his red bobbing head is seen amidst the grain stubble and abundant fern fronds close the buildings of some valley farmer, as some clumsy sow or nibbling angora frightens him, clucking sharply away from a hidden spot in their fenced-in pasture.

The Boy and I had awakened early. To-day I was to be initiated into the delights of China shooting. As I pulled on my high topped boots, I shivered with the morning dampness. To waddle about in that wet growth and mud, which appeared from the open window and ever seems to affect this country out of doors, would surely grow webs between my toes at last, like all native sons are said to have acquired.

"Well Boy! bet I miss the first China," I offered. He made no reply but with a knowing grin completed his preparation and swung open the door.

Down a long sticky lane, leading to the big timbered pasture, we plodded some distance, then rolled over the rails and entered a big field to our right. It was a crop of knee high fern covering a long gently sloping hillside.

"Hold on till I pick up my ammunition," I commanded, leaning my gun against the fence, and stooped to gather up some fifteen odd scattered shells that had merrily bounded from the pocket of my hunting coat as I displayed my athletic ability as regards fences.

"All right," Bang! the Boy replied and pulled at the same wink of eye. Down tumbled a plump bird.

"What th—!" I commenced.

"Wake up!" he cut me short. "They are liable to be anywhere."

And certainly he was right. Just as sure as my attention would be occupied with some special attraction of nature, I would raise a clattering bird of bright colors, which would sail swiftly and smoothly away. If in the open I felt ashamed to miss but when at sharp angles amidst under-

brush and trees, the eye and finger had to be unusually active.

Sometimes several pheasants would rise together and but one red head among the hens. How careful must be the aim, for to bring down a hen was to break the law. Rather ticklish shooting. They seemed wise to the fact and would continually and swiftly dart across each other's line of flight. More often, however, the method of group flight would be different. Upon approaching near to the place of hiding one would be suddenly stopped and brought to position by the quick rise of a single bird. As it settled another would rise and so on until all had flown. Possibly a rooster would take one of the turns; you never knew.

Poor and bungling a hand as I consider myself with the trap gun, I easily bagged two handsome birds in the short few hours of that morning's walk. In the excitement of the hunt and the beauty of the damp sparkling morning, I had almost forgotten the Boy, though conscious of the report of his gun occasionally. He had covered much more ground than I, as is so often the case when I hunt with others. And truly he had been repaid. Four Chinas and two valley quail bulged his gaping coat sides.

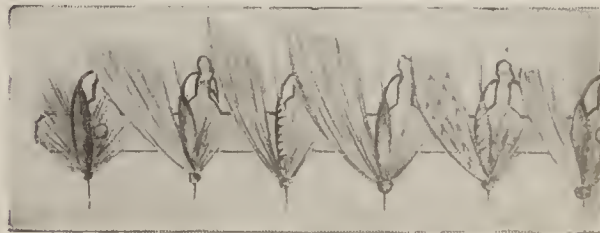
Ridiculously feathered out he was. Long, black and yellow barred, tail feathers protruding in all directions.

Nor is the pleasure ended with the day's shooting. No better wild game is placed upon the table or cooked in the camp of any hunter or lover of wild meat, than that afforded by the China pheasant. Rich, dainty and tasty. It is indeed a far better, a more suitable prize of good shooting than is a silver match case, a box of New Club or some untried pump gun.

J. VAN VALIN, Salem, Oregon.

WORLD'S RECORD ON A CARTER ROD.

A. Carter & Co., fishing rod and tackle manufacturers, 11 South Molton St., Bond St., W. London, call attention to the fact that the world's record tuna of 710 pounds, the capture of which was noted in *Forest and Stream* some weeks ago, was brought to boat with one of their split cane rods. They also claim the world's record of 4,000 pounds of fish caught on two of their rods in eleven days. The announcement which Messrs. Carter & Co., make in another column of *Forest and Stream* will be interesting to American anglers, particularly the statement in their card that they have been established in business over two hundred years. This means that they were selling fishing tackle at least two generations before the American colonies had become independent. Messrs. Carter & Company will be glad to send catalogue to any American angler on request.



The Extermination of Bucks Threatened

By Henry Chase.

Bennington, Vt., Dec. 21, 1914.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your issue of December 19 there was an article by your correspondent, Peter Flint, in which he gave an interview with a woodsman of Essex County, New York, who advocated the repeal of the present deer law of that state and the passage of one permitting the killing of does as well as bucks during the open season for deer. In this article Mr. Flint says, in conclusion, that he submits this interview in order to develop discussion between "the *theoretical* men, naturalists, etc., and the more *practical* men of the deer forests, who judge purely from local conditions."

This writer's idea that naturalists are merely *theorists* is a little far-fetched, to say the very least. The truth is those field-naturalists who study the wild life carefully in its haunts usually do so with unbiased minds and are the most practical men in the world on questions of proper conservation measures. To call such men mere theorists is a mistake. They are the very best authorities we can find to follow in such matters. They are observers with trained eyes and intellects, whereas the ordinary woodsman only sees things with one eye, half opened, as it were, and the premises on which his conclusions are based are usually false and wrong. Experience has proved that, while the evidence of such men is often worthy of consideration, yet, as a rule, it is not a reliable guide for the enactment of constructive legislation to conserve the wild life, because such men are generally more interested in easy methods of procuring game than in preserving it.

If there is one thing that has been thoroughly established by the practical experience of the past it is that the females and young of the deer should have practically permanent protection unless it is desired to exterminate the whole species. It is quite too late for some woodsman to now come forward with a great discovery that this theory is a mistake. He is simply going over ground and discussing something that is about definitely settled against his notions.

This argument of Mr. Flint's lumberman friend we have heard before. Only a few years ago it was revived here in Vermont when a law was passed permitting the killing of does. But two years operation of that measure proved that the deer would be very quickly exterminated unless it was repealed and all reasonable sportsmen were convinced that as a permanent law it would be a serious mistake. So we returned to the buck law at once. Every year new evidence is being brought forth which tends to show that the only safe deer law is one that permits the hunter to kill and take but *one* deer and that a buck with horns at least three inches in length. Two or more deer to the hunter is too much, and no one but an outright game-hog wants more than one.

Reading this interview of Mr. Flint's through carefully one soon discovers that the speaker therein quoted is begging the question and fully answers his own argument by his admissions. In the first place he admits that the deer are in-

creasing rapidly in his section—there never were so many before—but he will not or cannot see that the buck law has anything to do with this, but attributes it to eliminating hounding, a measure which has been in force for many years. He complains, however, that the bucks are threatened with extermination and he sees nothing but does and fawns in the woods. Now, just how the deer can be increasing so rapidly while there is such a great dearth of bucks is enough to perplex any man of common sense.

Again, this man says the majority of the does are "dry" or barren. How does he know they are barren? Why, simply because they were not all accompanied with fawns when he saw them in the summer. This simply shows the fallacious grounds upon which his argument is based. To find out whether a doe is barren without killing her and performing a post-mortem examination is a very difficult task. Practical field-naturalists always find this to be true, because it requires a long series of careful observations and then even one may be fooled about it. Of course, it is to be conceded that some old does are barren—naturally so, and is might be perfectly safe and even good policy, after many years of a stringent buck law to permit a short open season for killing one deer of either sex. But to allow any such measure to exist for any length of time means certain and inevitable extermination of the deer. There is no question about this.

It is a matter of common knowledge that where the deer are in a rather limited and confined territory the bucks are highly polygamous and one will serve a dozen or more does. True, it is possible that the bucks may become so decimated from over-hunting as to be reduced beyond the proper limit for normal reproduction in a given territory. In that case, however, it is a suicidal policy to advocate the killing of does. What should be done is kill fewer bucks; shorten the open season and allow only one buck to the hunter. This will eventually restore the natural balance of supply without weakening the

breeding stock. But allowing the does to be taken certainly won't have that effect.

That portion of this woodsman's argument with respect to guides killing deer promiscuously in order to get bucks for their patrons is the old story. It is the same stock argument we hear everywhere, and is on a par with the one by fishermen about the inefficacy of the six-inch trout law—how all small fish are killed when pricked with the hook and are thrown back into the water dead, etc. What nonsense! If it be true these guides are thus violating the game law, is that any reason for changing the law to accommodate them? Will such a concession conserve the deer supply, or will it not provoke these guides to violate other laws?

Also, just note this argument, by this woodsman: Allow each hunter to kill one full-sized deer of either sex. Then your city hunter would be satisfied with the first deer he got, etc. So, it is the city hunter who is causing this extermination of the bucks, is it? And each and every one of them always goes home with a buck, and the guides kill several does and fawns before they get a buck for these patrons? The absurdity of this as a general proposition is apparent upon its very face. According to this man there are now some 15 or 20 does to every buck in the woods, and yet if the law permitted the does to be killed as well as the bucks this would be a measure of conservation and the aggregate number of deer killed annually would not be increased. What rot!

In spite of these old stock arguments we always hear wherever a good buck law prevails, most of the states are adopting it as a settled policy that only one deer may be killed during the open season and that deer must have horns distinctly visible—in other words, a buck more than a yearling in age. All this with excellent results and upon the argument and the evidence brought forward by field-naturalists who are just as practical as any woodsman and possessed of considerably more real understanding of the true situation.

In Defense of the Pennsylvania Commission

Johnstown, Pa., Dec. 26, 1914.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

You usually have such good stuff in your magazine that it spoils my Christmas to see you publish the efforts of Frank G. Harris, ex-State treasurer and attorney, and president of the Springs Rod and Gun Club, to discredit sportsmen like John M. Phillips, Game Commissioner, and Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, secretary of the Game Commission, by a garbled, unfair and unsportsmanlike account of the notorious Dickinson case, in which lying was as common as in an East Side gunman case, and which was won by the defense largely because it refused to identify the head presented in court as the head of the deer killed by Dr. Dickinson.

Mr. Harris fails to explain that his club, of which the defendant was a guest, inched up as close to state forestry lands and a game preserve as it was allowed to do. He also fails to say that the club was on trial, rather than Dr. Dickinson, and that its members were the fellows who caused delays innumerable in the evident hope of tiring out the Game Commission. He does not explain why the first trial judge in the case was reversed without ceremony by the Superior Court, which sent it back for retrial. The first judge said the good doctor was not guilty because the law had been changed since he committed the act for which he was indicted. Changing the law to let out some friend has been tried before, and

maybe since, but not with great recent success in this state.

Lawyer Harris also fails to say that in the trial which resulted in acquittal the testimony of the states experts on deer was not accepted, or that the express tag records on the dead baby deer showed that the weight of the animal was considerably less than 75 pounds.

This letter is not intended to supply you what Mr. Harris omitted. It is to respectfully suggest to you that an attorney in the case, and the president of the club which entertained the defendant, can hardly be expected to tell more than one side of the story, and that the other side is certainly entitled to a hearing. Also that his conclusions from the verdict, that Pennsylvania will not stand for a game commission which tries to enforce the law without fear of clubs of millionaires, is very much wrong. Pennsylvania will stand for no other sort of a game commission.

The Game Commission last year bought over one hundred deer from a private preserve in Clearfield County, the abode of Mr. Harris and his club, for stocking four closed counties. At the urgent request of Clearfield county sportsmen, who were all right, some of those deer, intended for closed territory, were turned loose in Clearfield county, upon promises galore that they would be protected. Several of them were shot as soon as the season opened. Dogs ran others. A justice of the peace, trying a dog case, had the confession of the owner of the dogs that a deer was run. A proper complaint had been made and a deputy game protector had all the evidence needed. There had been many complaints from the same neighborhood. That justice of the peace, although the law makes a fine mandatory, accepted the confession and discharged the defendant. In Clearfield county they can find no way to get at that justice except that the judge promised to call him into court and reprimand him.

That is the sort of influence exerted by the Harris crowd. That is the backing given a deputy game protector who tried to enforce the law. We could give you other instances to show what brand of persecution is handed out to "hunting camps of reputable citizens, clean sportsmen, and men who have never been charged with any violation of the game laws." We are their neighbors and we know how they protected the deer the state bought for us and gave to them because we were good enough sportsmen to agree to it.

That will be all about that. We expect Pennsylvania to revise its game laws this winter. Get in the game and help. That will atone for this Harris stuff. There are 300,000 licensed hunters in the state and 100,000 more who are exempt as owners of lands. They are getting together with the game commission and will ask for the legislation they want. It is a big state, and lots of room for argument on seasons, bag limits and other regulations, but no room for knocking the game commission or for wasting space and tears over things like this Dickinson case. The doctor is all right but if the sportsmen of the state listened to some people it would not be five years before the public at large would be paying the bills and clubs like his would have all the hunting.

JOHN E. GABLE.

President, Johnston Camp, United Sportsmen.

PENNSYLVANIA SPORTSMEN.

(Continued from page 32.)

lation that will permit the acquirement of surface only or the expenditure of more than \$5 per acre, to get the land in fee simple.

The counties in the western end of the state also furnish the greater proportion of the hunter's license money, and the men who are paying this want to see the state establish "protected areas," if necessary, on leased lands in large areas to which all hunters will have access. In the centers of these large areas the game can be propagated by the game commission for restocking the covers about and planting in other sections where the game is depleted.

To co-operate with the fish, game and forestry departments in this phase of the work and that of properly planting fish, protecting streams from pollution and dynamiting and enforcing the laws, it is necessary that strong, active local organizations be built up which will have a voice in determining the general policies of the state departments through a state organization and which will be enabled to advise and help the various state commissions in reference to matters concerning their respective districts.

United Sportsmen Split.

The United Sportsmen of Pennsylvania are practically split asunder through disagreements between the president and members of the organization in the southeastern, central and western counties. The following three out of four directors elected have resigned: H. E. Brooks, Jr., of Pittsburgh; H. F. Ward, of Washington, and P. J. Little of Ebensburg. The other director, E. A. Weimar of Lebanon, has not yet resigned, so far as the western camps have heard.

An effort is being made to secure a strong representative from each county on the first state governing board of the new organization, and it is expected that at least half the counties will be organized by April 1, as the intention is to place several field organizers at work without delay, because the legislative program is important and pressing.

The new organization proposes also to take the qualifications of candidates for the appointments to the 47 new game protectorships, and 20 new fish wardenships that the Legislature is expected to create, and to insist on the appointments of high class men who know the woods and the streams and whose honesty and sportsmanship is beyond question. It is expected that there will be at least one game protector in each county and the local organization of the league in that county will be expected to recommend the proper man for the place.

The question of an adequate and thoroughly safeguarded bounty system is also to be taken up and the new organization will see that money is provided to pay bounties and that the bounties on the wild cats are increased to the point where it will be made worth while for residents of mountain districts to engage in hunting down systematically these pests which are killing hundreds of deer and turkeys and thousands of grouse and rabbits every year.

All in all, the new organization promises to fill a long-felt want for a live, active, fighting organization for wild life protection and to extend over the state and accumulate a membership of at least 100,000 in a few years. The

dues will be small and government plan such that every member will know what is going on in the organization and will be given definite work to do to help along the cause and will have a voice in its affairs.

GROW GOLDEN SEAL.

Speaking of plants that may be cultivated with little trouble and with profit to the grower, a writer in Green's Fruit Grower advises those who have a bit of unused woodland or underbrush to plant golden seal. He considers it one of the most remunerative of plants to raise, and says that it requires very little care.

The roots of this plant sold fifteen years ago at thirty cents a pound. The price has steadily advanced; the root is now worth five and one-half dollars a pound, and the dry leaves and stems now sell for twenty-five cents a pound. It is one of the most widely used drugs known to the modern pharmacopœia.

At the end of three years, you can sort out the mature roots from the young ones, and wash and dry them for sale, while you put the young roots back in the ground. At the end of three years the grower has a yearly crop of roots, and, beginning with the first year, he has a yearly crop of leaves and stems. This is one of the crops on which there is an absolute certainty of a market that will run after you as soon as any golden seal buyer knows you have the goods to sell. Go and ask your druggist, or your doctor, about the value of golden seal.

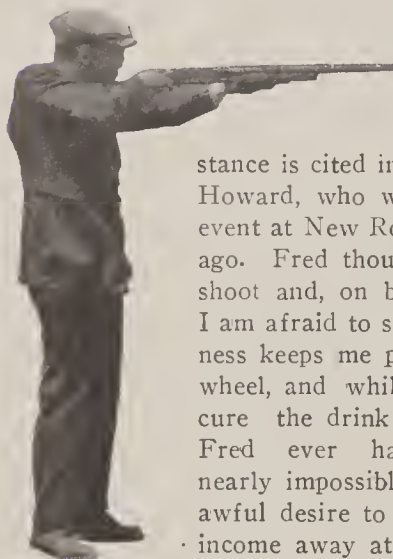




Forest and Stream is an Honorary Member of the Interstate Association for the Promotion of Trapshooting.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Tid Bits of News and Gossip.



having decided to join New Rochelle Yacht Club and shoot "reglar."

The scheme of running the trap department monthly, instead of weekly, will be a great advantage to shooters and clubs. It will enable us to furnish the full month's scores, a ready reference in one book, and, instead of lifting scores and story from the newspapers, as is generally done by the weekly trap papers, we will be able to get scores and story direct from the different clubs, and will have time to get them whipped into original style and lend a bit of originality to what the general reader complains of as "dry junk, which keeps space that should be devoted to hunting and fishing." We hope to be able to offer trap shooting in a form that will entice every reader of this paper to the trap columns and make every reader a trap shooter, as well as every trap shooter a fisherman and field shooter. Our only suggestion is that shoots to be announced should be sent us as early as possible. We are ready for you, now shoot.

We present, in another column, an original sketch by Mr. Frank G. Drew, sales manager Winchester Repeating Arms Co. This was made at the last Interstate meeting, while one of the interesting discussions was going on as to whether it was legal to use the new hat of the treasurer-manager to collect the ballots. The original of the drawing was, well some say Tom Keller, who puts "steel where steel belongs" and Peters where Peters belong. We ask brother Keller's pardon for the proximity of a libel.

The plans for Long Island Sound Championship are shaping up. Dates have not been set but likely it will be in February. Last year's championship was won by Hazen Hoyt of Manhasset Bay Yacht Club. A *Forest and Stream* trophy will be shot for at this series. Full particulars may be obtained from George H. Granbery, New Rochelle Yacht Club.

As an indication of the drag trapshooting has on its devotees, an instance is cited in the case of Fred Howard, who won the handicap event at New Rochelle a few days ago. Fred thought he would not shoot and, on being urged, said:

I am afraid to start again as business keeps me pretty close to the wheel, and while it's a cinch to cure the drink habit—not that Fred ever had it—it's pretty nearly impossible to get over the awful desire to crack your entire income away at the elusive aerosaucer. The habit is back, Fred

It is interesting to note that fifteen *Forest and Stream* trophies were shot for on Thanksgiving Day, making nineteen already awarded. Nine thus far are scheduled for Christmas shoots. This trophy is a very handsome one and is offered on a basis that enables every club to shoot for it. Let me tell you how to go about it. It is a silver cup, 13 inches high, made for us by International Silver Company.

The novice event at New York Athletic Club is proving exceedingly popular. It brings out two or three new shooters each week and the handicaps are so well arranged that a tie invariably results. Other clubs would do well to schedule an event of this sort.

W. G. BEECROFT.

WHITE PLAINS GUN CLUB.

President Guy Ward Again on Deck.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather only fourteen shooters faced the traps at the White Plains Gun Club, Gedney Farms, White Plains, N. Y., on Saturday afternoon, it being the last shoot of the year.

At times it was impossible to see the targets on account of the heavy mist and rain. Guy Ward, president of the club, who is slowly recovering from a case of infection, caused by a splinter of steel in his left hand, came out and shot 25 targets. Things seem to work perfectly when Guy shows up at the club, and aside from the fact that he weighs almost 250 pounds, he is as lively and active as some of the less fortunate when it comes to size. Harry Allyn who has just re-

turned from a week's hunting down on Long Island, showed his ability as Field Captain to good advantage, by having all events over before it became dark. Mr. Frederick C. Sayles of Irvington, N. Y., a new member of the club, has improved in his shooting so much so that he had to shoot off two events winning one, and losing the distance handicap. T. L. Lawrence won the High scratch Take-home trophy with a score of 86. C. H. Hadlock won high handicap event also a leg on the Bond Trophy, with a score of 98. F. C. Sayles won second high handicap trophy, with a score of 93. J. B. Talcott tied with J. T. Hyland for third high handicap trophy, score 88, Mr. Hyland winning in the toss of a coin. In the Distance Handicap F. C. Sayles tied with J. B. Talcott with a score of 19, Mr. Talcott winning the shoot-off.

Score:	Total	Handicap	Total
Name			
Mrs. F. F. Rodgers	68	13	81
M. W. Ehrenberg	49	34	83
J. S. Fanning	84	..	84
J. B. Talcott	81	7	88
Miss L. M. Boles	66	12	78
J. T. Hyland	78	10	88
T. Davis	68	..	68
F. F. Rodgers	76	10	86
F. C. Sayles	69	24	93
C. H. Hadlock	75	23	98
T. H. Lawrence	86	..	86
S. H. Core	76	6	82
F. Carpenter	65	10	75

HAGERSTOWN GUN CLUB SMOKER.

Election of Officers Held Too.

Hagerstown, Md., Dec. 22.

Enthusiasm was the slogan at the "Smoker" and election of officers of the Hagerstown Gun Club held last night in the Board of Trade

"Ammunition has changed"

R. H. "has something" on the quick explosion powders when it comes to filling that game bag.

You're to be the judge; walk around the corner to the nearest R. H. dealer and ask him to put you next to real hunting joy, via

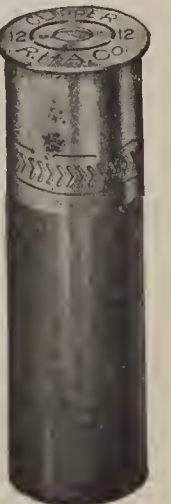
ROBIN HOOD NOT MADE BY A TRUST AMMUNITION "KICK MINUS — SPEED PLUS"

Don't brace yourself when you pull the trigger on R. H.—it goes the other way—all of it, straight to the mark. No force is wasted on "kick;" the greatest speed is generated as the load leaves the gun. Progressive combustion makes the difference.

Write for free booklet, "Powder Puffs"

Robin Hood Shells are also furnished loaded with any of the *Standard Nitro Powders*.

ROBIN HOOD AMMUNITION CO.
O Street, Swanton, Vt.



YESTERDAY AND TODAY

rooms. A fine representation of the county's leading sportsmen were present and everyone before he left was a member.

The election of permanent officers for the year was in order: The following being the result of the ballot casting: President, D. Newton Henson; vice-president, Clarence Gaylor, Williamsport; secretary, Gorman S. Buzzard, also secretary of the Hagerstown Board of Trade; treasurer and field manager, Samuel B. Haines.

The secretary was instructed to write L. R. Worthington, secretary of the State Organization with the object of this club becoming members of the Inter-State Association anticipating a registered shoot here during the coming summer, when it is expected several hundred of the leading trap shots throughout the East will assemble here and compete in a several day's handicap. The secretary was instructed to draw up suitable constitution and by-laws concerning the privileges of members.

PINEHURST CLASSIC.

Pinehurst, N. C., Dec. 26, 1914.

Four days originally, Pinehurst's eighth annual midwinter handicap scheduled for January 19 to 23, now occupies the full week. For several years past, the regular program has been preceded by informal sweepstakes, and this year a large number will arrive on the Saturday preceding.

The big entry list is growing daily and bids fair to very materially advance last year's record which exceeded the hundred mark, and as representative and classy a field as the sport alluring has ever called together.

Workmen have been busy at the grounds for a week past in anticipation of the event, and thus early private ammunition has been received in large quantities.

HERBERT L. JILLSON, Secretary.

ESSEX COUNTY CLUB.

Weather Too Much for Trap Springs.

A trifling temperature didn't keep the Jersey crackers from trying to break clays to-day, but the trap springs refused to work in the cold so after three events, during which the traps threw anywhere from ten to forty yards, without warning, the shoot was declared off:

The summaries:
 Take Home Prize, 25 Clay Birds (Handicap).—James A. Hart, 21; C. H. Daly, 22; G. H. Hyatt (3), 22; R. Riker (8), 19; Peter Hauck, Jr. (3), 22; Paul Heller (3), 20; T. H. Gillespie (8), 11; S. H. Harris (8), 11; C. E. Van Vleck (8), 24; L. E. Wanner (8), 19.
 Monthly Prize, 25 Clay Birds (Handicap).—Hart, 11; Daly, 23; Hyatt (3), 21; Riker (8), 20; Hauck (3), 23; Heller (3), 21; Gillespie (8), 12; Harris (8), 11; Wanner (8), 12. Shoot-off at 25 birds, Hauck won with 21 to 17 for Daly.
 Season's Point Prize, 25 Clay Birds (Handicap).—Hart, 16; Daly, 17; Hyatt (3), 19; Riker (8), 15; Hauck (3), 19; Heller (3), 16. Shoot-off postponed to New Year's Day.

CINCINNATI REVOLVER CLUB.

The Red team mustered nine members for the match on December 23, being opposed by only six of the Blues, and consequently had an easy victory, with a margin of 599 points. A readjustment of the teams seems necessary, so that they may meet on a more equal footing in regard to attendance. The Reds also carried off high individual honors, Yungblut putting up a score of 213, with 21 shots in the black, six of them centers. Col. Hake, Captain of the Blues, was second with 206. On his third target he had a fine group of four ten's and a nine, and captured the coveted 5-shot button, with the season's record score, 49, and one that will be hard to beat.

He shot out of the black ten times, but his other shots were well placed, nine of them being centers, five in the 9- and one in the 8-ring. Elmer Hake, who was home for the holidays, shot with the Blues, and made third high score, 205, placing 19 shots in the black, getting four centers, nine 9's and six 8's. K. Stevenson was not quite back in form, although he went over the double-century mark. A. Kenan got a poor start, his first target spoiling his chance to finish in the flight, and his third being below his average. But for these two he would have been at the top. J. Stevenson started off well with three centers, and a total of 45 on his first target, but he failed to keep up the pace, and was tied with

Kenan on 197. The club is very much elated over winning the team match with the Chicago Club, and another race, in fact several, will be arranged for during the winter. The next meet will be on Jan. 6th, when the annual meeting and election of officers will be held.

RED TEAM.	
A. A. Yungblut	10 9 8 5 5-37
	10 9 9 8 7-43
	9 9 9 8 8-43
	10 10 9 7 8-44
	10 10 9 9 8-46-213
K. Stevenson	10 9 8 7 6-40
	10 10 9 9 7-45
	9 8 7 7 7-38
	10 9 7 7 7-40
	10 8 7 7 6-38-201
J. Stevenson	10 10 10 8 7-45
	10 8 7 7 7-39
	8 7 7 6 6-34
	10 10 8 7 7-42
	8 8 8 7 6-37-197

WINCHESTER



SELF-LOADING SHOTGUN

12 GAUGE, MODEL 1911

The Winchester Self-Loader is the wild fowl gun par excellence. The recoil ejects the fired shell, feeds a loaded shell from the magazine into the chamber, cocks the hammer and leaves the gun ready to be fired again. In wild fowl shooting the game often comes fast and when least expected. Shoot a Winchester Self-Loader and you can always be prepared for a series of shots, for the loading and firing of this gun are controlled by the trigger finger. As the recoil in this gun is used to operate the reloading mechanism, the "kick" of heavy loads is minimized, making the gun very pleasant to shoot. It is a hammerless, two-part take-down, five-shot repeater that works well with all standard loads. The working parts being made of Nickel steel, make it strong and safe. Ask your dealer to show you the Winchester that's

LOADED BY RECOIL, CONTROLLED BY THE TRIGGER FINGER.

Take Stock in "Piper"

Says the broker: "You want to chew tobacco to get the real juicy sweetness out of it—and you want to chew "PIPER" to get the top-notch plug chewing of the world. Down in Wall Street we use it all the time. "PIPER" not only saves our time—it multiplies our tobacco enjoyment."

PIPER Heidsieck

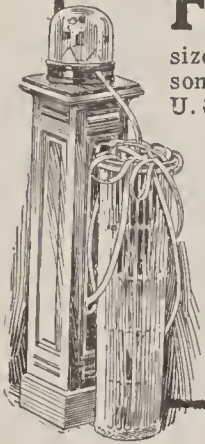
Chewing Tobacco—Champagne Flavor

The greatest distinction about "PIPER" is to a man who likes a smacking good relish to his chew is the famous "Champagne Flavor." The winey taste mingles on his tongue with the natural, mellow sweetness of the ripest, richest, carefully selected tobacco leaf. "PIPER" is the highest type of chewing tobacco in the world—wholesome, healthful and satisfying.

FREE Send 10c and your tobacco dealer's name, and we'll send a full-size 10c cut of "PIPER" and a handsome leather pouch FREE, anywhere in U. S. Also a folder about "PIPER." The tobacco, pouch and mailing will cost us 20c, which we will gladly spend—because a trial will make you a steady user of "PIPER."

Sold by dealers everywhere, in all size cuts from 5c up—also in handy 10c tin boxes.

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A. Kenan	7	7	7	5	6-32
	10	10	8	8	7-43
	9	8	7	6	5-35
	10	10	9	8	8-45
F. Cist	10	8	9	8	7-42-197
	10	9	8	7	7-41
	10	9	8	7	6-40
	10	7	6	5	4-32
	10	9	7	7	6-39
J. M. Kugler	8	7	7	7	6-35-187
	7	7	6	6	5-31
	9	9	8	5	3-34
	10	8	8	7	4-37
	9	6	6	6	6-33
W. Keenan	10	8	8	7	7-40-175
	10	10	10	6	5-41
	10	9	9	6	4-38
	10	10	6	5	3-34
	7	6	4	4	6-27
M. Wetmore	10	8	8	7	5-38-178
	10	7	6	4	3-30
	10	7	6	5	3-31
	10	7	4	0	0-21
	10	7	7	7	5-36
F. Nagle (Captain)	10	10	9	5	7-41-159
	6	6	5	4	3-24

	8	7	6	5	4-30
	7	5	6	6	6-30
	10	9	8	8	4-39
Total	8	8	7	6	5-34-157
.....1664					
BLUE TEAM.					
Col. C. Hake (Captain)	10	9	6	6	6-37
	10	8	7	6	6-37
	10	10	10	10	9-49
	10	9	9	9	7-46
	10	10	7	6	4-37-206
E. Hake	10	10	9	9	6-44
	8	8	6	6	5-33
	9	9	9	9	8-44
	10	9	8	8	7-42
E. Pugh	10	9	9	8	6-42-205
	10	10	7	7	5-39
	8	8	7	7	6-36
	10	10	7	7	6-40
	9	9	9	8	6-41
	9	9	7	6	8-39-195
H. F. Schaefer	7	6	6	6	5-30
	10	0	8	5	5-37
	9	8	7	7	6-37
	8	8	8	7	7-38
	9	8	8	5	4-34-176

R. Flynt	8	7	6	6	0-27
	9	9	8	8	6-40
	9	8	7	6	5-35
	8	7	5	4	4-28
	8	7	6	5	4-30-160
H. Cox	10	9	7	6	4-36
	10	10	9	8	7-44
	10	9	9	8	7-43-123
Total1065				

NEW REVOLVER CLUB, CINCINNATI.

Some changes in place were made at the third shoot of the club on Dec. 22, Daniels taking the lead with a score of 181, while Anderson, who held first place at the previous meets, was second with 175. The novices showed improvement on their first efforts, though not shooting an even pace. Daniels and Meinburg tied for high 5-shoe score on 41, with Anderson a close second with one target of 40. Before the season closes, the club should be able to pit a five-man team against one of the Cincinnati club, with a fighting chance of winning a match.

Daniels	41	34	34	39	33-181
Anderson	32	37	29	40	37-175
Meinburg	34	33	41	28	35-171
Maugey	39	36	26	28	28-157
Baugham	25	35	22	20	26-128
Phillips	23	27	18	26	20-114
Francis	13	23	16	8	16-76
Spencer	17	13	20	0	13-63
Braham	7	22	13	6	11-62

DUPONT TRAPSHOOTING CLUB.

Christmas Shoot	mfwyp	mfwyp	fwyp	mfw	mwm
CLASS A.					
Clyde Leedom	21				
John H. Minnick	20				
W. A. Simonton	19				
Harry P. Carlon	18				
W. Mathewson	17				
Bill G. Wood	17				
Stanley Tughton	16				
CLASS B.					
J. W. Mathews	18				
Dr. H. Betts	18				
D. S. Wood	16				
Farmer Guest	16				
F. R. Patzowsky	15				
W. C. Corey	14				
W. Black Smith	13				
CLASS C.					
Z. H. Lofland	16				
F. H. Springer	14				
CLASS D.					
R. L. Connor	15				
H. S. Coslett	11				
Elmer Clauser	11				
H. Frist	7				
INELIGIBLES.					
W. Hammond	18				
E. R. Galvin	17				
W. H. Neely	12				

The detailed scores follow:

John H. Minnick	43-50
Clyde Leedom	41
Captain Simonton	37
Walker Mathewson	35
Dudley Wood	35
R. F. Springer	33
Bill Wood	31
W. C. Corey	29
F. R. Patzowsky	28
Z. H. Lofland	28
H. Frist	26
Harry P. Carlon	18-25
Dr. H. Betts	18
P. D. Guest	16
R. L. Connor	15
Stanley Tughton	14
W. Black Smith	13
H. S. Coslett	11
Elmer Clauser	11
The scores at double targets were as follows:	
F. R. Patzowsky	16-25
E. R. Galvin	16
H. P. Carlon	15
W. Hammond	15
John H. Minnick	14
W. A. Simonton	14
P. D. Guest	14
W. G. Wood	13

OSSINING GUN CLUB.

Ossining, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1914.

The following scores were made at a regular practice shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. The thermometer stood close to the zero mark and the shooters were bundled up so scores suffered in consequences. Earl Rich, another new member, shot a shot gun for the first time and connected with two out of ten targets. New Years Day a prize shoot will be held in the morning, starting up at 9:30 and a prize shot gun

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shoot in the afternoon from two to four. All were glad to have President Franklin Brandreth on the shooting line again:

Events	1	2	3	4	5
Clays	10	15	10	15	25
C. G. Blandford	8	7	7	14	22
J. F. Hahn	7	12	8	8	14
Col. F. Brandreth	4	9	5	10	16
J. T. Hyland	7	13	6	9	16
L. Barrett	2	3	..	4	..
F. Blandford	2	6
E. Byington	3	..	5	5	..
E. Rich	2

C. G. BLANDFORD, Captain.

PORT WASHINGTON YACHT CLUB. Events Pretty Evenly Distributed.

The pre-Christmas shoot was fairly well attended. On the weekly cup H. H. Shannon came over high with 23 from 3 unshot skalers, being tied by D. S. Cornwell. Monthly fell to the chilled of a triple tie, Shannon, Smull and Prankard. Limb on yearly passed up to Smull with a neat 24 from one gratis target. Dan Smith with 2 up made 24 for the special, which was tied by Thompson from a handicap of the same dimensions.

Totals:

Weekly—L. B. Smull (1), 22; D. E. Smith (2), 18; C. M. Prankard (5), 20; F. Winslow, prof. (0), 8; C. E. Hyde (3), 18; C. L. Thompson (2), 21; H. H. Shannon (3), 23; F. Steiner, visitor (0), 11; D. S. Cornwell (3), 23. Monthly—L. B. Smull (1), 22; D. E. Smith (2), 19; C. M. Prankard (5), 22; F. Winslow, prof. (0), 15; C. E. Hyde (3), 19; C. L. Thompson (2), 20; H. H. Shannon (3), 22; F. Steiner, visitor (0), 18; D. S. Cornwell (3), 20. Yearly—L. B. Smull (1), 24; D. E. Smith (2), 18; C. M. Prankard (5), 17; F. Winslow, prof. (0), 18; C. E. Hyde (3), 15; C. L. Thompson (2), 23; H. H. Shannon (3), 16; F. Steiner, visitor (0), 15; D. S. Cornwell (3), 19. Special—L. B. Smull (1), 21; D. E. Smith (2), 24; C. M. Prankard (5), 22; F. Winslow, prof. (0), 17; C. E. Hyde (3), 21; C. L. Thompson (2), 24; H. H. Shannon (3), 23; F. Steiner, visitor (0), 15; D. S. Cornwell (3), 22; B. C. Gould (5), 20.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

Thirty-Six Clubs Shoot at Opening Tournament.
Washington, D. C., Dec. 26.

The opening of the rifle club gallery championship this week was remarkable. It brought a representation from thirty-four states, thirty-six teams shooting. Bridgeport, Conn., won in Class A event beating Manchester, N. H. 990 to 962. Second high score in all classes was made by Kings Mills, Ohio (class A) with 988. Complete scores follow:

Class A.—Bridgeport, Conn., 990, vs. Manchester, N. H., 962; Kings Mills, Ohio, 988, vs. Adrian, Mich., 932; District of Columbia, 979, vs. Dickinson, N. D., 951; Warren, Pa., 985, vs. Stillwater, Minn., 934; Cleveland, 986, vs. Boston, 935; Bucyrus, Ohio, 977, vs. Birmingham, 965.

Class B.—Hopkins, Minn., 958, vs. Madison, Minn., 932; Hoosier Club, Indianapolis, 930, vs. Tacoma, Wash., 925; Marion, Ohio, 959, vs. Des Moines, 930; Bangor, Me., 980, vs. Youngstown, Ohio, 950; St. Louis, 945, vs. Milwaukee, 943; Watertown, N. Y., 947, vs. Louisville, 916.

Class C.—Buffalo, 962, vs. Kane, Pa., 914; Watertown, S. D., 973, vs. Tucson, Ariz., 921; Ogden, Utah, 956, vs. Louisville, 903; Salt Lake City, 932, vs. Corinna, Me., 704; New Haven, Conn., 951, vs. Detroit, defaulted; Albion, Ind., 894, vs. Payette, Idaho, 883.

JERSEY CITY GUN CLUB.

George Piercy Shoots an 81 Per Cent. Clip.

Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 19, 1914.

This was a disagreeable day at the traps, a mixture of rain and snow and of course, the scores were in keeping with the weather. Geo. Piercy was high gun with an average of 81 per cent and Baldwin and Dixon tied for second with 80 per cent. Pretty poor shooting boys, but considering the elements, we'll excuse you this time.

Scores made in strings of 25:

Culver	18	20	19	16
Dixon	23	18	21	18
Tewes	13	12	10	21
Dr. Pinkerton	18	14	19	16
Baldwin	19	18	20	23
Piercy	15	23	21	22
Engle	17	18	21	23
Kearney	7	11	16	18
Dr. Groll	20	23	16	17
Kellinger	7	5	5	9
Burlington	20	13	9	..
Garrison	14	17	14	20
Williams	9	10	12	..
Hetherington	16	15	10	..
Brown	8	8	11	14

NEW REVOLVER CLUB, CINCINNATI.

Anderson High With 183.

Eleven members were on hand December 15th for the club's second practice shoot. The scores made averaged a trifle lower than at the first meet. Anderson was again high man, with 183, one point lower than his initial record. His third target showed 42, which was high 5-shot score for the evening. Daniels landed in second place with 170, and was also second high 5-shot man with 40 on his last target. The club has not yet settled on a name, the question being deferred until it is decided whether, or not, it will affiliate with the South-western Ohio Fish and Game Protective Association.

Anderson	37	38	42	36	30-183
Phillips	23	22	30	27	29-131
Meinburg	18	19	29	19	20-105
Daniels	28	37	37	28	40-170
Baugham	21	34	27	22	21-125
Maugey	27	21	22	23	26-119
Wylie	22	8	14	10	15-69
Braham	3	9	19	19	15-65
Lamb	8	19	15	15	6-63
Francis	6	5	9	12	6-38
Spencer	4	18	8	14	8-52

SECRETARY.

CINCINNATI REVOLVER CLUB.

H. D. Eustis Gone to Do Real Shooting.

Thirteen members showed up at the range on December 16, the Reds having seven men to the Blue's six, and, naturally this team made the best showing, and scored another victory. The Reds will be a man short the balance of the season, as H. D. Eustis, the 45-automatic man, has left to join the fighters in Europe, where he will

undoubtedly give a good account of himself. The Blues had high man of the evening, H. Cox recording a total of 204. Fifteen of his shots were in the black, and seven of them centers. His third target was his best, showing a nice group for a total of 45. Next to him came A. H. Kenan, of the Reds, with a total of 201, but although he put 19 shots in the black, he failed to find the center but once. J. Stevenson of the same team, was third, with 198, six shots in the center. The Reds won the match by 93 points, in the total which included penalty scores. The telegraph match with a team of the Illinois State Revolver Association, Chicago, was won by the home team with a margin of 8 points. At the end of the first round the Chicago boys had a lead of 5 points. The scores were not so good as usual owing to the frigid temperature in the range room. The high 5-shot button was won by K. Stevenson who scored 47 on his second target. McCarthy was next with 46.

RED TEAM.

A. H. Kenan	8	8	8	9	6-39
..	9	9	8	8	7-41
..	9	9	8	8	8-42
..	9	8	8	7	7-39
J. Stevenson	10	9	8	7	6-40-201
..	9	9	6	6	6-36
..	10	10	7	7	6-40
..	9	8	7	7	6-37
..	10	10	9	8	6-43
..	10	10	9	7	6-42-198
K. Stevenson	8	8	8	6	7-37
..	10	10	10	10	7-47
..	9	8	6	7	6-36
..	10	10	8	8	8-44
Kugler	9	7	7	6	4-33-197
..	9	8	7	6	6-36
..	10	8	7	7	6-38
..	10	10	7	7	6-40
..	10	9	9	6	5-39
..	10	9	8	8	4-39-192
A. A. Yungblut	10	8	6	6	7-38
..	10	10	8	7	7-42
..	10	7	7	5	5-34
..	9	7	6	6	5-33
F. Cist	10	9	8	7	6-40-187
..	9	6	6	5	4-30
..	9	8	7	8	7-39
..	10	10	8	5	5-38
..	9	9	8	7	6-39-185

Limber Joints
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Club Cup.—Twenty-five pigeons (handicap).—W. B. Ogden (4), 21; H. A. Hotwet (0), 19; R. R. Debacher (5), 22; D. L. Culver (1), 17; C. W. Berner (5), 24; W. H. Luckett (5), 10; J. M. Jones (6), 23; T. Lenane, Jr. (4), 21; C. W. Billings (2), 21; A. E. Ranney (2), 20; Conrad Stein (2), 24; H. Keller (0), 16; A. W. Currie (6), 17; G. J. Corbett (3), 25; J. I. Brandenburg (3), 23; G. H. Martin (2), 24; C. S. Healy (6), 25; W. H. Yule (6), 25; F. A. Baker (4), 23; H. A. Uterhart (6), 15; A. W. Church (4), 24; C. J. Stein (4), 25; E. R. De Wolfe (5), 17; G. M. Thomson (4), 25; D. F. McMahon (2), 24, and G. W. Lembeck (2), 23.
Won by W. H. Yule.

Accumulation Cup.—Twenty-five clay pigeons (handicap). W. B. Ogden (4), 23; H. A. Hotwet (0), 18; R. R. Debacher (6), 24; D. L. Culver (3), 22; C. W. Berner (5), 23; W. H. Luckett (5), 11; J. M. Jones (6), 22; T. Lenane, Jr. (4), 22; C. W. Billings (2), 23; A. E. Ranney (3), 25; Conrad Stein (3), 21; H. Keller (0), 19; A. W. Currie (6), 18; G. J. Corbett (3), 25; J. I. Brandenburg (3), 25; G. H. Martin (1), 23; C. S. Healy (6), 25; W. H. Yule (6), 22; F. A. Baker (3), 17; H. A. Uterhart (6), 18; A. W. Church (4), 24; C. J. Stein (4), 21; E. R. De Wolfe (5), 25; G. M. Thomson (4), 23; D. F. McMahon (2), 23, and G. W. Lembeck (2), 21.
Won by C. S. Healy.

Travers Island Trophy.—Twenty-five clay pigeons (handicap). W. B. Ogden (2), 21; H. A. Hotwet (0), 17; R. R. Debacher (4), 25; D. L. Culver (2), 22; C. W. Berner (4), 23; W. H. Luckett (5), 9; J. M. Jones (6), 21; T. Lenane, Jr. (4), 20; C. W. Billings (2), 21; A. E. Ranney (2), 23; Conrad Stein (2), 22; H. Keller (0), 15; A. W. Currie (5), 20; G. J. Corbett (2), 20; J. I. Brandenburg (3), 25; G. H. Martin (2), 22; C. S. Healy (5), 25; W. H. Yule (6), 25; F. A. Baker (4), 25; H. A. Uterhart (6), 18; A. W. Church (3), 25; C. J. Stein (3), 24; E. R. De Wolfe (4), 24; G. M. Thomson (3), 24; D. F. McMahon (0), 20, and G. W. Lembeck (2), 23.
Won by W. H. Yule.

Novice Cup.—Twenty-five clay pigeons (handicap). W. H. Luckett (5), 9; J. M. Jones (6), 21; C. S. Healy (5), 25; W. H. Yule (6), 24; H. A. Uterhart (6), 18.
Won by C. S. Healy.

Scratch and Handicap.—One hundred clay pigeons. W. B. Ogden, 73-14-87; H. A. Hotwet, 70-0-70; R. R. Debacher, 77-20-97; D. L. Culver, 71-9-80; C. W. Berner, 74-19-93; W. H. Luckett, 19-21-40; J. M. Jones, 66-24-90; T. Lenane, Jr., 67-17-84; C. W. Billings, 83-9-91; A. E. Ranney, 79-10-89; Conrad Stein, 81-10-91; H. Keller, 68-9-68; A. W. Currie, 53-22-75; G. J. Corbett, 85-10-95; J. I. Brandenburg, 87-13-100; G. H. Martin, 87-8-95; C. S. Healy, 82-23-100; W. H. Yule, 88-25-100; F. A. Baker, 80-16-96; H. A. Uterhart, 45-25-70; A. W. Church, 82-15-97; C. J. Stein, 80-15-95.
Scratch won by W. H. Yule; handicap by J. I. Brandenburg on shoot-off.

Distance Event.—W. B. Ogden (19), 17; H. A. Hotwet (2), 17; R. R. Debacher (16), 18; D. L. Culver (19), 22; W. H. Luckett (16), 9; J. W. Jones (16), 16; C. W. Billings (19), 22; A. E. Ranney (20), 20; H. Keller (21), 12; A. W. Currie (16), 18; G. J. Corbett (20), 22; J. I. Brandenburg (18), 20; G. H. Martin (19), 21; C. S. Healy (16), 18; W. H. Yule (16), 23; F. A. Baker (18), 18; A. W. Church (18), 22; G. M. Thomson (18), 21; G. W. Lembeck (19), 16.
Won by W. H. Yule.

UNITED STATES REVOLVER ASSOCIATION.
A. P. Lane Wins Grand Aggregate Prize With 1,242 for Four Matches.

Awards of national championship prizes and State championship medals have been announced by the United States Revolver Association in connection with the recent outdoor contests, which were held contemporaneously in different sections of the country. Although bad weather prevailed during many of the competitions, the results were satisfactory. Following are the national medal winners in each class:—Match A,

A. P. Lane, New York; match B, George Armstrong, San Francisco; match C, C. McCutcheon, Denver Revolver Club team; match F, Dr. J. H. Snook, Columbus, and the grand aggregate prize for scores for four of these matches was awarded to A. P. Lane for a total score of 1,242.

Among the double winners of State championship medals in classes A and B were the following:—George Armstrong, California; Dr. O. A. Burgeson, Colorado; Dr. Harry E. Soars, Massachusetts; A. P. Lane, New York; Dr. J. H. Snook, Ohio; Dr. William E. Quicksall, Pennsylvania, and Fred E. Spooner, Rhode Island.

MARINE AND FIELD CLUB.
One Event All Weather Allowed.

Gravesend Bay, Dec. 26, 1914.
Rigors of the weather permitted only five target wreckers to attend to-day. Only one event was pulled, that being President's Cup, won by E. H. Lött, with a rattling score of 92 from scratch, on 100 scalars. Other breakage was: Dr. Hopkins, 8-91, L. H. Steadman, 15-85, P. R. Towne, 10-84, E. Fassett, 10-75.

NEW ROCHELLE YACHT CLUB.
Four Interesting Meets Recorded Herein.

These have been busy days in the trap shooting branch of the yacht club. On the 16th an invitation shoot filled the scores. Some surprise

was caused when Fred Howard, who years ago was one of the foremost crackers, but who has not shot any in several years, kopped the main handicap event with 87 actual smashes. High scratch man was D. F. McMahon. The team event was a sail over for New York Athletic Club, the only entry. The formidable array from Travers Island put the chloroform to the ambition of the other dried mud destroyers.

On Saturday (19th) the entry list was light but the scores classy. George Granbery topped the salts on the number of wins as well as on excellence of scores. He won leg on December cup with 48 from 6 gratis saucers, after a tie with B. R. Stoddard, shooting from 6. Each got credit for a line on the cup. For take home trophy Granbery and H. S. Bullock each went straight, shoot off went to Granbery. Bullock with one gratis scaler scored on accumulation cup with 24. Granbery went straight on ten bird scratch event and Bullock took 15 rock scratch pull with 14.

Sunday (20th) brought out a cracking crew of crackers. Once more George Granbery topped the bunch, getting high gun with 90x100, and 25 from one in a tie with B. R. Stoddard for Monthly cup, a leg went to each. Joe Donovan with a straight won 25-bird handicap, shooting off with Fred Howard. H. S. Bullock won handicap shoot with 21 from 20 yards, shooting off with Howard and Moore.

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NEW ROCHELLE YACHT CLUB.

New Rochelle, Dec. 24.

Seven members of the New Rochelle Yacht Club faced a biting wind to-day to compete in their holiday shoot at the traps. Before the contests ended they had their trigger fingers almost frostbitten, but C. A. Marsland had little cause for regret, for he won four of the six prizes, including the Christmas Day Cup.

THURSDAY.

F. W. Howard, 12, 87-99; W. H. Yule, 16, 79-95; A. B. Alley, 16, 79-95; L. V. Small, 9, 85-94; Neaf Apgar (prof.), 0, 94-94; C. Stein, 5, 88-93; H. Stevens (prof.), 0, 92-92; H. S. Bullock, 8, 83-91; W. M. Collins, 12, 79-91; D. F. McMahon, 2, 80-91; H. K. Curtis, 15, 75-90; B. R. Stoddard, 10, 79-89; A. L. Burns, 2, 87-89; W. J. L. Silkworth, 5, 84-89; C. J. Stein, 8, 80-88; G. P. Granbery, 8, 80-88; C. E. Hyde, 12, 75-87; E. L. Haas, 8, 79-87; C. F. Healey, 16, 70-86; R. L. Spotts, 0, 85-85; G. H. Martin, 4, 84-88; W. B. Ogden, 10, 73-83; H. H. Shannon, 6, 77-83; A. E. Ranney, 4, 77-81; D. E. Smith, 8, 72-80; C. Von Lengerke (prof.), 0, 79-79; W. R. Delehanty, 12, 67-79; J. Fanning (prof.), 0, 79-79; Dr. A. W. Currie, 15, 64-79.

SATURDAY.

December Cup (Handicap). Fifty Clay Birds.—G. P. Granbery (6), 48; B. R. Stoddard (6), 48; H. S. Bullock (4), 47; A. Stoddard (10), 44. No shoot-off, Granbery and Stoddard each winning a leg on trophy. Accumulation Cup (Handicap). Twenty-Five Clay Birds.—H. S. Bullock (1), 24; B. R. Stoddard (0), 20; A. Stoddard (4), 22; G. P. Granbery (0), 20. Take Home Trophy (Scratch). Twenty-Five Clay Birds.—G. P. Granbery, 25 straight; H. S. Bullock, 25 straight; A. Stoddard, 22; B. R. Stoddard, 21. Shoot-off won by Granbery. Fifteen Clay Birds (Scratch).—H. S. Bullock, 14; B. R. Stoddard, 13; G. P. Granbery, 13; A. Stoddard, 9. Ten Clay Birds (Scratch).—G. P. Granbery, 10; H. S. Bullock, 9; B. R. Stoddard, 7; A. Stoddard, 6.

SUNDAY.

Monthly Cup (25 clay birds; handicap)—B. R. Stoddard (2), 25; G. P. Granbery (1), 25; C. C. Moore (5), 25; D. Giriat (4), 24; J. P. Donovan (4), 23; F. W. Howard (3), 23; H. S. Bullock (2), 22; A. Stoddard (6), 21. Legs won by B. R. Stoddard and Granbery. Accumulation Cup (25 clay birds; handicap)—J. P. Donovan (0), 25; F. W. Howard (3), 25; G. P. Granbery (0), 23; C. C. Moore (4), 23; H. H. Todd (7), 23; B. R. Stoddard (0), 22; H. S. Bullock (0), 22; D. Giriat (3), 21; J. A. Mahlstedt (7), 20. Won by Donovan. Distance handicap (25 clay birds)—H. S. Bullock (20 yards), 21; F. W. Howard (19), 21; C. C. Moore (17), 21; J. P. Donovan (18), 20; H. H. Todd (16), 19; D. Giriat (18), 16; A. Stoddard (16), 16; B. R. Stoddard (19), 15. Won by Bullock on shoot-off.

CHRISTMAS.

Holiday Cup (Handicap).—Fifty Clay Birds. C. A. Marsland (14), 50; A. E. Eldredge (12), 48; H. S. Bullock (6), 44; G. P. Granbery (6), 42; B. R. Stoddard (6), 41; A. Stoddard (12), 40. Accumulation Cup (Handicap).—Twenty-five Clay Birds. C. A. Marsland (2), 25; A. Stoddard (7), 24; A. E. Eldredge (6), 23; B. R. Stoddard (0), 19; H. S. Bullock (0), 19; G. P. Granbery (0), 17. Distance Handicap.—Twenty-five Clay Birds. G. P. Granbery (19 yards), 19; C. A. Marsland (16 yards), 18; J. A. Mahlstedt, Jr. (16 yards), 17; B. R. Stoddard (19 yards), 16; H. S. Bullock (19 yards), 16; A. E. Eldredge (17 yards), 16; A. Stoddard (16 yards), 16. Fifteen Clay Birds (Scratch).—B. R. Stoddard, 14; H. S. Bullock, 13; A. E. Eldredge, 12; G. P. Granbery, 11; C. A. Marsland, 11. Ten Clay Birds (Scratch).—C. A. Marsland, 9; G. P. Granbery, 8; A. E. Eldredge, 8; B. R. Stoddard, 7; H. S. Bullock, 7.

MINNEAPOLIS ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Good Scores Made on New Range.

Fort Snelling, Minn., Dec. 19.

Good scores were made possible by the quiet weather at the new shooting range of the Minneapolis Rod and Gun Club in the weekly Sunday shoot at Fort Snelling. M. R. Thompson and F. Jones were high amateurs and J. E. Dickey was high professional. The shoots at the new range are open to all followers of the sport as the club wishes to interest other clubs in the new range, looking to a centering of all the clubs at that point.

The scores yesterday:

*R. R. Barber, 75, 67; F. S. Furote, 100, 79; M. R. Thompson, 150, 138; D. Quimleven, 50, 36; D. H. Wilson, 75, 38; C. G. Stone, 75, 52; Mrs. Barber, 50, 41; Z. H. Austin, 100, 84; H. B. Clark, 50, 29; E. J. McDonald, 75, 58; J. C. Famechon, 150, 131; *J. E. Dickey, 125, 104; *C. E. Robbins, 100, 91; H. Hupper, 75, 44; W. W. Richard, 100, 85; W. R. McKinnon, 75, 52; J. A. Lawson, 75, 60; Dr. Hanley, 75, 50; W. H. Mitchell, 100, 81; H. P. Bend, 50, 43; T. E. Covington, 30, 18; C. T. Schuneman, 30, 14; E. Hertogs, 3, 17; A. Jurgens, 50, 38; Evjin, 50, 29; J. M. Burdick, 100, 88; C. L. Purcell, 50, 30; F. Jones, 125, 114.

*Professionals.

BOSTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Kidder Kaptures King Kale.

Shooting from a handicap of twenty gave Kidder a full score on one hundred rocks, the same being high score for the day. On actual breaks Snow was high with 91. Second score in handicap was Farmer, with 97 from eight. Williams and Burr tied for second high actuals with 90 per piece. Murray Ballou was third handicap man with 94 from seven.

Scores:

Name	Broke	Handicap	Total
Kidder	81	20	100
Farmer	80	8	97
Ballou	87	7	94
Marston	72	22	94
Lynch	85	6	91
Snow	91	.	91
Williams	90	.	90
Burr	90	0	90
Osborn	87	0	87
Blinn	86	.	86
Carlton	66	20	86
Clark	79	7	86
Ellis	86	.	86
Heintz	68	15	83
Tucker	74	8	82
Dickey	80	.	80
Davis	78	.	78

C. C. CLAPP, Captain.

FAVOR GAME PRESERVE.

Prominent sportsmen of Cincinnati and vicinity favor the proposed legislation of taking \$25,000 from the hunters' license fund to establish a ten-thousand-acre forest, bird and game preserve in Southern Ohio. Recommendation favoring this legislation was made to the Agricultural Commission at Columbus, Dec. 15. The Forestry Committee is credited with the statement that if the Legislature acts favorably upon this bill the game preserve will be an actual reality in Ohio by next fall.

TWIN CITY TRAP SHOOTERS ASSOCIATION FORMED.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Representatives of gun clubs of St. Paul and Minneapolis met recently at the Traffic Club and organized the Twin Cities Trap Shooters' Association. Seven clubs were represented. The constitution and by-laws were discussed, but no final decision was reached. Election of officers also was postponed.

Dr. R. G. Josling of the Minneapolis Rod and Gun, J. C. Famechon of the Minikahda, Fred Richter of the Interlachen, H. Austin of the Minneapolis Athletic, E. C. Shafer of the Athletic and Boat, Emil Novotny of the St. Paul Rod and Gun and M. W. Thompson of the Hazel Park clubs were among those present.

DU PONT TRAPSHOOTING CLUB.

St. Nicholas Shoot Brings \$50 to the Needy.

Wilmington, Del., Dec. 19, 1914.

The first St. Nicholas Shoot held thus far to-day was pulled off, and it was intended that the proceeds should go to help make Christmas more enjoyable and pleasant for those who are unable to do so for themselves.

The members of the duPont Trap-shooting Club responded nobly to the appeal made upon them and more than \$50 was realized.

The main event of the day was the contest in each class for Coleman duPont spoons, and it fell to A. B. Richardson of Dover to win the Class A spoon with a score of 25 straight—the only one made during the day. John H. Minnick, J. T. Skelly and Ward Hammond also registered scores of 24 out of 25, while several were able to register a 23.

The result of the day's work show that Mr. Richardson made the high score of 100 targets, getting a total of 89. W. G. Wood was high man in the 25 target average, with 22 out of 25. The totals stand:

A. B. Richardson	89-100
James T. Skelly	88
Ward Hammond	87
L. D. Willis	84
W. Coyne	60-75
T. E. Doremus	53
W. C. Popp	40
T. W. Mathewson	46-50
J. H. Minnick	44
W. Tomlinson	44
W. C. Corey	43
W. D. Sillitoe	38
L. W. Mathewson	34
F. R. Patzowsky	33
E. C. Ferriday	30
W. G. Wood	22-25
H. P. Carlon	21
J. W. Anderson, Jr.	20
Dr. Horace Betts	20
J. W. Mathews	18
H. Winchester	17
Z. H. Lofland	16
W. J. Highfield	16
E. H. Anderson	14
E. R. Jenks	14

The spoon events were as follows:

CLASS A.		
*A. B. Richardson	25	25
J. H. Minnick	24	
T. W. Mathewson	23	
W. Coyne	22	
Bill G. Wood	22	
Harry P. Carlon	21	
J. W. Anderson, Jr.	20	
F. R. Patzowsky	18	
Henry Winchester	17	
CLASS B.		
*W. C. Corey	20	25
Walter Tomlinson	20	
Dr. H. Betts	18	
CLASS C.		
*John W. Mathews	18	25
L. Mathewson	17	
Z. H. Lofland	16	
W. J. Highfield	16	
CLASS D.		
W. D. Sillitoe	20	25
W. C. Popp	15	
E. H. Anderson	14	
E. C. Ferriday	13	
INELIGIBLES.		
L. D. Willis	22	25
J. T. Skelly	21	
W. Hammond	21	
T. E. Doremus	17	
E. R. Jenks	14	

*Spoon winners.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., GUN CLUB.

Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 17, 1914.

C. J. Barr led the shooting at the Birmingham Gun Club and won the trophy at the regular weekly shoot making a total of 89 out of his 100, a very good score on so dark a day. John Fletcher and Dr. I. J. Sellers were tied for 2nd place with 86. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Moore were visiting shooters, Bennett from Greenfield, Ind., and Moore from Kansas City, Mo.

Scores were made as follows:

	Shot At	Broke
C. J. Barr	100	89
John Fletcher	100	86
Dr. I. J. Sellers	100	86
Lee Moody	100	84
Mrs. Garl	100	83
Tom Morriss	100	71
Moore	50	31
Bennett	25	20
Garl	25	18

BENSONHURST YACHT CLUB.

Gravesend Bay, Dec. 19, 1914.

In spite of a drizzling rain which wet them almost to the skin, seventeen gunners were on hand for the regular weekly shoot on Saturday, Dec. 19th. Several novices were among the number and in spite of the adverse conditions many good scores were made. Only two events were decided, the Take Home Prize and the monthly cup. In the former, A. H. Beedle and G. W. Gowenbonen were tied with perfect scores. The shoot-off was won by Mr. Cowenbonen, the prize being a handsome coat sweater donated by Mr. Hendrickson. For the monthly cup Mr. Beedle tied with Dr. Webb, each having 23 birds out of 25. The tie in this event was not shot off.

The following are the scores:—

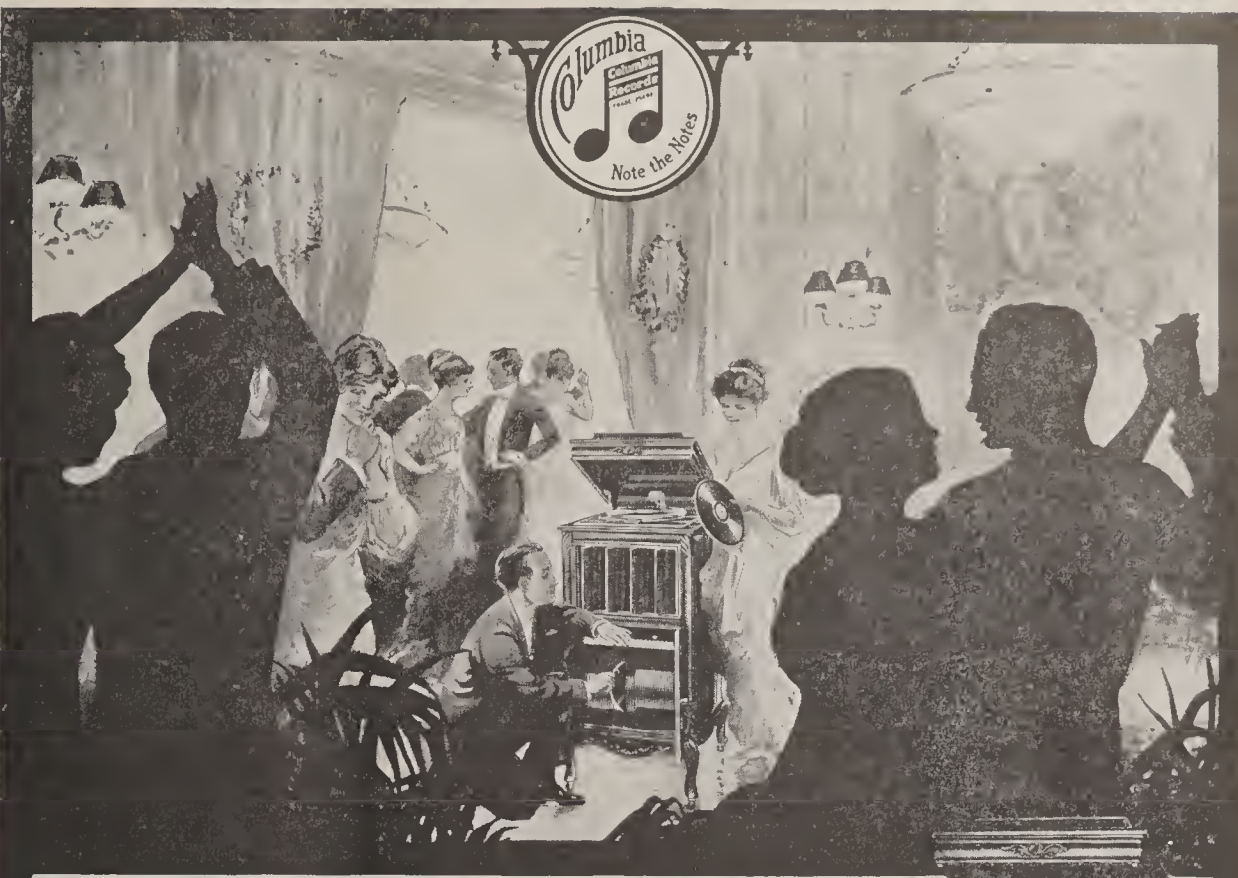
The following are the scores:

MONTHLY CUP.

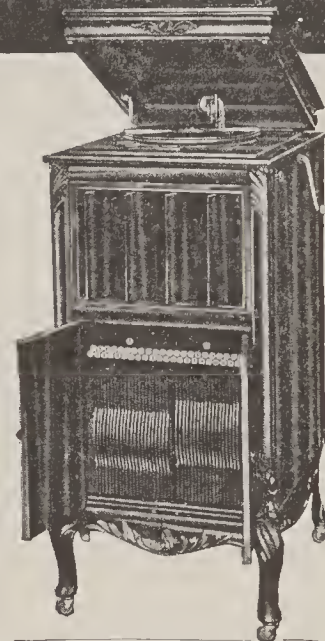
	Handicap	
Dr. Webb	3	23
A. H. Beedle	6	23
*H. Keller	0	24
Dr. Elliot	0	21
G. Cowenbonen	4	21
J. Van Pelt	5	20
J. Allaire	6	20
G. Beston	6	19
Dr. Hunter	1	18
E. B. Magnus	0	18
A. C. Stillwell	6	18
E. A. Reed	4	17
H. Fincke	2	16
H. Graham	6	16
G. Semken	3	16
H. Haas	6	15
R. Menendez	6	14

TAKE HOME PRIZE.

	Handicap	
A. H. Beedle	6	25
Geo. Cowenbonen	4	25
*H. Keller	0	21
Dr. Webb	3	20
J. Van Pelt	5	20



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A. C. Stillwell	6	20
G. Beston	6	20
Dr. Elliot	0	19
J. Allaire	6	18
H. Fincke	2	18
R. Menendez	6	18
E. B. Magnus	0	17
G. Semkin	3	17
Dr. Hunter	1	17
E. A. Reed	4	17

Shoot-off won by Mr. Cowenbonen.
*Professional.
G. H. V. HUNTER, Secretary.

LAUREL HOUSE GUN CLUB.

Frank Vanderhoef Takes the Laurels.

Lakewood, N. J., Dec. 19.—Frank F. Vanderhoef, of New York, won the Saturday afternoon shooting event of the Laurel House Gun Club

with 90, from a handicap of 12. Other scores were:—Fred Kimball, 67—16—83; Harvey Newman, 69—12—81; J. S. Wolley, 66—16—82; "Phil" Randolph, Jr., 66—8—74; "Phil" Randolph, Sr., 70—12—82; F. A. Potts, 69—8—77; Dr. C. Kayser, 63—8—71.

MIDWINTER HANDICAP.

Pinehurst Offers Many Attractions.

Every mail is bringing its entries for the eighth annual midwinter handicap, January 19-23. It is pleasing to note that many of the contestants will bring their wives and their families, and that a number are also planning to linger after

the shoot for the enjoyment of the diversified attractions which the village offers and among which quail shooting plays an important part.

Socially, numerous affairs are being planned with dancing every night at the Carolina and formal balls on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, Country Club teas and various excursions to numerous points of interest as special features.

TROPHY PLEASES NEWPORT GUN CLUB.
Newport, Dec. 27, 1914.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have received the cup that you sent, being the winner of our shoot on Thanksgiving Day, as was suggested in your paper previous to that date. It is very handsome and worth going after. I wish to extend my sincere thanks and wish you every success in future. I think the boys are all receiving their papers. Wishing you a Happy New Year.

I am, WILLIAM A. DRING.

FRED GILBERT ANNIVERSARY EVENT PLEASES SHOOTERS THROUGHOUT COUNTRY.

Many Voice Their Approval of Appropriate and Unique Manner of Honoring One of the Greatest Shots and Most Likeable Characters in the History of the Sport.

The announcement of the plans to honor Mr. Fred Gilbert, the veteran professional trapshooter, with a twentieth anniversary shoot and dinner at Wilmington, Delaware, and to give gun clubs throughout the country an opportunity of holding local shoots in his honor, has met with widespread approval. The offices of the Du Pont Powder Company, Wilmington, Delaware, with which company Mr. Gilbert has been associated for twenty years, are flooded with letters from shooters in all parts of the country voicing their approval of the appropriate and unique manner of holding a nation-wide celebration for one of the grandest characters the game has ever known.

From Mr. Gilbert's home town of Spirit Lake, Iowa, Fish and Game Warden E. C. Hinshaw writes, "I notice the action taken by your company to honor Mr. Fred Gilbert of this city, and assure you that this will be appreciated by the sportsmen in this section of the country. They will take advantage of it in a way that will make the event long remembered."

Have Known Gilbert for 20 Years.

Mr. F. P. O'Leary of the Little Falls Country Club, of Little Falls, N. Y., in a communication addressed to Mr. Simon Glover, New York State representative of the Du Pont Powder Company, says, "I have just been reading in this week's issue of the sporting papers where the Du Pont Powder Company are going to hold a Fred Gilbert twentieth anniversary next March. Knowing Mr. Gilbert well for the past twenty years, I will be glad to co-operate with their company and hold a shoot during that week on our Country Club grounds, in honor of the occasion. If your company sees fit to send on a Gilbert cup, so much the better, but in any event, we will celebrate with a nice little shoot, and will be glad to have you with us." Miles Taylor, of the Analostan Gun Club of Washington, also addresses a most interesting communication somewhat along the same lines, saying, "We would

like to make application for one of the Gilbert cups to be contested for next March. I can assure you that the conditions will be complied with to the letter, and that nearer 20 than 10 will be in the competition for the trophy. This is a great stunt and most pleasing one. I am from the West and knew of Fred Gilbert before he came East. When he did and met Jack Brewer, et al at Baltimore, I was there and saw him win the match. He was quiet and unobstrusive. I rejoiced with him and his friends then and I am jubilating a little over this testimonial to him. I have one of Brewer's shells, the kind he used on that occasion. It is the long, green, U. M. C., make and loaded with 4 1-2 drams of Du Pont—some load for a 12 gauge, but it was a Greener and weighed 9 pounds. Those loads whistled like a rifle bullet that had been upset. It was so noticeable that I asked him for one of them and about the load."

Fred C. Whitney, the veteran Iowa Winchester representative also expressed his approval of the plan as follows: "I have just returned from my Eastern trip and see that you are going to give "Fritz" Gilbert a shoot in March. Wish I had put off my trip to the factory till then, as I sure would like to be in on this."

Mr. Chas. E. Hyde, Chairman of the Shooting Committee of the Port Washington Yacht Club has announced that their organization would be glad to stage a Fred Gilbert event in connection with their twelfth annual tournament which is scheduled for March 17th, and of course, have been advised that this would fit in nicely with the original plans. The State College Gun Club of State College, Pa., are also going to stage a Fred Gilbert Event during the week of March 17th, and will have a cup to shoot for. They say, "We will be glad to have

a 'Fred Gilbert Trophy' for our club and will bend every effort to make it a success."

Mr. P. B. Plummer, the live wire secretary of the Tennessee Trapshooters Association, who holds forth at Chattanooga, has issued an announcement concerning the plan to all the clubs in the state affiliated with the association, urging them to get in line for a "Fred Gilbert Shoot," and in addition to using it as a means of inaugurating a successful season for the clubs in that state, they will also assist materially in fittingly honoring one of the most popular shooters who ever put a gun to his shoulder.

The above are typical of the many letters which have been received by the Du Pont Company, and indicate more interest in the Fred Gilbert Anniversary on the part of shooters throughout the country than in any trapshooting feature staged in a long time. Certain it is, that by the time March 17th, rolls around there are going to be thousands of shooters lined up at the traps awaiting the signal to "pull" on the clay birds with the idea of winning a "Gilbert Cup."

MOOSE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The following statistics of moose shot in Nova Scotia for the last seven years may be interesting to big game hunters. In 1909 the game laws were amended by placing cow moose on the protected list and it has worked out very satisfactorily as the following figures will prove.

In 1908 total moose reported shot including cows were	688
In 1909 bulls alone.....	405
1910 bulls alone.....	509
1911 bulls alone.....	617
1912 bulls alone.....	678
1913 bulls alone.....	705
1914 bulls alone.....	1,000



The Hercules Calendar.

Allowing for moose illegally killed and not reported to the Chief Game Commissioner and for others which were wounded and got away to die, I believe that no game country in the world of the same area can make a better showing.

Mr. W. K. Boylston of Princeton, Mass, a noted big game hunter, and at one time a professional guide in Maine hunted with me this fall in Digby County and he informed me that although he has hunted moose in Maine, New Brunswick, and every country they inhabit, except Norway he has never found these animals so plentiful (acre for acre), as they are in this province.

H. A. P. S.

Digby, Dec. 24th, 1914.

DEER SEASON IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 24, 1914.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

You may be interested to have the official record of deer killed in this state during the last open season, copy of which is enclosed. Had it not been for the bad weather the record of the previous year of 1,596 might have been equalled.

In addition to this we are enclosing a statement of deer shot by the farmers in protecting their crops.

The amount paid during the year past by the state for damages to crops by deer will amount to something over \$10,000.

G. W. FIELD,

Chairman Commissioners on Fisheries and Game.

The record furnished by Mr. Field follows:

NUMBER OF DEER KILLED BY FARMERS IN THE ACT OF DAMAGING CROPS.

1907	16	1911	232
1908	17	1912	313
1909	198	1913	195
1910	327	1914	211

Section 17, Chapter 92, R. L. as amended by Chapter 307, Acts of 1907; further amended by Acts of 1908, Chapter 377; Acts of 1909, Chapter 396; Acts of 1910, Chapter 545; Acts of 1912, Chapter 388.

SUMMARY OF DEER SHOT, ETC., DURING THE OPEN SEASON OF 1914.

	Male	Female	?	Wounded	Nov.					Total	
					16	17	18	19	20		21
Barnstable	18	10	5	..	2	8	5	5	8	8	33
Berkshire	129	91	11	2	35	36	15	22	65	58	231
Bristol	20	7	5	..	7	7	3	1	6	8	32
Essex	6	6	..	2	3	..	1	2	2	4	12
Franklin	131	92	19	7	71	28	16	24	52	51	242
Hampden	104	76	14	3	44	37	10	19	43	41	194
Hampshire	120	91	15	3	58	31	16	26	47	48	226
Middlesex	26	12	2	..	7	8	3	7	5	10	40
Norfolk	11	3	2	1	3	1	1	3	3	5	16
Plymouth	27	15	6	..	9	5	15	7	6	6	48
Worcester	125	96	17	3	63	37	26	24	38	50	238
Total	717	498	96	21	302	198	111	140	272	289	1312
Total deer killed											1312
Total deer wounded											21

Deer Estimated to Weigh over 200 Pounds.

200-300 lbs.	158 reports
300-356 lbs.	6 reports

Largest deer, weighing 356 lbs. killed by Melville M. Allen, West Springfield, Mass.

Nineteen deer weighing less than one hundred pounds were killed.

Deer shot by women.

Ruth Ballard, New Salem, Mass.; Miss Julia E. Groves, Brimfield, Mass.; Mrs. M. E. Worden, Otis, Mass.; Mrs. Marjorie E. Lackey, Oakham, Mass.; Mrs. E. A. Webb, Pittsfield, Mass.

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CHRISTMAS SHOOT OF THE "T. B." TRAP AND GUN CLUB.

U. S. Naval Hospital, Las Animas, Colorado.

The weather on Christmas was ideal for trap-shooting. The club acknowledges a pleasant visit by the Las Animas Gun Club. One turkey was awarded for each five entrants and the score sheets showed that fifteen shooters had appeared at the firing line. The members of the club were divided into two classes, the beginners and those with less experience than the Old Guard were placed in Class B. Connolly, Hartzell and Joan were tied for Class B. turkey, each having a perfect handicap score of 25. The score for actually broken birds was as follows: Joan 20, Connolly 19, Hartzell 20. Some of the more experienced shooters might even take pride in scores as high as the above. On the shoot off, Joan won the turkey with a score of broken birds of 19.

In Class A., Dr. Grieve, Chief Engineer Palrang, Hospital Steward Rupert and Seaman Plony were tied with a perfect handicap score of 25. The score for actually broken birds was as follows: Palrang 21, Rupert 21, Dr. Grieve 19, Plony 18. On the shoot-off, the chief engineer made an easy get-away by breaking 24 in fine form and carried away the Turk.

Only five members of the Las Animas team entered the contest. Chief Hudnall proposed that the Las Animas members fire a practice string in order to arrange the handicaps. The chief showed his lack of practice by breaking 25 straight. The scores for the Las Animas contingent on the practice string was as follows: Hudnall 25, C. Thomas 22, E. Thomas 18, Hassinger 22, Moore 5.

The Las Animas members finished with a tie of 22 for Mr. C. Thomas, Mr. E. Thomas and the Chief of Police. On the shoot-off, Mr. E. Thomas won the turkey with a score of 21 broken birds. The scores for the morning were as follows: Hudnall, 88x100; C. Thomas, 80x100; Hassinger, 58x75; E. Thomas, 56x75; Plony, 38x75; Palrang, 45x50; Rupert, 39x50; Dr. Grieve, 34x50; Hartzell, 20x25; Joan, 20x25; Connolly, 19x25; Hamby, 17x25; Lieut. Wallace, 16x25; Morgan, 11x25; Moore, 5x25. Mr. Moore's score represents "first time up." Thirty strings and 750 targets were fired, and all participants pronounced the shoot a grand success.

We missed many of the members of the club who were present last winter at the last Christmas shoot. Our old members are gone but not forgotten, and "T. B." Trap and Gun Club takes this method of extending to all of our old members, scattered about the world wherever they may be, through the sporting newspapers, heartiest best wishes for a very happy New Year. The club wishes all our members, who are to be found in every clime on both sides of the world, all success and prosperity during the new year, both at the traps and in all the future undertakings of the new year, be they business, social, educational, or otherwise.

J. S. RUPERT, Treasurer.

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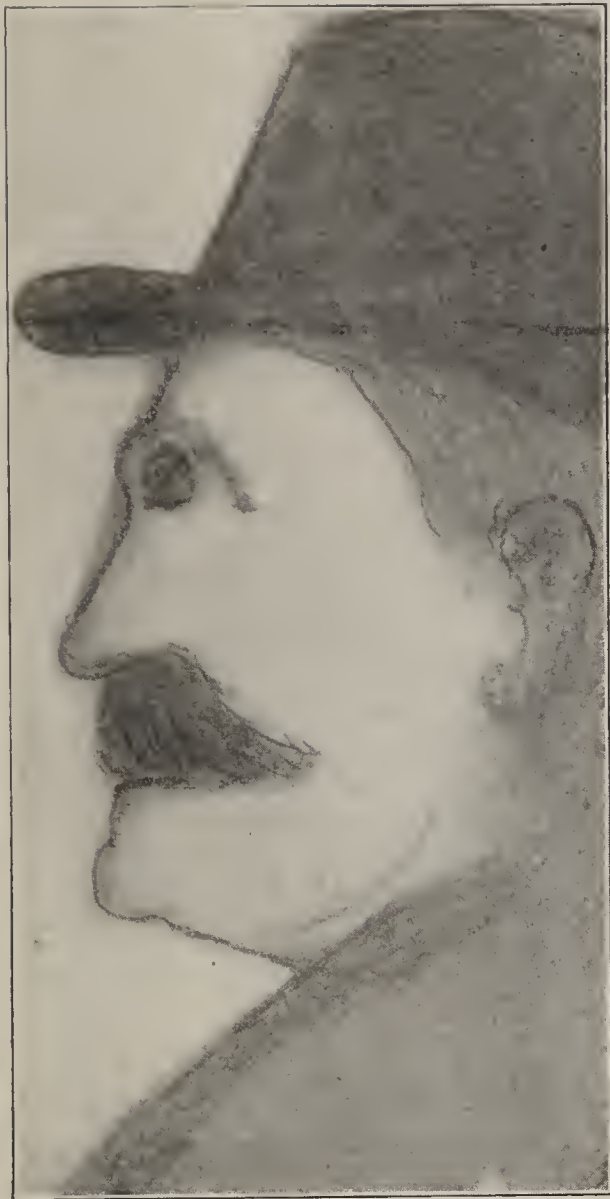
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SALEM ROD, GUN AND YACHT CLUB.
Night Event a Success.

December 26, 1914.

The Salem Rod, Gun and Yacht Club has the distinction of holding the first Night Shooting Tournament in the United States. The tournament last night was a grand success, far beyond the most sanguine hopes of the committee in charge of the affair. Several years ago the Crescent Athletic Club, of New York, tried a system of lights with very little success and it was also tried at the Sportsmen's Show at Madison Square Garden, New York City, but professional shooters who were in Salem Saturday night complimented the local club on having a decidedly better light than was shown in New York. Or to use the words of E. Fred Slear, the popular professional shooter for the Remington Company, "You have beat them all to it and left the other clubs in darkness."

The lights were turned on promptly at six o'clock and the regular program started as advertised and proceeded just as smoothly as a day tournament. The targets were shown from the time they left the trap until they fell on the ground to the satisfaction of the shooters and the good shooting gives evidence, there being fifteen straight scores of 10x10; thirty-one scores of 9x10; and twenty-nine scores of 8x10. In fact the shooters all made as good scores as in daylight shooting, notwithstanding that all were skeptical, not a shooter entering in the sweepstakes for money, all shooting for targets.

After the regular program, the cashiers and scorers could not accommodate the crowd—everyone was convinced that they could see the targets and all wanted to shoot.

To the spectator a night tournament is more satisfactory than a day shoot, as a broken or even a dusted target can be seen better than in daylight. The club house and grounds were taxed to their capacity to accommodate the crowd that gathered to see this new and novel addition to the sport of trapshooting.

Neaf Apgar, the representative for the Peters Cartridge Company, was high professional with 47x50, with W. S. Colfax, of DuPont Company, a close second.

J. H. Minnick, of Wilmington, was high amateur and was awarded the gold watch for his score being 45x50. He was closely followed through all the shooting by Chester A. Glaspey, of this city, who broke 44x50.

The scores of the evening in detail were:

*Neaf Apgar	47
*Schuyler Colfax	46
J. H. Minnick	45
*E. F. Slear	45
*C. von Lengerke	45
C. A. Glaspey	44
*L. D. Willis	44
*W. Hammond	44
W. Tomlinson	43
*L. B. Parcels	42
H. P. Carlon	41
*T. F. Lawrence	41
Big Chief Bender	40
B. H. Bates	39
H. Winchester	38
W. C. Corey	36
Charles Springer	36
*P. S. Gates	33
C. H. Zimmerling	33
William Francis	30
C. Bill Popp	30
*Francis Pratt	28
John Cook	27
George Hires	25
R. Springer	18
Mrs. C. Springer	8
Miss B. Carson	6
Miss C. Gentieu	5
Mrs. E. L. Riley	5
Mrs. C. Springer	5
Miss J. Gentieu	4
Miss H. Gentieu	4
Miss J. P. Hirst	4
Mrs. McKaig	2
Miss Schofield	2
Mrs. B. V. Clark	2
Schubert	18
Allen	12
Snellbaker	12
Burkhardt	8
Park	15
Jones	10
Thompson	14
Robinson	20
Stratton	15
Hires	18
Riley	8
Berry	6
Mulford	13
Ware	14
*Professionals	

REGULAR SUNDAY MORNING SHOOT OF THE "T. B." TRAP AND GUN CLUB.

U. S. Naval Hospital, Las Animas, Colorado,
December 27, 1914.

Sunday morning witnessed the close of the present contest for a six months' subscription to the Pueblo Star Journal, daily and Sunday, awarded by this enterprising newspaper. Dr. Grieve won the third and last leg, winning the prize by an exhibition of fine marksmanship. Dr. Grieve won all three legs in succession. The scores for the morning were as follows: Dr.



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Grieve, 44x50; Beasley, 38x50; Joan, 36x50; Lieut. Wallace, 31x50; Rupert, 20x25; Palrang, 19x25; Hartzell, 14x25. Dr. Grieve won this contest by breaking 106x125, or 84.8 per cent., which we hold is good shooting.

The club has in view putting up a 20 gauge Winchester shoot gun to be contested for over a period of about three months. This promises to be a fine contest for the remaining winter months. Membership in this club is now open to non-residents of the Hospital Reservation. The trapshooters of Las Animas are invited to come into our club and get in on this contest. All trapshooters in this valley are cordially invited to join us in the Grand American sport, every Sunday morning at 10:00 sharp. We always shoot, rain, wind, snow or sunshine. The club has not missed a regular shoot since its organization, and that is going some for any gun club.
RUPERT, Treasurer.



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Cruising and Camping in Southern Waters

(Continued from page 15.)

suffin' to say bout de wicked in dis world, and will laff and laff fit ter bust hisself, I recon. Sposen he bin on dat log in dat situation, wood de Lord a bin wid him in de angerish ob de minute any more dan wid enny odder? Reckon not. Enny nigger in dat situation hes gotta depend on hisself."

"Well, Alex, go in the bow and I will go aft; we will soon reach the river. You must do something to get warm. We will make camp by 4 o'clock, somewhere below Sandbar Ferry."

The exciting journey was recommenced and in the course of a quarter of an hour or so we reached the broad waters of the Savannah River, where the leading boat was found, awaiting us. The cause of delay was explained and provoked mirth from the whole party. Joe had no time or opportunity to moralize then.

The river current was slow and easy; we floated and paddled until nearly 4 o'clock, then camped on the sandy beach a hundred yards or so from the river. Stakes were driven and boats securedly fastened, and this was very fortunate. The tent was put up in a trice, gun cases and camp plunder housed, the fire was soon glowing and supper well on the way, and plenty. Sam and I were seated enjoying a bountiful meal at the hands of one of the best camp cooks I have ever known. Before supper was finished rain began to fall and drove us inside the tent. Soon the short winter day ended and night shut down like the lid on a kettle. The camp fire was kept up and the end flaps of the tent partially open. We sat on our blankets, smoked and talked of the morrow's work, and about where we would begin to find ducks. Nine o'clock found us fast asleep, thoroughly tired

out, sleeping a sleep known only to those who court the open air with the gun in the woods, in the fields and on the streams.

I awoke once during the night and heard the rain drumming on our canvas roof. The thought of the dismal and wet condition of things outside made us more appreciative of the warmth and snugness of things inside. I again was wooing the drowsy god with that delicious feeling of comfort and security, just on the verge of forgetfulness, that moment when the mind wanders into oblivion, when Sam announced that it was 6 o'clock.

I immediately arose. Hastily dressing and going out I looked upon a dull, leaden sky and rain. The wind blew the mist and rain in from the river with chilling effect. Pools of water here and there surrounded the tent, the corn stalks in a neighboring field looked woebegone and dripping. A crow, sitting in the branches of a persimmon tree, gave a despairing croak and shook his sable plumage in apparent disgust—A dismal camp that comes to a sportsman and is received cheerfully, knowing it to be a part of his fortune afield.

Presently, Joe had a good fire going, and under its influence camp grew more cheerful.

"What are you going to give us for breakfast?" asked Sam.

"I recon, Mars Sam, dare'll be some biskits and fried ham an' 'scaip! scaip!" "Snipe, by glory," said Sam, "over there on the flats by the cornfield. Snipe for breakfast."

I rushed into the tent and limbered up the 12 gauges. Alex opened the ammunition box and supplied us with shells loaded with No. 9 shot. All three of us ran up the bank and over

the fence, Alex to assist flushing and marking down the dead birds. Twenty steps from the fence, three birds flushed, Sam made a fine double and I killed one. We separated two hundred yards or so. The birds rose within fair range, and by the time the field was crossed we had bagged ten and a half brace. Once I wiped Sam's eye, and that gave me a feeling of pride that lasted for some time. Sam missed with one barrel a long range shot, turning the bird my way. Had our dogs been with us, and the ground worked well, we would have added more birds to the bag and enjoyed seeing the dogs work, which is fifty per cent. of the sport.

Returning to camp we found breakfast about ready.

"How many ob de long bills did you alls git?" inquired Joe.

"Right smart lot; dar wuz a heap on em ober dar an hit wuz jist bilin' fun fur bout hafen owah," replied Alex, who already had a number of the snipes dressed. Presently Joe had half a dozen birds spitted before the glowing coals, and not many minutes elapsed until they assumed that tender, dark brown color, which pronounced them cooked. But these birds eaten "green" did not compare in flavor and tenderness with birds hung up in a dry, cold place for four or five days, yes a week. All game birds should be so treated in order to have them on the table at their best.

(To be continued.)

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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

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

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873

Night Fishing

A Bass Fishing Story of Westchester County

By W. F. Smith.

"Those bass ought to bite like mad as soon as this storm passes," said Ed., as we sat just inside the door of the camp watching the rain swirling and roaring through the woods, to the accompaniment of crackling branches and swaying tree tops and incessant crashes of thunder and flashes of lightning.

"They certainly should," I replied. "I fished steadily from six o'clock last night until ten o'clock this morning and not one strike did I get in all that time, and I don't believe any fish have been caught during the day either. I'll bet the fish felt this storm coming and simply refused to feed with all the electricity in the air. You know they are effected by changes like that, such as the rising of the moon, changes of wind and all that. What do you say if we stay up to-night and have a try at them?"

It was a Sunday afternoon in late September, and we were spending the week end at our camp on Peach Lake in Westchester County. We had planned starting home that afternoon but had been interrupted by the thunderstorm, and were then waiting in the camp for it to blow over.

"I'm willing," said Ed., answering my query. "But it will be hard to start off early enough in the morning to make that long journey and get to business in the city on time."

"Oh, what does being sleepy one day amount to when we can get a good string of fish. We can sleep the clock around to-morrow night if we want to, and make up for lost time."

So we settled it, and forthwith changed back to our fishing clothes and got our tackle in readiness to start as soon as the storm let up.

This did not happen until quite late, nearly six o'clock, but then it blew over toward the east leaving the western horizon a clear blue in which the sun set in a blaze of glory, giving promise of a beautiful night.

We sallied forth through the wet underbrush to the shore, and then almost gave up in disgust. Our boats were filled to the gunwales with rain water, and even after they should be bailed out, would still be too wet to be comfortable, for the sun had set and there was no wind to dry them. And wet seats in a hot mean, as every fisherman knows, "the seven years itch" as Ed. called it.

However, we set to work, and after a hard half hour's work, had them as dry as it was possible to get them, and set off across the lake.

The storm had not entirely disappeared from the sky as yet, as we could see from our open position in the middle of the lake. Far over in the East, over Long Island Sound we thought, the black clouds continued to hover, flashes of lightning flitting from end to end, and very faint rolls of thunder coming to our ears. The air too seemed charged with electricity, and neither of us felt good; it seemed to have a depressing effect on us both, what with being tired out from fishing all the night before, and the realization that we were the only people for miles around, and black night coming on. It may be a strange feeling for two grown men to confess, but let

any one on such a night place themselves on a big lonesome lake such as we were on and I think they will feel pretty much as we did.

On the north shore of the lake we ran up into a sort of small river and looked for frogs. I intended to depend on pork rind, but wanted a few frogs for emergency.

It was dusk by now and the frogs hard to see, but after a protracted search I managed to catch five on my side of the river and put them in a wooden minnow box I had in my boat.

We then separated, Ed. going east and I west, heading for a huge cliff about a mile down the shore, where in the deep water, I felt sure I would strike something at that hour.

When I arrived, as I thought, opposite the cliff I rowed toward shore intending to get within casting distance. Of the shore line I could see nothing whatsoever. The cliff being black and the night black I could see no division between the water and the shore, and could only tell where it was by the faint lapping of the water on the cliff base.

Within thirty yards I picked up my rod and cast high and hard to cover the distance. But strange to say there was no sound of the bait striking the water when I stopped the reel, and I reeled in feeling no weight on the end of the line. I knew something was amiss, but just what I could not guess. I shook the rod, and what was my amazement to hear the hooks rattle directly over my head not three feet away. I was right in against the face of the cliff and the hooks had caught on a branch straight up in the air.

"Now starts my hard luck" I thought, as I backed out after untangling the gear. "Confound this darkness anyway, I never could fish nights unless the moon was up."

I cast past the cliff without a strike and got into shallower water, and here, at the second cast I was hung up on the bushes on shore. I shook the rod, it held fast, so I pushed in again, to find that the line was caught ten feet up on shore, so I stepped out, dropping an oar overboard as the boat began to drift away and I scrambled wildly into it again and recovered the oar. Once more I pushed ashore and hauled the boat well up, only to find that the bait was caught on the bushes out in the water and twenty feet further along.

I loosened the half hitch from around the twig and pushed off again. This time the boat acted like a live thing and started for the middle of the lake at race horse speed, and I dropped my rod and hustled back to the rowing seat, starting it once more in the desired direction, and at last located the bait by the whiteness of the pork rind and recovered it.

"Enough of the darkness," I resolved. "I'll go ashore and sit there until the moon comes up."

I figured that the moon would rise in another hour, after which the fishing would very likely improve. So to the shore I went, seating myself on a big flat rock under the cliff.

I sat there smoking my pipe and soliloquizing,

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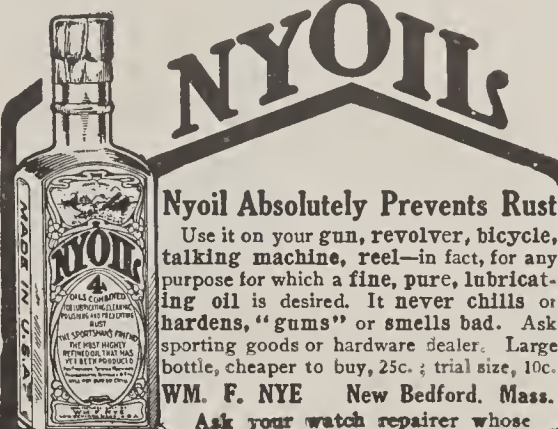
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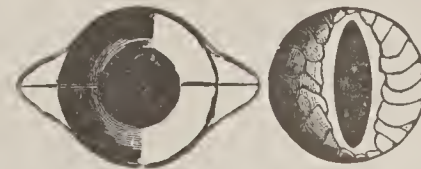
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No. 35. New adjustable telescopic bait casting rod. 8½ ft. Guides are detachable and interchangeable. \$4.50 to \$5.50.

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No. 23. Dress suit case or bag rod, 7 ft. 8 in., joints 17¼ ins. long. Very handy. \$7.00 to \$8.00, according to handle.

No. 11. Old reliable national choice for trolling, bait and still fishing 8½ ft. 10 ounces. Joints 32 inches. \$4.50 to \$6.25.

Order any one or all of these rods from your dealer, or if he hasn't them and cannot supply you promptly, write us and we will at the above prices.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue - and full particulars. New 1915 "Bristol" art calendar is a full color reproduction of an oil painting by Philip R. Goodwin, the noted outdoor-sports artist; size 16½ x 20 inches. Sent only on receipt of 15c.

THE HORTON MFG. CO. 84 Horton Street, Bristol, Conn.

occasionally glancing toward the east to see if there were any signs of the moon. The storm had by now entirely disappeared from the sky and one or two stars had appeared, lighting up the lake a trifle but not enough to help much.

There was not a sound to break the intense stillness, except once in a while the screech of an owl far back in the woods.

Not one splash of a fish breaking water did I hear, and this discouraged me greatly, for usually at this hour splashes were plentiful enough.

What had become of Ed, I did not know, but I presumed he had found the fishing poor also and had retired to the bank and was waiting for the moon too, as that was a regular proceeding of ours. Although, he being of a more patient and complacent nature than I, was most likely taking an hour's snooze.

The silence was getting on my nerves, and I was half wishing I had not come out on the lake at all, when suddenly I heard some small stones rattle on the cliff over my head. I glanced up quickly, but in the dim light from the stars I could see nothing, finally concluding it had been only a rock that had dislodged itself and slid a short ways, resumed my meditation, when, without any warning, a large rock smashed down at my feet, missing my head by but a few inches.

I jumped up in alarm, gazing at the rock in astonishment, and then once more examined the face of the cliff, but as before could make out nothing.

My gaze again returned to the rock, and I could hardly believe my senses when I saw that it was slowly moving toward the edge of the water, finally falling in with a loud splash.

At this I came to life, and stepping to the edge, struck a match, holding it close to the surface of the water and peered at the bottom.

What I saw there caused me to sit back and laugh heartily at my fears. It was a large turtle.

But the incident had made me feel more nervous

than ever and I was glad enough to see the rim of the moon appear above the horizon a minute later. It rose rapidly, lighting up the water and woods as though a curtain had been drawn aside.

It put new heart into me and I jumped into the boat and rowed for a favorite little cove of mine on the east shore. Arriving there in ten minutes or so I found the conditions ideal for fish. A

but to be sure, I held it taut for an instant and felt the unmistakable fish signal, the rod trembled a trifle, then I struck and struck hard, all the tackle would stand.

Instantly a small cyclone broke loose. Up into the air five feet above the surface he shot flinging the water in every direction, the hooks rattling like castanets in his jaws as he shook himself to



The Moon Showed Me This Likely Place.

faint ripple on the water, and although most of the lake shone silvery from the moon's glow, the cove was in deep shadow cast by the tall pines along the shore.

I examined my tackle, found everything tight, and began to cast in earnest.

At the third or fourth cast I felt the line tighten very gently as if it had touched bottom,

throw them out, down again and half way around the boat standing on the tip of his tail and churning the water into a white froth, in the flash of an eye.

I saw there was no use in trying to play such a mad creature and reached wildly for the landing net, knowing full well that it would be only luck if I managed to get him into the boat while the



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tackle remained whole, but in the instant I had taken my eyes off the rod to glance at the position of the net, he had started for the boat like a streak of light, and was under it with a slack line. My heart gave a bound as I felt the tension ease and I reeled wildly, giving a sigh of relief as I felt him still there. Up he came again right alongside the boat and I made a quick and blind scoop with the net and yanked him into the boat. A four pound small mouth.

I sat in the boat and gloated and feasted my eyes on his beauty as I repaired the damage that had been done to the tackle.

Soon I was at it again, but the next one I struck, which was not two minutes later, I made a miscalculation. I thought it was the bottom. But that it was not, I soon found out. I struck very gently, so as not to break the hooks on a rock, only to feel the fish dash for the boat and under it, dropping the hooks as he went.

That taught me a lesson, and the next one, which proved to be a poor little nine inch bass, suffered for the crime of his elder brother. I struck so hard I fairly made the rod creak, and the little fellow came into the boat almost paralyzed from the shock. I detached and placed him in the water as gently as possible and was glad to see that he still had strength enough to swim away as if he enjoyed life.

The next one was another four pounder and put up even a harder fight than had the first one. I only landed him through sheer blind luck, nothing more. I had fought him perhaps five minutes, when he broke water close to the boat. As he shot down again the lower of the two hooks caught on the bottom edge of the boat, the force of his rush breaking the one in his mouth and he was gone, but only for an instant, for I received a resounding thump on the back, and there he was smashing around like a stricken horse in the bottom of the boat. The sting of the hook as it broke must have caused him to break water even after he was free, and in doing so he struck my back and fell into the boat. From this incident I began to regard it as my lucky night, and so it proved, for from then (about ten o'clock), until three I landed nine others, making eleven in all, three of which weighed four pounds apiece.

Well, we made our train all right, and although we were tired enough the next day we both regarded it as small payment indeed for the pleasure we had had.

SOUTH PHILADELPHIA GUN CLUB.

Outshooting a field of one dozen live bird devotees, enabled Joe Jackson to carry off the 15-bird event of the South Philadelphia Gun Club over the club's traps at Third and Wolf streets. Charley Bobbs and L. Steinhagen gave Jackson a close argument for the honors, with 12 kills each. In the 5-bird test Bobbs, Jackson and Warner tied with clean scores and on the shoot-off under the miss-and-out rule Bobbs and Warner ran five each, Jackson going out on his first bird. The two gunners then tossed a coin and Warner guessed the coin and won the shooting coat. Scores:

Fifteen-bird event:

Charles Bobbs	12
A. Dressler	8
G. Springer	7
J. Jackson	13
Weisenberger	10



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Five-bird event.	
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Charles Bobbs	5
J. Jackson	5
J. Zihn	2
P. Dukes	2
A. Dressler	3
J. Warner	5
Miss and out:	
Charles Bobbs	5
J. Jackson	0
J. Warner	5

Any book on an outdoor subject may be obtained from *Forest and Stream*.



BUYERS' GUIDE

An Index to the Sporting Goods Trade

THE idea of this ready reference was brought to us through the many inquiries as to where sportsmen's necessities could be purchased, in different localities. Many of those patronizing the guide, regularly use display space in *Forest and Stream*, while others are only occasional big space users. The question comes often to us as to "reliable" dealers. We answer the proposition by **unqualifiedly recommending** those whose names appear in this directory. It is well to know how to purchase goods right and right goods—this you may rely on "Buyers Guide" to enable you to do. Should you need something not listed herein, write us—we can tell you where to get it—or better yet—we shall be glad to have our experts make purchases for you. Do not hesitate to write us should you, at any time, require our assistance.

ARMS AND AMMUNITION—

N. R. Davis & Sons, Assonet, Mass.
 DuPont Powder Co., Wilmington, Del.
 A. H. Fox Gun Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
 S. J. Francis, 8 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.
 Guns swapped for cash or firearms.
 Hercules Powder Co., Wilmington, Del.
 Hunter Arms Co., Inc., 776 Hubbard St., Fulton, N. Y.
 H. H. Kiffe Co., 523 Broadway, New York.
 Lefever Arms Co., 200 Maltbie St., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Marlin Fire Arms, New Haven, Conn.
 Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn.
 Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Powell & Clement, 410 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Remington Arms-U. M. C. Co., 299 Broadway, N. Y.
 Rifles—ammunition.
 Robin Hood Ammunition Co., Swanton, Vt.
 Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y.
 Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, New York.
 Ross Rifle, Quebec, Can.
 Maxim Silencer, Hartford, Conn.
 Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.
 U. S. Cartridge Co., Boston, Mass.
 American Powder Mills, Boston, Mass.
 New York Sporting Goods Co., 44 Warren St., N. Y.
 Ross Rifle Co., Quebec, Can., Ross, .280 Sporting Cartridge Co.

GUNS AND RIFLES—

N. R. Davis & Sons, Assonet, Mass. "The gun that blocks the sears."
 A. H. Fox Gun Co., Philadelphia, Pa. The irreproachable Fox.
 S. J. Francis, 8 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. "Want to swap guns."
 Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y. L. C. Smith with Hunter one trigger for trap and field use.
 Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Lefever Shot Guns, single or double triggers.
 Marlin Fire Arms Co., 27 Willow St., New Haven, Conn. Repeating rifles and shot guns.
 Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn. The old reliable Parker (specialists in 20 and 28 bore guns.)
 Remington Arms, U.M.C. Co. Remington pump-bottom ejection, solid breech. Remington automatic rifle.
 Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y. 22 Hi Power Rifle.
 Ross Rifle Co., Quebec, Canada. Ross, .280 high velocity rifle.
 Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, N. Y. Sauer-Mausier Rifle.
 Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn. Repeating rifles and shot guns.
 The Birmingham Small Arms Co., Birmingham, England (Henry Smail, 82 Duane St., New York, representative).

SPORTING GOODS—

J. H. Lau & Co., 75 Chambers St., New York.
 Powell & Clement, 410 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, New York.
 H. H. Kiffe Co., 523 Broadway, New York.
 New York Sporting Goods Co., 44 Warren St., N. Y.
 Thos. J. Conroy, 28 John St., N. Y.

MOTORS—

Waterman Marine Motor Co., 267 Mt. Elliott Ave., Detroit, Mich. Detachable motors.

TAILORS TO SPORTSMEN—

Lincoln Bennett & Co., Ltd., 40 Piccadilly, London, England. Outing clothes for men and women.
 E. George & Co., 87 Regent St., London.
 Outing clothes for men and women.

SPORTSMEN'S SPECIALTIES—

Hyfield Mfg. Co.—Excelsior Belt Safe, 48 Franklin St., New York. Sportsmen's belt safes.
 Pneumatic Mfg. Co., 284 Ninth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Perfection sleeping bags.
 The New York Boat and Oar Co., 69 West St., New York City. Oars and canoe paddles.
 L. A. Nelson Mfg. Co., 305 Main St., La Crosse, Wis. Leather vests and jackets.

OARS AND CANOE PADDLES—

The New York Boat Oar Co., 69 West Street, New York City.

TAXIDERMISTS—

Edwin Dixon, Unionville, Ontario. Specialist in big game heads.
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Thos. J. Conroy, 28 John St., New York. Manufacturer, importers and dealer in all tackle.
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 H. H. Kiffe Co., 523 Broadway, New York. All kinds of tackle.
 Wm. Mills & Son, 21 Park Pl., New York. Fishing tackle exclusively.
 H. L. Leonard. Rod and all tackle.
 Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, New York. Tackle of every sort.
 New York Sporting Goods Co. All kinds of angling equipment.

LUBRICANTS—

Dixon's Graphite—Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J. Gun, motor and bicycle graphite.
 Nyoil—Wm. F. Nye, New Bedford, Mass. Gun oil.
 Three-in-One-Oil, 112 New St., New York. Gun oil.

POWDER MANUFACTURERS—

E. I. duPont de Nemours Co., Wilmington, Del. DuPont, Schultze, Ballistite.
 Hercules Powder Co., Wilmington, Del. E. C. and infallible powder.
 Robin Hood Ammunition Co., Swanton, Vt.
 Robin Hood Powders. American Powder Mills, Boston, Mass. Deadshot Powder.
 Schoverling, Daly & Gales. Mullerite powder.

SHELLS—

Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, O. Steel, where steel belongs.
 Remington Arms, U.M.C. Co., New York City. Arrow, nitro club.
 Robin Hood Ammunition Co., Swanton, Vt. Clipper, kick minus—speed plus.
 Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn. Leader cartridges.
 U. S. Cartridge Co., Boston, Mass. Black Shells.

VARNISH AND PAINT—

Edward Smith & Co., Long Island City, N. Y. Floor varnish for homes and bungalows.

NEW ROCHELLE YACHT CLUB.

Clay Target Tournament, January 27th, 1915.

Open to amateurs.—Members of all neighboring clubs are cordially invited to participate. Entries by mail will be appreciated. Club secretaries are requested to furnish their club handicaps of their respective men not later than January 25, to enable the committee to arrange a general handicap for this occasion.

Program.—100 targets, 16 yards rise, thrown from two Leggett traps. Shooting will commence at 1:00 p. m. Shooting up will be permitted until the arrival of 1:05 p. m. train from New York. Traps open for practice at 11:30 a. m.

Entrance Fee.—\$3 including targets. Shells of standard loads, 65 cents per box. Practice targets 2 cents.

Sweepstakes.—Scratch, optional, \$1 on each string of 25, and \$1 additional on the total 100 targets. Moneys to be divided 5, 3, 1. Ties decided by result of following string. Ties at finish of program decided by an additional string of 25 birds.

Prizes.—Prize for high scratch gun. First,

second and third prizes handicap. A shooter is limited to one prize.

Trains leave Grand Central Depot, N. Y., at 9:18, 10:05, 11:03 a. m.; 12:07, 1:05 p. m. The time to New Rochelle is about forty minutes. Take cab or Hudson Park trolley to shore station of New Rochelle Y. C. Allow about twenty minutes from station to club house. Returning trains leave New Rochelle 4:35 and 5:42 p. m. for Grand Central. Frequent other trains between New Rochelle and New York by Boston & Westchester Ry. and N. Y., N. H. & H.—Harlem River Branch.

Send entries to G. P. Granbery, Shooting Committee, 29 Broadway, New York City. Phone, Rector 3890.

Members of recognized clubs are welcome to shoot with us any Sunday or Holiday at 10:30 a. m. The New Rochelle Yacht Club will also hold an open Tournament on March 3rd.

The DuPont Powder Company has presented a trophy to be shot for by teams representing the yacht clubs on Long Island Sound and New York bay. There will be three matches for the trophy, each at 100 targets, 16 yards rise. Each club may have up to 10 representatives, the scores of the best five from each club to be con-

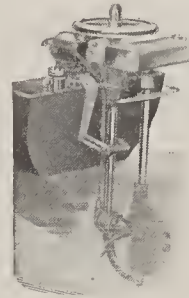
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FRANK W. BALDWIN, Proprietor,

January 1st, 1915.

Colebrook, N. H.

sidered its team in each match. Each shooter must be a member of the club he represents. A shooter may not represent more than one club.

In each match each club will be credited with as many points as the number of clubs it defeats.

The club winning the most points in the three matches to be awarded the trophy.

Individual prizes will also be awarded by the Dupont Powder Company to the five best men on the winning team.

Forest and Stream has presented a silver cup for the individual high average of the series.

Dates of Matches.

Saturday, January 16, New Rochelle Yacht Club, 1 p. m.; Saturday, February 27, Bayside Yacht Club, 11:30 a. m.; Saturday, March 20, Marine & Field Club, 2 p. m.

Kindly notify your members of the above. The clubs that have already entered for this competition are New Rochelle, Manhasset Bay, Bayside and Bensonhurst Yacht Clubs and Marine & Field Club.

G. P. Granbery, New Rochelle Yacht Club; Fred R. Long, Bayside Yacht Club; E. C. Lott, Marine & Field Club.

From the above you will note that the first of these series will be held at the New Rochelle Yacht Club on January 16, starting at 1 p. m. Entries will close on the arrival of the 1:05 p. m. train from Grand Central Station. Entrance fee \$2, including targets. There will be an optional sweepstake, entrance fee \$1, on the total of 100 targets, to be divided 5—3—2. The traps will be open for practice at 11 a. m. Targets two cents each. All standard loads of shells may be had at 65 cents a box.

The New Rochelle Yacht Club will award a prize to the high scratch gun of the day.

Luncheon may be obtained at the club. Trains leave Grand Central Depot, N. Y., at 9:18, 10:05, 11:03 a. m.; 12:07, 1:05 p. m. The time to New Rochelle is about 40 minutes. Take cab or Hud-

(Continued on page 62.)

Haig & Haig

Old Wisdom.

(Continued from page 9.)

In the month of June he returned again from the other end of the lake to the tranquil bay where he had fallen foul of the artificial minnow. He was fanning along in the center of the bay when a sound above caught his attention. He did not flee but rested, waiting to see what it was. A shadow fell over the water, and passed. He knew it to be a boat, and shortly thereafter there came trailing along an apparition that fixed his eyes firm. It was a different appearing creature than the artificial minnow he had struck at; it was a spoonhook, and to it were fastened strips of red flannel. Wisdom watched it but made no move. Barely had the spoon whirled by when there loomed up behind it that gigantic shape he had once seen in that bay before. It was the giant muscallonge!

This creature was inordinately attracted to the spoon; he followed it wonderingly at first, then suddenly gathered speed, and with wide-open jaws hit the lure. And the next moment he realized his dismal mistake, drew back, made a curving wide-sweep, and at the end of a taut line broke water returning to it with a floundering crash; there began a battle royal that sent the terrified Wisdom far away to his accustomed hiding places, close up on the shallows and the protecting dead-heads. Wisdom never again saw that shape loom up before him. He never again had fear of those grimly suggestive jaws and those singularly penetrating eyes. Somewhere far away in a city, in a certain aristocratic home, in a certain angler's den, he hung upon a certain wall upon a certain panel, the final word in the art of taxidermy; and there were yet the flashing, cruel eyes, the wide-open jaws, and stretched from the corner of the mouth was a line, and at the line's termination was a certain spoonhook with strips of flannel upon it!

Much of a young fish's life is spent in deliber-

ation and conjecture. With laborious exactness each question is threshed out; days upon days, or weeks and months being allowed things to develop, for, lacking intelligence, the vital distinguishing intelligence, only instinct, aided by experience can be counted upon to decide the right or the wrong of a thing. Wisdom passed many seasons in that one lake and then one spring day, in the flush of young fish maturity came the desire to mate. It was an irresistible impulse that burned in his veins, and his now well proportioned, energetic body was carried with all the lordly grace and determination of anticipated parenthood. He was now mingling promiscuously with his kind. They were courting in the manner of fishes and pairing off with methodical, clocklike regularity. To the intense fascination of Wisdom he found himself in the presence of the fish damsel of his choice. It must have been love at first sight for both Wisdom and the lady found in themselves much to adore. Naturally they did no talking. Wisdom swam up and bowed—at least we so suspect, though how it was done is open to conjecture. At least they found themselves very much alike; their views upon life were practically the same; they ate the same variety of food, and knew the life of caution about equal; and they had one object in consideration that Mother Nature had firmly impressed upon them that they must fulfill. It was an object devoid of sickly sensational aspects; it was a purpose, honest, final, and deliberate. The world of bass must never be diminished—and the *micropterus salmoides* population in Sand Lake had been depleted anyhow by the fishermen; additions were not to be scorned.

The spawn eggs of Wisdom's demure little wife were cast in a belly-brushed-out hollow in the sand, and the bottom was studded with pebbles brought in from a short ways off. When the spawn was cast Wisdom mechanically followed close to her side and threw over the eggs the precious milt that was to bring animation to the eggs, creating in them—fishes. These eggs were mostly composed of an albuminous matter, a small portion of which contained what is known scientifically as the vitallus, which holds the life-energy, the basis of creation. A tiny, inconspicuous opening near this vitallus might have been seen through a microscope, in the shell. When the eggs entered the water they at once began to expand and to absorb water, and as a natural sequence the milt that had been delivered upon them. This milt contained thousands upon thousands of animated, wiggling creatures, the spermatazoa. In the absorbing process, through the micropyle (the tiny opening in the egg shell) one of these thousands of mites would, or should, enter each egg. Directly it would be communicated to the vitallus—and the work of creation was begun. Weeks upon weeks of forming would be the result. And in time, in each impregnated egg would be seen the outlines of a fish, the backbone, and still later, two singularly well-defined black dots; these were the eyes. The greater portion of the egg would now be the yolk-sac, and from this yolk-sac the growing body must take its nourishment. At first the head and the tail would be connected to it, but in the last stages of its development these would come away from the sac, and lastly the sac would be gathered, forward of the stomach, upon his breast. A tiny heart would then be seen pulsing,

and minute blood veins might be seen from the body adhering to the yolk-sac.

After the official spawning Wisdom instinctively took possession of the spawn hole and virtually mounted guard. Even as he had once been guarded by his parent, so now he guarded his own offspring; and even as his parent left him and his finny brothers and sisters, so now Wisdom left his offspring. Wisdom and the mate of his choice were now more than ever mated. They swam together; hunted together; preyed upon minnows with all the cunning craft of the preying kind. In the upper end of the lake, in a secluded bay there was a wilderness of lily-pads. Here Wisdom was wont to lay, lazily fanning, watching with careful eye the water surface above. Insects coming down were sucked into the mouth with practiced tact; and many a large butterfly, dizzily essaying a flight across the pads was caught even in the air by the watchful fish. On one of these days he was startled by hearing a noise some distance by. He had just a few moments before risen, and had sucked down an insect, when through the air there spun a creature, all of white, with two red wings. Something back in his inferior consciousness told him it was no insect; for he had never mouthed that kind. He felt an impulse to spring upward for it, but did not. The apparition fell to water, slid away from him, throwing two rolls of water up over the red wings; slid by and was gone. Wisdom did not strike; somehow faintly he understood the fact that it was unreal. It was another enemy with hooks upon it.

In the boat from whence had come the artificial minnow, connected as it was to a soft-braided silk line, a disgusted fisherman cast automatically, and finally sat down, wiping his brow.

"No use, George," he said, shifting to another minnow. "I have fished here for years but I can never remember of having the poor luck I have this year. The lakes are getting tame. Too many have penetrated into the north, and the fish are becoming wary; why hang it all they are becoming civilized."

"You are right there," replied the other taking up the oars, to row over to another point. "But why, O why don't you shift bait? Why don't you use live frogs. You know that live bait wins where those dead things, all wooden and unreal at that, will not register a kill. Now suppose you had used a live, kicking, animated frog over there, in the weeds, upon a good weedless hook with a bronze spinner on it. I suppose you would not have gotten your bass?"

"Well, no matter," frowned George, drawing the line tight on the minnow. "I believe first, last and all of the time in humane methods. I know what you have said about frogs being cold-blooded—not having the nerve system and warm-blood, and feeling of the human—still it will be a long time before I stick a hook through a frog's head, and cast him around, kicking and wiggling in agony. I have too much respect for that, thank you!"

"Some day you will forget all that trash you have in that box and return to live bait as the one and only way of successfully getting them," said the man at the oars, with a friendly laugh. "There are big bass in this lake. People may have come in here, but these lakes are yet far from being civilization-ridden. Use live bait and they will come to you."

Wisdom did not see any more of the artificial

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BAYSHORE, N. Y.

minnows that month; but later on, while in com-
pany with his mate, he was lying alongside of
some deadheads when the thing occurred. There
was a splash in the water and the oddest look-
ing creature he, or his mate, had ever seen be-
gan to twirl by. This unlordly apparition took
to diving, and swimming side-ways, and plump-
ing up and down in the manner of a wounded
fish. This was an artificial minnow. It was
built with the eye of human experience. Some-
one invested in scientific observation knew that
preying fish are naturally attracted to a minnow
or fish that has been wounded; and they will
kill it instantly, not through humanitarian rea-
sons, but for the fact that it tries to get away;
it arouses in them the spirit of blood lust. Wis-
dom felt just this pang of desire. At the time,
his mate was lying concealed at the other end of
a log. When the artificial minnow slipped by
her, diving and quartering, plumping up and
down, she rose like a bolt of lightning and
struck it, hard and firm. A silk line was jerked
taut, and Wisdom's mate leaped far out of the
transparent waters of beautiful Sand Lake, and
like a bulldog shook her head to loosen three
hooks that had completely fettered her; followed
a pugnacious battle but it was of no use. Wis-
dom's demure wife never again returned to the
waters of Sand Lake.

Just what were Wisdom's feelings none will
know. But it served to impress itself upon his
mind, inferior as it was, that artificial minnows
were by far the most deadly of the creatures of
the deep. And still remembering his own ex-
perience, in the actual hands of fishermen, so
now was caution redoubled in him. But he
seemed to feel that the mate would return. So
he haunted the deadheads where she had left
him, but day succeeding day and week succeeding
week, still witnessing no return, finally he went
upon his way, a widower of fins. This sudden
leavetaking had a serious effect upon Wisdom.
It took much of the vim and sprightliness out of
him, and in the months before the sheeting over
of the lake with a crystal blanket he had become
glum and slow-moving. He may have sorrowed;
he may have felt the depression and lack of
comradeship that had hitherto been constant.

Two seasons slid by and still Wisdom held his
place among the inhabitants of Sand Lake. His
body was now in perfect trim; beautiful, easy-
going, accomplished; broad, and corpulent; with
the wide jaws that told his kind. Upon the
scales he would have gone six pounds, and six
pounds in the history of bass weight is a tempt-
ing figure. Each season Wisdom impregnated
spawn fulfilling Nature's set law, but never did
he retain a mate after the spawning was com-
pleted. When the season for reproduction ar-
rived he would mate, would enact his part, and
would then retire to the secluded nooks, going
his way like the serene philosopher he was, and
taking life much in the manner of one thor-
oughly resigned to the inevitable. He was now
as wise as they make fish. Experience had been
a sharp teacher; he had learned. Many times he
had seen those artificials but never did he rise
for them. In these days of his mature age one
of his most pleasing pastimes had been to catch
frogs that were known to live at the water's
edge. With all the cautiousness innate in him he
would stalk these frogs and with a rush would
sometimes catch his equally sly victim.

These frogs had been provided by a coating of
scum upon their backs, of such a nature that
one might look as much as he willed and yet, un-
less they squirmed or moved, so perfectly were
they colored to match their surroundings, one
could not perceive them. Yet the eyes of the
depredating fish caught every suspicious move-
ment and beware the moment they stirred.

Wisdom grew so fond of the frog killing pas-
time that it became one of his daily feats. And
therein was contained the beginning and end of
his reign.

One day he was idly fanning about in the bay,
and was at the moment close in on the shallows.
Some moments before he had risen high for an
insect and had fallen to water with a splash.
Having mouthed and swallowed the insect he lay
idle there for a long time. Now happened a
thing that stirred him to the heart. No noise
had he heard around him. Of that he was sure.
Therefore he was far from being prepared for
what was to happen.

There fell in the water some object. The wa-
ter stilled. Much to his profound amazement he
found it to be a frog, and it was not coated over
with the brown, slimy scum at that, but it was a
perfectly green frog, with a white belly and it
was more than ever alive.

He did not note, in that moment of bewilder-
ment, that one of the legs had upon it a hook.
No; no! The frog started to swim, pushing
with its free leg. Wisdom thought it was time
to prevent any such thoughtful endeavors.
Therefore he promptly swallowed the frog and
also made very, very sure that he swallowed the
hook, so the next moment—

Somewhere far away in a city, in a certain
aristocratic home, in a certain angler's den there
hung a certain six pound large-mouth, varnished
bass upon a varnished panel, the final word in
the art of taxidermy; and he had his jaws wide
open, and his eyes had the glint of warfare in
them; and stretched from the corner of the
mouth was a line, and at the line's termination
was a certain hook—a very sharp hook!

A man entered the den, bit the end off of a
cigar, lit it thoughtfully, the while he surveyed
the bass upon the panel. Another man entered
and paused with a smile, having witnessed the
other's silent appraisal.

"Live bait, George," he said, smiling wider
than ever. "Live bait; Sand Lake; unsportsman-
like system; sunk your bait; did not troll it;
hooked your frog in the leg. George—by the
way, how did you say you caught that bass when
you wrote it up for that sporting magazine prize
contest?"

"Shut up, idiot," replied George, testily. "You
know I caught him with a fly-rod, upon the
Grizzly King lead-fly. Beautiful specimen isn't
he? He must have been wise in his day to have
escaped baits so long—I wonder!"



NEW ROCHELLE YACHT CLUB.

(Continued from page 59.)

son Park trolley to Shore Station of New Rochelle Yacht Club. Allow about 20 minutes from station to club-house. Returning trains leave New Rochelle 4:35 and 5:42 p. m. for Grand Central. Frequent other trains between New Rochelle and New York by Boston & Westchester Ry. and N. Y., N. H. & H. Harlem River Branch. G. P. Granbery, Shooting Committee, 29 Broadway, N. Y. City. Phone, Rector 3890. Members of recognized clubs are welcome to shoot with us any Sunday or holiday at 10:30 a. m. The New Rochelle Yacht Club will also hold open tournaments on Wednesday, January 27th, and Wednesday, March 3rd.

CLEARVIEW GUN CLUB.

Powell Outshot Field With Score of 93, Winning Special Handicap Prize.

With the thermometer flirting with the zero mark and a cold wind which cut to the marrow the shooting conditions at Darby yesterday, where the Clearview Gun Club conducted its special handicap prize shoot, were far from being alluring to those who fired at the lifeless clays. In fact it was the worst day of the season for shooting and every one of the seventeen marksmen who participated in the events suffered severely from the intense cold. With benumbed fingers and tear dimmed eyes it certainly required the aptitude of an Eskimo to stand out in the open and blaze away at the 100 targets. Yet despite the severe handicap Old Dame Nature inflicted upon the gunmen there were some very creditable scores hung up for the afternoon's performance. Powell proved to be practically immune from the cold for he led the field in actual breaks and total scores, smashing 85 of his 100 and having a handicap of 8 reached the high score, 93 all. This gave him the silver dish offered by the Clearview Club for the high man of the day. Powell stood back at the 18-yard mark. Harry Fisher firing from scratch cracked 83 of his century, a poor score on his last 25 preventing him from equalling Powell's high actual mark. Hutchison won the spoon offered for the high visitor, he cracking 70 of his 100. Paul Greene and Fisher were runners up to the dish winner with 83 each, the former reaching that total aided by a handicap of 8 birds, his actual shooting running to 75 dead ones. Greene killed 71 then bounded to the 83 mark because he carried one dozen donations. Bonsall broke 77 and with 5 to fall back upon stepped to the 82 total, these being the only participants to get 80 or better. Not a straight score was made in any event, Davy Paul coming the nearest with 24, made in his third event. Had Paul been able to fire with such accuracy in the other three events he would have cleaned up the field, but his shooting in the other tests did not warrant a score of even 20 dead ones. Scores:

	Ah.	Total
Fisher	83	83
Bonsall	77	82
Killian	5	79
Paul	8	83
Simmonds	6	74
Powell	8	93
Young	10	50
Founds	9	77
Garrett	12	74
Hutchinson	*	70
Worrall	*	65
Vaumann	*	48
Paulson	9	83
Greene	12	83
Orr	*	..
Clauson	*	..
Sloan	*	..
Visitor

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MIDWINTER HANDICAP.

Pinehurst Classic Looks Big.

"Looks like a two hundred crowd for your eighth annual midwinter trapshooting handicap, January 19-23," writes an inter-state association official. "Hear it talked about everywhere and a new feature is going to be club squad attendance." The statement is but in line with advance entries and inquiries received by the local Gun Club secretary. They cover all sections and the list of fast ones is classy enough to make even the premier Grand American sit up and take notice. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, January 19, 20 and 21, will be devoted to sweepstakes leading up to the Preliminary on Friday and the Handicap on Saturday, the 22nd and 23rd. The big attraction continues to be the lavish added money, exceeding \$2,500.

Of this amount, the Handicap winners are guaranteed six moneys—\$350, \$300, \$250, \$200, \$150 and \$100, and the Preliminary winners five moneys—\$150, \$125, \$100, \$90 and \$75. The total additional value of the trophies offered is \$600 and in addition to those in Preliminary and Handicap there are cups for the four highest scores in as many classes made by those who shoot the first five hundred targets of the program; Preliminary and Handicap winners being barred. There is also a gold medal for the high amateur average and a trophy for the average of the entire program. The sweepstakes with regular and additional optional entrance offer attractive opportunities for winning and there are also optional sweeps on all hundred-target events exclusive of Preliminary and Handicap. Luther J. Squier will again manage the shoot, interstate rules will govern and the Squier money-back system will be in effect.

BEIDEMAN GUN CLUB.

Director of Public Safety Porter Makes Great Finish at Beideman Shoot.

By a remarkable finish under very adverse conditions Director of Public Safety Porter tied with Dr. Jones for first honors in the weekly 100-bird shoot at the Beideman Club. Despite the intense cold and the wind which swept across the river, Dr. Jones, who has won the last three contests, smashed 80 of the bluerocks, and as the Director needed a perfect score on his last 25 to catch up with Jones, it was regarded as a foregone conclusion that the doctor was again the victor. Porter proved equal to the emergency, getting every one of the 25 targets.

A CLUB MINNOW CAR.

Buffalo, N. Y., December 31, 1914.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Several members of our club have been interested in your paper for some time, and belong to a fishing club in Canada. We are desirous of getting plans or sketches of a minnow car—that is a good size one that would be large enough to hold the minnows for the entire club. Can you put us in touch with any such sketch or drawing?

The above request from a subscriber presents a problem that many other clubs have had to handle. *Forest and Stream* will be pleased to receive suggestions from its readers on the subject, and will gladly publish plans, descriptions, etc., that cover the requirements mentioned above. Do not be afraid to send in your plans and descriptions, as you may be rendering a valuable service to your fellow sportsmen.

AMERICAN CANNIBALS.

(Continued from page 13.)

mesquite bean; but their favorite food is the burro and the horse which they steal from ranchers, a dead animal of uncertain age and condition attracting them as it would vultures.

Their arms are spears for fish and turtles, and bows and arrows the latter poisoned by a decoction of putrid meat, and scorpion, and centipedes, according to common report; and for this they are dreaded by all the Sonorans, as men and horses wounded by their arrows have often died horrible deaths. Exactly what the poison is, is not known but there is no question as to its effectiveness.

When alone they go comparatively naked, but will wear clothes if they have them. An acquaintance of mine who stopped at the island in the winter of 1909, gave them some old clothes which they took and wore with great gusto. Normally, they wear pelican skins which hang from the waist to the knee, or it may be a piece of cotton cloth. In their houses they display a degraded type. A gorilla will build a nest in a tree, but he deserts it. The bushmen of Australia like many animals, have homes where they happen to be, but the Seri builds a house that is but little above these, a most impossible place made by thrusting skatilla branches or mesquite in the ground bending them over, on the sides and top and then piling turtle shells and sponges on the roof and at the sides. I have in mind a bird that builds a similar house, but better and even beautiful, while this house or jackal of the Seri is a horror keeping out neither wind, cold, rain or sand and indicating the low nature of the maker.

In one of these dens a family or two, or a man with two or three wives and children will live, lying together all night, pulling the rags and pelican skins over them. Swine of the human type. The life in these miserable huts is not alluring. In summer, the midday heat ranges from 95 to 110 deg. sometimes to 120 deg. in the shade, and on the night of such a day it is likely to fall to 60 deg., and make a daily change of sixty degrees, while during the winter months it often freezes in the low places. In such a climate the Seri lives in his house without the wit to copy even the clever wood rat which fills the trees with its nests and has more comforts.

They have no horses and cannot ride. A Seri knows nothing about the riata, the horse appears to him as game only.

A family of this race living in a miserable hut on the shore near our camp on the Gulf of California had several dogs, as all Seris have, half breed coyotes which snarled at me when I approached the hut. They never fed these "pets" which were half starved. This is a Seri trait; they keep dogs, but if the latter cannot feed themselves they starve, and gross cruelties practiced by these people would not bear printing.

They have a mystic religion; believe that ancient pelicans created all things, and have some gods suggested by the animals about them, as turtles, pelicans or the sun or moon. But if they worship the pelican, it is to kill him and use his skin as bed and dress; or if the turtle is a god there is no hesitation in spearing him, tearing him in shreds with their big white teeth, using the shield as a roof tile. I have seen Indians of many tribes from Florida to the Northwest, on deserts and in mountainous regions, but

I never appreciated what a savage really was, until I tried to bribe a family group of these people to permit my photographer to take them. They eyed us like snakes. The dogs snarled and showed their teeth, and the expression of the eyes of the whole family from the oldest bel-dame down to the baby, was the kind of a glance that makes a man feel for his gun. That night, lying out on a shell heap, a few rods away it was sort of a pacifier to see one of my companions put his six shooter under his head while the other drew his rifle down by his side into his blanket, perhaps a habit. I had my fists and several times during the night I was tempted to reach out and grasp one of their wolfish dogs by the throat, as an outlet to my feelings, as the beast circled around near my head. Even our mules were nervous and snorted their distrust at the foul odor of Seri, that came down the wind.

(To be continued.)

PIONEERING QUEBEC'S NEW GAME COUNTRY.

(Continued from page 11.)

cruised; but in that itself I found fresh sign of both moose and bear sufficient to warrant the statement that there are enough of both game species to supply heads—and some immense bulls undoubtedly home here—to all the sportsmen caring to hunt for them, with any kind of luck. We got out late in October to the steel at the Nottaway, only to find no train would go east to Mileage 360, where the through construction service of Macdonnell & O'Brien commenced, for four days. Through the courtesy of Mr. Cassidy, superintendent of the Martin-O'Brien Company, we got a hand-car and, leaving the outfit to follow on the train later, we pumped twenty four miles out in a drizzling autumn rain to the Megiskan. Here we caught the "Muskeg" late that night and slept in her four miles further east, pulling into Doucette early Sunday morning. On the assurance that the train would not leave for some time we availed ourselves of the invitation of the Divisional Engineer, telephoned down to me the previous day, and went to the engineers' residence for a decent breakfast.

Alas! our confidence in the word of all conductors was shattered. We came out, our inner man satisfied, to see the "Muskeg"—that we had pumped a hand car twenty-four miles in a rain to catch—pulling out across a series of half-built sideage tracks over which nobody could pass save at the expense of much slow and careful travel. She quickly faded around a sharp rock-cut and we were once more up against a situation that required prompt adjustment. In Doucette this bright Sunday morning not a big gasoline speeder was to be had—the engineers happened to be out with them. After considerable trouble, through the exceptional courtesy of Mr. Campbell, the resident engineer we were given two one-cylinder speeders and two men to take my party of three east forty-seven miles to Mileage 305, where Mr. Bolger was stopping and where I hoped we could secure his big speeder to chase the train to Parent, 107 miles to the east. We had a pretty cold ride, but made Mileage 305 for dinner and soon, once the big car got under way, reached Parent. Here we boarded the Muskeg once more and stayed on her "sleeper" right through.

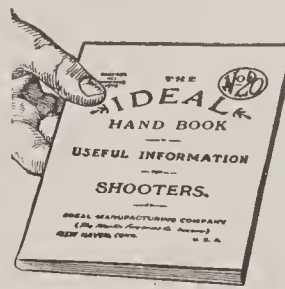
Everything considered, it was a unique trip in

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Many shooters know very little about guns and cartridges until they get the Ideal Hand Book. Then they find the modern metallic cartridge is a surprisingly simple thing—a high grade brass shell, primer, powder and a bullet, the shell crimped on to the bullet to hold it in place.

They find the strongly and perfectly made empty shell (the principal item of expense) can be reloaded from 10 to 30 times each. The book tells exactly what primer, bullet and powder charge to use; it is easy to reload; you can reload 100 cartridges in half an hour. You cut your ammunition expense immensely; factory .32-40 H.P. cartridges with jacketed bullets usually cost \$3.42 net per 100; reloaded same as new, you save \$2.07 on 100 cartridges.



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many ways; best of all, however, my purpose in going was amply filled. I went to explore new country and a certain actual game and fish conditions. What I found I indicated in the previous article—one of the finest Moose and Bear districts on this continent, still virgin and un-hunted, save by scattered Indians in certain limited areas; a new Hinterland that is as yet only the Woods Indian Country, with all the romance and history of the Hudson Bay Company and their red-skinned employes woven into it. Yet next season will find it most ready of access in around twenty-four hours from Toronto and with the actual game country less than four hours' paddle from steel.

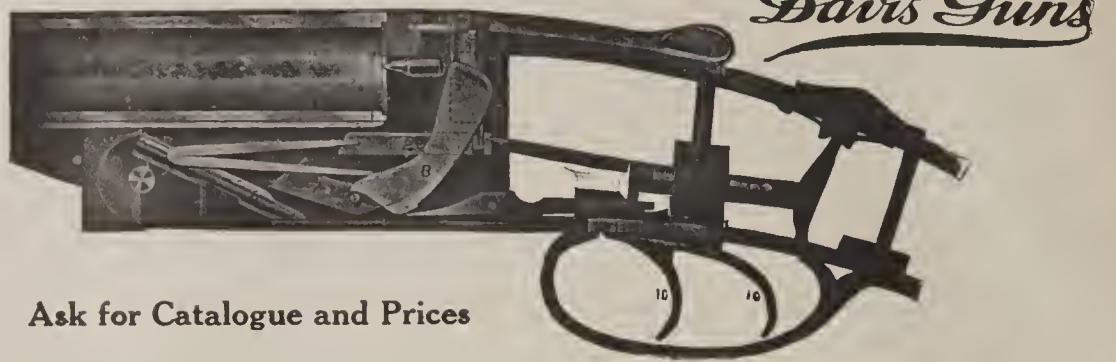
Hunting and Fishing Camps.

As was intimated in my previous description of this new Quebec Gameland, comfortable, cozy camps will be built, under the writer's direct supervision, for sportsmen. Personally selected guides, accommodation and wholesome food, et al. will be supplied, and a series of two weeks parties placed in the Shabogama camp and possibly in a couple small camps on the Coffee river; parties leaving for camp on September 1st and at subsequent two week intervals, the cost being on a per diem estimate, a lump sum for fourteen days per member.

Any further details regarding these camps and parties for each of the several trips may be had upon inquiry. This is about the last unknown North that offers game worth going after and that can be gotten into by the average business man, whose vacation is necessarily limited to two or three weeks. In addition to its big game, its fishing and canoe cruising stretches are likewise well worth visiting. I consider the Nottaway route to James Bay unequalled for a three or four weeks cruise by any of the more western routes. As indicated in my former article, there is excellent trout fishing available here from July until the end of September.

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Ask for Catalogue and Prices

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ALONG THE SHORES.

(Continued from page 19.)

aglow, we learn of the fish and game conditions of the section. Our hosts also describing the lay of the adjacent waters and with grave misgivings, predict calamity for us and disaster for our little craft on the broad waters of the distant beyond.

On the shore of the moonlight river we bid our hosts—"Good Night"—and are soon back in camp, in our blankets and in dreamland.

The mist, chased by a gentle breeze is lifting and drifting off the river as we pull out the next morning. Off the bungalow we fire a parting salute to our friends, who appear at windows and doors and answer in like manner. The shot from one of their barrels, sprinkles the river astern as we wave and shout our final farewells.

(To be continued).

MARYLAND SEASON ENDS.

Hagerstown, Md., Dec. 29.—Last Thursday saw the end of the hunting season in Washington county and throughout the State of Maryland. Under the new state wide law the season which began on November 10 closed the day before Christmas.

The season had been shortened considerably by the new law and it is said was far from being a successful one. Under the old law the season opened for squirrels on September 1, and for rabbits, partridges and pheasants and other game on November 1. It ended the same time as under the present law. In this manner the squirrel season was shortened about 10 days.

While there were quite a few rabbits killed earlier in the season, yet, judging from reports, there were but few squirrels and partridges to find their way to the huntsman's bag, and in this respect the season was a disappointment. It has been pointed out that the partridges have been a scarcity in Washington County for years past, and that this year was not worse than those of the past. The season's success in hunting for squirrels was just what was expected—a disappointment. When the season for killing this wily little animal opened on November 10, the leaves were so far off the trees that it was useless to hunt. When the leaves are off the trees no protection is afforded the hunter and the squirrel has all the opportunity to see an approaching hunter. As a result the squirrel hunts the hole in the tree where he makes his home. Long before the hunting season opened reports

HAWAIIAN FISHES

(Continued from page 28.)

stripes of different colors around the body. The "flag fish" has blue stars on his head and red stripes on its body.

By way of contrast to the beautiful fish, there will be a tank occupied exclusively by octopuses or devil fish, which are pretty neither of form nor coloring. The largest of these unlovely creatures has tentacles two and one-half feet in length, but is a pigmy in comparison with the great cephalopods that could be exhibited if there was room for them. A collection of sea turtles may also be included in the exhibit.

Pending the arrival of the "rainbow fish," the tanks intended for their occupancy are being tried out, with fish taken from San Francisco bay. By this means will be ascertained the existence of any poisonous matter from the tank linings and its source removed before the more precious tenants are installed. Each tank will be equipped with sand and coral rocks from Honolulu harbor. In fact, nothing is to be left undone that could possibly make the transplanted fish feel as if they were still in their native waters.

There will be other piscatory exhibits at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, but none to rival in eye-pleasing splendor the one in the Hawaiian pavilion. Oregon will show how salmon are captured and canned along the Columbia river, Washington will display the fish life of Puget Sound and its tributaries, and the United States Bureau of Fisheries promises to have the most exhaustive show it has ever attempted at an international exposition, including two live fur seals, from the Pribyloff Islands, and other specimens of marine and fresh water life, that will be distributed between thirty large tanks and three pools, to say nothing of fish hatcheries in actual operation.

But each of these exhibits is entitled to a separate story.

came to Hagerstown that the law was being violated and that squirrels were being killed. People took the view that if they were to kill any squirrels at all they had to do it before the leaves fell from the trees, and for this reason the law was probably violated.

What interfered with the hunting season probably more seriously than anything else was the outbreak in the county and state of the foot and mouth disease, which led to the proclamation of a quarantine by the Governor and the forbidding of hunting with dogs. This caused great inconvenience to hunters, and little game

was bagged on account of their inability to use dogs to find the game. The ban on hunting with dogs was received here with much regret by sportsmen. Lovers of game see in the present cold spell and snow the death of many of the remaining partridges in the county. This kind of weather has always been hard on game here, and particularly on partridges. With the ground covered with snow the birds cannot obtain food. At the same time it has been so extremely cold that with no shelter afforded it is feared that many of the birds have frozen. This has happened many times before in this county and account, in a measure, for scarcity of game here. There have been times, however, where persons living in the country have taken care of the birds, feeding them and giving them shelter. In many cases the birds hardly ever stray from the farm and in this way are cared for throughout the winter, and remain on the same place very often during the summer and fall. Sometimes hunting on those farms is prohibited by the owner, and in this way the birds increase in number.

DANIEL BOONE GUN CLUB.

Marthasville, Mo., Dec. 29, 1914.

Cold weather and a hazy sky with a wind from the back made the targets difficult to break at the Daniel Boone Gun Club shoot at Marthasville, Mo. Fourteen shooters faced the traps in the first event, of which there were five at 10 targets each. C. Kite had a remarkable score of 49x50, missing his thirty-ninth bird and won the gold quail pin donated by the DuPont people. Mr. Harbaner, a visitor of the Warrenton, Mo., Gun Club, was high with 45x50, who with Mr. Wilson, our former secretary, drove down in the cold to shoot with us. The following were the scores made: C. Kite, 49x50; Wm. Harbaner, 45x50; A. F. Ahman, 43x50; Otto Pronstrup, 43x50; G. Lichtenberg, 42x50; J. Wyatt, 40x50; J. Mutert, 39x50; E. E. Suhre, 39x50; O. Berg, 37x50; F. H. Suhre, 36x50; J. O. Wilson, 33x50; R. Gardyne, 20x40; W. Gardyne, 10x20; F. Koelling, 4x10.
E. E. SUHRE, Sec'y.

FORD HIGH GUN.

Manoa, Pa., Dec. 26.—Ford was high gun at the Meadow Spring Gun Club here to-day with 89, winning a spoon. Other scores were: Coyle, 87; Williams and Sloane, 85 apiece, and H. H. Roberts, 74. With a handicap of 4½ Williams captured the club spoon by breaking 44, and Sloan, for high actual shot in 50 also won a prize.



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Stranger: "WHY, I THOUGHT THERE WERE TWO!"

Porter: "THERE'S ONLY ONE AS KEEPS 'JOHNNIE WALKER,' IN NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLES."

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The 1914 TRAP-SHOOTING AVERAGES

Both Amateur and Professional were won with

Peters


 "Steel Where Steel Belongs"
Factory Loaded SHELLS

The superior skill of MR. WOOLFOLK HENDERSON, and his equally superior ammunition, which were the sensation of the 1914 Grand American Handicap, have very consistently scored another great victory. Mr. Henderson *leads all Amateurs and Professionals* in the 1914 Averages with the fine percentage of **96.63**.

Among the professionals MR. L. H. REID, formerly of Ohio but now located on the Pacific Coast, *wins the highest honors with 96.44*. He has also won the Pacific Coast High Professional Average *three successive years*.

A Fitting Close for a Year of Peters Victories, including

The 1914 Grand American	- - - - -	98	ex 100	from 22 yds.	} All Won by Mr. Henderson with PETERS Shells
The 1914 Amateur Championship—Single Targets	- - - - -	99	ex 100	" 16 "	
The 1914 Amateur Championship—Double	- - - - -	90	ex 50 prs.	" 16 "	

The Five Big Honors of the Year, All Bagged with the  Brand!

4 out of 6 U.S.R.A. 1914 Outdoor Championships

Won by users of

Peters

 AMMUNITION

The annual Outdoor Championship Matches of the U. S. Revolver Association for 1914 show another marvelous record made with PETERS cartridges. The following victories and new records were made with the **P** brand 38 S. & W. Special and 38 Long Colt ammunition

Match C	— won by	C. M. McCutchen	— score	627	— a new world's record!
" D	— " " "	Dr. J. H. Snook	— " "	221	— a new world's record!
" E	— " " "	Denver Team	— " "	798	— a new world's record!
" F	— " " "	Dr. J. H. Snook	— " "	214	— a new world's record!

Peters Cartridges not only WIN, but are constantly making new records possible and enabling Peters shooters to forge their way upward toward perfection

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Dr. Chas. Fred'k Holder
S. E. Sangster
Robt. Page Lincoln

Dick Swiveller
Switch Reel
A. P. McArthur
Dr. Carleton Simon

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Factory Loaded SHELLS

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BUYERS' GUIDE

An Index to the Sporting Goods Trade

THE idea of this ready reference was brought to us through the many inquiries as to where sportsmen's necessities could be purchased, in different localities. Many of those patronizing the guide, regularly use display space in **Forest and Stream**, while others are only occasional big space users. The question comes often to us as to "reliable" dealers. We answer the proposition by **unqualifiedly recommending** those whose names appear in this directory. It is well to know how to purchase goods right and right goods—this you may rely on "Buyers Guide" to enable you to do. Should you need something not listed herein, write us—we can tell you where to get it—or better yet—we shall be glad to have our experts make purchases for you. Do not hesitate to write us should you, at any time, require our assistance.

ARMS AND AMMUNITION—

N. R. Davis & Sons, Assonet, Mass.
 DuPont Powder Co., Wilmington, Del.
 A. H. Fox Gun Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
 S. J. Francis, 8 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.
 Hercules Powder Co., Wilmington, Del.
 Hunter Arms Co., Inc., 776 Hubbard St., Fulton, N. Y.
 H. H. Kiffe Co., 523 Broadway, New York.
 Lefever Arms Co., 200 Maltbie St., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Marlin Fire Arms, New Haven, Conn.
 Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn.
 Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Powell & Clement, 410 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Remington Arms-U. M. C. Co., 299 Broadway, N. Y.
 Robin Hood Ammunition Co., Swanton, Vt.
 Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y.
 Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, New York.
 Maxim Silencer, Hartford, Conn.
 Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.
 U. S. Cartridge Co., Boston, Mass.
 American Powder Mills, Boston, Mass.
 New York Sporting Goods Co., 44 Warren St., N. Y.
 Ross Rifle Co., Quebec, Can.

SPORTING GOODS—

J. H. Lau & Co., 75 Chambers St., New York.
 Powell & Clement, 410 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, New York.
 H. H. Kiffe Co., 523 Broadway, New York.
 New York Sporting Goods Co., 44 Warren St., N. Y.
 Thos. J. Conroy, 28 John St., N. Y.

MOTORS—

Waterman Marine Motor Co., 267 Mt. Elliott Ave., Detroit, Mich. Detachable motors.

TAILORS TO SPORTSMEN—

Lincoln Bennett & Co., Ltd., 40 Piccadilly, London, England. Outing clothes for men and women.
 E. George & Co., 87 Regent St., London. Outing clothes for men and women.

SPORTSMEN'S SPECIALTIES—

Hyfield Mfg. Co.—Excelsior Belt Safe, 48 Franklin St., New York. Sportsmen's belt safes.
 Pneumatic Mfg. Co., 284 Ninth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Perfection sleeping bags.
 The New York Boat Oar Co., 69 West St., New York City. Oars and canoe paddles.
 L. A. Nelson Mfg. Co., 305 Main St., La Crosse, Wis. Leather vests and jackets.

OARS AND CANOE PADDLES—

The New York Boat Oar Co., 69 West Street, New York City.

TAXIDERMISTS—

Edwin Dixon, Unionville, Ontario. Specialist in big game heads.
 Crosby Frisian Fur Co., Rochester, N. Y. "Let us Tan Your Hide."
 J. Kannofsky, 363 Canal St., New York. Artificial eyes for birds and animals.
 John Murgatroyd, 37 W. 24th St., New York. All branches of taxidermy.
 Papier Mache Specialties Co., Reading, Mich.

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Thos. J. Conroy, 28 John St., New York. Manufacturer, importers and dealer in all tackle.
 Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn. Bristol Steel Rod.
 H. H. Kiffe Co., 523 Broadway, New York. All kinds of tackle.
 Wm. Mills & Son, 21 Park Pl., New York. Fishing tackle exclusively.
 Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, New York. Tackle of every sort.
 New York Sporting Goods Co. All kinds of angling equipment.

LUBRICANTS—

Dixon's Graphite—Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J. Gun, motor and bicycle graphite.
 Nyoil—Wm. F. Nye, New Bedford, Mass. Gun oil.
 Three-in-One-Oil, 112 New St., New York. Gun oil.

POWDER MANUFACTURERS—

E. I. duPont de Nemours Co., Wilmington, Del. DuPont, Schultze, Ballistite.
 Hercules Powder Co., Wilmington, Del. E. C. and Infallible powder.
 Robin Hood Ammunition Co., Swanton, Vt. Robin Hood Powders.
 Schoverling, Daly & Gales. Mullerite powder.
 American Powder Mills, Boston, Mass. Deadshot Powder.

SHELLS—

Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, O. "Steel, where steel belongs."
 Remington Arms, U.M.C. Co., New York City. Arrow, Nitro club.
 Robin Hood Ammunition Co., Swanton, Vt. Clipper, kick minus—speed plus.
 Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn. Leader.
 U. S. Cartridge Co., Boston, Mass. Black Shells.

VARNISH AND PAINT—

Edward Smith & Co., Long Island City, N. Y. Floor varnish for homes and bungalows.

GUNS AND RIFLES—

N. R. Davis & Sons, Assonet, Mass. "The gun that blocks the sears."
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 S. J. Francis, 8 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. "Want to swap guns."
 Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y. L. C. Smith with Hunter one trigger for trap and field use.
 Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Lefever Shot Guns, single or double triggers.
 Marlin Fire Arms Co., 27 Willow St., New Haven, Conn. Repeating rifles and shot guns.
 Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn. The old reliable Parker (specialists in 20 and 28 bore guns.)
 Remington Arms, U.M.C. Co. Remington pump-bottom ejection, solid breech. Remington automatic rifle.
 Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y. 22 Hi Power Rifle.
 Ross Rifle Co., Quebec, Canada. Ross, .280 high velocity rifle.
 Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, N. Y. Sauer-Mauser Rifle.
 Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn. Repeating rifles and shot guns.
 The Birmingham Small Arms Co., Birmingham, England (Henry Smail, 82 Duane St., New York, representative).

FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT

P. S. A. L. RIFLE TOURNAMENT

ANNUAL TRAP SHOOTING TOURNAMENT

The National Sportsman's Show Championships

IN CONJUNCTION WITH

The National Sportsman's Show

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Guide's Exhibits from Wyoming, Maine, Virginia, New Brunswick, Canada, Long Island, Pike Co., Pa., Munroe Co., Pa.

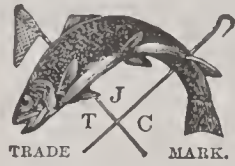
THE TIME — THE PLACE — THE GUN

A Brief Summary giving States where good shooting may be found—open season—the character of game—with suggestions as to the guns, powder charge and size of shot or bullet best adapted for the purpose.

PLACE	OPEN SEASON	GAME	SHELL CARTRIDGE	POWDER	SHOT	GUN
ALABAMA	Nov. 1 to Mar. 1	Quail	Arrow or Nitro Club	3 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 8	Remington Pump
	Dec. 1 to Apr. 1	Turkey		3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 4	Remington Auto
ARKANSAS	Nov. 1 to Mar. 1	Quail	Arrow or Nitro Club	3 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 8	Remington Pump
	Sept. 1 to May 1	Turkey		3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 4	Remington Auto
CALIFORNIA	Oct. 15 to Feb. 15	Valley Quail	Arrow or Nitro Club	3 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 9	Remington Pump
FLORIDA	Nov. 20 to Feb. 21	Deer	.30 Rem.			Remington Slide Action
	Nov. 20 to Feb. 21	Squirrel	.22 L. R.	Lesmok		Remington .22 Repeater
	Nov. 20 to Feb. 21	Quail	Arrow or Nitro Club	3 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 8	Remington Pump
	Nov. 20 to Feb. 21	Turkey		3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 4	Remington Auto
GEORGIA	Nov. 20 to Mar. 1	Quail	Arrow	3 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 8	Remington Pump
	Nov. 20 to Mar. 1	Turkey	or	3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 4	Remington Auto
	Nov. 20 to Feb. 16	Duck	Nitro	3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 6	Remington Auto
	Nov. 20 to Feb. 16	Goose	Club	3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 2	Remington Auto
LOUISIANA	Nov. 1 to Feb. 1	Bear	.35 Rem.			Remington Auto Rifle
	Nov. 1 to Feb. 16	Quail	Arrow	3 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 8	Remington Pump
	Nov. 1 to Feb. 16	Turkey	or	3 1/4 drams		
	Nov. 1 to Feb. 16	Black Mallard	Nitro Club	3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 4 1 1/8 oz. No. 6	Remington Auto
MISSISSIPPI	Nov. 15 to Mar. 1	Deer	.30 Rem.			Remington Slide Action
	Nov. 15 to Mar. 1	Bear	.35 Rem.			Remington Auto Rifle
	Nov. 1 to Mar. 1	Quail	Arrow or Nitro Club	3 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 8	Remington Pump
	Jan. 1 to May 1	Turkey		3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 4	Remington Auto
NORTH CAROLINA	Nov. 1 to Mar. 1	Quail	Arrow or Nitro Club	3 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 8	Remington Pump
	Nov. 1 to Mar. 1	Turkey		3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 4	Remington Auto
	Nov. 1 to Feb. 1	Duck		3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 6	
SOUTH CAROLINA	Nov. 15 to Mar. 1	Squirrel	.22 L. R.	Lesmok		Remington .22 Repeater
	Nov. 15 to Mar. 15	Quail	Arrow	3 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 8	Remington Pump
	Nov. 15 to Mar. 15	Turkey	or	3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 4	
	Nov. 20 to Feb. 16	Duck	Nitro	3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 6	Remington Auto
	Nov. 20 to Feb. 16	Goose	Club	3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 6 No. 2 or BB	
TENNESSEE	June 1 to Mar. 1	Squirrel	.22 L. R.	Lesmok		Remington .22 Repeater
	Nov. 15 to Mar. 1	Quail				
	Nov. 1 to Mar. 1	Pheasant	Arrow	3 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 8	Remington Pump
	Nov. 1 to Mar. 1	Turkey	or		1 1/8 oz. No. 4	
	Oct. 1 to Jan. 16	Duck	Nitro Club	3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 6	Remington Auto
Oct. 1 to Jan. 16	Goose		3 1/4 drams	6 to BB		
TEXAS	Dec. 1 to Apr. 1	Turkey	Arrow or Nitro Club	3 1/4 drams	1 1/8 oz. No. 4	Remington Auto
QUEBEC	Sept. 1 to Feb. 1	Caribou	.35 Rem.			Remington Auto Rifle
NORTH WEST TERRITORY	Oct. 15 to Mar. 20	Musk Ox,				Remington Auto Rifle
	Dec. 1 to Apr. 1	Deer, Elk,	.35 Rem.			Remington Slide Action
	Dec. 1 to Apr. 1	Caribou,	or			
	Dec. 1 to Apr. 1	Goat, Sheep	.30 Rem.			
YUKON	Sept. 1 to Mar. 1	Moose,				Remington Auto Rifle
	Sept. 1 to Mar. 1	Deer, Elk,	.35 Rem.			Remington Slide Action
	Sept. 1 to Mar. 1	Caribou, Male	or			
	Sept. 1 to Mar. 1	Musk Ox, Sheep	.30 Rem.			

See Game Laws for detailed exceptions.

ESTABLISHED 1830



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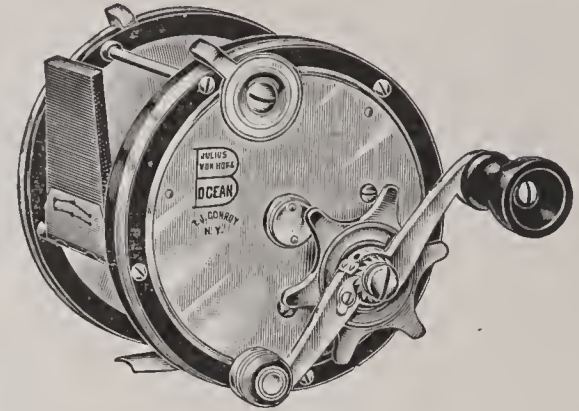
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Adapted for Tuna, Sword Fish, Sail Fish and
other large Game Fish, in fact the last word in
Reel Making.

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MICHIGAN GAME REPORT.

William R. Oates, Michigan State Game, Fish and Forestry Warden, has favored *Forest and Stream* with a copy of his biennial report just made to the Governor. The eighty pages of the report are filled with an interesting mass of matter dealing with Michigan game and fish life

and a discussion of amendments to the law, etc., etc. Mr. Oates argues vigorously in favor of the buck law; he believes in it from first to last and some of the contributors to *Forest and Stream* who have been debating this law for a long time past, will no doubt find something to their advantage if they write Mr. Oates for a

copy of his report. The past history of Michigan so far as the destruction of forests and game is concerned is that of all other states, but fortunately the era of wantonness has been superseded by one of conservation and while the remnant left is not large, an increase may be looked for. Michigan was the first state, we believe, to employ a salaried game officer. Under Mr. Oates it is establishing many game refuges and following the provision of the 1913 law, more than twenty-four thousand acres have been thus set aside with good results. We are glad to see that Michigan has taken steps to stop auto hunting, that is, the indiscriminate, sneaking hunting which is proving so obnoxious in other states. Altogether, the Michigan report affords interesting reading and deserves more mention than space here permits.

BIRDS AROUND COLUMBUS.

Birds around Columbus, Ohio, have cause to feel that the new year is starting well for them. In four of the municipal parks feeding stations have been erected through the efforts of the Audubon Society and the boys in the Mound Street Manual Training School, who constructed the devices.

Two of the stations are in Franklin Park and one in Goodale, Schiller and Livingston Parks. Others soon will be placed in Iuka Park and on the campus of Columbus School for Girls. A large station will be erected on Ohio State University campus.

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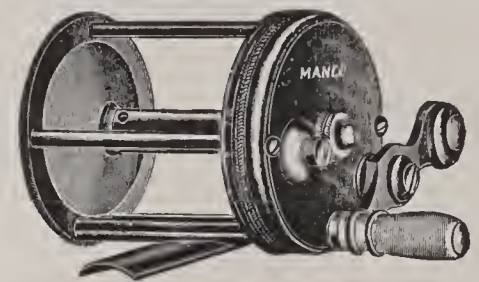
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Some Virgin Canoe Cruising Waters

In the New Hinterland of Northwestern Quebec Lie a Number of Unknown Lakes and Rivers That Offer Much to the Live Canoeing Enthusiast

By S. E. Sangster (Canuck) Special Commissioner for Forest and Stream



HIS is not a description of canoeing possibilities that is likely to prove of much real interest to the arm chair class of canoeists, but rather is for those with the essential red corpuscles in the blood—the man who seeks new routes into the virgin unknown. Incidentally, like virgin big game territory, such canoeing routes are becoming mighty scarce on this continent, but in this new Height of Land Country of Northwestern Quebec now accessible, both the big game districts and the splendid going, paddeways actually do exist and are worth a long trip to reach.

I indicated briefly in the last number of *Forest and Stream* the moose and bear areas I explored here last autumn, and how excellent were the prospects found for such game—so good, indeed, that modern, cosy hunting camps are being established for sportsmen visiting the Bell River and Coffee River sections this autumn. In a recent letter from Dr. A. R. Warner of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the real cruising brotherhood, he says, in referring to my recent descriptions of this new hinterland: "Evidently the country is very similar to that just south of the divide and the new railroad, and I can attest that all you wrote of its game, its wilderness, of the fish and the beauty are the gospel truth."

I might add that Dr. Warner is an old cruising visitor to the Upper Ottawa waters, south from Grand Lake Victoria.

From the point where the Bell River, coming north from the waters above the Height of Land

at the head of Grand Lake Victoria, crosses the new National Transcontinental grade, 180 miles east of Cochrane, one has a choice of several routes going south, as well as those north, or rather down, the Bell towards James Bay. Two specific cruises travelling southward might be given, viz.:—

(a) From Bell River Crossing (Nottaway Station) up stream (south) some 10 miles into Obaska Lake, which lake is some twelve to fourteen miles in length. From the southern end of this lake a run of eleven miles on the Sleepy River brings one into Simeon or Simon lake, another body of water four miles long in itself, but including its extension which is really the same lake, it is about twelve to thirteen miles in length. About three and one-half miles down Simeon Lake, the route turns north and east into Sifton Lake, which in turn leads east out into Garden Island Lake, where the route points south again through a stream unnamed, into Mitchi-Manitou Lake; down this lake a run of about eight miles brings one to a portage that leads into waters that are really the Upper Ottawa feeders. To this point from steel at the Bell Crossing it is approximately forty-two to forty-five miles and the trip can be continued right through to Timiskaming; or

(b) Following No. 1 route to Simeon Lake, but instead of going northeast to Garden Island Lake, continuing straight south about nine miles to a lake with an Indian name (unspellable); thence in turn by a stream, or rather river, fifteen miles long (good going) into Kawastagula Bay, the northeast extension of Grand Lake Vic-

toria. From here to the Hudson Bay Post on the lake itself (Grand Lake Victoria) is some twenty miles, the entire distance from the Nottaway Station being approximately eighty-five miles. From Grand Lake Victoria one can continue by direct route southward to Lake Timiskaming and the steel, or he can swing east and north by the Kanimitti River into the feeders of the Ottawa that lead directly into No. "a" route and back to the "put in" point. Likewise "a" route can be continued for return by retracing of "b" waters back to the new steel.

(c) At Hurricanaw Station (this being some forty-eight miles west of the Bell waters) one can go south a distance of six miles into Okikeska lake and seven or eight miles down it into Askikwaj lake; from a long arm about six miles down this stretch on the western shore a two mile portage carries one over into Newagama lake and this, four miles north and west, in turn leads into Lake Kewagama. Just what Newa and Kewa mean I am not certain; "gama" in all these lakes, such as Shabogama, Kewagama, etc., simply is Wood Indian for "lake," thus "Shabogama" means "Duck lake," "Akigama" being country of lakes, etc.

From Kewagama one directly strikes the Kinojevis river waters that lead right through to Lac des Quinze and Timiskaming, a route described in *Forest and Stream* of December 12 last. This is a long route, but can be undertaken by a party who have at least three weeks available and do not mind fairly strenuous "going" in places.

The northern routes from Bell River Crossing include, first, the through trip of some 250

miles to Rupert Bay; (James Bay); this leads straight north from the Nottaway Station down the Bell into Shabogama Lake which in turn narrows into the Bell again some twenty-nine miles north; twelve miles further north the Coffee River, which the new steel crosses just six miles west of the Nottaway Station and has paralleled the Bell waters closely, empties into the latter and near here one encounters the first portage required—a distance of forty-one miles clear going from steel. From the point where the Coffee and Bell waters junction, it is approximately seventy-two miles to Mattagama Lake and from here through to the waters of Rupert Bay by way of the Nottaway River proper, it is an additional 140 miles—a total from steel to salt water of approximately 253 miles. Going north it can be done easily in from ten to twelve days; returning it would require from fourteen to sixteen days, being up stream.

One of the best shorter cruises that particularly appeals to the writer, especially for a cruising-fishing outing, is that north by way of the Coffee (reached six miles west of Nottaway Station) to its junction with the Bell, forty-one miles north and returning up the Bell and Shabogama proper back to the Crossing. This (about eighty-two miles of a cruise) would make a splendid two weeks trip; or it can be shortened by going north only twenty-one miles and portage across from a feeder into Smoke Inlet and Shabogama Lake itself. This would make a trip of only forty-five miles, easily done in a week of ten days.

Trips Especially Recommended for 1915.

It would hardly be advisable to attempt some of these routes before 1916; for this August, however, two or three are quite feasible. The Nottaway Station is the point to leave train for routes up or down the Bell. As has been already stated in my former reference to the big game conditions in this territory, the writer purposes building a series of hunting and fishing camps north of the grade and a lease of all hunting and fishing rights in the territory surrounding these, on the Coffee and its feeders, to prevent molestation of the game and fish therein, by any but sportsmen at the camps.

Likewise no outfits will be obtainable at the Nottaway other than the canoes and supplies provided by the camps, nor can guides be had here that I know of aside from the staff of guides engaged at these camps. The writer can this year possibly supply necessary canoes and outfit and guides for two or three parties of two or four members each, for the cruises north via the Coffee and back via the Bell-Shabogama for trips starting the first week in August. I do not know of any local guides obtainable for the route from Hurricanaw down the Kinejevis, but some may be had from the Hudson Bay Co. or Revillon Freres at their Abitibi Posts or from Grand Lake Victoria Indians. Guides might also be obtained from the Hudson Bay Company at Cochrane to take one south to Grand Lake Victoria or through the Kinejevis route to Timiskaming; also canoes, equipment and supplies for these trips would have to be secured at Cochrane. I have no doubt but that outfits and guides for cruises through the Abitibi Lake region and from Hurricanaw south through the Kinejevis waterway to Timiskaming can be had at Cochrane from the Hudson Bay Co.

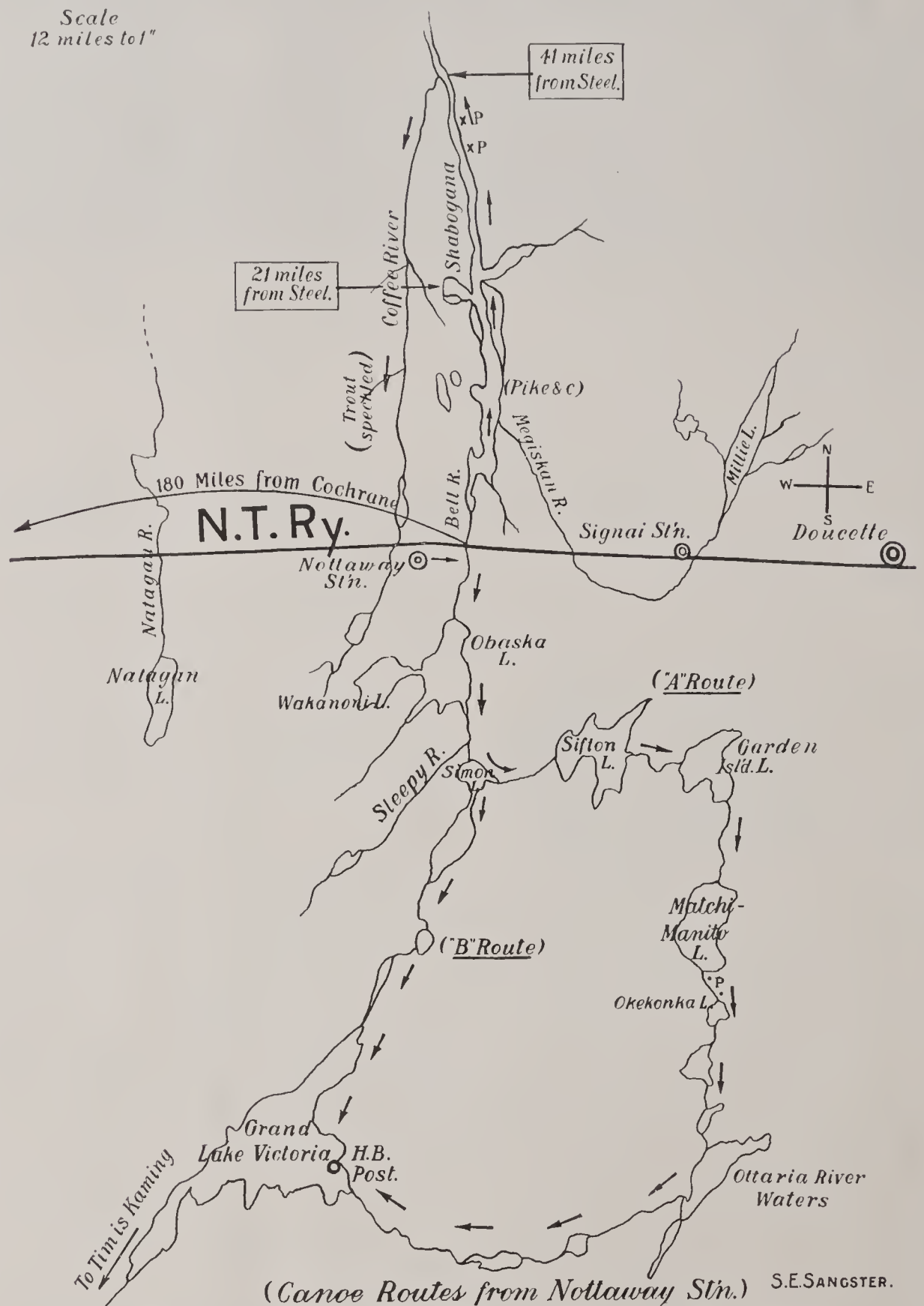
Several inquiries that have come to the writer

relative to the Hurricanaw route to James Bay lead me to strongly advise against it, as being so hard going with bad carries every mile or two that it would spoil all possibility of enjoyment for even the greatest canoeing enthusiast extant.

The Fishing in Waters Outlined.

In those waters included in A. and B. routes

whitefish, the latter can be taken (at least the Indians so state), on a spoon, and are gamey fighters. In the Coffee river feeders and in those of the Megiskan as well, speckled trout are reported as very plentiful, which although not of large weight or size are bonny fighters and splendid table fish. The trout season here is open



Map Showing Canoe Routes in Region Covered by Mr. Sangster.

south from steel at Nottaway Station the fishing is in main pike and pickerel; possibly some lake (grey) trout may be found at the southern end, but I cannot say.

In the Bell-Shabogama waters proper the fish include immense Northern pike and pickerel and

throughout September, thus offering an extra attraction to big game sportsmen hunting here during that month.

In the Upper Ottawa waters musky and some bass are found, in addition to pike and pickerel, but so far as I can say as yet, no musky home in



A Hudson Bay Post in the James Bay Country.

any water which is contiguous to the new steel.

It might be pointed out, in closing, that an exceptional opportunity will be found on August cruises for getting good photographic chances at moose. This should appeal strongly to outing visitors, to which the Indian life to be encountered along the various paddeways adds a further kodak or camera attraction.

For trips prior to September a rifle need not be toted, in fact it would be far wiser to leave it at home, as the probability is its presence might often lead to infractions of the game laws. A good belt gun, .32 or .38 cal., would be all the firearm necessary and I very much doubt the necessity of even this. If cruisers do take along a .22 rifle, for the sake of all saneness, refrain from potting at such game as moose or other large animals with it. I mention this because I have too often seen tourists in the North during

the fly season spitting little .22 pills at everything they run across.

In conclusion possibly it might be well to point out further that these are absolutely virgin cruising areas and much yet remains to be learned from "been there" exploration as regards actual conditions; it is quite possible that musky, for instance, may be found in waters they are not now suspected of inhabiting. To attempt any lengthy cruise from steel without a guide that can be relied on would be very unwise, even risky, and I would urge prospective visitors to consult a competent source of information in arranging for outfit, guide and route for their contemplated cruise. *Forest and Stream* inquirers may have the benefit of any assistance I can extend in planning cruises in any section of this new district. Do not be afraid to ask questions. They will be answered to the best of our ability.



On the Coffee River, Favored by Speckled Trout.

Items of Outfit.

As this region is practically unknown and up to the present, one might almost say, not on the map, items of one's outfit must in main be brought in. Cochrane is the nearest village to the Bell River District where any selection of supplies and outfit can be secured.

Canocs.—Undoubtedly the ideal canoe for this region, and in fact for all Height of Land waters, is the canvas-covered type. The Hudson Bay Company at Cochrane can supply canoes for cruises of the Abitibi District, as well as tents, blankets, etc. The new camps will have new Old Town 17 foot canoes, because the writer has picked this type as being unsurpassed for cruising and hunting purposes. The 17 foot length has proved to be quite as easily handled and quite as fast, if not faster, than the 16 foot length, at the same time carrying fully 50 per cent. more duff. No keels are recommended for this region, as many of the smaller paddeways are shallow.

Tents.—Unless one brought his own tent, these



At Height of Land, N. W. Quebec.

can be secured also at Cochrane. For two-man parties, using a small size, say 7 x 7, I strongly recommend ordinary duck, as the silk tent, paraffined or otherwise coated, in these small sizes especially, when closed up, gives no ventilation and the air in it soon becomes close and unhealthy. If bringing one's own tent, there is no better model for cruising than the Baker type, and in this the silk material can advisedly be used. This type is, of course, a little more bulky, but this is more than offset by the favorable factors found in the open-front make up, both for sleeping purposes and for heating without a stove.

Blankets.—The nights are always chilly in this region and two pair of heavy blankets can always be used per man. There is no better blanket made for such trips than the regular Hudson Bay 3½ or 4 point. These cost in Canada around from \$6.00 to \$7.75 respectively, fluctuating slightly according to current price of wool. An allowance of two double blankets should be made for each member in party. Many prefer sleeping bags and, especially for cruising, personally I

prefer them. They take up considerably less space, weigh less and are warm and comfortable.

Field Glass and Kodak or Camera.—A powerful but preferably small field glass is one of the most important items of personal outfit and at least one should be with every party. Its worth is incalculable repeatedly, both for summer cruises and in big game hunting. Likewise a Kodak or camera with a really good lens is equally valuable. While many sportsmen prefer the smaller sized models, for such a field as scenery and live game photography the writer has, after exhaustive experimenting, picked as his own choice what is known as the post-card size, which in the Kodak type is not unduly bulky and gives splendid negatives, with a good lens, under all conditions. The larger box style cameras are not fitted for carrying on cruises in such country as here encountered, where every pound materially figures.

Clothing.—For August wear for outer cloth-

ing—a waterproofed duck is suitable for general wear. For wear after September 1, Mackinaw trousers, shirt and coat cannot be surpassed. For summer a good weight military flannel shirt and for canoe wear at all times soft moccasins are my choice. For hunting a 12 or 14 inch waterproof shoe or rubber foot and leather top boot, of which there are a number of good ones available. A warm coat-sweater is at all times advisable in one's outfit. Medium-weight flannel underwear in August and both medium and fairly heavy weight in September and October is recommended, one suit of each. Heavy woolen socks, at least three pair in the dunnage bag for each person, is the best foot covering.

There may be individual preference of special articles of outfit not covered herein, but as a general thing the above items will be found to answer satisfactorily and provide comfort under all weather conditions.

to walk on." Arthur good-naturedly picked it up, and put it on the seat again.

Uncle Sam smoked and joked, and didn't seem to care whether he got any fish or not. Mr. Sayles got one croppie, when Mr. Warren said, "Let's move on; this place is no good."

The next place wasn't much better, and Mr. Warren's exasperation increased. He was civil enough to his brother and the other two men, but he did take it out on Arthur; "Arthur, what did I tell you? You turn around, and throw your line out of our way. You are a perfect nuisance. There you go on my coat again. I've a mind to land you on shore."

Arthur paid about as much attention to these remarks as if a mild breeze were blowing his way. He obediently hauled up the anchor, and his father rowed with suppressed anger and fierce energy to the other side of the lake.

They had thrown out their lines again, when Arthur started whistling. "Arthur, you'll scare off what fish there are. Can't you keep still?"

The afternoon was pretty well gone, when Mr. Warren said, "We might as well give up trying to get a decent string of croppies. Let's troll for pike awhile."

They did, and Mr. Sayles got a fine four-pounder—a wall-eyed pike, and Mr. Lawrence got two pickerel, but Mr. Warren got tired rowing, and suggested, "We will go over by those rushes and get some bass."

Mr. Lawrence and Sayles got one apiece, and Arthur got two in a short time. Mr. Warren finally got a strike, but just as he was reeling in, Arthur yelled, "Oh, papa, I've got a big one. Help me land him." Mr. Warren did make an effort to help Arthur, but in the end he lost both fish, and his and Arthur's lines got completely tangled up. Mr. Warren worked with what patience he could to untangle them, but jerked out his knife and cut the lines. "If I ever take you fishing again, Arthur, I'll know it."

"Well, I can't help it, if the other boat is gone." Arthur protested.

Still they persisted trying to catch something until sunset, but their poor luck continued. Mr. Warren, Arthur and Uncle Sam came home with half a dozen croppies and a few rock bass; while Mr. Lawrence and Sayles had eight croppies, some rock bass, two nice black bass, and the pike and two pickerel, but no more than they could use in their own families.

That night there was no fish distributed around camp, and no big stories of how "you could pull them out as fast as you could bait your hook and throw it in," in fact, Mr. Warren did not mention to anyone the fact that he had been over to Cullen fishing that day.

NEW YORK CONSERVATION REPORT.

The fourth annual report of the Conservation Commission of New York went to the legislature January 15th. It is a document of about 57 printed pages, and is filled with reports of the work of the commission during the current year. The commission refers specifically to the coming constitutional revision convention, and urges that all who are interested in keeping intact the wild life and forests of the Adirondacks should watch the proceedings of the convention, as there will be sinister efforts to grab the forests for commercial purposes. During the year the commission made 2,296 successful prosecutions for violating of the law.

Not "Three Men in a Boat"—But Five

By Lillian S. Loveland

ONE evening up at Pelican Lake in Northern Minnesota, a man in our camp said to some others in a group, "Let's get up a party, and go fishing at Cullen Lake to-morrow."

"All right," spoke up Mr. Warren, "count me in." There were seven men who wanted to go, but Mr. Eiler, who knew the conditions, explained that there were only two boats to be rented at Cullen, and as two were as many as could fish to advantage in one boat, the party was cut down to four.

When Arthur Warren, the twelve year old son of the Warrens, heard of the expedition, he teased to go, as he was very fond of fishing and usually had excellent success.

"You can go, Arthur, if you want to, but you can't fish," Mr. Warren told him.

"Why can't I go in the boat with you and Mr. Eiler, papa?"

"Three men in a boat is as bad as three men in a bed. It's no fun for anybody. You needn't tease, I tell you."

Arthur, of course, did not care to go since he couldn't fish. The men had splendid luck, and came back to camp with one hundred and fifty croppies—Cullen was a noted croppie lake—some wall-eyed pike and pickerel, and three fine large black bass.

A little later in the season Mr. Warren's brother, Sam—a big good-natured "Uncle Sam"—came up to the lake; also Mr. Lawrence, a friend of the Warrens, who was visiting the Sayles'. One calm, cloudy morning, an ideal fishing day, Mr. Sayles asked the Warrens to go over to Cullen with him and Mr. Lawrence, and they accepted heartily.

Mr. Sayles and Mr. Lawrence had just finished catching a fine lot of shiners for bait, when Mr. Warren came over to their cabin with a rather rueful countenance, "I am afraid we can't go. The Jenkinsons are entertaining for their guests to-night, and Mrs. Warren is expecting us to go

with her over there. We couldn't get back from Cullen in time. I am ever so sorry."

"Perhaps Arthur would like to go with us," Mr. Sayles suggested. "He can show us the good fishing holes."

"Yes, I am sure he would like to go, if you want to be bothered with him."

When they were all ready, Mr. Lawrence stopped at Warren's for Arthur. The three men folks and Mrs. Warren were all on the porch.

"Are you ready, Arthur?" asked Mr. Lawrence. None of the men said a word. Finally Mrs. Warren snapped out, "They are *all* going."

Uncle Sam said sotto voice, "Any man can change his own mind, but it takes a pretty smart man to change his wife's mind."

They all started out in high spirits, carrying their bait and fishing tackle the three miles; but when they reached Cullen Lake, they found that Mr. Lundborg, the owner of the boats, had taken the smaller one and gone to Nisswa, and would not return until evening.

Mr. Warren looked pretty disgusted, but they all got into the one large boat remaining. Arthur sat in the bow; Mr. Warren, who did the rowing, on the next seat; big Uncle Sam and medium-sized Mr. Lawrence sat back to back on the next seat, and Mr. Sayles, who was also big and fat, had the back seat.

"We will get what croppies we want first," said Mr. Warren, rowing to a favorite place. "Then we will go after bigger game. An hour's fishing ought to give us croppies enough."

The favorite place seemed deserted, and not a bite did they get, but Arthur did succeed in getting his line tangled up with his father's, to that person's great annoyance.

Then they tried another locality, and Mr. Warren and Lawrence got a couple croppies apiece.

"Now, Arthur Warren," exclaimed Mr. Warren suddenly, "you are treading all over my coat. I put it down there for you to sit on, not

A Wily Old Buck

The Story of a Deer That Knew How To Baffle The Hounds

By William E. Simmons



WHETHER animals reason may still be a mooted question with some, but those who know animal life intimately can have scarcely any doubt on the subject. For my own part, I was long ago convinced that in mat-

ters concerning self preservation, many, if not all animals, reason relatively almost as well as men. In a recent number of *Forest and Stream*, Mr. Lincoln recalled the story of a famous fox that invariably eluded the dogs at a certain fence corner. I can cite from my own experience the case of an old buck that displayed almost human intelligence.

In the latter part of the sixties, I was living on a plantation on the coast of South Carolina, about 20 miles southwest of Charleston. One day, riding to the post-office, I noticed an exceptionally large deer track on the road. It was evidently the track of a newcomer to the locality because I had never seen it before, and it was too conspicuous to be overlooked.

At the post-office village I met Dick King, a relative and hunting companion, who had a fine pack of hounds. I had a few hounds myself, but seldom went deer hunting without Dick. As soon as I told Dick of my discovery, we arranged a hunt for the following week. The meeting was for sunrise at the place where I had seen the track. There it was again, and every one in the large party, about a dozen, expressed astonishment at its size. It was fresh, evidently made during the night, and its direction indicated that the lair of the buck was in a swamp on the south side of the road. The "standers" were sent off to their posts. When they had time to reach their various destinations, Dick and I, who remained with the dogs, put them on the track. It was so fresh they went off at full cry.

For about a mile the dogs never hesitated, and Dick and I had some difficulty in following them through the thick underbrush, for it was mid-summer, with all the luxuriance of the Southern woods. But in the heart of the swamp, the dogs came to fault. They trailed in circles, widening and narrowing, for hours, and, at last, about 10 o'clock, were completely baffled.

Reluctantly we abandoned the quest for the day, but determined to resume it in the succeeding week. Our second attempt was almost an exact repetition of the first, and, indeed, we hunted that deer with the same disappointing and puzzling result, almost every week, during the remainder of the Summer. Even in the early Autumn we had no better success. Always we found the track about the same place; always the dogs followed it at full cry into the heart of the swamp, and always about the same place they came to fault.

It may be readily believed that enthusiasm in the pursuit of that particular deer waned. One by one the members of the hunt dropped out of the hunting, until only a few beside Dick and

myself were left. Some of our former associates made themselves disagreeable by inquiring when we expected to jump the phantom buck; others were offensive enough to hint that the tracks were planted; while the superstitiously inclined shook their heads and said the devil had been known at various times to assume the form of animals.

Cotton planting had proved a failure for me, and I was about to leave the parish for good, but I was loth to depart without another try at the phantom buck, so, about the end of November, Dick and I arranged a final meet. The dogs performed the same old stunt, and we found ourselves at the same old spot, watching the dogs as they vainly tried to make out the trail. The chill of Autumn had stripped the foliage from all except the hardiest shrubs, so the outlook was clearer than on any of our previous hunts.

Less than fifty yards from where Dick and I sat upon our horses, was a thick clump of gum bushes surrounding the stump of a fallen pine. The trunk had broken off about fifteen feet from the ground, but remained attached to the stump. It was a large tree and the leafless crown rested fully sixty feet from the stump. The stump with its clump of gum bushes was the center of the circle described by the dogs. After awhile I said to Dick:

"I believe that deer is in that clump of gum bushes."

"Impossible," returned Dick, "the dogs have been all through it."

"You are mistaken," I persisted, "the dogs have been all round it, but not one has been through it."

As I was speaking, Countess, a large bitch with bluish and tan patches on grey fur, distinguished for both nose and speed, leaped upon the log near the crown. Plainly she was not guided by scent for she looked round as if seeking an elevated point of view. A moment later she walked a little way up the inclined trunk and then sniffed it for the first time. With a cry of surprise and triumph that at once attracted the other dogs, she trotted swiftly up to the stump, keeping her nose all the while on the trunk. At the stump she gave a quick downward look, a wild yell, and plunged into the gums. The whole clump swayed as if swept by a sudden wind, and out sprang the largest buck I had ever seen.

The mystery of the phantom buck was solved at last. That wily lord of the forest had thoroughly learned the ways of the hounds and devised an ingenious plan to outwit them. He approached his lair in narrowing circles to a convenient distance, then leaped upon the trunk, walked up the incline and dropped into his bed. His clever reasoning was displayed no less in lying quiet with dogs giving tongue all round him, than in his manner of retiring to rest.

Either Dick or I could have killed him, but, as we were "drivers" the etiquette of the hunt did not permit us. Besides, he made straight for one of the standers. Soon the woods reverberat-

ed with two reports of a shot gun, following each other in quick succession. When I came up shortly after to the fortunate stander, his hat was off, his hair on end, and he was swinging his arms wildly. In a voice hoarse with excitement, he exclaimed:

"The biggest deer I ever saw in my life!"

"Did you kill him?"

"No, but I hit him!"

"Which way did he go?"

"Back in the drive."

There was a ridge in the swamp and I opined he would follow that, westward, to gain a larger and denser swamp. More than a mile to the westward, a road crossed the swamp. If I could gain the ridge by that road ahead of the buck, I could get a shot at him. My mount was a small, swift, mare, well trained for hunting. Off as soon as I gave her the rein, she stretched herself to the run until the tall pines fairly whirled around us. The wind whistled noisily in my ears but I could hear the baying of the hounds and feel I was gaining on them. Still there was one solitary, sonorous, note in advance, that of Countess, which had left the pack far behind, and the deer was ahead of her. When the little mare wheeled into the cross road the odds seemed to be against us, but she felt the fervor of the chase as well as I and valiantly strove to win.

We were just taking the rise of the coveted ridge when the mare stopped with a suddenness that nearly sent me over her head. She had seen the deer before me. There he was, broadside on, loping easily, about 60 yards away. When I fired the first barrel, he swerved to the left, and dropped his tail, so I knew at least some of my shot had found their mark. I gave him the other barrel at his quarters and saw him wince again. Then I touched the mare with the spur and she darted after the deer. We had gone barely a hundred yards when Countess flashed by us. She had evidently leapt up at the sound of my gun, caught sight of the deer, and taken up the chase by sight. Within a quarter of a mile she seized him by a hind leg and pulled him down. I came up to find he had pinned her to the ground with his antlers.

In a moment I had thrown myself from the mare and was rushing forward to free the hound. But while I was yet a few yards off, I caught a danger-gleam in the buck's eye and suddenly remembered my gun was unloaded, for that was before the day of the breech-loader in our parts. My gun was about half loaded when I looked at the buck again and saw his eyes were glazed. I lifted his head and freed the bitch. The points of his antlers had struck in the earth and held the dog fast, but the antlers themselves were so broad she was entirely unhurt. The vitality of that buck was as remarkable as his cleverness. Six shots from my first barrel passed clear through his chest, three through the heart. Many shots were also buried in his haunches, and yet he ran more than a quarter of a mile before the dog pulled him down.

American Cannibals

The Animal-Like Seri Indians of Sonora, Mexico and Their Feats of Strength and Speed.

(Continued from the January *Forest and Stream*.)

By Charles Frederick Holder



THE Seris began early to assault the Spaniards and doubtless they killed many before they made long raids into the interior, attacked their victims, at night, and retreated to the Sierras of their island. The victims generally died from the poisoned arrows, and the Seris became known by this and were hated and feared by all tribes.

In reading old Spanish books the Seris and their ferocity is an ever recurring subject, and while it seems incredible that a handful of savages could for two hundred years or more defy a great nation, it is essentially understood by those who have visited their country. The approach is the Ensinas' desert, a most arid and forbidden region, death to those who do not know the exact locations of water. The island, equally a desert, is separated from the land by a dangerous channel infected, at high tide, by sharks. The Seri, when followed, dash over this awful desert with the fleetness of deer, reach the coast where they board their hidden balsas of reed, and put for the island where they separate and hide in the mountains; their followers as has often been the case, almost perishing for want of water, and being shot down or picked off with poisoned arrows until they become demoralized and retreat.

The Jesuits in 1700 probably were the first to trail the Seris to Tiburon. Padre Melchor Escalante after one of their raids, followed them to their mountains and took a number prisoners, while Salvatierra and Kino tried to convert some of them; but there is no evidence to show that the Seris experienced a change of heart.

When a powerful force appeared they cringed like dogs, when defenseless persons came their way they were brutally killed, and it was suggested that such victims always disappeared; there was nothing left after the Seris had completed their raid. As Dr. Magee the ethnologist says:

"Weaker parties venturing into the purlieus of Seri land never returned; they disappeared and left no sign. The Padres claim to have made converts of some Seris, but it is a question whether they did not make a pretense of confession that they might loot the country more easily, as according to Rudo Ensayo, the Seris in six years previous to 1763 stole from the Mexicans four thousand horses and mules all of which they devoured."

This, despite the fact that the Padres founded the mission of San Pedro de la Conquista de Seris for the conversion and imprisonment of the Seris, at what is now Hermosillo in the Rio Sonora, Tiburon being near the mouth of this river.

The Governor of Sonora in 1749 was Colonel Diego Ortiz Porilla. When the Seris objected to his orders, he promptly sent part of them to

Guatamala and to various parts of Central America—exactly what Governor Diaz was obliged to do in 1908 with the Yaquis who were shipped to Yucatan. Some of the Seri objected to this, and they declared war on every one, raided Sonora and committed many brutal crimes, killing so many Spaniards that the Governor, believing them cannibals, determined to exterminate the entire race. He proceeded to Seriland with five hundred men and after two months returned with twenty-eight women and children. Most of the men escaped to the mountains and before long the raids were continued.

The ferocity of these people depleted by constant attacks, is one of the extraordinary features of the race. Orders were repeatedly given out to exterminate them by various Spanish officials, but in almost every instance they would ambush the Spaniards and, as in one instance, the "Spaniards were found half eaten by animals," and there was a question in the minds of many whether coyotes or Seris were the animals. In 1760 an extraordinary effort to exterminate them was made by Governor Mendoza at Cerro Prieto. The Seri chief, El Becerro, fell wounded but shot Mendoza with an arrow as he went down. A year later Governor Guerrero led four hundred and fifty men against the Seri at Tiburon, killed forty-nine and captured sixty-nine, but in 1763 the then Governor, Don Juan de Pineda, having his army worn out by the Seris who separated, distributing themselves all over the country in towns and manchierrias, endeavored to make peace with them thus confessing his inability to conquer them.

The Seris pretended to acquiesce, but they never gave up and were really the cause of disputes which resulted in the expulsion of the Jesuits from Mexico in 1767. The church could not convert nor could the army subdue them, and the raids, punishments and shootings continued through two centuries down to to-day, depletion not having quelled the barbaric spirit of these people, who intimidated the whole state and nation, and made their name a synonym of terror and horror.

The Jesuits having failed, the Franciscans now attempted the conversion of the Seri, and in 1772 Fray Juan Crisostomo Gil de Bernabe took charge of the Rancheria de Los Seris. From here the wily Seris lured him nearer to Seriland and finally accomplished their purpose.

Bernabe disappeared one day, and it was found later that he had been stoned to death.

It seemed impossible to crush this hydra headed race, and at least fifty wars with them and the Mexicans followed. In one as late as 1844 the Mexican army and navy proceeded conjointly against them, killed a number, burnt their balsas and jackals and captured the entire tribe. Some authorities express the belief that the Mexicans made the mistake here of not shooting them down—men, women and children

—like rats. Instead of this three hundred and eighty-four were marched overland to Hermosillo and for the first time in a thousand years at least Tiburon was safe to those who wished to land. As the troops approached the city with the Seris, a scene was enacted similar to that when the Yaquis were rounded up at Guaymas last year. The entire populace turned out. Hundreds of Mexicans came into town to kill a few in revenge for the loss or "disappearance" of friends, bells were rung, and the beautiful city was given over to a fiesta in honor of the ending of a two century war with the Seris. The children were distributed about the city in Mexican families, the men and women placed in the jail of the Pueblo Seri.

All went well for a few weeks, then they were set to work gathering fuel and before the authorities knew it they had rounded up their children and were retreating to Tiburon down the Rio Sonora murdering everyone they met on the way. The authorities were now in despair again, as the country about the city was in a panic and in danger of their raids. Cavalry troops were sent against them, and a few Seris brought in, and from that time until to-day their number has gradually decreased. But they have in no sense lost their savage nature and during the last half century there have been many disappearances on and about Tiburon. In a word, the resentment these people have always had against all other people has not abated. They do not make such exhaustive raids, and do not kill so many people as of yore, merely because their own numbers have been decimated.

A modern German writer, Pajeken thus described the Seris as he found them:

"The state could not restrain these Indians or prevent their murders. The Seris appear not to grasp the idea that they are human. Like beasts of prey of the wilderness they go out to slay men and animals. They slay to satisfy a lust for slaughter."

That their methods were those of hyenas is well illustrated by the experience of Don Pasqual on the Encinas ranch on the borders of Seriland where a band of Seri squaws killed one of his horses by breaking its neck, sucked its blood, gorged its intestines and buried other parts that they might "ripen" for a feast. Don Pasqual declared war against them in 1860; a Seri head was taken for every horse or steer they killed and it soon became a war to the death. His vaqueros were ambushed, his horse was shot but not before he had laid out over seventy of the "demons of Seri." So terrible was the warfare Don Pasqual Encinas carried on against them, that they sued for peace to save themselves from extermination and the old Spaniard who had made a most commendable philanthropic effort to civilize them, consented to call off his vaqueros and try them again, as he had many times before.

Don Pasqual testified to the United States

Government that in his personal war with them he killed over half of the entire race. One of his vaqueros had a record of seventeen Seri heads and this only a few hours travel from the American line—true material for a thousand dime novels of the most lurid character. These continued raids and murders, the fact that the Seris seemed to really enjoy slaughtering aliens, men, women and children, either with rocks or poisoned arrows, their horrible, indeed revolting, personal habits and lack of cleanliness amounting to positive aversion to water, produced in the centuries since the conquest a racial aversion which I found all over Sonora. The very name Seri made one man instinctively reach for his gun, and the average vaquero of northwestern Sonora up to within a year or two would shoot a Seri on sight just as they would a Gila monster.

Dr. Magee of the Smithsonian, who has made the most careful scientific study of the Seris, says regarding the relations of the Seris and the whites: "The toleration was almost precisely on a par with that between the rancho and the vulture flock that scavengers his corals, and when depredations began, the toleration was of a piece with that between the householders and their unwillingly domiciled rodents." In a word, they were rounded up and killed like rats, the survivors stealing away to begin their raids as sure again as the sun rose. As fighters they cast a spell of terror on many enemies. They had no especial system of fighting except low cunning, stealing into a camp at night, and crushing the heads of sleepers with stones. When they fought in the open they first shot their poisoned arrows, the slightest wound of which meant horrible death; then with wooden clubs or rocks rushed upon the enemy, demons crazed by the lust for blood and actuated by a cannibalistic desire beyond question.

Concerning their ferocious appearance at this time when they attempted to brain their enemies with rocks, break their necks or crush their chests by jumping on them. Senor Encinas states, according to Magee, that the "rushing warriors are transfigured with frenzy, their eyes blaze purple and green, their teeth glisten through snarling lips, their hair half rises, like a bristling mane, while their huge chests swell, and their lithe limbs quiver in a fury, sudden and blind and overpowering, as that of a puma springing or charging peccary." Of the successful assaults says Magee, "the ghastly end is rarely recorded though whispered, large in the lore of Sonora." In a word, the consensus of opinion among the Sonorans, is that the Seris are cannibals who make no invidious distinction between a gringo, a Mexican or a horse in their dietary when alone and in the fastness of the Sierra Seris. A survivor of a hand to hand fight with the Seri, one Jesus Omada of Bacuachito, was attacked by one warrior who nearly tore his arms to shreds before he killed him. The Seri had no weapon but his teeth which he used, as would a coyote, with terrible results, and but for timely aid would have torn Omada in pieces, and, doubtless, had they been alone Omada would have "disappeared."

In appearance the Seris are tall, well built, powerful and large in proportion. Many of the men are not ill looking but nearly all have a surly, snarling expression, which is not misleading, as when approached men, women and

children snarl, mutter and growl like dogs, while their beady black eyes glitter in a menacing fashion. It is precisely the feeling of aversion a dog exhibits and doubtless is just as natural. In trying to induce an old Seri woman to lower her zerape for my photographer she drew it over her head hissing all the time exactly like a Gila monster and every bit as venomous. At least from what I know of the two I would rather take my chances with the poisoned-tooth lizard than the poisoned-arrow Seri.

No very old Seris are seen and it is believed they dispose of them. Cripples and useless men or women and drones also disappear, so that the clan or tribe always represents men and women perfect physically. The women are sometimes comely, some even attractive, in feature, though their square shoulders give them a masculine type. The men have no ornaments but the women paint the face in a peculiar way, depending upon the clan they belong to—the Turtle, Pelican, etc. This is often a broad black or white winged band across the face or a snake patter of red, blue and white, effective against the deep-copper skin. The women build the huts and appear to have more recognition as women than the sex obtains in many tribes, older women especially being the advisors and seemingly the owners of the homes. They do most of the work; building huts, carrying water for miles, preparing food and acting at times as decoys to trap enemies within reach of the arrows of the men. As to their habits and customs almost nothing is known, due to the complete isolation of their lives and the ferocity with which they resent any attempt to interfere with them or their privacy. Parties landing with an armed guard are not molested, but the unwary prospector or the unfortunate mariner cast on their shores even to-day would in all likelihood "disappear."

The Seris stole thousands of horses, but never had the wit to ride or use them, in fact they did not use them as a Seri cannot ride a horse. With a quick motion they would break the animal's neck and with rocks, hand and teeth tear and lacerate the flesh, piling great masses of flesh on their backs and run so swiftly that even the vaqueros of Don Encinas in a posse on the best horses could not catch them, in a word, the Seris from their wandering, walking habit have undoubtedly become the most remarkable runners in the world. They have been known to run down horses, coyotes, deer and other game. Magee cites an illustration of a number of Seri boys who caught a flying bird by the tail although the bird had the advantage of a start. Half grown boys catch jack rabbits by running them down while half a dozen Seris can throw a horse, breaking its neck, a scene often witnessed at the ranch of Senor Encinas. The latter saw a Seri run a deer down and drive him to the Encinas rancho. The native with marvelous speed continually headed the deer off driving on and on, until when near the ranch the Seri rushed in on it, seized the stricken animal and carried it to the corral—a story almost beyond belief.

At the Encinas ranch the experiment was made to test the speed of a Seri, a horse being offered to them if they could catch it, single handed within six hundred feet of the start. The animal was frightened by a vaquero in a corral, then suddenly released through the bars at full

speed. The runner the Seris had selected, dashed after it, and despite the fact that the frightened animal was running away, caught up to it, leaped like a jaguar to its withers and with one hand on the jaw, the other in its mane, bore it down and broke its neck at the fall, while the rest of the brood crowded around sucking its blood, tearing it like coyotes, and buzzards. Indeed there is much of the buzzard in the Seri. They like decayed meat. A putrifying leg of a horse was seen on the top of a hut which was to be taken down, and torn by the teeth of the Seri women. Senor Encinas states that a Seri squaw whose child was sick, ran from the hacienda Costa Rica to Molino del Encinas between dusk and sunrise, forty-five miles, bearing the child, hoping to find medical aid. To pay the white medicine man she had in the night run down a jack rabbit. These women thought nothing of going from the hacienda of Costa Rica, thirty miles in a night with a child on the hip and a heavy olla of water on the head, to the coast.

In Mexico on the Sonoran coast and in the vicinity of the Seri country about Hermosillo, I heard remarkable stories of the running powers of the people. Governor Torres of Sonora as we were walking through its attractive garden related an incident when a coach ran for one hundred and fifty miles, or more, and there being no room for the men inside they ran often at the top of their speed, wore out the horses and were evidently in no way disconcerted at the finish. It is believed that the word Seri- *Se-erreroi* means the speed of the person who runs. Magee likened their running that of the antelope; refers to their peculiar lightness of feet, "skimming the plain in recurrent impulses of unseen hoof touches, or that of the alert coyote, seemingly floating early about the slumbering camp. It is the habit of the errant Seri to roam spryly and swiftly on soundless tiptoes, to come and go like fleeting shadows of passing cloudlets, and on detection to slip behind rock or shrub and into the distance so lightly as to make no audible sign or visible trail, yet so fleetly withal as to evade the hard riding horseman."

Some of the natives of Sonora have records that would put modern marathon runners to the blush. The Yaqui runner which Major Burnham took with him as a guide on one of our trips through the cactus forest thought nothing of running thirty miles in a few hours carrying his water and zerape. The Yaqui, Opata and Tarahumaei (foot runners) are all famous racers. According to Bartlett, they have been known to run two hundred miles in twenty-four hours. One man ran from Guazapares to Chihuahua with a letter and back in five days. The distance was eight hundred miles. They think nothing of running down wild horses and deer, all of which is accomplished by keeping at it with almost superhuman endurance, and when they come in, fresh and by no means "winded," the horses are exhausted.

Just how many Americans and Mexicans have been murdered and utilized in an economic sense by Seris in modern times it would be difficult to say, but the list of the killing is a long and ominous one. In 1896 five prospectors landed in Tiburon; one escaped to tell the story. Later two Americans landed and were shot down, but not before they had killed five Seris. The ex-

perience of these two men, George Parker and John Johnson of San Diego, was proved by Captain Mendez of the sloop Otila, and the newspapers on his authority reported that the two men had been eaten. The matter was taken up with the State Department and the Mexican Government, sent a force to the island, which was met by Chief Mudo, who was "seven feet high," and who made the defense that the Americans had invaded his country. In a word, the Americans in landing had committed a capital crime and were shot down and doubtless eaten.

It is difficult to imagine a more interesting study to the layman or ethnologist than these people, unique among the races of the American aborigines, so different in almost every sense

that the conviction is forced upon one that they are different from the others; a race stranded at Tiburon, or brought there in the remote past upon which the isolation has played a sorry trick, making them entirely unresponsive to the advances of the Franciscans, Jesuits or Spanish soldiery. But the end is in sight. No native race has been able to stand civilization; the finest types of aborigines have gone down like cards before the tide of human progress as represented by American civilization. The gate of Sonora is open, the impedimenta of two centuries is removed, and the Seri, despite his isolation, will before the end of another half century be but a memory in the building up of a great agricultural principality.

of a drive, and as they flew along over the ground others joined them till the pack had gathered over twenty together. With the best of fortune only a brace could be taken from each pack, and, when one was expected to kill cocks, that always could not be accomplished. On a return drive the packs were not as much in evidence, proving that the birds split up once more on having passed the butts.

Many Runners.

Another fact was very noticeable as regards this driving late in the season, and it was that if one knocked down a runner early in a drive very excellent work by the retrievers was necessary before the running bird could be brought to hand. An August grouse seldom goes far, but a November grouse is evidently strong on leg as well as on wing, and, if time allows, is able to get a long distance. Very wide casts by the retrievers were necessary, and we recovered one runner a good two hundred yards from where it was dropped, the bird still being lustily on its way. It requires a very hard blow to penetrate the plumage of these fully adult grouse, and a big percentage were only brought to hand solely because wings were broken. It was certainly excellent practice for the retrievers.

About the Sport.

November grouse-driving is very different to that experienced early in the season. First of all, it is apt to be cold, and a long wait in the butts is not an event to be anticipated with delight. The outlook also is cold and dreary, the heather being brown and all bloom disappeared. The trudge to the butts is also troublesome, as the ground is sodden with rain, and he who ventures to lean on the butt and take a rest soon learns that he had better stand upright. The sport, too, is not prolonged throughout a drive, as the appearance of the drivers puts birds on wing half a mile distant, and all are soon over the butts. The shooting is sharp and quick while it lasts, and each gun has to keep on the alert or he will lose lots of chances. Always take a second gun to a November drive.

Clever Flanking.

It is lovely to see a November pack of grouse compelled by clever flanking to pass along the whole line of butts, and to note that each keen shot has selected and dropped therefrom his own brace of black old cocks. Such a thing does not often occur in November, and when it happens is a source of general satisfaction. The flankers are responsible for the most important work at these late season drives, as the attempts of the grouse to break right out are doubly persistent, and twice as difficult to defeat. Often they refuse to be denied, and go over a flanker in a stream, his scarlet flag meanwhile waving frantically.

NEW OYSTERS PINK.

Washington, D. C.—Pink oysters are the latest freak of nature under investigation by experts of the department of agriculture. The rosy-hued bivalve comes from beds in Long Island sound, looks like a regular oyster when gathered, but turns up pink on the plate of the ultimate consumer. Frightened epicureans besieged the bureau of chemistry with inquiries and a volunteer squad found the pink oyster not only harmless but delicious. The chemists have a theory that the oysters are turned pink either by a wild yeast bacillus or by other micro-organisms.

Queer Things a Gun Dog Will Do

Some gundogs of every variety appear to possess a great and inexplicable predilection for creatures which the sportsman does not always regard as game and has little desire to bag, especially when better game is available. In this way a dog is often capable of causing considerable annoyance, and not all the correction, physical and verbal, lavished on it from time to time ever seems to succeed in inducing it to ignore such quarry and confine its attention to what its master prefers. A writer in the *Sporting Times* says that he owns a setter, a splendid dog on snipe and woodcock, and thoroughly dependable on a bog till it detects the scent of a waterhen, and that waterhen it persists in pursuing till the bird is eventually forced to take wing. At no time has a waterhen been shot over this dog; its attempts with such quarry always evoke a rating or a cut with the whip, and yet the lesson is never learned. The same thing will occur on the next occasion.

Retrievers and Waterhens.

There is nothing more annoying than to wing a duck, which falls into its natural element, and to find that a retriever, instead of searching for the duck, is engaged in a hunt after a useless waterhen; and yet there is scarcely a reader of this journal to whom this has not occurred. A winged duck must be recovered without delay or the chances of retrieving it become very small. Certainly, a waterhen brought to hand is little compensation for its loss. This partiality of dogs for waterhens can only be explained by the fact that the birds evidently emit a very powerful and attractive scent, which must be of a very gamey nature. Many breakers often make the great mistake of training a youngster to retrieve with a dead waterhen, and such lessons do not appear ever to be forgotten.

Setters and Small Game.

We have had setters which stood as staunch on the moors during August to titlarks as they ever did to grouse, and this often occurs early in the season with the best trained animals, although the latter soon get over it. We have all had experience of a landrail in a crop of clover, which draws the setters on and on till they finally flush a good covey out of shot. The landrail must possess a scent as strong as that of a motor-car. Rabbits, too, are frequently a great cause of annoyance in turnips, till they are

finally nosed into some drain or burrow. It is best never to shoot at a rabbit, even if it is forced to show, but directly the quarry is detected the dogs should be lifted and well admonished.

When You Know Your Dogs.

The reader who is accustomed to his dogs is generally able to decide when they are engaged on undesirable quarry. Their movements and attitude when setting what is before them betray what is afoot, and some go about it in a shamefaced manner, as if conscious that they are hardly doing right. After a disappointing day, during which little game has been found, the best of dogs are given to devoting attention to small game, and we once saw a splendid setter end up a perfectly blank day by setting a frog. Such an occurrence is more likely to call forth a laugh than evoke punishment. The only course to take is to keep dogs as closely as possible to legitimate game, and never shoot over them, however great the temptation, anything but legitimate game.

Grouse-Driving in a Gale.

Early in November the writer took part in a grouse drive, which began in perfect weather, and before the second lot of butts were reached half a gale was blowing. Kills before had averaged about three out of five shots, but when wind interfered they dropped to about two in six shots. And yet the grouse came to the butts as freely as before, the only difference being that their pace was nearly doubled as they approached with the gale. The error of the guns evidently was that each failed to swing sufficiently in front, and the shot passed harmlessly behind. It would be difficult to conjure up a more exacting shot than a November grouse flying with a gale. Should the gun not be correctly aligned on touching the shoulder, there is not time to find correct aim, as the bird has at once passed out of shot. The writer felt very proud of each grouse he brought down on that windy day.

Why Did the Grouse Pack?

During some of the drives all the ground taken by the drivers was visible from the butts, and a question arose as to whether grouse are aware that danger is reduced when they are able to pass the butts in considerable numbers. We saw half a dozen grouse rise at the commencement

A New Game For Rod Casters

Described for Forest and Stream by Benjamin M. Kutz,
President Golf Casting Club of America.

Casting golf, a new game, has just been evolved, is attracting widespread attention and already has many enthusiasts. Instead of striking a ball by aid of a club as in golf, the round piece of lead, of three or four ounces, as is optional with the player, is attached to a fishing line, which is wound around a reel and attached to a casting fishing rod. One might say that it is a captive golf ball, with the difference of projection.

Holes at a designated distance have been provided, as have certain hazards. Thus accuracy and long distance efforts are closely co-related, and a caster may by accuracy accomplish that which his limitations in casting prohibit. So far only four holes have been provided, thus enabling the course to be laid on a fairly small ground, but the game is being developed as the players are attaining the proper spirit of it. Several well known surf casters and golf enthusiasts have formed the first club, called the Golf Casting Club of America, with headquarters at the Staten Island Fair Grounds, at Grant City, S. I., and a number of very interesting matches have been played. The course is mapped out with suitable flags and covers a plot of ground 350 feet square, the reader being referred to the accompanying diagram for the laying of the course.

Every Sunday during the past fall and present winter the club has met, barring bad weather, thus giving its devotees all the open air and practice casting possible. The holes are placed 350 feet, within one-half foot of the present casting record held by Dr. Carleton Simon, thus making each cast in the open field a practice cast for the record.

The following rules have been adopted, and include the provisions for properly laying out the course:

To play the new game of Casting Golf, a square plot of ground, either with or without turf is measured, each side of such square being 350 feet long.

Upon each corner of such square a flag is inserted in the ground. Over this flag an iron or wooden hoop is passed and laid upon the ground, such hoop being 18 inches in diameter. This is called the hole.

A forty foot circle is drawn around the flag, being twenty feet in all directions from the flag. This is called the circle.

From the starting hole to the first hole there should be a clear field.

From the first hole to the second hole a plot of ground is marked off by flags, by stakes or by lime, to represent a river, which imaginary river is to be exactly 240 feet from the first hole and to be twenty-five feet wide, or its furthest line to be 265 feet from the first hole.

From the second hole to the third hole there should be a clear field.

From the third hole to the fourth hole or back to the starting hole, there should be a plot of ground marked off by flags, by stakes or by lime which plot is designated as the mount, and which

should be 25 feet wide by 25 feet long, the nearest line of which should be exactly 200 feet from the third hole, its furthest line 225 feet from the third hole.

Rules of Playing.

The players must be provided with a rod and reel, the selection of three or four ounce lead sinker to be optional with the player, said lead to be oblong or pear shaped, without swivel, attached, but of the variety commonly known as bank-sinker. With such lead a linen line is to be used. Players may compete with half or ounce weight, in the event of which bait casting rod may be used and silk line, but such contestants are not permitted to compete against those having a heavier lead or salt water tackle but must remain in their own class.

The least number of casts that the entire

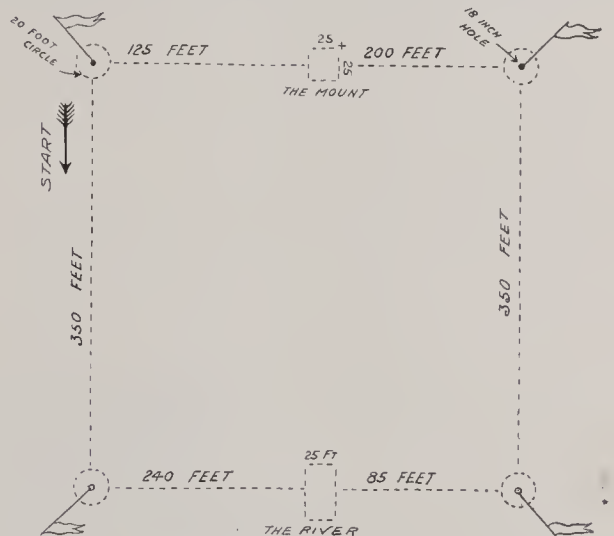


Diagram of the Course.

course is covered in to be decided the winner. Each cast to count as a point. When the lead strikes the ground it is not to be pulled in any direction, but a bounce natural to the force of cast is permissible as unavoidable. Any intentional moving of lead constitutes foul and contestant must go back to where the cast was made and forfeit one point. Any throwing off of lead to count as a cast, player then trying again from his position. Any snapping of line to likewise be considered a cast. With a snarl, the player to accept the position where his lead strikes the ground. Two or three contestants may play for one hole, each awaiting his turn but must wait at the holes cast for, until it is reached by all players participating, thus going over the course together and decreasing any danger from flying lead.

Manner of Play.

Player is to cast from the starting point as close to the fourth hole as convenient, such starting being on one side of the flag, and as a hole is reached a similar rule to prevail. He is to cast in the direction of the first hole. Should his lead drop into the first hole, he is to start for the next hole. Should he cast within the twenty

foot circle without going into the hole, he is to go back to the edge of the twenty foot circle and then try for the hole until he succeeds in reaching it. He may, however, cast from any point of the twenty foot circle, after once going within the boundaries of said circle. This to apply to all the circles of the course.

When he has reached the first hole he is to cast for the second hole in as many as he wishes to use, which rule likewise applies to the entire course. Should the player go within the boundaries of the river, or in a line of extension of that river across the field, he is to forfeit his cast and go back to the position of his last cast. The idea is to go over the river and not into it. When once over the river he is to attempt for the second hole.

From the second hole to the third hole, is a clear field and when the third hole is reached, the player essays for the fourth hole.

Casting from the third hole to the fourth hole, he must place his lead upon the mount and if he casts over the mount or upon the side, he cannot proceed until he has cast upon the mount, being allowed to cast from any position he may be without the necessity of going back to the third hole. From the mount he is to cast in the direction of the fourth and last hole.

[We believe that there are possibilities in this game. The rules as drawn apply to surf casting or to regular bait casting, but with a little effort the game might be made available for fly casters as well. The advantages of the game are that it affords pleasant practice, both as to length and as to accuracy and permits playing in company with a definite object in view. Angling clubs, or in fact outdoor clubs of all kinds, can easily lay out the course necessary within a small space of ground. We would not be at all surprised if every outdoor association in the country sooner or later would take up the new game, which affords not only sport, but practice that otherwise could not, or would not be attempted—Ed.]

FEDERAL GAME BILL.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

We understand that the sportsmen of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma feel they have been "handed a lemon" in the Federal Game Bill, and propose to get State game wardens to take some step to start a movement to have the Federal law amended so as to put these States in a third zone. These States have very little shooting in the fall and were willing to stop spring shooting, understanding that to be April, but the Federal authorities cut out all winter shooting as well. There is nothing left, the sportsmen believe, except to trade their guns off for a brush pile, and then burn the brush pile.

The United States District inspectors now claim that they are going to get yachts, to patrol the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, and state that they will make cases and that a few heavy penalties will put a stop to killing wild duck in seasons that are closed by the Federal law.

This is a peculiar stand for the Federal Government to take, as it sounds like a spirit of revenge by the Federal authorities rather than the pure enforcement of the law. It is hardly possible that the judges will inflict punishment to satisfy the deputies' desire for revenge.

J. R. HICKMAN.

Secretary Missouri Fish and Game League.

In Quest of the Prairie Chicken

Wood Hollow Days—How Three of the Elusive Birds Were Bagged After a Still Hunt, and the Mysterious Disappearance of the Rest of the Covey

By Robert Page Lincoln



THE encroaching tide of civilization spells more or less a tale of destruction to the wild game contingent; this for the reason principally that it brings with it an added number of the hunting element, who kill in season and out, without any exceptional regard for the continuation and perpetuation of specie or species of anything connected with fin, fur or feather; also, and greatly so, from the fact that the settlers and those agriculturally inclined do away with the valuable cover and feeding grounds so much a necessity to the perpetuation of the birds.

The hard winters of the north are therefore greatly a drawback, and they inevitably work havoc among the ranks of the feathered folk; and since protective laws do not tend to give them any help the gradual, very perceptible withdrawal of these wonderful minions of nature resolves itself, conclusively, into one thing, so dreaded by the true sportsman and lover of nature—oblivion. And yet for all that, clinging tenaciously to the edges of civilization, these same game birds will hold out for a long time, coming as they do, often in beavies, if it be quail, and greater covies, be it of partridge and of that supremely excellent individual, the prairie chicken.

The latter bird in some sections is never noted, and yet in other places they will be found in goodly numbers. I have found that they occur in places where they are sometimes least expected, and where they are most unhindered in their life. Drawing in close on civilization, Nature provides them with a happy faculty for attenuated alertness that is a most estimable safeguard to them against destruction. This alertness provides them with the sense, first, of choosing just the right ground at critical times, such as during an open hunting season, and such as, when winter closes down is rigid and forbidding. In parts of the west it has been found that the prairie chickens gathered together have become a veritable scourge as destroying the farmers' grain on field and in sheaf—this uttered not upon authority but upon fairly well appreciated information. Leastways be it said that the prairie chicken in our north country, in this decade, is far from actual obliteration, and with good laws enforced for their protection we will yet have them with us in round numbers.

Easy means of transportation, from place to place, of a great number of hunters with trained dogs to scent out and locate the game has meant a fearful setback to all game birds in the present day, the principal sufferer being undoubtedly the aforementioned prairie chicken. Were man to hunt solely upon his own native ingenuity there would be a wide difference in our bird census, but no such thing is the universal rule. Given a skillfully bred bird dog, with a line of

true royal blood back of him, is it any wonder that slowly but surely the last birds are making their stand against the inroads of Man.

The motor cycle, the automobile, the trains take hordes of hunters forth, and where success is not attained in overflowing measure surely it serves to make the birds more flighty than ever and more separated in their natural, time-allotted districts—this remark serving to draw the attention of the reader to the fact that these birds, may, therefore, be found in the most unlooked for spots. It also brings out the fact that we were given one trial at this hunting while at Wood Hollow. It had been our idea from the first at Wood Hollow to get as much variety of hunting as possible, for as many individual members of the furred and feathered tribe as we could locate, though we would kill no more than careful discrimination would allow. We had thus far sampled a number of the delights of the Wood Hollow Country and meant yet to find more before we called the halt and made for our home retreats.

I was shaving bacon for our morning meal one day, and was putting the finishing touches to coffee and other delicious things when Daniel, who had been absent for two days, entered without much ceremony and I could tell from the looks of him that he had news on hand of no mean order. It may be mentioned in passing that we had heard some days before, from a farmer down the line, that prairie chickens had been seen close in on his stubble. He gave us this information much for the reason of our friendship and the fact that much of our spare game had gone to his table. At first I doubted the veracity of this assertion and dispatched Daniel to find out the truth of it. I now suspected what he had up his sleeve.

"It is true, then?" I queried.

"Sure," said Daniel, a rosy, daybreak-smile surmounting his beneficent countenance, the while he took a deep breath. "I found those chickens just where he said they were. They have been there now for at least a week, he says, and he don't recollect ever having seen them here before, but that's all wrong. I have seen many of them here, and only last year shot some. It is quite a hike down there, but if you fellows want another bit of variety, just come, I will show you where they are."

"Has Brown hunted for them at all?" I asked. "Of course he has tried."

"He couldn't hit the side of a barn," responded our youth. "And no. He hasn't tried in the least. They are there and if we are any hunters at all, then we get them sure."

With determination I went out and shouted to Fred. His early morning ax was resounding down the glade as he built backlogs and firewood for the night fires. He came in bearing a log, of cominous dimensions.

"Would you mind hunting something that you

do not get a chance to hunt every day?" I demanded of him.

"Name it," urged Fred.

"Guess what?"

"Well," drawled Fred, shifting his cud thoughtfully and with determination the while he searched Daniel's illuminated features. "I may suspect what it is. Perhaps you have located those chickens."

"You guessed it," I assured him, "Just that, and much more. Prairie chickens. That not only puts the final crimp to it, but it will make another delightful reminiscence to weave into durable shape for this winter as we toast our shins before the fire. Just that—prairie chickens. Daniel has spotted a covey, he says, down on Farmer Brown's stubble."

"Good enough!" said Fred firmly, sinking his double bitted ax deep in the log. "That's what I call business. So you got a line on them, Dan?"

"Bet your life," responded Daniel. "They were there when I was last on the ground, un-hunted, and they didn't seem over shy at that. I flushed ten of them and they were only a short distance before they dropped again to ground. There is no reason why they are not there now."

"Well, let's get to going then," encouraged Fred. "It is a quite a hike there and we ought to strike them before high noon is upon us. Let's make the breakfast as speedily as possible and get under way."

We circled the table and soon had our breakfast where it would do its work to utter satisfaction, and then donning our coats, and taking our guns and loading up on ammunition we sallied forth our thoughts leaping into life at the bare intimation of what was to be. I knew we had planned something that might be an entire failure. To still hunt, practically, for chickens is one thing. To hunt them over the setters or the pointers is another. In choosing the former we complied with all the rules and regulations of modern sportsmanship.

On the way to our destination Daniel took us by way of the creek and showed us the den of a mink that he intended garnering in among his furs for the coming winter. In the yet soft mud was plainly showing the track of the occupant.

"I have a bait house down here a ways," explained Daniel. "I have kept it baited with fish a long time. Many animals have come to it. This bait house is in the water and there is only one entrance. The bait is in back. I always wade in the water when I go there so as to leave no scent. I have had traps set there in the doorway of that bait house for a month or more, but I have had sticks thrust in between the jaws and the pans, you see, so that they will not snap. Thus the animals have become used to stepping on them. Some day, though, I will take out those sticks and when some nice mink steps on the pan it will go off. See?"

"I used the same system," I said, "when I

trapped with Old Jim some years ago. It is a fine method and if you work it right there is no doubt but that you will get them. Good luck, anyhow, Dan. I will be up this Winter for sure and we will enjoy many days together here. Eh?"

In due course of time we struck in on the premises of old Farmer Brown, a man of excellent character and of a pleasant, even temperament that made friendship an assurance. We went directly to the house without much discussion upon events in the world about us made known our mission.

"Yes, yes, he breathed—"the chickens. Sure, Daniel here says there is a flock of them around that he has located. You are entitled to shoot as much as you please, boys. Help yourselves. Those ducks certainly came in fine, I'll tell you. I am not forgetting that of course, which is not the least. By all means help yourselves."

With this foundation of good will satisfactorily imbedded we went about our plan of circumventing the flighty ones, and it was a ticklish, yet withal highly exciting adventure. The field located, we decided to encircle it, each choosing a certain point, and from this point gradually drawing in on them, so that any way they would fly they would, or should, come within range of our guns. Plans laid, we proceeded about our little undertaking.

Now off from the center of the field there was a depression in the ground where the grain had not been cut and it instinctively impressed me as being just the place where such birds would keep themselves. I first satisfied myself that the boys were in place and then started forward. My eyes, very quick, as a rule, to note things, from long association with Nature, by investigation and study, kept raking my surroundings with the hope that I would spot the quarry. But I covered the place in vain. The elusive ones were not there. I noted also that the boys were doing no special cannonading; but I kept steadily on hoping one or the other of the two would start the ball rolling. The situation eventually resolved itself into a patient, painstaking consideration of every bush and bunch of grass, for it seems they lay pretty close in hiding. And so it proved to be.

For as I stepped cautiously forward at a tempting place, half surrounded by brush, there was a thunder of beaten wings at my right and up rose four of the kingly feathered ones. Never have I clipped in two shots as quickly as those from the double gun that day; it was an instantaneous, simultaneous exhibition, and being close bunched I got the two of them, and breaking gun reloaded with very shaking hands. The other two thundered away and happened to pass near to Daniel's long reaching single barrel. Followed a sharp, shattering detonation upon the silenced air and down tumbled the forward one.

While this was going on, up rose some ten others at various intervals at the side of the patch, out of the reach of Fred's gun, though he shot swift—but scored nothing.

Three chickens were bagged safe and sound and were tucked into the hunting coat pockets. We drew together and consulted as to what our next performance should be, and how we should



Easier Hunting With the Dogs.

successfully go about it. I had a dandy specimen for mounting purposes, to be placed eventually with my collection in the city.

We had noted the general direction of the other members of the covey and thither we now proceeded, spreading out so as to take in all of the ground thought as possible cover for the ex-



All the Regular "Fixin's" for Hunting Prairie Chicken.

tremely sensitive ones. I held the center, while the boys went, each on one side slightly ahead, proceeding much in what one would call, "fan-shape formation." Thus, any rising in the center, if not rounded in promptly by the central man, the other two would possibly catch out of mid-air.

The oddity of this hunt lay in the fact that though we covered carefully, thoroughly, the territory thought to hold our prey we still found no trace of them. This seemed mysterious, for

certainly I had seen them sail on spread wings downward at practically a point which the center of our present hunt would have taken in.

"Might have risen and flown on," suggested Daniel, with the keen sense of speculation bred of insight. "I thought sure they would be right in around these bushes here."

"Queer," said Fred, biting off a hoof of Piper. "I tell you now, it seems to me they can't be so very far off at that. Perhaps they are right ahead. They are wild sort of now and may have run ahead quite a distance."

"Well, we will go onward as before," I said. "At any rate we can hunt and hunting is half of the pleasure."

We ranged out as before and with guns at ready searched every nook and cranny for the game we sought; and listened with keen ears for twitter or rustle of preparation to rise but found them not, covering something like a half mile in our jaunt. We again drew together.

"Odd," said Fred, bending a bush with an ounce of diluted Heidsec. "They certainly have vanished into thin air, or where are they, that's what I want to know."

"Tell you what," Daniel made bold to suggest. "We will spread out more. They may have gone either to one side or another and thus escaped us. Then again, while we saw them seem to drop down here they may have turned aside."

This seemed a reasonable sidelight to the proposition and we took it up, but though we hunted vigorously and enthusiastically, up and down, not a prairie chicken did we see. Somewhat mystified we returned three hours later to Farmer Brown and told our tale.

"Yes, they certainly must be wizards, them birds," said Brown. "At best I reckon you are lucky at hitting into the brand here at all—because I never knew them to hang around here to any noticeable extent. Seems the fires over in Dakota has chased them this way. If they be flighty there is a good reason for it. Now like as not, having dogs, good at the scent, you would strike into them." "Are your dogs any good at this sort of work?" asked Fred, of Daniel.

"Not very," returned Daniel; and went on to explain that while one had setter blood in him the best he could get out of him was genuine fur trailing; the trailing blood being dominant to

the bird-locating quality. We stayed that night at Farmer Brown's meaning to have another try at the elusive ones in the morning.

With this thought firm in our minds, on top of a big supper we waited for daylight. At daylight we hustled into our coats and were out in the morning air, ready again to try our luck. The same field we again hunted, spreading out so as to cover the ground carefully; but though we hunted, not only that field but all the adjacent territory, still we found no

signs of the shy ones. This was of course discouraging, to say the least, but we had to put up with it and leave it at that. Our hunt gave us three chickens and we never saw feather again of the rest of them, nor did Farmer Brown, nor yet Daniel.

"I can't for the life of me understand it," uttered Fred as we trudged bravely homeward close on evening of that day. "There they were, right at our feet, you might say. We saw them rise, and we thought we saw them come to earth, and yet when we hunted there we could not see them, hide nor feather."

"There is only one reasonable answer to the proposition, Fred," I said, having weighed my conclusions carefully. "The birds might have stayed here had they been unmolested, but they know what chilled shot is. It is safe to believe, isn't it, that they have continued their migration to whatever point they had in view before they lit here."

The night settled down very chilly, and when the last rays of light were going out in the far west, a wind arose that swept the land with a forbidding tone that sent a thrill tingling through me. The storm winds! How the tall trees around our cabin swayed and sighed that night; and how the moan went down the chimney, but the fire held its warmth and we smoked on, still talking and thinking of our success and failure with the chickens. But best of all I now let my thoughts run to the days to come—the winter days at Wood Hollow. As I sat there by the fire I could see myself saying good bye to the marts of men. I could see myself again entering Wood Hollow cabin. I could see a roaring fire, while without the land lay overspread with a crystal white blanket. I could see tracks in the snow, and could hear again the trees swaying out their old tunes. I could see—but my pipe had gone cold!

More About The Kentucky Reel

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I read with much interest the authentic and truthful account of the "History of the Kentucky Reel," in the January number of *Forest and Stream*. The facts and data were obtained by the writer of the article during an interview with my old friend, J. L. Sage, of Lexington, Kentucky. The account agrees exactly, so far as it goes, with the history of the Kentucky reel as given in my "Book of the Black Bass."

During my residence in Cynthiana, Kentucky, many years ago, I became quite familiar with the origin and evolution of the Kentucky reel from information derived from many old anglers of the "Blue Grass" region. Years afterward, when soliciting exhibits for the Angling Building of the Chicago World's Fair, I called on all of the makers of the Kentucky reel, among others, Mr. J. L. Sage, who gave me, in almost the exact words, the account as given in the article referred to.

In this connection I might add that I bought and borrowed a large and complete series of Kentucky reels, which was exhibited in the *Forest and Stream* booth in the Angling Building.

This exhibit was composed of reels of the several makers, in various sizes, in brass, silver and German silver. It is a pity that the collection could not been kept intact, and deposited in the United States National Museum. Owners of some of the borrowed reels, however, would not have parted with them under any consideration, regarding them as precious heirlooms.

As stated in the article cited, George Snyder (not Sneider), made the first reel, and I might add, the first multiplying reel in the world, as

all English reels at that time, and down to the present day, were, and are, single-action reels.

George Snyder was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania (not in Switzerland as Mr. Sage imagined), and went to Kentucky in 1803. His son, David M. Snyder, was a druggist in Cynthiana when I resided there. He often talked with me about his father, and the invention of the reel. He owned his father's favorite reel, a jeweled one, which I had in my possession until his death, I sent it to his nephew, also a druggist, in Louisville, Kentucky, after the Chicago Fair.

George Snyder was an ardent angler, and was President of the Bourbon County Angling Club, in 1810. After his death, his two sons continued making reels occasionally, one of which is now in my collection. I beg to refer any one interested, to the account in the "Book of the Black Bass," wherein is shown correct and careful drawings of the different reels, together with the gearing and working parts. Also portraits of several of the oldest reel makers. I might add that in my collection is a brass reel made by Mr. Sage, the smallest that I have seen, being classed as No. 1, just the reel for a lady, or any one preferring a very light rod. It is perfect in every respect. I have also probably the first reel Mr. Sage made, a brass click reel, marked 1848, which he used in fly-fishing for black bass, in which art he was an adept. Mr. Sage was not a watchmaker like the other reel makers, but he was a good mechanic, and often made reels for his friends.

JAMES A. HENSHALL.

New Bird Sanctuary at Fairfield, Conn.

Fairfield, Conn., has 10 acres of hilly country, set apart for birds and entirely given over to them.

This bird reservation has been placed under the friendly care and protection of Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, author, for it was through her fondness for birds and her labor for them that the place came into existence. It has been named "Birdcraft Sanctuary."

The first precaution necessary to safeguarding was the building of a cat-proof fence about the whole place. The strong wire meshes extend below the ground, where it is firmly anchored, five feet up into the air, where the top is turned back away from the grounds, preventing any animal from surmounting it. The gateway is of granite, representing an old English cathedral tower in miniature. In the top of one post of the gateway are to be found eight complete and separate apartment houses for the birds. The other post is much lower and its top is hollowed out, forming a high and safe drinking basin and bathing place for the birds.

Just within this gateway is an artistic low structure, or bungalow, fitting so perfectly into its surroundings that it may seem to have grown

there. This bungalow is the home of the caretaker, whose province it is to keep all birdland well guarded and well supplied with food. There are many little birdhouses on or near the bungalow, and lunch counters, too, all ready to serve meals of corn, crumbs, suet, seeds or nuts at any hour.

On going through the wire fence, one finds the nesting places of cat-birds and thrushes hidden in the low bushes near the ground. Suddenly a peabody bird darts out from a bush at one side and flies to a nearby tree, where he can watch the callers as they follow the winding trail down to the pond, where the water birds may build in the rushes or the tall tangles. There are birdhouses of all sizes and kinds fastened to the trees, from one small enough for the tiny house wren to one large enough for an owl or a duck. There is food everywhere. Suet is tied to the branches and there are large lunch counters on the ground, sheltered from the weather by a thick shield of cornstalks. These enclosures resemble a tent with the front thrown open to the warm sun. On this snug floor are to be found sand, cracked corn and nuts. There are berry-bearing trees and shrubs in large variety which furnish the birds with many a favorite meal.

Besides the pond of running water provided by the city of Bridgeport, there are rocks hollowed out and kept filled with water.

Although part of the mission of the "Birdcraft Sanctuary" is to interest and to instruct the people of the surrounding country in regard to its bird life, its primary object is the preservation of native birds, both for the sake of their beauty and their song and because of their economic value. In order that the feathered tenants of the sanctuary homes may be left in perfect quiet during the nesting season, the grounds will be closed to the public in the spring and early summer.

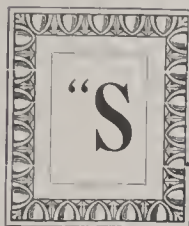
Undoubtedly the most beautiful and ingenious and one of the most useful applications of nitro-cellulose was that developed in 1889 by Count de Chardonnet in the manufacture of artificial silk which far surpasses the product of the silk worm in brilliancy and luster. In the Charonnet process cotton or purified wood fiber is nitrated, dissolved, forced under heavy pressure into filaments by extrusion through fine orifices into a setting bath and finally treated to remove the nitric acid and restore it to the condition of cellulose. Dyed and woven into tissues and fabrics of surpassing beauty it has become one of the chief adornments of Everywoman.—The Little Journal.

Shooting and Gaming Along Southern Waters

A What to Take and How to Use it Article

By Dick Swiveller.

(Continued from the January Forest and Stream.)



PUR, kase de golden gate ull be shut afore yo gits thar."

"Yass," said Alex, "an in dat crowd on de outer side ob the gate whar dey is a walin' an' a wepin' an' a nashin' an' a cussin,' I spect I'll hear yo voice amongst de big hips. ('Mass'

Dick what is dat, I want ter say? "Hipocrits, dat's hit, in de loudest lammingations. Dunno what dat is, spect hits sumfin wuss."

The religious argument was continued for some time much to our amusement and ceased when the dark belligerents began their breakfast. Both then naturally grew mellow and good natured, and even confidential.

We smoked, watched the fire, the rain and the dull sky, hoping for a break in the clouds, for there was no use to go further down the river until the wind changed and the weather cleared.

The manner of shooting ducks on the Savannah is somewhat different from any practiced in other parts of the country. The weather should be clear and cool, and then the water fowl will be found feeding and preening themselves under the bending willows and bushes close to the edge of the water; or as the boat rounds one of the points of this notoriously crooked river, flocks of mallards, teals, broadbills, widgeons and occasionally black ducks and Canada geese will suddenly be met with in the open water, some distance from the bank, within range of the gun, offering fine shots and good sport as they take wing.

All day long it rained hard, and when night closed in there appeared to be no signs of it clearing up. Flocks of ducks and occasional bunches of geese were observed from time to time during the day high in the air flying southward, causing anticipations of sport ahead. Sam and I spent the time talking on a variety of subjects, among which guns and ammunition were interesting topics. On this trip we were using 12-gauges instead of 10-gauges as heretofore on ducks, having realized that for this shooting and work generally the 12-gauge was in all respects the most satisfactory—using a 12, 30, 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ for heavy work and 12, 28, 7 to 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ for upland shooting. I remember we agreed that notwithstanding the then popularity of 10-gauges for all kinds of shooting, the 12-gauge would eventually become the standard gauge, and the 10-gauge relegated to extra heavy work, and in most sections not used at all. This prophecy has come true. One scarcely hears of a 10-gauge now, and there are many of the younger shooters who never saw a 10-gauge, and a greater number never saw a muzzle-loader. There are many, too, who never shot a double-barrel breech-loader, their experience being with the pump and automatic guns. Our 12-gauges were all we anticipated; it was delightful to handle a 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ pound

12-gauge for this shooting, instead of a 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ pound 10-gauge. Never since that time have I used any but the 12-gauge.

We talked shells and loads and patterns. We has done a good deal of targeting. Then we drifted to game laws and the ethics of true and good sportsmanship, both deploring that the word "sport," was often confounded with the word "sportsmen." We agreed that the word "sport" has been more abused, ill treated and misapplied than any other word in our language. Of a high, noble and keen signification, it is often misapplied and debased to unworthy objects. Of a restricted and refined significance, it has been extended to a mass of improper matters, and from its natural elegant appropriateness it has been degraded to vulgar and dishonest associations. The creature who lives upon the most contemptible passions and with practiced skill creates all who may come his way, be they sharpers or honest men, winning by unfair means and rules in so-called games of chance into a certainty, calls himself a "sporting man" and should not be mentioned with a "sportsman." There is as much difference between the sportsman and sporting man, as there is between the brightest day and darkest night.

The man who loves the woods, waters, mountains and deep forests; whose whole being is in sympathy with Nature and her works; who loves the dog used for sport; who pursues game for pleasure and not for profit, and shoots on the wing, taking in moderation of the game that Nature offers—such a man is a "true sportsman."

"That is the way I look at it," said Sam, "and I only wish the whole country knew the difference and did not confound honest men with black-legs."

"Well, Sam," said I, "you and I understand it; we are pretty good sportsmen and we will teach others the real meaning of the word sportsman."

Snug in our blankets that night we were lulled to sleep by the incessant drumming of the rain on the canvas, little thinking that before dawn our camp would witness the greatest stampede and fleeing before the rush of water within our memory and experience as duck shooters. It does not take long for one of these narrow southern rivers to rise beyond its banks, and those unfortunate enough to be in its path have little time to save life and property.

We slept, all unconscious that the river was rising, stretching out its long, watery arms, nearer and nearer, hungry to engulf and exterminate us.

It was about 2 o'clock a. m., when Sam awoke and was at once aware that the river was up by the sound of rushing water, known only too well by him. Springing from the tent and toward the river a glance at the nearness of the water, im-

perfectly seen through the rain and darkness, showed the peril of the camp.

My first intimation of danger was when I was seized by the arm and dragged from the blankets.

"Dick! Dick! for heaven's sake get up and put on some clothes. Alex, Joe, Joe, Alex, Alex. Confound those niggers; can't they awake?"

I was by this time thoroughly aroused from sound sleep and frightened. Jumping on the poor darkies, I called: "Get up, get up! Tumble out! the river, men; the river. Secure the boats."

Ah, the boats! What will we do if they are gone? Lose our property and maybe our lives.

The boys realized the situation and terror-struck, sprang toward the river in the direction of where the boats had been made fast. Sam lighted the lantern. It gave but faint light in the darkness. There was a half minute of suspense as Alex and Joe disappeared in the gloom.

"Are the boats safe?"

No answer.

A moment more and perhaps our worst fears were realized.

"Can you reach the boats; if not, hurry this way."

Then through the storm and darkness came the cry: "We's got 'em both; an we's waste deep in de wata. Mighty good dem stakes wuz drove so good or we'd nebber seen dese er boats no mo. We's a acomin'; we's acomin!"

Presently the brave fellows came, towing the little ships. I had started a fire; and kept adding fuel. The blaze leaped up lighting the scene and showing us a maddened, seething stretch of water advancing rapidly upon us. The tent was struck, and two men working to each boat, piled the camp plunder and "duds" generally into them. It was quick work; the water was already up to the camp fire. I boarded the shooting boat and seized a paddle. Joe followed me. At this moment the bulky form of Sam, armed with a frying pan and a pair of boots (the last load), waded to the bottom and stepped in. We were comparatively safe now. As the water rose we pushed the boats toward the bank of the cornfield as near as we could calculate until they grounded, constantly watching that we were not carried into rapid and deep water and swept down the river and to almost certain death. Thus we held out until daylight, which found us a short distance from the bank and a hundred and fifty feet or so from our camp site.

Safe in the boats the paddling and pushing toward the cornfield bank began. We were not long in discovering the ridiculous position in which we found ourselves.

Here we were pressed by a dangerous flood in the middle of the night in open boats, in a torrent of rain, in darkness, clothing soaked through and awaiting anxiously the dawn. Who



Camping Teepee Style.

would not give up all he hath and go duck shooting?

Rugged men, frail men and strong men face dangers by sea and river in open boats in all kinds of weather, day and night in most trying conditions, and all for the pleasure and excitement of duck shooting; go year after year and grow more rugged as they are exposed to weather and breathe the life-giving air. On the bosom of the river, on the heaving sea, in the grand old forests and fields, bathed in the sunlight, fanned by the breezes, blown and tossed hither and yon by the gales. In all this is found the true elixir of life—the fountain of youth. You men who sit in your offices the year round, go about with bent forms; you men who can see nothing but dollars and continue to dig, delve, work and toil in life's treadmill, will you not see the way open to a new and beautiful life physically? You men with narrow chest and drooping shoulders, with dark lines on your faces, with sunken eyes, weak limbs, all of you maphap hardly at the meridian of life. The majority of you were born in perfect health, why abuse this blessed boon, good health.

Look at those whose occupations are out in the air; mark the fair, brown cheek, the bright eye, the free swinging gait, the general healthy tone. Does it pay to work indoors ten or twelve months in the year, and die at forty-five or fifty? Does it pay to work eleven months in the year and consume the twelfth in idling around a fashionable Summer hotel? Go out, be out; cultivate a taste for some out-door pleasure that will take you out. Make some sacrifice in the beginning of the outings of business and time, and very soon it will be found to be no sacrifice, but on the contrary, when returned to business from the fields and forests, the whole system is rested, renovated, oiled; the cob-webs are swept out of the brain, the heavy head has gone and the eye is weary no longer.

Parents should teach their children early—soon as they can understand—the value of keeping up all through life out-door recreation. The boy

should be taught how to handle the gun. This taste once formed will take him out as a man when all other incentives fail. Let your boys and girls go out all they will; encourage in them a cultivation of field sports. The boy and gun of to-day is not the boy and gun of thirty years or more ago, so far as the danger of handling the gun is concerned. The breech-loader of to-day is safe, so safe indeed that the boy or man who cannot be trusted with it should not be trusted with anything. The excuse that "it is dangerous" fails since the old muzzle-loader has disappeared, and is kept as a relic of the past in fond remembrance of the delightful days afield in the long ago.

Yes, here we were waiting for the dawn, and the morning that would bring a cup of hot coffee, and we hoped, clearing weather. The water rose and the boats were pushed toward the high bank of the cornfield. The rain had almost ceased, at 4 o'clock and the wind changed around to southwest; soon a star appeared; presently a number of them. We filled our pipes with renewed hopes, smoked and chatted. The muse of music moved Alex, and he began one of those unrivaled plantation melodies, keeping time with his hands and feet. We all joined in the chorus, and the dark southern forest away across the waste of waters caught up and re-echoed the sound in many reverberations. By dozens the stars came out, the clouds moved on and away, until at last the blue firmament of heaven reigned supreme over the storm king. As the millions of stars began to pale in the heavens, we turned our eyes toward the east and beheld the first faint streaks of the morning. Pushing the boats to a landing a fire was started. Your old camper knows how to do that in wet weather. Joe assisted by Alex proceeded to get breakfast, Sam and I the while getting things in the boats in some sort of order. Soon Joe served us with most welcome hot coffee, hot biscuits and fried ham. The recollection of that breakfast, particularly the coffee, has lingered with me all these years.

After the "darkies" had eaten and all camp plunder put in shape, guns were uncased, cartridge bags filled, the boats pushed on the hurrying waters and in a few moments we were whirling southward on the bosom of the flood, Sam and Joe in one boat taking the lead, Alex and myself in the other following some three hundred yards or so away. We did not expect to get much shooting until the water was down but were looking for a good and pleasant place to camp. Perched on the mess chest with my 12-gauge across my lap, I watched the heavily wooded shores as we hurried on. It was grand, the speed, the situation and the spice of danger exhilarating. At times our craft would approach near the shore. The great swamp oaks loomed up, stretching out their long arms covered with that parasite, funeral moss, hanging from every stem and branch their long, mournful festoons swaying to and fro with the wind. Hundreds of cypress trees could be seen; many canebrakes and deep, dismal swamp places that suggested reptiles in the hot days of Summer.

Again the river broadened, and we would be floating on a lake giving the idea of the land under this flood of water. Rich bottom land dear to the heart of the cotton and corn planter. So interested was I in this nature panorama that I had forgotten the possible proximity of game, when Alex's sharp, quick cry of: "Mark! Now dey is a comin' down the ribber; one, two, three, four, nine mallards. Alex's strong arm sent the boat in close to the shore. The birds were evidently about to alight. Now their green heads could be seen glistening in the sunlight. Aiming well forward of the leader, I pressed the trigger killing the duck next to him, and brought another down with the second barrel wing-broke; a long shot.

"Mars Dick yo' didn't spect dem ducks. Sort curus fer ducks to be flyin' 'bout dis kind o' wata. We's git no good shootin' till dis ribber goes down, and dat will take three days or mo."

Down the river came the muffled boom of a gun. "There Alex, that's Mr. Sam's gun. He, too, has an unlooked for shot, and I reckon has a bird or so. Seldom he misses anything like a fair shot." Sweeping around the next point my friend's boat was sighted.

"Ship ahoy!" "Where away!"

"How many ducks did you kill?"

"Two," said I, "how many have you?"

"Three."

"Good enough, a bird apiece for dinner and one to spare."

"I reckon, Dick, we had best go into camp now; there's a good place just below here a few miles. There is no use to try for any kind of shooting at this stage of the water; the ducks are for most part away back in the woods and will not appear until they are obliged to follow the receding water. If we go further now we will pass over what later will be good ground."

We camped on a high bank, a pleasant spot with plenty of fire wood handy. An hour or so later we were discussing toothsome mallard, pone bread, coffee and a desert of waffles and sugar syrup.

We had just finished dinner and started to clean our guns, when we were startled to hear the tramp of horses' hoofs in the woods behind the tent, and the next moment a gentleman on horseback appeared in the light of the camp fire. The reader can judge of our surprise. Here

we were camped on a lonely place on the river, the rolling waters in front, the heavy forest reaching back for miles, knowing, from our knowledge of the country, that the nearest house was five miles away, and so was the railroad, yet here was a young man riding out of the dark woods mounted on a thoroughbred, English saddle, double bridle, curb and ring, straight steel bit, rider dressed in fine style, black leggins, cavalry jacket, gloves—right out of Central Park into the pines of Carolina. A merry laugh, a "good morning, gentlemen!" Sam and I must have looked surprised.

"I hope I do not intrude," our visitor said.

"Certainly not, will you dismount and join us for awhile."

"I will be happy to, I am sure."

who we had for neighbors. You see there is quite a party of us camped back a mile or so from here. There are twelve persons, being two families, including servants and the chef. We were all over at Aiken. My aunt was not getting any better, and friends advised us to come here and go into camp for some time. I never saw a camp like this of yours; it's just like those you read about; roughing it some, but being comfortable too. Now our camp is all fixed up. There is the big living tent, the dining tent, five sleeping tents, the kitchen tent and stable tent, though they are building a log stable. We will have four horses over there."

"Are you doing any game shooting?"

"No. I never shot a gun in my life. I now wish I knew how to shoot. The only arms we

Next morning about 10 o'clock, Edwin, accompanying his father and aunt came to visit our camp. We told them all about our trip thus far and how far we intended going down the river, and the game we expected to find. All this was new and novel to them. At no time in their lives hitherto had they known of a camp hunt, or guns, or dogs. Before leaving us Edwin had his first lessons in handling the gun and the names of books on guns, and a lesson on ammunition—one good American boy turned—"the right way."

I was glad we camped there, if only to have added this recruit. Three years later I heard of Mr. Strang; he then owned seven guns, two of them high grade English guns. A gun crank like the rest of us.



Two Methods of Transportation—Thole Pin and Paddle.

"Where are you from? What brought you here straight from an afternoon canter in Central Park, for indeed it would seem you're just from there?"

Our visitor laughed, dismounted, shook hands with us, accepted a camp stool, and introduced himself as Edwin G. Strang, a New York Dutchess County name. I had heard of the family. Mr. Strang was a young man twenty-four, perhaps.

"Well, you see," said he, "we heard guns on the river and were anxious to meet gunners, and later we saw the smoke of your fire, so I thought I would come over and make a call, and see

have in our camp is a 38-calibre revolver and a .22-calibre rifle.

"Have you found much game?"

We explained the situation.

"I should like to visit you again. I think I will be going."

We gave him a cordial invitation to come and make himself at home, and to bring his friends. I also promised to teach him how to handle the gun.

It fairly grieved me to see this fine type of a young American ignorant of how to manipulate a gun.

So he mounted and rode away.

A Mr. Gibbs lived some five miles back from the river. I knew he had pointer dogs, and I sent him a note to come and see us and bring a dog. This he did and knowing where to find some birds we had a good day's sport and sent the sick lady a dozen nice quail.

Here Edwin saw for the first time dogs working on game, pointing and retrieving. He was amazed "that such things could be." He has owned seven good dogs since then. I have always been glad to open up the realness of true sportsmanship to those who have had no one to help them. Sometimes I would take a little

(Continued on page 126.)

One Day in the Adirondacks

A Jud Smith Story

By Switch Reel.



THIS is the story of one day in the Adirondacks—one day out of many filled with joy. It was Saturday. We had hunted faithfully since Monday and killed two deer on Friday. Therefore we voted to rest up until Monday.

But it was hard to rest up where Jud was. Jud was born for stormy times and excitement. Rest was a word he had not yet learned to spell and he had spent the fifty years of his life in the woods and on the lakes and by the streams of the wilderness.

Time was hanging very heavy on Jud's hands out back of the cosy little woods hostelry when Miss Maggie went over and whispered earnestly to him for a few moments. Miss Maggie was the chief engineer of the household at this little best of all places tucked away in a grove on the shores of a beautiful lake. Her skill, her kindness, her wisdom had won for her a high place in the esteem of all with whom she came in contact and it is needless to say that Jud was one of her most willing slaves.

Not stopping to reply to her he shot his six feet of bone and muscle into the air and came at Bill and me with a roar.

"Hey, you fellows! Get out yer rods. We're a-goin' a-fishin'. There's a drivin' party comin' here from Schroon fer dinner an' they want bass. Maggie hain't got none."

As we were anxious to be numbered among Miss Maggie's slaves we threw "rest" to the winds, rushed for the tackle case, grabbed our rods off the hooks on the porch and made for the boat.

Jud met us there with some fine frogs and off we pushed. Bill got the stern seat and left me to sit on the fish can under the 'midships thwart.

"Ther' hain't goin' to be no foolin' about this," said Jud in positive tones, "it's nigh ten o'clock an' they'll be here at twelve. We got to git fo' fine fish an' git back. I'm gwine right after some good ones. I'm gwine whar they be."

Jud was a wonderful man. In the summer he fished. In the fall he hunted. When winter came he trapped and when sugar time came he was in the sugar camps. Between sugar and trout he filled in his time making repairs to the telephone line around the lakes, a line of work which his brother guides claimed he followed only that he might spy out the bass beds from the tops of the telephone poles. To this charge, Jud would answer in disgusted tones, "Aw, pooh!"

Be it as it may, when we reached the further shore of the lake and gingerly entered a small bay with the top of a log showing just above the surface in about twelve feet of

water there was a fine telephone pole in view in the road not fifty feet away.

"Thar!" said Jud, "drop yer frogs both side o' that log close up." We did. A buckshot on each leader caused them to sink slowly. The light enameled lines curved gracefully from the rod tips to the unrippled water, dark under the overcast skies. Where they entered there appeared to be an abrupt angle in the lines due to refraction. Upon this angle two pairs of eyes rested—Bill's eyes on his, my eyes on mine and Jud's eyes on both.

"Hit him, Bill," sang Jud, "you've got him!" There was a walloping lilt in his tones that told how well he knew the fish would grace Miss Maggie's table, for when Bill bent his split bamboo on a bass it never straightened up until Jud lad the net under him.

Oh, yes, there was the usual nest of snags and roots on the bottom, but Jud batted the lake a few times with his oars and danced the little skiff out into clear water and in a few moments I got up off the fish can to admit the first occupant.

Off we flitted to the next cove where a great tree overhung a huge boulder whose face dropped sheer into deep water. A storm years before had uprooted this giant and doused one large branch in the lake. With a few roots still clinging to their native earth the tree was living precariously, while its under water por-

last fight. Here Bill got his hook into another and compelled me to rise a second time. Up at the split rock my turn came but at the next two stops Bill scored and I had gotten up off the fish can four times for him and only once for my own fish. The five fish, however, weighed about eleven pounds and Jud declared it was enough, much against our wishes, although it was high noon and we knew we should head for home.

Miss Maggie was much pleased with the fish and her driving party were loud in their praises of their dinner.

After we had eaten, Jud came around to the front of the house and took us off to one side.

"If you fellers will gwup the lake with me," he stage-whispered, "I'll show you sumthin' ye hain't never seed before."

"What is it, Jud?" we asked in the same breath.

"You come 'long o' me an' don't ask no damphool questions."

"Is it fish, Jud?"

"Yaas, its fish."

With that I took a lead of about a rod toward the boat and yelled back. "Come on, Bill." We started on a run but I beat him by a nose and got the stern seat, leaving him to sit on the fish can in revenge for the way he had talked at the dinner table about my hard luck in the morning. Jud got a couple of bait pails and

loaded them with 50 or 60 of the liveliest pretty little green backed bull frogs about as large as the first joint of your thumb.

Off we went up the lake. Its surface was like glass. Above the mid-September sun hung a dull white ball in the high mists above the mountain tops while the lower atmosphere was perfectly clear. Half an hour of Jud's brisk strokes brought us to a grassy bay lying between the low hills and his keen eye scanned its surface. Far ahead a slight ripple broke the mirror-like water and Jud pushed for it. In a few moments a gulping sound called our attention to the port bow and there just ahead was the growing circle of a break.

"See that?" asked Jud with quiet triumph in his tones.

"Perch," said Bill with the downward inflection of contempt.

"Naw, bass," insisted Jud in an eager whisper. "Watch right thar," indicating the direction with a nod.

In an instant "plops" and a slow lazy sarie broke the mirror.

"Now," came the orders from the old wizard, "when ever ye can reach one o' them breaks drop yer frog into it an' ye'll git a bas. Take off them buckshot."

"Poor old Jud," we said to each other. "He's



"He Broke Again in the First Widening Circle."

tion provided a fine home for one after another of the big fellows we had lured to their

stringing us and thinks he can get away with it. For whoever saw a fish take a bait when they're playing on the surface like this—and not a ripple to hide our motions! He knows they won't take the frogs, and so, we can't prove that they're not bass."

"You gwan do what I tell ye," he insisted, indignantly, "or I'll throw yer both in the lake. You're gwine ter see sumthin' ye hain't never seen before."

Its useless to try reason on a pig-headed old party like that, so as the first break was on my side of the boat, not 30 feet away, I dropped my frog into it before the circle was three feet in diameter, and then the unbelievable thing happened. There was a swift sarie and the line came taut. Just giving the first the bend of the tip, I twitched and struck the hook home. Whoop la! out comes a small mouth of a pound and a half all bristling!

"Haw, haw!" laughed the old "sun fish guide," as he loves to call himself, "perch, be they! Won't take the frogs, eh?"

The fish was boring for the bottom after two or three husky leaps and rushes, and he threatened to get into the grass which existed over the entire bay in great patches, broken here and there by hedges of rocks.

"Hold him up thar. Keep 'em out th' grass, I won't have yer tearin' up all the hay in this here hay field o' mine!"

By this time Bil was into one—a two pound big mouth. I was glad of this for then Bill had to withstand the batteries of old Jud's decision. And he was unmerciful.

"Yer better go back to Noo Yawk an' read summere o' them printed books about bass fishin'. I' a showin' ye sumthin' ye haint never seen before. We helped ter build this here lake an' we pop'lated with bass. We know 'em all by their first names. I an' Charlie do. This here is where the blacks an' oswee's hold their fall commotion and wind it up with a barbey cue. See them 'an brown flies there. The's a hatch on all over this bay. Them flies come to the top and float around till their wings stiffen up ef the ole bass don't git 'em fust. I an' Charlie owns that 'ar hay field down thar on the bottom and we let them insecks use it fur bredin' pupposes without chargin' 'em any rent jist so's our bass kin have a good time once a year in the fall. I got a tellygraf deespatch that the flies was a comin' up this afternoon an' I knowed the bass proper 'ud be here to the party. That's why I fetched you two fellers up to see the fun."

Certainly there was something uncanny about Jud. He seemed to be fully informed upon all that was transpiring in the depths of the lake as well as along the secret aisles of the forest. He was on intimate terms with all the wild people and understood their languages and lives. Where the eye could not trace he sent his mind and brought back the news to put into his own picturesque words. To one appreciating his style he was and is the most vivid of word painters but that appreciation comes only to those whose hearts are *en rapport* with Jud's.

In proof of the clarity of his mind's eye take this. Along in the afternoon after Bill had arisen several times to admit my fish to the fish can

and a few times for his own—for I was squaring the morning's account beautifully—we heard a small dog yapping away excitedly over on the thickly wooded point to the east which lay between the bay and the main arm of the lake. In a few moments a shot rang out and then another sent its echo ringing through the hills. To me it sounded exactly as though a little terrier had treed a partridge or two and they had fallen to the gun. I said so.

"I dunno," spake the sage, "I don't calclate them shot was at no partridge."

We were too busy with the fish to argue and the subject was dropped. Drifting slowly about the bay, a stroke now and then by an oar, we were picking out our breaks as a sharpshooter picks his mark. When one came within casting range we fired if it looked like a sizable fish. If not, we drifted on. At least three times out of five the fish having taken the living insect would



"There Lay a Handsome Buck."

turn to the little frog. Big mouths and smaller mouths came indiscriminately to the bait. By giving close attention to the swirls we took no fish under size. When the round ball, which was the sun, approached the hill tops, we turned toward home with nineteen fish, fourteen of which fell to my rod and five to Bill's, as Jud had gamely refrained from wetting his line.

"Naw, naw," he protested, "ye'll git too many as 'tis. I haint gointer fish."

As we left the bay I got out the camera. The great round ball behind the mists, that was the sun, was near the hill tops. Its shimmer on the surface was broken by the ripples of our progress. Astern a fish broke. I got the circle into focus and just as the shutter snapped he broke again right in the center of the first widening circle. Jud went to the oars and we swished onward. A great contentment filled my heathen soul. I was gloating over the revenge to be mine when I got Bill to the supper table. The whole hunt—the guns and the ladies—were to understand I had beaten Bill 14 to 5. Jud's loving josh went off like water from a duck's back as

he plied the oars with his untiring strength for we had two miles to go. Bill was feeling fine, also, having no idea of my intentions, but he wouldn't have worried, anyway. It was dark when we reached the hotel and supper was on. But the folks left the table to admire the fish as we weighed them and received congratulations. They tipped the scales at 39 pounds.

Our toilet was a lick and a promise for we were hungry and I was in a hurry to put Bill on the gridiron. Just as the fire was burning brightly and expectantly under my poking, references to the morning's work and a few reminders of the way Bill had rubbed it into me at dinner and I was about to lay him on iron to sizzle, the rattle of a buck-board was heard and the next minute Uncle Willie, the landlord, poked his head into the dining room and broke up supper the second time.

"If you'd like to see a fine buck," he said, "come outside. One of the boys from Grassville has brought in a dandy."

Right there Bill slipped off the hook. I know in my heart I'd never be able to work up the right interest in what I had up my sleeve for him after that buck arrived, and meekly I followed the rush out to the lawn. There laid as handsome a buck as one would want to see through the sights of a Winchester. In his neck were the marks of a charge of buckshot and in the white spot below was the hole of a bullet.

"Where'd you get him, Rube?" we asked.

"Up on the point across from Wolf Rock. Smith Persons and I saw where he went into the lake this morning and we went over this afternoon an' got him. When we jumped him he came right toward us. I give him one barrel o' buckshot and he kept on a comin'. Smith stopped him with a rifle bullet."

"We heard it all! We were up in the bay fishing. We heard the dog when he started and then the shots came! We thought somebody'd got a partridge, but Jud didn't."

"Huh! that wasn't our dog. That was Dorsett's dog and he did have a partridge up a tree. He was behind the deer and that was why he came toward us."

"Thar ye be!" chimed in Jud. "I didn't think them shots was at no partridge."

Well, why didn't he?

The following bulletin was issued recently by George A. Lawyer, president of the New York State Forest, Fish and Game League:

"In view of the unusually heavy snowstorm, something must be done for the protection of the pheasants put out or they will perish. Usually the winter approaches so gradually that they accustom themselves to getting a supply of food from barnyard stacks or otherwise. This year it has come too quickly and too severely to give them any opportunity for this.

"Refuges, like empty boxes, should be set on the southerly side of natural wind-breaks. If refuges have already been placed, they should be visited to see that they are not blocked with snow. The birds are hardy enough to stand our winters if they can get food and protection from the wind."

In the Land of Fish and Lobster

A Deep Sea Fishing Story of the Coast of Maine

By Halsted DeNike.



GOIN' fishin'?" "Betcher life! soon as it warms up a little." That's what we hear about the time the tail end of the winter kicks in. Yep! the spirit of our old friend Izaak is getting busy. We hear the honk of the goose in its northland flight and the little birds are beginning to crack open and blink at the sun. Everything says live! and our pulse quickens to the call of the little "Red Gods." We have been waiting for this time when we can again visit that "favorite place," the charm and completion of which we feel nature has left nothing undone to add pleasure to the true lover of God's great "out-o'-doors." Once more we overhaul our tackle and joint up our rods to get the feel, although we have done the same thing a dozen times before, and when you see a man fussing over his fishing tackle you can feel sure he has been stung by the bug alright. He is a hopeless case, though easy to diagnose, for it's a form of insanity known as "fish-anity" and seventeen elephants could not hold him back from his "greatest place ever." "Cure"? I know of none, but most of us afflicted with this trouble know when and where to get relief. For the benefit of the brotherhood, the author will tell of one of those favorite places offering such inducements, that when the fever rages we hit for the tall and uncut of Maine.

After a night's rest in the old town of Portland, the Forest City, first known as Machagonne; we take the morning boat for the picturesque sail out through the 365 islands of Casco Bay which vary in size from treeless wave-beaten rocks, to islands many square miles in area. The shores on every hand are indented with romantic coves, and inclosed by pine and birch. Were there ever woods so green, or hills and mountains so clear cut in outline? Was ever any air so pure, or any that held a sweeter cordial of blended odors of pine and hemlock?

Eighteen miles out from Portland nestles an emerald isle called Bailey's, in the midst of other gems of lesser or greater magnitude; and this same island is to be our haven of rest. We round the point and as we sail up Mackerel Cove, see the usual crowd on the wharf to meet the steamer: They are a jolly gathering, with sleeves rolled up, displaying a deep coat of tan

we are prone to look upon as a synonym of health. Grabbing our suit cases, we step onto the wharf where we see many familiar faces; and after the noise is over, we take ourselves up the hill where our host is waiting for us with the glad hand. Our room is waiting for us and we are informed that presently the mid-day supply of rations will be ready. Grub! That sounds good—but the realization is the whole thing. A change to easy clothes before dinner is a good idea, or as the French say "chacun a son gout," so acting on the impulse we get out our working togs, for no one wants to go down to Bailey's for style, for that odious word, and everything that goes with it, seldom have a "look-in" down

lights disappear, and gradually the island is in slumber.

Responding to the "call of the wild," we arise early and find the weather has changed. It is rainy, but we care little about that so take our fishing tackle and walk down to Mackerel Cove, where we fish for kunnners, a salt water perch that resemble our small mouth bass in color but do not as a rule run as large. They make a splendid pan fish and considering the vast numbers it is strange they are not used more. Perhaps it is owing to the fact that it is almost as easy to catch cod, pollock and other fish running up to twenty pounds or more. The fisherman may cast his line in Casco Bay with the assurance of a good catch, whether he tries his luck from the wharf, some rocky shore or from a boat on the deep-sea fishing grounds. With a light rod, an "F" line and 10 or 12 hook, one can have a barrel of fun catching kunnners, and this outfit I had taken along in the expectation of a few days "chucking the bug" for micropterus bolomien, further north. Kunnners can steal bait as fast as you put it on. Cover well the point of the hook with the toughest part of a periwinkle, strike fairly hard and quickly, and the fish are yours for the taking. We now cross the outside of the island where the big ones swim, and the tide is just right as it is not yet



Bringing in the Fish Pound.

in that land of rest. One can dress up if they prefer, but during the day, for tramping or taking things easy, the old clothes with the addition of a good warm sweater—for the wind blows most of the time—and rubber-soled shoes is the proper outfit.

I could write at length of the island, of those haunts so familiar to us, but this is a fishy story and I must refrain, hard as it is.

As the evening draws near; the sun sets in a cloudless sky, throwing out in bold relief the Presidential Range of the White Mountains, bathed in the red glow. Night so silently weaves her dusky veil upon the great loom of the tree-clad islands and the deepening shadows settle over the bay. Faintly falls the evening breeze and as we gaze about us we see the flash of Seguin Light and the other light-houses as far south as Cape Elizabeth. Bedtime comes at last, even when you are at Bailey's. We light our pipes and have our evening smoke and talk. A few crickets set up their chatter; lamps and

high. Well, honest, its like picking fish off the bushes, for every blessed time you cast you catch one. The water is actually alive with large kunnners and occasionally you hook onto something still larger. They seem to bite on anything, the mere suggestion of bait. The periwinkles getting a little scarce, I put on a piece of sea-weed and cast out—when "b-z-z-z-z-z!" sang the reel and I hauled in the largest of the catch. We had a fine string, so started for the house, our appetites keeping apace with our enthusiasm, when some one remarks, "say I wonder what we're going to have for dinner?" That's what we are all thinking about but we don't have to wait long for as we top the brow of the hill we see Mr. Proprietor carrying a box, just returning from the fish market down on the wharf—and what is in that box? Why that box is full of fresh lobsters only taken from the waters about the island one hour before, or maybe it contains fresh clams just dug from the sands along the shore—some-

thing to tempt the appetite. They never had to try very hard to tempt my appetite and I noticed there were others who needed no coaxing. One's taste seems to run toward the abundant fish, the succulent clams and lobsters, all of which are prepared in such a savory way as to satisfy the most exacting connoisseur. As we leave the eat emporium, we remember we have been counting on a deep-sea fishing trip; but we must find a fellow to take us out, so we wander on down to the wharf where we find Bern Johnson cleaning up his boat. To introduce Bernard Johnson, he weighs around two hundred pounds, stands over six feet and is just as good natured as he is big—perhaps more so. His laugh is a tonic for tired nerves, once heard, always remembered. Bernard is too long a name so everyone calls him Bern, a small name for so big a man. We find he has no party for the following day so acquaint him with the fact that we would like to try our luck at deep-sea fishing. "Well—let's see," says Bern, "I got to take a crowd over to Casco Castle this afternoon. Yes, I guess I can fix things for to-morrow. I've got a party of five up from Boston for day after to-morrow and I've offered a dollar a bushel for bait. Yes, I'll run up to Orr's Island for bait and will be waiting for you. Be down early, for the sooner we start the better." The bargain is clinched at "one buck" each, Bern furnishing the tackle and bait—not the kind in a bottle). As we return to the house it starts to rain, but who cares? To-day is not to-morrow so we turn in early. All sounds are now stilled, all except the sighing wind and the patter; patter, of the rain which are pleasant sounds sinking into one's senses, bringing a deep peace of mind. We sleep as though there were no troubles in the world; certainly there are none waiting for us in the morning, for the day breaks fresh and fair. The sheen of the bay is coming back from where it retreated the night before and across the receding shadows a flock of gulls wing their way along the shore for a morning meal.

By the time inner man has been satisfied with a goodly portion of fried sword-fish—ever had any?—the bay is all a glitter. Bern is waiting for us at the wharf. Then all aboard Cap'n, let'er go! The motor hums and as we turn the lower end of the island, breast the first gentle swells of the Atlantic, passing Jaquish Island on the right, off which Bern has a fish pound. What is a fish-pound? Listen, and I will try and tell you. This one is sixty-five by ninety feet square, made entirely of net, the four sides being fifty feet deep. The pound is anchored well off shore away from the rocks and running out from the shore to one of the sides is a heavy rope called the "lead." This also has a deep net dropped from it and where it meets the side of the pound is a door. The fish follow the lead and so through the door into the pound. The hauls are made twice a day—weather permitting. One side is worked up at a time starting from the corner and the fish are brought to the side of the boat. Bern told us that one season, he and his partner made a thousand dollars between them in a little over two days' time, mostly mackerel and butter-fish. It is not always clear profit though for occasionally a pound is destroyed by a storm and the outfit costs about five hundred dollars. A fisherman never knows

what the sea has in store for him as was demonstrated one day the past season when Johnson found in his haul, taken off Half Way Rock, a sea mouse measuring nearly fifty inches in length, the largest ever taken off Portland. The sea mouse is a free moving marine annelid of the family Aphrodite, the most highly organized of the "world of worms." The body is oval, the head is provided with tentacles and two eyes, and the back is covered with scales which by their expansion and contraction provide for the admission and expulsion of water from the gills. The most noticeable feature, however, is the beautiful iridescent hues of the hairs along the sides of the body. The length of the average sea mouse is not over three inches and they are seldom caught along this coast.

But to come back to the subject, mile after mile we sail until the mainland and islands merge into one, and presently as we pass Ragged Island, little objects appear on the horizon. These we find to be fishing boats that started earlier; and, drawing nearer, in one of them we see two men busily occupied in paying out a baited line which we are told is a trawl. "Hello, Ben!" cried Bern to one of the men, "any dogs around?" (meaning dog-fish). Yep, a few," is the answer, and Bern decides to go further out—perhaps a mile or so. For those who are not familiar with the workings of a trawl, I would say that it is one continuous line, sometimes three miles in length. At every six feet on this line a shorter drop line is attached with a baited hook at the end. The line is coiled up in a tub at the back of the boat and payed out slowly, as the boat is propelled along, and at certain distances apart the line is attached to a float, or keg. It is some work setting a trawl but harder still pulling in the catch. The fish hook themselves, and some days the catch is very heavy. The anchor is now cast overboard and Bern gets the lines ready. We use what is known as a 5b. b. Burnham cotton line with No. 10 gravitation hook and a 1¼ pound sinker—some sinker. Squid bait is used and from one to three fish put on a hook, just a mouthfull for a large pollock. Lines are thrown out and soon, someone feeling a bite, gives a quick pull and in comes the line with a twelve pound cod at the end. "Hello, its my turn, I feel something on my line!" another quick pull and although it keeps me busy, he is finally landed and I find I have a twenty pound pollock. Things are getting very busy when someone slips a remark—better left untold. Why is he not pleased? Well because he has landed a large dog-fish. Dog-fish are good for nothing so with the aid of Bern's fish-knife, things quiet down again, when someone yells, "what's that?" and looking in the direction indicated we see the knife-like fin of a shark cleave the water and disappear beneath the boat. Shortly I feel something, and giving a pull, the line draws tight—nothing doing. "Well Bern, I've got the anchor-rope or the bottom this time. No, it's giving a little. Guess you'll have to lend a hand." "Don't break your line! let it go a little," he replies, "and I'll come over with the gaff." By a good bit of pulling I get whatever it is to the surface, and then we find it to be the shark we saw a few seconds before. And did Bern jab him with the gaff? Well, he gave that shark the jab of his life. There was fish

gore over everything but Mr. Shark was all in, proving to be a seventy-five pounder—not as large as some but plenty large enough for me. Here is where the old clothes come in. Old woolen trousers or oil-skins and a shirt you are not afraid of spoiling, for things get very slimy and wet. The dogs became so numerous the fishing was spoiled for the rest of the day; and as we had near two hundred pounds of fish, up comes the anchor; chug, chug goes the motor and we start for the island.

Few of us who sit down to a broiled live lobster, little realize what the lobster industry really means to a place like Portland. One would hardly believe the vast numbers handled each season at this city alone. All out through the islands, the water is dotted with lobster buoys marking the location of lobster traps at the bottom. Each lobster fisherman has his own particular buoy that he easily distinguishes from the rest. The legal length of a lobster is 4¾ inches, and it is a common sight to see the fisherman out in his motor boat or dory pulling in the traps, measuring the lobsters, keeping the big ones and throwing back the little fellows. Kettle Bottom and Cashes Ledge are two of the deep-sea grounds where many of the finest lobsters come from. Considering the fact that the annual catch of lobsters at Bailey's Island alone is 140 thousand, one would hardly conceive the vast numbers handled at Portland. But—pshaw, what's the use? you would not believe it.

Our vacation draws to a close, it is our last day and we must make the most of our time. The wind has been blowing hard for two days and we, knowing what awaited us, walked to the outside of the island where the cliffs are exposed to the full sweep of the Atlantic. What a glorious sight it was. Time and again the spray went completely over the top of the rocky heights. I can see it now, as it comes rolling and tumbling in over the rocks, throwing its spray high in the air, dashing so madly against the high barriers beyond which Nature has said "Thus far and no further:" But we must take our last look, then hurry back and pack up for the afternoon boat. Regretfully we turn away, as one comes back from a vacation; leaving behind the woods and green fields. Yes, Bailey's, with its picturesque scenery and restful atmosphere is a charming spot to live in anticipation of. It is a place of quiet recreation to those who find joy in living close to nature, away from the noise and turmoil of the busy city; a place where we are constantly led by an unseen power toward health and strength and a greater confidence in ourselves and love for the Almighty. As the boat left the wharf, there was the usual "good bye" and as we sailed down Casco Bay we took our last look at Bailey's. A softness in the clear air robbed the islands of their rocky crags. The sun sank lower and lower, the voice of nature was hushed, and as the dusk of evening crept up and closed in about us we found ourselves again in Portland.

When one thinks of Portland, it brings to mind the poetry by Longfellow:

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.



Along The Shores to Somewhere Else

The Inert Waters of the Canal

By Alfred P. McArthur.

(Continued from the January Forest and Stream.)

THE morning sunlight of a perfect day gleams about us as we leisurely paddle along the quiet stretches and around the bends of the serpentine course, each turn bringing new vistas of wooded shores to view, some sections changing to far reaching savanas of cut-over timber lands.

Idle and languid with paddles inboard we drift past a humming saw-mill with its log-booms stretching along the shore, its stack of shingles silhouetted against a background of evergreens, while the sweet scented odor of burning cedar reaches us from a huge knoll of slowly burning saw-dust beyond the mill.

Idleness is oft to be courted amid such secluded by-ways; but this inaction on our part is plain rank laziness, which latter state of being, is brought to our notice by the canoe drifting in among the grasses of the opposite shore, where we not only see, but hear in the shallow red cedar water:

Shrimps and shrimp'ses by the dozen's,

Fathers, mothers, aunts and cousins,
sporting amid the roots on the hard sand bottom.

Now shrimp means bait and bait means fish, so we get busy with the shrimp, and out on the river again we get out our tackles and as the canoe drifts we cast oversides for perch, and catch chub. Well

Now ox is beef and pig is pork,
And sheep is oft lamb on the dish;
But with a full creel, whether perch, chub or eel
—Bi' gosh darn! By gum! Fish is Fish.

It is past the noon hour as we reach the lock of the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal, in its sequestered setting amid a sparsely wooded grove of hard woods and the picturesque domicile of the lock-keeper. We dodge it by the advice and direction of our friends at the bungalow. Turning our bow to port, our paddles dip the tortuous thoroughfare through a marsh for

quite a mile where we find a boat-slide, used by the owners of small boats of the vicinity. Here we portage to the canal above, thereby saving a ridiculously high fee charged all style of shipping or small craft locking through.

The canal is a quiet, seldom frequented bit of water, stretching straight away almost due east for eleven miles. Its sandy banks are confined by old piling and sheathing fast decaying, with no sign of recent repairs. Its one time tow-path on the north bank is choked with second growth timber and underbrush, through which an array of slender posts sustains a single telephone wire throughout its length.

Paddling a mile to the first draw-bridge spanning the canal and disembarking, we learn we have reached Great Gate. A granite shaft on the South shore denotes the fact and also that a battle was fought on the grounds during the Revolution. Across the dusty road, the customary general store and post office, minus paint, stands on its low piles above the mud of the road-side. The rural mail has just arrived and the postman is reading a newspaper to a group of natives whose teams cluster about the edge of the dingy porch.

For the time being we are done with the news

of the world of whatsoever kind and tarry only long enough for Montie to procure a bit of Tuxedo.

About three quarters of a mile further on we glide beneath the dark heavy iron structure of a single track railroad draw on the other side of which in the sunlight we pause a moment to chat with an old negro mammy who is fishing from the bridge abutments. She is struck with amazement at the apparent exposure of our arms and shoulders, our upper structure being clothed in naught but swimming shirts. "Yu'uns 'ill sure don' tu' ailing, if yu' don' gone 'kiver up," is her parting advice as we paddle on our way. No breath of air stirs and the sun's rays are as mellow as a June afternoon.

In a small cove formed by the giving way of the canal timbers, we rest the paddles for a spell and refresh the inner man with luncheon from the chest. How quiet! How still! the tranquility of nature for the time is impressive. No twig or dry leaf moves, no chirp or song of bird, no moving cloud in the sky. The inert waters of the canal a polished mirror, reflect the sky and the gaunt poles and bare limbs of the trees on either bank, edged by the russet and bronze leaf covered shores. The hush of Nature's own cathedral is over all as we partake of her bounties.

Three miles further on we reach Seven Mile Draw—a yellow flimsy structure, an unadorned, though useful span across the water-way. At the pump of the negro tender's squalid quarters we replenish our water supply, but later discard its sulphurous offensiveness for the purer Cedar water of the canal.

Disburdened of effort, our paddle strokes undulate the smooth surface of the canal, stretching its narrow ribbon-like scope straight away before us for miles. But with the lengthening shadows of approaching evening, a breeze from the east sets all in motion, the naked boughs swaying along the sky line, fanning the water into a sparkling avenue of agitated wavelets, driving myriad of dead dry leaves in scattering



A Road to Somewhere Else.

flights, strewing, frisking and scudding with the wind as they romp over the surface about us, and we find ourselves actually working, to make headway amidst it all. A brace of duck get up ahead of us, and then another and another, and like bolts from a catapult, sail over the distant tree tops into the darkening sky of the vast beyond.

The setting sun, straight up the narrow confines of the canal is tinging the waters like molten gold as we pull out on the north bank and go into camp. With the fire going and the wood supply in for the night, Montie cleans the fish at the water's edge. Steaming kettles are bubbling right merrily as I arrange the frying pan in a bed of coals and heat her up for future doings and dinner.

In the lantern's glow, the flame of the camp-fire and moon shedding her radiance over all, we partake of our open air repast. The wind humming through the wild grape vines, arousing the dead leaves to a rustling accompaniment and the lapping waters along the banks all in harmony of crescendos and softest pianissimos, is an orchestral contribution, befitting such a banquet and we would be loath to change our seat at table with any husbandman, ruler, prince or king on God's footstool.

Later with the friendship fire sparkling cheerily, Montie in moving a short heavy girth log nearer the fire for a back-rest, discovers a colony of grub-worms within its former decomposed bed. He turns to his fishing tackle at once and shortly after, leisurely occupies himself swinging glistening, struggling catfish out of the moon-lit waters to me at the fire, where I, with hands protected by buckskin gauntlets remove them and rebait the hooks. Some are huge; others, but wee fellows; and for an hour this sport continues and no doubt could be kept up all night.

We select the medium sizes only for our wants and return the balance to the canal.

Delicious! Is the verdict at breakfast, as we partake of their toothsome flesh, fried to a dry flakiness, amid the sparkling dews of the breezy sunlit morn.

Flannel shirts feel com'fy as we paddle off, a brisk breeze in our faces, sweet with the odors of Autumn. At North Landing, the last draw-bridge and terminus of the canal, we learn the day is Sunday. Really! How forgetful of such matters one can become when sojourning with Nature, though blessed with the sanctity of sabbatical impressiveness each day that we spend beneath God's blue sky and amid His wooded cathedral spires and moss or leaf strewn aisles.

North Landing River we find a gradually broadening water course, winding between its thickly wooded banks. A literal forest stream, with its shores garnished with all the rustic beauties of the season. For from two to three miles the woodland vista continue, when gradually the forest shores recede to the background, giving way to shores of low flats and finally, wild rice and reed grown marsh.

A brisk southerly wind, direct in our faces compels more power to our blade work, with practically no lee shores to take advantage of.



On the North Shore We Camp.

We plug away for miles through the marshes with no wee bit of hospitable beach to greet our view. Surely an undesirable stretch of going to be caught in, toward the close of day when looking for a camp site; but it's a long stream indeed, that has no jumping off spot.

Reaching Pungo Ferry we learn there are excellent beaches a mile beyond and at early afternoon go ashore on a hard, broad, sandy beach shelving a pine grove about a mile north of Bell Acre.

In the lee of the pines the sun is scorching hot, and the welcome shade of the grove is refreshing. During our preparations for dinner, visitors stroll into camp and we learn of a lumber camp near us back in the woods, which we look up and at the mill pump procure a supply of excellent cool water. Being Sunday, the mill is idle, and lazily we pass the afternoon in company with the idle toilers, who are very much interested in our canoe, the first canvas affair they had ever seen and they term it, "A good little trick." Away to the southwest, in the distance, they point out to us a ridge of deeply wooded hills, which they call the Tulis Tract, and contend among themselves that it is untouched, seldom visited and teems with bear, deer and smaller game. Longingly we gaze and hypothetically picture its solemn solitudes and secluded glades.

The sun is setting, as we pack the canoe and paddle off, to the regret and wonder of our new found friends of the lumber camp. The wind is dying to zephyrs with the declining day, the moon, the alluring charm of evening is decoying us to the beyond and Somewhere Else.



Canoe Dunnage Stowed for the Night.

Silently we glide around the reverse bend of the river to the broad expanse of the stream, where with the last ray of sunlight, sinking beneath the horizon, the beacon lights open their eyes to beam upon us through the thickening twilight. Later, the moon gleams o'er all and we float on a silver sea, margined by shadowy, opaque shores.

North Landing River here broadens to miles in width; but we hug the shallows of the eastern shore and pass along, keeping the bank well in view and on going ashore to investigate a strip of sandy beach, our outfit is charged by an angry bull. We back off in a hurry and leave Mr. Durham to his respected regime.

The progress of our voyage is uninterrupted until a black hump, with long dark shadow puzzles our eyesight considerably out in our immediate front; but on nearer approach we outline a long, low pier with a shed at its outer extremity. On climbing out upon the shore end, we are confronted by a train of electric cars, dusky and silent on their steel ribbons, that stretch away into the inky blackness of the forest.

Accosted by some of the inhabitants, who stroll down the track on hearing our voices, we learn that we have reached Munden. Oh, well, something else is Somewhere Else, and we are soon off again on our quest; but not before our accosters have predicted all manner of dire calamities for our dainty little craft and its crew in the magnitude of the ever broadening waters beyond. We were unable to give them our destination exactly, as we did not know it ourselves and were not in any hurry to reach it. As their forms are swallowed up in the shadows of the pier astern, their voices reach us clear and distinct, estimating the foolhardiness of our venture and closing with the final verdict: "A pair of fools lacking sense enough to come in out of the dark."

They had informed us that we could find good camping grounds on a strip of beach a little further on, which we could locate by an old cornfield that was close to the water. The opposite shore was distant and but faintly perceptible; the eastern shore which we held close aboard was densely wooded through tracts, interspersed with open rolling farm lands. We not only ran across one corn field bordering a strip of sandy beach close to the water, but at least twenty.

Somewhere along this stretch of water, as we leisurely paddle on through the night, we pass from out of the jurisdiction of Virginia into that of North Carolina. It is nearing midnight ere we decide to hunt up a place to spend the balance of the night. The sky has become overcast with blotches of thin clouds diffused in intermingling dark and silvery intersections edged by long curving streaks of vapor, whose reflections tinge the waters about us in an undulating mass of burnished steel. The wind, in fitful puffs, is straggling in from the east and we are reminded of the sailor's adage in doggered:

"Mackerel sky and mare's tails,
Make lofty ships carry low sails."

We finally turn in on a narrow strip of yielding sand beneath the lee



Breaking the World's Casting Record

By Dr. Carleton Simon.



I was at Midland Beach Pier, Staten Island, a trifle over seven years ago that I first used a rod and reel. I still remember with what consummate confidence my first cast was made and the feeling of chagrin that swept over with me when my lead went over a telegraph line some thirty feet over my head, my fishing line entangled in a knot around my reel. With the laughter of the spectators ringing in my ears at my ludicrous attempt, I made a resolution to become proficient in the art of casting and master the persistent habit the line had, of backlashing.

Standing near me, was Mr. Dan Kirschbaum whose casting ability I thought then, as now, nothing short of artistic. He took me in hand, explaining the necessity of thumbing the reel and of winding the line upon the spool evenly, admonishing me not to use force but to endeavor to cultivate skill. It is remarkable how ready a fisherman is to teach a beginner the use of rod and reel and it is an evidence of the unselfishness that the art of fishing engenders.

That fall my improvement was noticeable.

I was using a heavy rod and reel more suited for deep-sea fishing, so I decided that the following summer would see me better equipped.

From "Gus" Dirkes, a reliable tackle dealer, I bought my first surf casting rod, a six foot tip and a butt or handle of 29 inches. This rod I still possess and highly treasure.

John Dutil—long may his tribe increase—selected my first free spool surf reel, a "Julius Vom Hofe." Incidentally I wish to say that Mr. Dutil who has fished the surf nearly forty years taught me many things, not only in the manner of casting but as well in the art of fishing, all of which has been of great value to me.

Thus ready with a new rod and reel, I impatiently awaited the coming of spring, when I applied myself, week ends, to surf fishing in which sport I found great recreation. In these trips I made the acquaintance of Mr. David A. Kelley, who was a veritable encyclopedea upon fishing tackle and as well an advocate of surf fishing, and whose encouragement stimulated me to improve myself. His confidence in my progress has even been unshaken. He would insist upon measuring my longest cast and when, one warm sultry day I had gone 256 feet, earnestly advised me to enter the tournament of the Asbury Park Fishing Club, which was to be held that Summer.

I did so. In that first of contests I felt strange and unseasoned, attaining third prize, a silver copper loving cup. This I brought to Mr. Dutil,

telling him to retain it until I would redeem it some future day with a First Prize Cup and I mention this incident solely for the purpose of bearing witness to my determination to get to the top.

At that time I had cultivated the habit of letting my lead rest upon the ground behind me, starting the same forward with a sudden stiffening of the arm and body, calculated to bring into action the strong back muscles. I am convinced that the use of this method of casting gave me an experience with the thumbing of the reel that later, when I changed my cast, proved of great value.

It is also well to state here that with the exception of the Anglers Club of New York, the various clubs hold their tournament upon the sand or on grass, the distance being measured from where the caster stands to where the lead drops, the choice of three or four ounce lead being optional with the contestant except in those events that specifically called for a stated weight. This lead is oblong or pear shaped and is supplied by the various clubs, no other lead being allowed. The use of 2½ ounce lead has never been in favor with surf casters, for it is foreign to the weight used in fishing the surf, as is also true of the use of a silk line and which is barred from tournaments.

The rod must measure within nine feet when assembled and no mechanical thumbing device is permissible. A sponge and a pail of water are usually provided, by which means the line may be wet, for a great deal of heat is generated as the line is checked with the thumb. A thumb protection may be used if desired, such as a thumb stall or strips of adhesive plaster.

My method of casting at that time was with a wet line, which was that in popular vogue, and still is, with many who have not learned the advantage of a dry line.

The following year I again competed at Asbury Park, casting off my lead continually which decided me that I was using a too great initial force and that a different method of casting was necessary. Gradually I changed my "style" until I attained the proficiency sought. This "swing" is one that I still use and is being further evolved by me. It consists of passing the rod in front, with a few inches of hanging line, that as the rod is passed back, in a semi-circle, runs out to about five feet, when it is suddenly snapped forward in an overhead and shoulder direction, not unlike the method employed by hammer throwers.

It was at about this time that I found that Mr. Ernest Holzmann made an especially fine running reel, whose casting qualities was its

chief recommendation. The fact that he was the greatest caster that I had ever met and should be experienced in knowing just what I desired, also decided me to buy his reel. I made an immediate improvement, going in practice 285 feet. The record was then held by Mr. W. Day at 284 feet, a very fine performance, as Mr. Day used an ordinary reel and rather poor rod. This distance was, however, replaced by Mr. W. E. Rice, who cast 305 feet, which was done with a silk line, if my memory serves me right.

In 1910 I was ill with inflammatory rheumatism and could not participate. It was at this time that Mr. W. J. Moran startled the casting world by "hoisting" the record to 314 feet 10 inches, a really remarkable performance, when the diminutive size of Mr. Moran is taken into consideration. This record stood for four years and was the goal to which all casters tried to reach. In fact there was a deep rooted belief that it could never be excelled.

In 1911 a trip to Europe occupied most of my Summer and I attended no tournament. In 1912 I won the 2½ ounce event of the Anglers Club of New York, held that year in Central Park Lake, my average of five casts being, I believe 243 feet, the measurement being taken where the lead struck the water, an uncertain method.

During 1913 I entered a number of tournaments, the earliest being held at Long Beach, where my son, Carlton, Jr., a lad of sixteen years, engrossed my entire attention. Although a constant fishing companion, he had never entered a tournament, yet won the 2½ ounce event by a record cast of 284 feet. He also won the three ounce event by casting 298 feet, quite a victory against a field of seasoned veterans. I won second place twice that day. I was below form and in the words of my friend "Bob" Corson "did not have the wallop."

During July, 1913, I attended the Belmar Fishing Club Tournament, in which I used a sponge provided, in the pail of water for the wetting of lines. This was contaminated with a tar-like substance which smeared my hands and line with a sticky ooze, depriving me of my chances of competing.

This incident was the turning point in my casting career. Disgusted and discouraged at my many failures, knowing that my procedure of casting should attain me better results, I at last realized the years that I had wasted with my peculiar "swing" upon half wet and tacky line, and which could not be otherwise with poor facility of wetting, and resolved in future to use either a line thoroughly wet or absolutely dry, protecting my thumb with a woolen stall or strips of adhesive plaster.

One week later I cast for the first time in my life with a dry line in the Asbury Park Fishing Club tournament, coming second in two events, my average of ten casts in both being some 279 feet, a distinct encouragement.

About a month later while fishing with John Dutil in one of his "secret" haunts upon Long

Island and while waiting for the tide to turn, I made a cast of 331 feet, indifferently measured, with a dry line of 18 threads. This showed me that I was upon the right track and also the possibilities of a light line with my method of casting.

In my dilemma I conferred with Willis M. Finch, an expert upon fishing tackle in general and casting in particular, and he drew up the specifications of a fishing and casting rod, suitable to my height, which is six feet.

John Landman constructed every inch of its slender and strong lines with "malice afor-thought," the rod when assembled being 8 feet 10 inches, only two inches longer than the one previously used by me. It is a No. 2 split bamboo of eight laminations and although used by me all summer, to the exclusion of any other rod, is as straight as the proverbial fiddle string. It went forth with John Landman's good wishes, and that indeed should be incentive to any sportsman.

At the further suggestion of Mr. Finch I got in touch with Mr. A. J. Crandall of the Ashaway Line and Twine Manufacturing Company, who told me to go the "limit" and that he would assist me in turning out the best line he was capable of producing.

All last spring I experimented with all kinds of lines, some with the fuzz burnt off and others with a high polish produced by their being passed over hot rollers and after a long series of results based upon trial casts in the open field, came to the conclusion that the undressed 15 thread 100 lee line, and called the Surfman Line, was the apotheosis of perfection. This line has always proven uniform and dependable. Last spring lines were "burnt" up by me.

Gradually I worked up my average until the high marks were reached, for I felt that with a general high average I could afford to let out for a special long cast, when I had proper control of the reel. In April 1914 I made 341, 342 and 343 in three consecutive casts. Later I made 330 feet average of ten casts. Every other day I would practice for two hours at Grant City, S. I., my good friend Benj. M. Kurtz coaching me and watching that each cast be identical in its delivery, with the others. In these practices Mr. Kurtz naively remarked that I lost enough lead in that field to supply a regiment with bullets; in which I must humbly acquiesce.

The spring ripened into early summer and upon June 20, 1914, the Midland Beach Fishing Club held their spring tournament. The day starting with sunshine and ended in a cold drizzling rain. My son in the Club event succeeded in casting 319 feet, at last breaking the record of Mr. Moran which had stood four years against many onslaughts. In the next, the open event, though sorry, I felt compelled to deprive him of this honor by casting 322 feet 6 inches. Both casts were really a feat considering that cold nasty day.

In July 1914 the Belmar Club held their tournament. I found that I had, in the vernacular, become stale or overtrained, hardly being able to negotiate 300 feet. To aid to my troubles the place of contest was in a low sandy hollow, a hot inferno, the ground being covered with worms and my line in casting falling into a small lake immediately adjoining the field, the line being



A Day's Fishing in France.

wet in spots. The best I did was 284 feet, average of five casts, winning from my nearest competitor by the small margin of one inch. I was sorry to deprive this gentleman of the prize, upon seeing the look of disgust on his face that such unheard of fraction of space should relegate him to second place.

A week later, or it may have been two, the Asbury Park Fishing Club held their tournament and having become a member of this club participated in all events. At this affair, John C. Clayton made a cast of 348 feet, thus replacing my record made several weeks previously. Mr. Clayton is a well liked, unassuming sportsman, a very experienced caster, being very steady and a fine judge of distance. He has the faculty of smashing his line as I have of snapping my lead, both the result of too much initial force at the moment of delivery. My best cast was 337 feet, winning, however, the average event and the accuracy event, and by reason of snapping lead coming second and third in two other events, and also winning the Grand Prize Cup which went to the one that made the greatest average in all events of the day.

I felt that though Mr. Clayton had hung up the record pretty high, that I could tip it a trifle higher, never having essayed in tournament what I did in practice, my "pitching" arm just beginning to come back in "form."

With undismayed confidence, a week later, I went to the first tournament of the Ocean City Fishing Club, where I met a class of gentlemen whose welcome and courtesies well repaid me for the distance traveled and which greeting will always be a pleasant memory.

The course was laid out upon the sand, a very good idea, for it prevented the lead from jumping ahead, and thus made the casting accurate; but it was some ten feet up grade. Were it not

for this fact the 348 foot mark would have been reached. As it was I made five casts during the day of over 340 feet, the longest being 344 feet 8 inches. Three records were established by me, 318 feet in a lane of thirty feet, 306 feet 10 inches as an average of five casts in a V shape lane and a record in the open field of average of five casts of 327 feet 5 inches.

On September 20, 1914 at the fall tournament of the Midland Beach Fishing Club I again tried for the long distance record and in the club event succeeded in doing so, going 348 feet 8 inches, replacing this record in the open event by casting 349 feet 1½ inches, also improving my record of five casts made at Ocean City by going 331 feet 1 1-5 inches.

This completed my work for the year. During 1914 I have cast in competition twenty-six times above the old mark of 314 feet 10 inches, cast fourteen times over 325 feet and eight times above 340 feet.

Many of my friends have asked me what in my opinion is the limit and in reply I would say that 375 feet will be reached within the next few years, if the various tournament committees will allow contestants to re-enforce their linen line at the lead end, the same as they did three years ago. Distances that have been reached under favorable conditions, convince me that this will be attained. Casting is just coming to the fore-ground and every club has its array of experts and it is from one of these gentlemen that I expect my record to be beaten. Prominent among these are John C. Clayton, W. E. Sylvester, J. J. Yates, W. Day, J. W. Moran, W. M. McCutcheon, Robert Corson, George Smitherman, Frank H. Stewart, Churchill Hungerford, C. T. Maginnis, Sidney Rice, and Fred Fech.

I have been requested at various times to state what particular things make most for successful casting, and I wish to say that a study of the curve of the lead in the air—the line of trajectory—the initial pressure and the velocity must all be studied, not only upon paper but must be assiduously and indefatigably practised with the mastering of the thumbing of the spool, so that no lost motion interferes with the cast. A high degree of average should be desired for this teaches control and permits of a special long cast. Casting for distance requires no special mental qualification or physical ability. It is the "sticking" quality that helps most, a persistent endeavor that plucks victory out of defeat in the keen analysis of one's faults. Aptitude is a quality which develops in time.

There is no other sport that I know of where the greatest deliberation and planning will prove so futile—by the snapping of line, by the turn of the wind, by atmospheric conditions and by some unforeseen accident to tackle. In contests the spoils do not always go to the strong.

In conclusion, I wish to say that the practice of the art of casting is a healthy recreation and that it has attracted to it a class of clean sportsmen who are willing to help each other with kind thoughts and good tackle and furthermore, that every contest is viewed not by the narrow spirit of rivalry, but the broad gauge of comradeship.

This is one of a series of interesting articles for fishermen which will appear in *Forest and Stream*. Switch Reel writes of "Fishing In The Jersey Surf." A where to and how to article of interest to all anglers.

MOUNTAIN CITY LODGE, HUNTERS' AND ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION SUGGEST STREAM TROPHY.

By Thomas L. Sullivan.

It was great good luck that persuaded the largest Muscallonge caught at Pine Cone Camp last summer to strike at my spoon. My luck still held when a few days ago I received the beautiful cup presented by *Forest and Stream* to me because of landing such a fish. In telling about it the delight cannot be put into words. The thrill that comes to the fisherman must be experienced and cannot be described.

For many years it has been my good fortune to be able to spend several weeks each season among the pine woods and lakes of Northern Minnesota and Wisconsin. Of late years I have gone to Pine Cone Camp, Minnesota.

When you are finally seated in the Great Northern train in the depot at St. Paul, the realization comes to you that you are approaching the place of rest and quiet and peace. True enough you will stay on that train until it has traveled two hundred miles further, but there are no more changes. Your responsibilities are over and the air has begun to charge itself with qualities that soon will make you eat like a hired man and sleep like a dead one. If you have fished for muscallonge in other states you will be most interested in the decided air of prosperity that covers the farms and towns as you see them from the car window. For two hundred miles directly north from St. Paul you pass through a farming country that you will say compares favorably with the farms of my own State of Indiana. This is not true of any other "Muskey" locality I have ever seen. The big fish and crops go together in Minnesota. Elsewhere you cannot have both.

Dorset is a small place, but you have great regard for Dorset because there you leave the train and get into the wagon for a drive of two miles to Pine Cone Camp.

Pine Cone Camp is owned by three brothers, Clark, Lenord and Charley Thomas. One of these brothers will meet you at Dorset. They will all meet you at the camp. Anybody will feel at home in ten minutes. The whole place impresses you with the notion that it is run for your special benefit, and if you personally have a good time then the Thomas's have done what they are there for.

The camp is situated on a chain of lakes called "Sand Chain." About one mile on each side of this chain is another chain, making three chains in all, about one mile apart and lying almost parallel with each other. The peculiar thing about it is that the "Sand Chain," which is the center chain, affords fine muscallonge fishing, the best I have ever seen, while no muskies whatever are found in either of the other two chains. In the other two chains you will find walleyed pike, pickerel and Great Northern pike in great abundance, while in the center chain there are none of these fish at all. The only game fish that flourishes in all the chains is the bass. The guides of Pine Cone are men who understand their business. My guide last summer prefers to be called Willie rather than a more high sounding title, and I can testify to his skill and efficiency both on the water and in the camp.

The morning of the day the big fish was caught, we were fishing in one of the sand lakes

about five miles from the camp. I was casting about the lily pads for muscallonge or bass. The rod was a split bamboo four feet long and weighing less than five ounces. Of course most of your readers will say it is too short. However, I like it. It was made for me by the Montague City Rod Company of Montague, Massachusetts. I have used it for two seasons and am entirely satisfied with it. The line used is called "Duplex line," 24 lbs. test made by Chas. Mayer & Co., Indianapolis. The feature of the line is that it actually has a braided core. The reel a No. 3 Meek. The artificial lure used is new in this part of the country, though doubtless many of your readers know of it. A No. 5 spoon with a slot in the center, the single hook is pushed through the slot from the convex side, so that two-thirds or more of the hook shows on the concave side. When a fish is struck the hook comes out of the slot, thus getting the spoon out of the fish's mouth, lessening any leverage in the fish's favor. The hook being in the spoon is exactly where the fish hits it, and last, but not least, the spoon is practically weedless.

It is also claimed for the lure that when the hook comes out of the slot it fastens the fish more firmly. This seems to be so provided the fisherman has struck the fish so that the hook will only come out of the slot and not out of the fish's mouth also.

With such tackle I was casting toward the shore and came to a bed of lily pads some twenty feet wide; between the lily pads and the shore was a narrow strip of clear water. A cast was made over the lily pads into the clear water, when like a bolt from a clear sky, with a rush and a swirl that can only be imagined, a 27½ pound muskie had hit my spoon. Of course no force could be used beyond simply trying to fasten the fish. The immediate problem was to get the fish through the lily pads into deep water. This the fish himself solved. Fortunately the fish was in a narrow and shallow strip of water and not liking such conditions he started with a rush for the lily pads, tore through them in the direction of the boat—at no time could there have been more than forty feet of line in use. When the fish got through the lily pads he hesitated and stopped, and it was by no means difficult, though unusual, to persuade him gently near the guide who promptly and skillfully put a bullet through his head. Such was the catching of the big fish. Mostly good luck, but an experience not to be forgotten, and an experience worth a journey of many miles to have enjoyed.



FOREST AND STREAM TROPHY.

The Accompanying Cut Shows Mrs. C. H. Dixon and Seven Small Mouth Black Bass, Taken at Lake View Resort, Bellaire, Mich. Mrs. Dixon Won FOREST AND STREAM Trophy With the 4 Pound Bass in Middle of String.



MOUNTAIN CITY LODGE, HUNTERS' AND ANGLERS ASSOCIATION SUGGEST CHANGES IN PENNSYLVANIA GAME LAWS.

At the annual election of officers of the Mountain City Lodge, Hunters' and Anglers' Association, held recently in Altoona, Pa., the following officers were elected:

Samuel C. Bowen was re-elected president, it being his fourth term. First vice-president, William Huber; second vice-president, George Fasic; secretary, H. L. Smith; directors, Fred Strohmeier, S. H. Glenn and J. H. Hill.

Want Laws Changed.

The committees appointed to suggest changes in the fish laws reported that they favored limiting the number of fish caught, but not the size, claiming that many fish were lost each year because they are pulled from the water and then thrown back on account of being undersized.

They suggested that the laws be changed to permit twenty trout of any size to be caught in one day. The other changes suggested, follow: Wall-eyed pike and salmon, twenty-five in one day, any size; white, red and calico bass and yellow perch, twenty-five in one day, any size; black bass, twenty in one day, any size.

The committee on game reported as favoring a law permitting a hunter to kill one buck and one doe deer in a season, and six rabbits in one day instead of ten, while a law to permit wild turkeys to be shot next year was also favored.

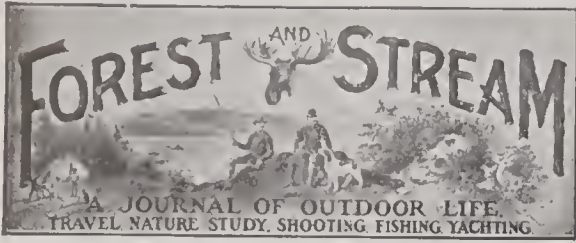
Seek Later Seasons.

It was recommended that all game seasons start on Nov. 15 and continue until Dec. 16, as during this season the leaves are off the trees and there is less danger of men being shot in the woods. A law placing a bounty on skunk and red fox was also recommended.

The reports of these committees were all adopted by the organization and the legislative representative of Blair county will be asked to support measures containing the above changes.

J. E. Pfeister, one of the leading members of the Harrisburg camp of sportsmen, was present at the meeting, and gave an address, in which he declared that the changes in the game and fish laws suggested by the Altoona sportsmen were about the same changes as the Harrisburg men favored.





THE MIGRATORY BIRD LAW.

WHAT degree of activity may we expect from the Federal authorities in the way of enforcement of the migratory bird law from now on? The closed season is at hand and spring shooting time is near. The most ridiculous phase of the situation is that many people—and particularly those who wish to break the law—regard the migratory bird law as unconstitutional, because some ambitious village Dogberry in Arkansas said so in turning loose a man who had shot a few birds out of season.

Let us carry this analogy to a logical conclusion, even though some of our more learned readers of legal attainments and knowledge may scoff. Suppose that some citizen should suddenly decide that the Income tax did not apply in his case, or that, mayhap, he could not be compelled to put revenue stamps on his product, or in similar manner he might evade other requirements of the Federal law. Suppose, to go into higher comparison, some railroad should suddenly make up its mind that it need not follow the provisions of the Interstate Commerce act.

If any of these suppositious cases became real, and some lower court should decide that the man or corporation was right, would the Federal Government at once suspend enforcement of these laws and render them inoperative until leaden-heeled Justice should have delivered her final fiat?

Not exactly—not while your Uncle Samuel possessed the strength in his good right arm, as represented by his prosecuting forces, to reach forth and grasp these offenders metaphorically, if not literally, by the scruff of the neck and lay them by the heels.

Yet somebody has started the idea that because an Arkansas justice of the peace has overridden, by means of the mysterious reasoning processes of his own mind, the dictate of Congress and of the President—the dictate really of one hundred million people—then the migratory bird act must be suspended in operation and, ergo, everybody is to have a chance to slaughter ducks this coming spring, law or no law.

If the Federal authorities do not mean to enforce the migratory law, it is because they do not wish to perform their duty, and officials who seek that avenue of escape are as much subject to other laws governing inefficiency or dereliction of office as the humblest citizen who transgresses a local ordinance. We hope that the hundreds of thousands of sportsmen in this country who believe in the migratory bird law and want it to be enforced, will see that a few red-tape department officials or servants are not allowed to shirk their work.

The migratory bird law is the best piece of legislation which the real conservationists and sportsmen of this country have ever been able to obtain. If enforced it means the preservation of wild bird life indefinitely in the future. As an illustration of its wide-reaching and beneficial effects, we maintain that the migratory bird law

of itself is sufficient to drag the people of California partially out of the mess they have gotten themselves into through voting under misapprehension the legalizing of the sale of game in that state. The man who exposes a wild duck for sale in California during the coming spring should be apprehended for the offense under the terms of the Federal act; the man who shoots the duck and the railroad which transports it should also feel the heavy hand of the law.

Do not let some Federal service official tell you that the migratory bird law is a dead letter. If he won't act on evidence at hand, write his immediate superior about it; and if that official in turn does nothing, keep on writing even if you have to address the President of the United States directly.

BUT—

WHILE the migratory law, being a law, must be enforced, this does not mean that those who are not in agreement with its provisions should be afforded no opportunity of asking amendment. The way to secure amendment nevertheless is not hastened by violation. On the contrary the best way to repeal an objectionable law, quoting the words of General Grant, is to enforce it. The best way to amend a law also is to enforce it, and we trust that the sportsmen of the middle west, who are said to be more or less in revolt against the law, because it places them in the wrong zone and therefore deprives them of all shooting or at least any shooting when ducks are thickest, will think twice before holding that the law is inoperative. Any real grievance they may have can be legally adjusted and if injustice has been done them, the square-dealing people of the country will be on their side. Let the sportsmen of the middle west agitate the question of amendment in every possible manner; that is perfectly proper, but as long as the law remains a law, it ought not be broken. That course will help nobody, and least of all the very men who are now working for a more reasonable interpretation.

BRER BRYAN AND BRER RABBIT.

OUR distinguished Secretary of State has brought himself within the possibility of the law by going rabbit hunting in Virginia on Christmas Day. It seems that one cannot hunt rabbits in Virginia while the ground is covered with snow, but Mr. Bryan, not being familiar with this fact, shouldered his more or less rusty or rusty gun on Christmas morning and went forth for a little recreation. Poor man, between war in Mexico and war elsewhere, not to mention the million other cares and worries of office, he no doubt needed a few whiffs of fresh air, and none would have begrudged him a bunny or two had he been fortunate enough to have encountered one. But Brer Rabbit "he lay low," and the Secretary of State came home gamely enough, but gameless.

Now, on more than one occasion we have had as visitors in the editorial offices of *Forest and Stream* gentlemen from Virginia, who have sworn to us solemnly and even profanely that the man is not living who can interpret the Virginia game laws correctly. Some of these careful students have even expressed to us their candid opinion that the statutes were drawn by men whose knowledge of hunting was confined to the

midnight chase of the illusory and yet deadly rabbit of Welsh extraction, with its side accompaniments, and that the application of this knowledge must have been made immediately after, or the morning after, such experiences. Be that as it may we hope, even though it comes perilously near condoning the breaking of game laws, that Mr. Bryan may be allowed to go bunny hunting whenever he feels like it, snow or no snow on the ground. A man as zealous as Brother Bryan has shown himself to be in guarding the Dove of Peace against being popped at by enemies, deserves the luxury of being allowed to do a little popping himself at other forms of game, occasionally.

STARVATION OR THE SHOT GUN.

FROM all parts of the country we hear complaints from non-sportsmen and women decrying the killing of game birds by the shooter. In Massachusetts it is the pheasant that shoot is exterminating, in Pennsylvania the cry is for the ruffed grouse. Apparently these laymen and women do not stop to realize that lack of food, caused by cold weather and snow is killing more game birds than are the gun users. We find only a few instances where these self-styled game protectors have gone into the woods and fields and fed the birds. This is something that man or woman could do with little expense and effort, yet it is not done. The pestiferous English sparrow will fly to the window sill for crumbs but the game bird must have the food taken it. It is easier to complain of the sportsmen as the game destroyer thus justifying a conscience that should be guilty for not helping preserve the bird supply than to get out and feed the starving feathered sufferer. Pennsylvania birds, particularly, need food, the winter has been unusually severe.

DEATH OF MARY ORVIS MARBURY.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The angling guild will be sorry to learn of the death of Mary Orvis Marbury, which occurred at Manchester, Vermont. She had not been in her usual good health for a few months previous to her passing away, which was finally caused by congestion of the lungs. It seems but a very short time since I sat up with her half the night revising an edition of the copy of her famous book, "Favorite Flies."

The fame and popularity of the "Orvis" artificial flies was due to the skill and intelligence of Mrs. Marbury, who superintended every phase of their construction before they were packed for sale. She personally examined every fly, and permitted no one to apply the shellac to the head of the fly but herself, so that no particle of the shellac should touch the snell, which would otherwise be made water proof, and remain brittle, while the rest of the snell was soaked and pliable when fished. While apparently a very small matter, none the less it was of vital importance.

Her father, Charles F. Orvis, of the *Forest and Stream* "Old Guard," is now in rather feeble health, being upward of eighty years of age, and will soon cross the dark river, to the regret of his many friends. The memory of Mrs. Marbury will long remain green in the hearts of all good fly fishers.

JAMES A. HENSHALL.

What Subscribers Think of the New-Old Forest and Stream

AN OLD FRIEND'S COMPLIMENT.

Elmira, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Reading your announcement in the December 26 number, of the new idea of making our *Forest and Stream* a monthly and at \$1 per year, was a very agreeable surprise to me and I wish to congratulate you on your good business foresight in so doing.

As a reader of *Forest and Stream* since 1873 I am delighted to know that my old tried and true friend *Forest and Stream* will soon be in the hands of so many thousands more of my shooting and fishing friends who will never miss a number if they can raise the one dollar, and I hope you attain the impossible—that is to get as readers everyone of the four and a half million sportsmen who took out a license in 1914 in the United States. I recently left in a shop here fifteen years of *Forest and Stream* to be given to the farmers of our county for their winters' reading.

EDWARD H. KNISKERN.

MARYLAND STATE GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 8, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am in receipt of my first copy of the "monthly," and want to congratulate you on sense you display in this change. I am sure it will be a better and a bigger magazine in every way. I have often found that the four papers coming each month did not arrive always at the moment that I wanted or had time to read and enjoy. When a paper did come at the right moment there was not enough of it. Under the present arrangement it can be set aside until the proper time and thoroughly enjoyed. The current issue is certainly a good one. My father subscribed for and read *Forest and Stream* before I was born, which is just 38 years ago.

TALBOTT DENMEAD.

YOU ARE GOING TO HIT THE MARK.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I think you are going to hit the mark on the head when you put the old *Forest and Stream* in the monthly column. You know how to run a paper better than I do—but cut out the "I took my 12 qua Fox in hand and as the moon was slowly rising mended my way noiselessly into a neighboring coodcock cover—when I could hear the noble bird a boring"—in other words the balderdash of individual wanderings in commonplace stubble and duck marsh don't interest the ordinary man worth a darn. Written by an artist, Yes! but not a recital of John Smith and his brother-in-law Bill Williams. And then the kennel—"go to it" that department alone properly run will put the *Forest and Stream* first and sufficient. Start a series "Dogs I have shot over" get Bob Cornell to write of Sensation; Williamson of Ladies gladstone; Titus of Joe Cumming Plain Sain, etc. Give the ladies a corner. I have a family feeling for the *Forest and Stream*. I remember it when Wild Bill and Dr. Carver shot mucilage bottles in the old mailing room at 111 Fulton street, and I would like to see it go back to its palmy days.

E. N. WILBUR.

Cincinnati, Jan. 7, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Enclosed please find P. O. order for \$1.00 in payment of my *Forest and Stream* for 1915.

I have often wished that *Forest and Stream* was a monthly, and was glad to see in your issue of December 26th that it will become one.

GEORGE E. HUGHES.

12 BITES BETTER THAN FIFTY-TWO.

Worthington, Ohio, Jan. 10, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

When your proposition to change the publication of the best paper on earth from fifty-two bites a year to twelve, I was heart sick. When your beautiful January number came to hand, I was completely cured. It was a dandy! I can see now, what you have in mind.

I wish to thank you for the January treat and to congratulate every-one from the galley boy to the president of the company. I do not see where any lover of the big and beautiful outdoors has any complaint now.

An evening spent with that January number certainly files the chains that hold us to the eternal daily grind.

Success to *Forest and Stream* in its new clothes!

WILL C. PARSONS.

FOR SALE ON ALL NEWSTANDS.

Swanton, Vermont, January 9, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

No mistake has been made in dropping the weekly and changing *Forest and Stream* to monthly.

I have often wondered why the change was not made. Now it is a magazine and can probably be found at the newstands.

When my stuff has appeared the local news dealer ordered through the American News Company, he told me, and re-ordered, selling around 75 copies.

T. M. TOBIN.

THE SPORTSMAN'S AUTHORITY.

Capitola, Cal., Jan. 14, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am just in receipt of the January, 1915, number of *Forest and Stream*.

I congratulate you on your splendid work, and assure you that *Forest and Stream* merits the reputation of being the sportsman's authority in America.

Reading Will. C. Parson's article has caused me to become a reminiscent, and calls to my mind that I first began to read *Forest and Stream* about 1874.

I was at the time about twelve years of age, and was the proud carrier of a "Moore and Harris," double barreled, muzzle loading shot gun, "Dixon" powder flask and shot pouch, wad cutter, tube wrench, and a well trained setter dog.

On the banks of the San Giogrio, a beautiful trout stream in the county of San Mateo, California, was located a cabin.

This cabin was the home of two hunters and fishermen, Alex and Jim Butchart, Scotchmen by birth; and as true sportsmen as ever pulled a trigger, or wet a line. There it was that I first

became acquainted with *Forest and Stream*, and with its contributions "Kingfisher," "Nesmuk," and others.

Oh! for those happy by-gone days, with my gun, rod and faithful dog, the Butchart Brothers, and *Forest and Stream*. When the hills and valleys of California were alive with deer, quail, and wild life, the streams filled with trout, and the great red wood forests were in their primeval beauty, thirty or forty years ago. With best wishes for the success of *Forest and Stream*,

WALTER R. WELCH.

MR. SHANER LIKES THE NEW FOREST AND STREAM.

Pittsburgh, Pa., January 11, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Your letter of January 8th is at hand and I note how the "mix-up" occurred in the report of our last annual meeting which appeared in *Forest and Stream*. Let us forget all about it. I can understand how things of this kind are liable to happen.

If the future of *Forest and Stream's* issues are kept up to the same standard as that for the month of January, I can see no reason why it should not be a "howling" success. It is very seldom that I read much more than the editorial and trap departments in any of the Sportsmen's journals, but I read nearly all of *Forest and Stream* yesterday (Sunday) and enjoyed it very much. I wish you every success in your efforts to secure one hundred thousand new subscribers within a year.

Reciprocating your wish for a prosperous year, and Reed joins me in this, and with every good wish, I remain

ELMER E. SHANER, Treasurer and Manager, The Interstate Association.

THE BEST OUTDOOR MAGAZINE PUBLISHED.

Jan. 10, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

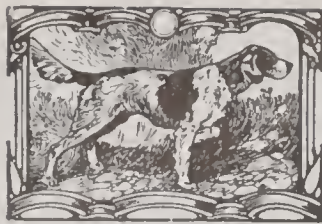
Dear Brother Sportsman:

The first copy of your monthly magazine at hand, and it is the best copy of any sportsman magazine I ever saw, bar none.

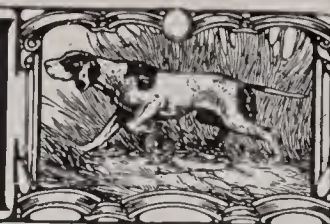
J. H. KELLOGG, M.D.

LET US HEAR FROM YOU.

For many years *Forest and Stream* has been a forum for the exchange of the best thought in outdoor matters. The contributions which have been made by our friends constitute a veritable literary repository of natural history, exploration, and experiences that have proved helpful to every reader. In its new form this paper will have more room than ever to devote to such contributions and we invite our readers to continue the pleasant custom of sending us matter which will interest their brother sportsmen. While we believe in amity and good fellowship, and the extension of the hand in friendship rather than with a club clutched in it, we still must admit that literary controversies now and then do no harm, and often are of value. But we must insist that *Forest and Stream* shall be the final judge as to the time of shutting off debate. You are hereby invited to pitch in.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Get-Together Meeting in Missouri

Fishing and Gun Clubs Well Represented in St. Louis Gathering to Discuss New Game Bills

By J. R. Hickman, Secretary Missouri Fish and Game League.

THE Legislative Committee of the Missouri Fish and Game League held a State meeting at the Marquette Hotel, St. Louis, Tuesday, Dec. 20th. Representatives of the different hunting and fishing clubs, throughout the State, attended this "get together" meeting.

The object of this meeting was to go over the game laws and clear up some of the sections that had caused trouble on account of their wording, and also make a few changes and additions that would strengthen the admirable laws the State of Missouri has on the statutes. This convention developed the idea that the State of Missouri is awake to the fact that state game conservation can be brought about by unity of action.

The framing of a game bill that will meet the demands and conditions of residents of the prairie lands of North Missouri and at the same time meet the approval of residents of the swamp lands of southeast Missouri, or the Ozarks in Central Missouri, is practically impossible, but this difficulty was overcome by the sportsmen getting together on a give and take basis, and when the meeting adjourned, the entire action of the day's proceedings was indorsed by representatives from all sections of the state, who will work for the passage of the bills at the next session of the Legislature.

The Interstate Sportsmen's Association, an organization of about two thousand members scattered over the states of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Illinois and Indiana, sent delegates to the convention. Representatives from gun clubs from the great duck shooting clubs along the Mississippi, met with the fishing clubs of Southeast Missouri; Kansas City and Missouri River duck shooters' clubs, helped boost the pet hobbies of the Ozark Fishing clubs or quail shooters. Thus, Missouri sportsmen will go before the next session of the Legislature as one body, and the entire state is going to back the bills that were recommended at the St. Louis conference.

The convention stood as a solid body for more active enforcement of the state game laws. The Federal game bill, protecting migratory wild fowl had the hearty support of the Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska sportsmen, who were led to believe that when the Federal Department took hold of the proposition, it would be handled in a safe and sane and business-like way, and that the sportsmen of this section would be given due consideration.

These states are neither in the breeding or the wintering zone, and there is very little shooting in the fall, as the sloughs are dry and the birds go further south. In the spring, the winter snows

fill the marsh lands, and there is a short season when the ducks are here in the spring, but the Federal authorities will not permit shooting at this time. This Federal law may be declared unconstitutional and the sportsmen of this section of the country do not know where they are at. The Government will not make arrests or prosecute outlaw hunters and the sportsman that wants to observe the laws, has to stand idly by and watch the "outlaws" go after the birds.

This section of the country should be placed in a "third zone" or passing zone, as it is neither a breeding or wintering zone and the seasons are variable.

Under the circumstances, this convention decided not to make any changes in the state laws covering the season on migratory birds.

Among some of the changes suggested, that of seasons and bag limit may be the most important. The present law permits one to kill two turkeys and ten other birds of each kind, or to have in possession four turkeys or fifteen birds of any other family. It is proposed to limit the kill on one calendar day to one turkey and fifteen birds of any other family, or not to have in possession at one time, more than two turkeys and twenty-five birds of each and any other family.

The squirrel season has been lengthened from July first to November thirtieth to June first to December thirty-first. Woodcock has been closed the entire year for a number of years, but it is proposed to have an open season the same as quail.

The present open season on quail is December first to December thirty-first; the season has been moved up to November tenth to December tenth, so as to give shooting before the ground is covered with sleet and snow.

The dove season, now September first to December thirty-first, will be changed to August first to December tenth, closing at the beginning of the quail season.

Selling of game is now prohibited, but a new provision will make it a penalty to store game in any commercial establishment, and a clause has been added, making it a misdemeanor to advertise for, or solicit legal game birds in or out of season.

The contaminating waters from mills, or industries, flowing over land to the streams of the state will be placed under the supervision of the State Game and Fish Commission.

A new section covering the size of fish that can be taken for commercial purposes will be added to prevent undersized fish being sent to the market, the idea being that the fish should be permitted to spawn once before they are caught for commercial purposes.

A new section will make it unlawful to sell frogs during the months of May and June. It will be unlawful to operate a game farm without first taking out a license. A game warden will be permitted to inspect the clothing of a hunter, if he has reason to believe game is being concealed.

The fee for a non-resident license will be reduced from \$25.00 to \$10.00, and special identification marks must be shown on all licenses, or state that there are none.

The \$5.00 state or \$10.00 county hunter's license will also permit one to fish with artificial bait, or a special license to fish in the state with artificial bait will cost \$2.00. An unnaturalized citizen may not obtain a license to hunt, until after he has taken out his "first papers."

One dollar will be added to all court costs in prosecutions, in order to pay the clerk for making out report, which is to be made to the Fish and Game Commissioner, as a matter of record.

It will be unlawful to catch more than twenty-five legal game fish in one day with artificial bait, or to have more than fifty fish in possession when so caught.

A copy of the above proposed change will be sent to each hunting and fishing club in the State of Missouri.

"REYNARD AN ARTFUL DODGER."

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The description of a red fox hiding in a hollow tree by Robert Page Lincoln in your issue of December 19th is so nearly like one of my own experiences with sly reynard that with your kind indulgence I will relate in as few words as possible a similar one. In a certain spruce swamp fringing a meadow lived one of the foxiest, if not quite, the foxiest fox I ever met during my twenty-five years of fox hunting. It was no trouble to start this particular animal any day, for he was always to be found in the above mentioned spruce thicket. To the right of this thicket rose a sharp hill or mountain some 500 feet high covered with a hard wood growth of beach and birch. A snake pole fence wormed across this mountain's cone shaped crest and converted part of it into a sheep pasture. Whenever the hounds jumped this particular fox he led them straight up to the top of the Mountain's peak and by the time I could scramble after them to the summit, the dogs would invariably be at fault. This fox got on my nerves, and I studied him faithfully but could find no solution of the problem he had set me, in fact there was something uncanny about the whole business. At this time I owned some fifteen trained fox hounds, among them as fine dogs as ever put their nose in a track, including Ben Butler, than whom no finer trailer or truer driver ever lived. One frosty morning in November I took Ben out alone and before sunrise his powerful rich voice echoed and re-echoed against the Mountain's breast, from the little meadow at its base, where old reynard had been

mousing. Trailing to the same spruce swamp referred to Ben's ringing angry notes proclaimed the start. One circle around the old sheep pasture and straight to the summit they flew. By the time I put in an appearance, puffing and blowing the chase had ended. Ben was circling wider and wider with outstretched muzzle feeling for the scent, but his silence convinced me that his best efforts were useless. Moseying along the pole fence until I came to an old leaning hollow beech tree I leaned my back against its huge trunk while regaining my breath and cogitating. Above me scolded a red squirrel, until I fancied I could detect a sound of derision in his notes. Picking up a hardwood stick I turned to throw it at him, but my arm dropped instantly. There between us and about thirty feet above my head was the ear, eye, and nose of a fox! He was watching me intently from out a hole where a large limb had broken off the old beech. My first impulse was to shoot him through the head and let him slide down inside the hollow tree, but upon second thoughts the ridiculous side of the situation appealed to me. I could fancy without much imagination the squirrel (now my friend) scolding and swearing at me exclaiming "Look up you fool, here is the fox" with a lot of cuss words interwoven. Just then a distant note from Ben floated back to me, and by its well known tell tale tone I knew that another hot trail had been found. Turning away I left my fox in his lofty position (no doubt much to the disgust of my friend the squirrel) and hastened with sturdy stride to a well known runway in the hopes of a sporting shot. That night I told the story of the day's hunt to my friend and hunting companion who the very next morning ran the cute old fox in and shot him. It was certainly mean of him and I told him so. He offered as an excuse that he had run a long sapling up inside the old tree and tickled reynard with it until he crawled out on a stub beneath the peak hole and made a leap, claiming the distinction of being the only man who ever shot a flying fox.

Sometime afterward I became acquainted with a fox who tried to drown the hounds by running back and forth across thin ice covering a rapid river "but that is another story."

H. A. P. S.

Digby, N. S., December 28, 1914.

CARIBOU COME BACK TO MAINE.

Game Wardens Discover Large Herd in Northern Part of State.

Augusta, Me., Jan. 8.—That immense herds of caribou such as years ago roamed the wild lands of this State and constituted a picturesque part of Maine's animal life will, within a few years, inhabit our forests is the hope and even the belief of many of the State game officials as the result of numerous reports, which have been received from hunting guides and game wardens, in the northern part of the State and along the Canadian border.

Herbert Spencer, a warden located in the vicinity of the St. John waters, a visitor at the office of the commissioners at the State House, told a story that corroborated the reports that have been coming in for the last two years. Mr. Spencer states that this winter he has observed a herd of about thirty of the animals which is staying around a certain section of the Maine side of the St. Lawrence River. The variety is



THE IDEAL QUAIL SHELTER.

Above is an illustration of a most practical quail shelter. There are hundreds of just such locations in your vicinity where these can be placed, the opening to the South. Be very sure that the gravel as well as the feed is continually kept under these covers. Quail may be easily enticed into these coverings by small feed leaders of grain. Quantities of chaff are found to be very attractive, but the main feed is buckwheat, cracked corn, rye and oats.

The shelters may be made of old boards, with quantities of cedar brush on top. The size of the opening is about 6 feet high and 8 feet wide, the roof running to the ground in the back.

CONNECTICUT STATE BOARD OF FISHERIES & GAME,
JOHN M. CRAMPTON, Supt.

known as the woodland caribou, which is not characterized by the wandering and migrating propensities of the Newfoundland caribou.

Six years ago Mr. Spencer saw a herd of six or seven of the animals, and he believes that those which he has seen this winter are related to the same herd which, having been unmolested, has been rapidly increasing. He frequently finds antlers of the species and has a large collection of the same at his camp. Maine game officials and sportsmen have some doubt as to whether the herd is a remnant of those which were with us many years ago or whether within recent years they have encroached on the Maine borders from New Brunswick.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The item you refer to—regarding one of our deputy wardens, Mr. Herbert Spencer, stating that he had seen a number of woodland caribou in the northern part of this State recently, gave correct information. This deputy, who is on duty along the Canadian boundary in northwestern Maine—in Somerset and Aroostook counties—was at the office the last week in December, having come down from the boundary but a few days before that time, and he stated that as recently as six weeks previous to his coming to Augusta, he had seen the herd of caribou along the boundary, which he has seen at intervals for the past year or so. He states that in his opinion there are at least thirty caribou in the

herd. He was given special instructions by this Commission to secure photographs of the caribou, or some of them, if possible to do so.

When we receive further information from him in regard to these caribou, we shall be glad to advise you regarding same.

HARRY B. AUSTIN, Chairman of Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, State of Maine.

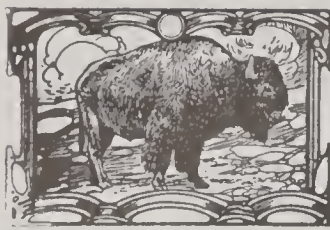
BETTER PROTECTION FOR GAME BIRDS PROPOSED.

Resolutions instructing the introduction of a bill to the Tennessee state legislature, which provides for the protection of all game birds were adopted at a called meeting of the East Tennessee Audubon Society held recently at Knoxville, Tenn., President Dr. J. F. Massey being in the chair. John M. Brooks, L. H. Spilman and others spoke in favor of the resolution. The bill will be drafted at once by J. Bailey Wray and Judge Von A. Huffaker.

President Massay read an article before the society on "Birds, the Farmer's Best Friend," which was very interesting and highly appreciated. The article was written some time ago by the state game warden.

Six new members were received into the organization, which is growing rapidly.

In speaking in favor of the new bill to be presented, Mr. Spilman also stated that he favored the protection of all young birds.



NATURAL HISTORY



THE DEER'S ANTLERS.

A correspondent writes us from Long Branch, New Jersey, asking the following question: "Does an elk or moose shed his antlers every year and get a new set?" Our reply is "Yes, all our deer shed and renew their horns annually."

The deer—represented in North America by the caribou, moose, elk, Virginia or white tail, and mule or black tail deer—are, of course, clearly distinguished from the other group of hoofed and horned animals which contains the cattle, sheep and antelope. All the deer have horns, and the character of these horns differentiates them from all other families.

The horns of the cow or the sheep are permanent bony outgrowths from the frontal bone of the skull, and are enclosed in a horny sheath which under ordinary conditions is a permanent covering, the only exception being our pronghorn antelope, which sheds its horn sheaths annually. The bony outgrowth which form the core of the horn are full of holes, called air sinuses, and from this the *Bovidae* have been called hollow-horned *Cavicornia*. In the deer family, however, the horns are constructed on a different plan. They are still outgrowths of bone from the frontals, but the outer sheath—the velvet—encloses them for a short time only, and as soon as their growth is complete is shed. The perfect horn—commonly spoken of as an antler—is now mere dead bone. For a few months it remains firmly attached to the skull and then drops off, to be renewed again the following year. From an article printed in the *Century's* "Sport with Gun and Rod," edited by Prof. Alfred M. Mayer, we quote a popular account of the reproduction of the deer's antlers. The article is entitled "The North American Cervidae," by George Bird Grinnell, and says of these antlers:

"Their method of growth is as follows: From each of the frontal bones there arises a short, stout process, growing outward and upward, forming what is called the pedicel. This pedicel is covered with ordinary hairy skin, except upon the upper flat circular surface of its extremity, on which the horn of the preceding year was supported. Here the skin is naked and black. In the spring, usually about May 1, the time varying somewhat in the different species, and even in different individuals of the same species, this flat surface becomes convex, gradually swells outward, becomes longer, and soon takes the shape of a short spike. At first, it is straight and swollen and is shaped somewhat like a cucumber. It is now little more than a mass of coagulated blood inclosed in a sack of thin skin, which is covered by a coat of fine brown hair called 'velvet,' and during the first part of its growth there is but little trace of bony structure apparent in it. The horn is soft to the touch, and may be somewhat compressed in the hand or bent a little in any direction. It is hot and feverish, too, and the pulsation of the

arteries which supply it with blood may be felt. It is also extremely sensitive and tender, and the deer is extremely careful to avoid striking it against the trees or undergrowth near which he may pass.

"When the point is reached at which the first tine is to be put off, the extremity of the growing horn becomes somewhat flattened from side to side and then divides, the tine at first being quite small, and increasing in length much more gradually than the beam. The same thing takes place with each of the succeeding branches, so that the beam and all the tines attain their full length at the same time. During the whole period of their growth, the horns are abundantly supplied with blood-vessels, three distinct sets of arteries, according to Caton, passing up through and without the pedicel. The horns grow with very great rapidity, usually attaining their full size in about three months. Huxley, in speaking of this marvelously rapid growth, refers to a pair of antlers, weighing seventy-two pounds, which were produced in ten weeks. As might be imagined, the production of such a mass of osseous tissue in so short a time is a severe drain upon the animal's system, and in most species the males at this time become very thin and weak. During the growth of the horn a circular notched and jagged ridge makes its appearance at the base of the horn just above the pedicel. This 'burr' serves in a measure to protect the blood-vessels which pass along beneath the skin of the pedicel, and these take their way through it and between its projections, and thence along the channels in the surface of the horn beneath the periosteum—the membrane which incases the living bone.

"The horns reach their full size in August, and, from being at first very soft and afterward spongy, have at length become quite hard. They are, however, still covered with the 'velvet,' and beneath this the blood continues to circulate, but now more slowly than at any time since the horn began to grow. The time at which the horn becomes fit for use as a weapon of offense or defense varies slightly in the different species of our deer, but is usually about September 1. The animal's head now appears to trouble him, and to be irritated like a healing wound, and he rubs his horns violently in the bushes or against the branches and trunks of trees. The tender 'velvet' is thus torn off and hangs in bleeding strips about his horns and head, but he continues to rub for several days, until at length the antlers are quite free from skin, their tips white and polished, and the inequalities about the burr filled with finely crushed fragments of bark. He is then ready for the rutting season, which immediately ensues.

"The horn is now dead, and at its connection with the skull—the extremity of the pedicel—absorption begins to take place, and in the course of four or five months the attachment to the frontal is so weakened that the horn drops off of its own weight. The end of the pedicel bleeds

a little at first, but almost at once heals over, and until the following spring is covered with the black skin already mentioned.

"As a rule, these weapons are borne only by the male deer; but the female caribou always has small horns, and in very rare instances the female Virginia deer has been killed with a single spike, or a pair of straight, short, and scarcely branched horns. The horns of all our North American deer become fit for service in September, and they are shed at various times from December to March."

WHEN DO MUSCALLONGE SHED TEETH?

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I venture to ask *Forest and Stream* a question which may be of interest to your readers. When do Muscallonge shed their teeth? There is no question, but they do shed their teeth, but when? Is it once a year and if so do they all shed at the same time, and what month or months or is it at a certain age of the fish, and but once? Among fishermen and guides there is great difference of opinions.

As far as I know there is no discussion of this matter in print. However, judged by what we know of the loss and replacement of teeth in other fishes it would seem quite improbable that the muscallonge sheds its teeth with any regularity. As far as I know there is no known case of the regular moulting of the teeth in any fish. They are shed irregularly after being in place for an indefinite time and are replaced by others which grow up in the same or a nearby location.

It is a very common experience in studying those species of fishes in which the teeth are used for identification to find one or more teeth absent from the series and represented merely by a space or by a partially erupted tooth.

I am therefore practically certain that the muscallonge will be found to follow the general rule and that at no period would all the teeth be shed at once.

RAYMOND C. OSBURN, Assistant Director
New York Aquarium.

HOW TO GROW TROUT WITH PINK FLESH.

About thirty years ago Mr. P. D. Malloch sent me from Scotland, in water, in a large tin can like a big oil-can, some thousands of freshwater shrimps, with which I hoped to stock a small lake, but in the long journey from Perth to Croydon the majority of the shrimps (*gammarus*) had died; there were a few hundred still alive. What struck me as curious was that while the live shrimps were of a semi-transparent dark olive color, most of the dead ones were opaque and almost of the color of boiled prawns, quite pinkish in appearance. I had put some trout in the water and hoped to get a stock of live shrimps established in the Canadian weed and other weeds—crowsfoot, vallisneria, etc. It

then struck me that the pink flesh of salmon and of some trout must have been caused through eating prawns and similar crustaceans which turn pink. The natural live prawn is like a bit of animated transparent glue, and yet boiled it becomes perfectly opaque and white in flesh, with a brilliant pink skin. In the Fishing Gazette I have often suggested that freshwater shrimps probably helped to give a pink color to the flesh of trout. The matter has now been definitely proved by experiments carried out by Professor Leger at the Piscicultural Laboratory and Faculty of Sciences at Grenoble, France (where those grand Grenoble walnuts come from—the walnut trees were planted to get walnut wood for gun stocks).

For a full account of the experiments see the Bulletin de la Societe Centrale d' Agriculture, published at Grenoble. From this it appears that alevins of brook trout from the eggs of one female were divided into two lots. One of these batches of small fry was fed exclusively on freshwater shrimps, and the other lot on milt (*rate*). At the end of the second year the former had all flesh strongly salmon-colored (*une chair fortement saumonée*), while that of the other lot was completely white. "We are thus," says the report, "in a position to affirm definitely (*peremptoirement*) the salmon color of the flesh is due to the nature of the nourishment, and that in our streams the freshwater shrimp provides this nourishment." This is very interesting, and it is important to fish-breeders. Think of the demand any breeder would get and the price if he could guarantee

Trout for Stocking Which Cut Pink Like Salmon!

Another thing I have noticed and often referred to in the Fishing Gazette for thirty years past is that trout and grayling grow big and strong in streams where the freshwater shrimp abounds. I do not mean where it exists, as that may mean nothing comparatively, but where it abounds as it did formerly—for instance, in the Wandle at Beddington Corner and Mitcham; in the Test above and below Horsebridge; in the Itchen, especially at and near Highbridge; and in the little Costa Beck in Yorkshire, near Pickering. And yet the curious thing is that in these streams many trout and every single grayling I ever caught in them had white flesh. In the Wandle, in the good old days, before Croydon made it an open sewer, dangerous to man and beast, by running its dirty sewage-farm refuse into it, I have seen the trout simply browsing on the shrimps swarming along the campsheathing among the flannel weed.—By R. B. Marston in Fishing Gazette, London.

RECOMMENDS SALE OF FORESTRY LANDS.

Rhineland, Wis., Dec. 19.—Recommendations for the sale of all forestry lands that could be used for agricultural purposes, for consolidation of several of the state boards with the forestry board and the discontinuance of the purchase of forestry lands will be made by the Wisconsin legislative forestry committee in its report to the legislature next month, according to Senator Tompkins, chairman, and Assemblyman Axel Johnson, secretary, who with other members of the committee meet here to-day.

The report, which was made public for the first time, recommends that the lands which are to be sold for farming purposes be sold to settlers only

and at a minimum price. It is recommended that twenty years be allowed the purchasers in which to pay and that not more than 80 acres be allowed to each family.

The board also urges that the department of fish and game, state fisheries, state parks, state conservation, state public lands and state forestry be consolidated under one board of three members to be appointed by the governor. The committee would have this board made up of a practical forester, practical engineer and an experienced fish and game man.

BREEDING SKUNKS FOR FUR.

Trappers Alone Make \$3,000,000 Annually From Skins.

Washington, December 24.—Experiments in breeding skunks in captivity are highly recommended by the United States Department of Agriculture. In recommending the practice, the Department experts point out that this animal is one of the most useful of native mammals, and a most efficient help to the farmer and the orchardist in their warfare against insect and rodent pests. As a source of fur, it is also a commercial asset, the skins netting trappers about \$3,000,000 annually. Therefore, says the Department, as the skunk is valuable in its activities, as well as for its fur, experiments in breeding the animals in captivity are recommended. The propagation of fur-bearing animals has been the subject of investigation by the Department for some time, and the results of the experiments have been so gratifying that raccoons, skunks and foxes probably will be added to the minks and martens already the subjects of research work.

Moleskins have been extensively used in this country during the last few years in making fur garments, and practically all of the supply has been imported from Europe. In the belief that the common mole of eastern United States produces fur of equal value, skins were submitted to professional furriers, who stated that the quality is superior to the foreign product. The mole inhabiting the Northwestern coast is larger than the common Eastern species, and a number of these have been collected to obtain a report on the quality of the pelt. If this little animal can be trapped profitably for its fur, say the experts, the problem of freeing agricultural areas from its ravages practically will be solved.

QUAIL DISEASE APPEARS AGAIN.

Washington, D. C.—The third known outbreak of quail disease has been discovered by the Bureau of Animal Industry in quail, sent for examination from the National Zoological Park. These birds were received a few days ago from two of the principal importers in widely separated parts of the country. Most of the quail now on the market are imported from Mexico and are entered at the port of Brownsville, Texas. Under these circumstances all outstanding permits have been cancelled and further importations suspended for this season.

Quail disease, a highly infectious malady, to which all our native quail are apparently subject, was discovered in 1907 and was traced to a number of States. A second outbreak occurred in 1912, but was checked through the suspension of importation of birds from Mexico from which most of the supply of birds was



SNAPPING A WILD SQUIRREL.

Six Days to Get Used to the Camera, Then Three Days of Watchful Waiting to Make the Exposure.

drawn. Last year practically no birds were imported from Mexico and no quail disease was reported. This year a limited number of birds have been permitted to enter at Brownsville subject to quarantine maintained through the cooperation of the Biological Survey and the Bureau of Animal Industry. All birds which were suspected of having the disease were examined at Brownsville or forwarded to this Department, but not until January 5 were the first undoubted cases of disease detected. Game commissioners and sportsmen who are interested in the introduction of quail or who may have purchased birds for re-stocking this season are requested to advise the Department if any of the birds are known to have died from disease of any kind. As a measure of precaution any birds now in captivity should be kept under close observation for a period of at least ten days and in case any of them die the bodies should be forwarded to the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture for examination.

WHITE WOLF KILLED.

Pierre, S. D.—The big white wolf, which has been a terror to stockmen along Antelope and Cedar creeks for several years, has met his match in cunning. Ira Whalen, a young rancher, has the wolf's hide and is entitled to the bounties of about \$150, which were offered for the animal by stock owners. The huge brute had pulled down and killed full grown cattle.



Live Notes From The Field

Being Reports From Our Local Correspondents

BACKWOODS SURGERY.

Two physicians in a party of hunters near Kelliher, Minn., by their prompt action and resourcefulness saved the life of Harold Holt, a homesteader. The story is told by Dr. F. G. Mitchell of St. Paul, who is just back from the hunting trip. Holt's gun was discharged when he slipped and fell from a stump. The muzzle was pressed against his breast, but a metal snuff-box deflected the charge. Two buckshot entered Holt's lungs near the heart, and seven lodged in the flesh. His companions hurried him to a nearby lumber camp used by Dr. Mitchell's hunting party, and found Dr. Mitchell there. The doctor went back with them, made a rude stretcher, and after four hours of struggling through brush and swamps they got Holt to the camp. Dr. E. H. Marcum of Bemidji was also in the hunting party, and though neither of the surgeons had any instruments they set to work. They whittled some green birch twigs, with which they probed for the buckshot, getting all but the two lodged in the lungs. Boiled sheets were used to make lint for bandages and when the doctors left the patient seemed to be doing nicely.

DEER FREE FROM DISEASE.

Marquette, Mich.—William R. Oates says there is absolutely no truth in the widespread rumor that deer of upper Michigan are infected with the hoof and mouth disease. He bases his statement on reports from every deputy in the peninsula.

HILLS AND DALES MAY BE STATE GAME PRESERVE.

Dayton, O.

That state officials, advocating the appropriation of \$25,000 from the hunters' license fund for the establishment of a forest game and bird preserve, may desire to make arrangements for the use of Hills and Dales, the estate of John H. Patterson, president National Cash Register Co., as a state game preserve is not thought improbable. Mr. Patterson's efforts to protect and propagate game and game birds in Hills and Dales have been carried on at considerable expense and have proved satisfactory. Recommendations for legislation paving the way to establishing a forest game and bird preserve, were presented to the state agricultural commission last week. A bill probably will be drafted providing for the purchase of about 10,000 acres of cheap hill land in southern Ohio for the preserve. The statement was also made in connection with the

recommendations to the agricultural commission that hundreds of families are now squatting on state lands in Scioto, Pike, Ross and Vinton counties that could be well used as game preserves. The advantage in utilizing Hills and Dales as a state preserve would be the fact that it has long been recognized as a place where hunting would be severely prosecuted, and hence it could be used as a safe haven for game without great expenses in hiring game wardens to guard it.

BIRD CENSUS GUESSWORK.

Baltimore, Md.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The so, but falsely called bird census is utterly without scientific value, and is destitute of even approximate reliability. I happened to receive this very morning a letter from a correspondent in which the statement is made touching the inexactness of the methods employed. It is not a census, but a bad guesswork. The method was to employ estimators, who were supposed to be trained observers, who estimated the number of pairs per acre in various sections of the country. These estimates were averaged and the aggregate made up from these averages. The results reached are impossible of acceptance, as even indicating possibilities, much less probabilities.

Those who understand bird life know full well that if a sharp-eyed observer were placed in the center of each five acres throughout the state, a single day's observation would not give reliable results, as birds have a most provoking way of hiding and appearing, according to no apparent law. As indicating the extent of this habit, a page from my own experience will not be out of place. On a fine December day I walked along the escapement of one of the ridges of the Alleghanies for a distance of 15 miles. Five miles showed no particular bird phenomena. On the last miles of the tramp I started, without dog, 49 grouse after I commenced to count. In one 30-acre field covered with small oak and waste brush 11 birds started. I do not shoot. Three days later I advised a friend as to the conditions. He made the same trip with a fine bird dog and started nine birds. This variability shows the impossibility of reaching results by any crude method of estimation.

The only possible way to reach anything like an accurate estimate would be to select nesting time and seek out and count all nests. I personally doubt that the gun cuts much figure in the total of bird life. Disease, the changing of the terrain by culture, the gleanings of the busy hen,

all have their effect in limiting the numbers at any one point. The telegraph wire is a mighty raider of bird life. Some years ago in three subsequent days I gathered 14 birds of various species from beneath a stretch of about one mile and a half of telegraphway.

However, no one will question seriously the conclusion that bird life needs all the possible protection which can be thrown about it by law.

E. B. T.

BEAR AND DEER IN A DAY.

Bagging a bear and a deer in one day is the record of E. L. Eylar, who brought his double kill to Minneapolis. The animals were shot at Lake Kapatagoma, near Ray, in northern Minnesota. The bear was found in a brake just after daylight, the hunter stumbling on him almost by accident. Not until dusk was there any trace of other game and then Mr. Eylar caught sight of the deer running through the open about 75 yards away. One shot .35 rifle laid the animal low. Mr. Eylar said that the northern woods were filled with Minnesota hunters who formerly looked for their game in Wisconsin, but who were compelled to keep to their own state this season on account of the hoof and mouth disease quarantine, which prevented the interstate shipment of deer.

SAYS BUCK LAW IS NOT PRACTICAL.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 4, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

A hunter is always a "bug" when it comes to his part, convinced that the exigencies of his pet diversion overshadow all other considerations. Nevertheless, with the legislature about to convene, I hope that I may be pardoned for dwelling on a subject near to the hearts of thousands of Michigan men.

Game Warden Oates in his annual report recommended that a law limiting the deer to be killed to one for each hunter, and that an adult buck. It was argued that such a law would not only halt the extinction of deer in this state, but would do away with the danger of hunters shooting one another. Other states, Mr. Oates said, had adopted such a law and greatly reduced the number of casualties in the woods.

I think that the majority of deer hunters in this state will agree with me when I say that a buck law would have an effect exactly opposite to the one hoped for. In the thick timber, second growth and swamp land frequented by deer in Michigan, it is rarely that one gets a standing shot and still more rarely that the shooter

is able to tell anything about the sex or age of the animal he is shooting at.

If the deer season were several months long instead of less than three weeks, if every hunter could spend the entire fall in the woods and if self-control were developed to a super-human degree among sportsmen, the buck law might work. But the man who spends a considerable sum getting into the woods for a few days' vacation, is going to let fly on chance when he sees deer fur. About all that can be expected of him is to refrain from shooting at commotions in the brush without waiting to glimpse game. The suggested law specifies that bucks should have horns five inches in height. A quick eye for measuring certainly would be called for.

The result of a buck law would be that does and fawns would be killed in as large numbers as they are now and left to the foxes or ravens.

In open country, a buck law may have its value; in Michigan it would be worse than useless. It is time that the deer limit was reduced from two to one, which would serve the purpose of conservation, but if all the old-timers could be called on for an opinion I feel sure that their conscientious verdict would be against a buck law.

DR. A. B. WITTE.

DEER AND SMALL GAME SUFFERING.

Waynesboro, Pa.—Fred Gallion, superintendent of the Rouzerxille Water Company, at Pen-Mar, says that he saw a pretty young deer on the mountain on Sunday. The Blue Ridge Mountains have been covered with snow and sleet for the past three weeks, and deer are coming out into the fields and barnyards in search of food. Rabbits and birds are suffering from the cold and for want of food, and many have died from starvation.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners of New Jersey, the following officers were re-elected: President, Ernest Napier, of East Orange; treasurer, Wm. A. Logue. B. M. Shanley, Jr., of Newark, who had been appointed ad interim commissioner, caused by the resignation of Percival Chrystie, took the oath of officer as commissioner for a term of four years.

HUNTERS BARRED FROM 1,600-ACRE TRACT IN GENESEE VALLEY.

James W. Wadsworth, says that the game preserve to be established at Genesee will consist of 1,600 acres. It is the old Wadsworth homestead, owned by James W. Wadsworth, and Austin Wadsworth.

All that it is proposed to do, is to prohibit hunting upon the land. It will not be cultivated, but cattle will be allowed to graze upon part of it. Experience has shown that wild fowl and other birds will establish breeding places where they are protected.

Game and song birds, which were abundant in the Genesee Valley, have become scarce from constant hunting. The security of the preserve is expected to cause a return of old conditions. There are ponds on the tract, which are even now visited by wild ducks and geese in their migration.

While there will be no hunting upon the pre-

serve, its existence should be productive of sport in other parts of the valley, as the birds will go beyond its borders as they increase in number.

SLAUGHTER OF GAME HAS BEEN OUTRAGEOUS.

Winchester, Va.—With the close of the old year, the hunting season in all the Virginia counties west of the Blue Ridge Mountains also came to an end, and it will be unlawful to hunt, kill or capture the various game birds and animals mentioned in the game laws of the State from now until the first day of next November. The season just closed is said to have witnessed more open violations of the hunting laws than in any one season in many years. Principally because there are so few game wardens in that portion of the State west of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and the apparent inability of the courts to induce residents of the towns and counties to act as deputies. The Virginia Game Protective Association is carrying on a campaign of education and doing all in its power to acquaint the people with the provisions of the laws relating to game. President Todd, of the association, says the vast majority of Virginia people do not appear to know anything about the game laws. The General Assembly, which meets this month, probably will be asked to make more stringent laws, as a great many of the game birds and animals are almost gone, having been killed in large numbers by hunters and then smuggled off to the markets of the Eastern cities, where birds in particular command high prices. The slaughter of game in the adjoining State of West Virginia is also reported to have been the most outrageous ever known of, and this, too, in spite of the fact that a number of the birds are now supposed to be protected by the government. Some arrests have been made and fines collected in the Federal courts, but they are said to have been small and insignificant in comparison to the number of flagrant violations of the State and Federal game laws.

THE MIGRATORY BIRD LAW.

On the first of October of last year regulations for the enforcement of the Federal Migratory Bird Law were issued. More than a year has now passed, and in that time, say officials of the Department of Agriculture, there has been a gratifying improvement of wild life. The law is soon to be put to the final test.

Early in its history opposition appeared in the hunting regions of Arkansas. It is declared that this has been promoted by sportsmen and professional hunters from Kansas City and other points near the Arkansas forest and meadows. A test case is pending before the United States Supreme Court, and probably will come up for argument next spring. The Government lost the suit in the lower court, which held that Congress had no right, under the Constitution, to enact such prohibitory legislation.

The Department of Agriculture and Audubon societies everywhere are not fearful of the issue. Even if the case is lost they believe that the cause of protection will be won. Dr. T. S. Palmer of the Geological Survey, who is in charge of Federal game preservation, is quoted as saying: "The law has had a wonderful effect upon public sentiment in all parts of the country, and in consequence the States are beginning to adopt the regulations made under it for bird protection."

This is true in a way, for the passage of the law—and the malevolent attacks made on the proposal—attracted attention to the birds. Yet the passage of the Federal law was in itself an effect, not a cause. If the birds had not already had a host of friends no favorable sentiment could have been found in Congress.

The difficulty in protecting migratory birds is in the fact that they are migratory. Essentially, protection must be a State affair, and it is gratifying to observe the favor with which many States are regarding proposals for such protection. Birds go South in great numbers in the fall months. Millions literally cloud Louisiana, and that State has been the scene of much pothunting. Louisiana has been glad, through its Legislature, to pass such laws as will protect the birds whether the Federal law stands or falls. The establishment of several bird refuge islands off the Louisiana coast indicates the number of friends the birds have in this Southern State. Action in Louisiana shows the trend.

GAME PROTECTION LAWS ARE NEEDED.

Biwabik, Minn.—"Unless steps are at once taken to protect partridge from unscrupulous hunters, the game birds will soon be extinct in Minnesota," said Game Warden Geo. E. Wood. "There is a small army of big game hunters up this way and every one I have talked to says that he has seen very few partridge or other game birds. Something ought to be done at this winter's session of the state legislature to stop the killing of partridge.

"I attribute the scarcity to two things. One is shooting of partridge from automobiles before the season opens as the birds run along the roadways, and the other is the alien hunter who has no regard for the game laws.

"Range sportsmen are planning to present a bill at St. Paul so drawn as to stop up the loopholes and it ought to pass.

"Even more serious than the extinction of the partridge is the rapid decline in the number of moose. They are becoming uncommon in this section of St. Louis county where they used to range the hills by thousands. Every foreigner has a higher power gun."

LAKE MINNETONKA A PRESERVE.

Minneapolis, Jan. 9, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Perhaps you will be interested in knowing that we have recently succeeded in getting Lake Minnetonka, a large lake with over 100 miles of shore, located within 15 miles of Minneapolis where Minneapolis people have homes and spend the summer months, many of them, set aside as a game refuge or preserve, including the lake and from a mile to a mile and a half of shore line around it.

The Game Protective League here are very much pleased over its success. This means that no shooting and no carrying of guns will be allowed inside of this district. It means the protection of ducks and birds of all kinds in the future. The residents are all interested and they will see that the law is enforced; that game wardens are provided. This does not restrict fishing, however. In a very few years we will have a quantity of wild ducks, partridges, pheas-

ants, quail and all kinds of singing birds in this preserve, which will add materially to the attractiveness of the location as a summer home, besides doing splendid work in the protection of wild birds.

C. D. VELIE.

SHOOTING GOOD IN MARYLAND.

Baltimore, Jan. 9, 1915.

There were more good ducks in Maryland the first of this season than for some years, although shooting was not at its best; many ducks left here earlier than usual this season, due in my opinion to the power boat shooting at the head of Chesapeake, made legal by the recent Legislature, I have seen more red heads and canvas backs this year than for many years, but up to the last week or two there has been a great scarcity of the lesser scaup, called here little black head.

The partridge season was about the average; owing to the foot and mouth disease spreading among cattle a quarantine was placed on hunting with dogs. I am sorry to say that outside of stopping the man who had to transport his dogs from county to county, shooting went on just the same and we can look forward to no increase in our bird supply due to this apparently additional closed season.

The State wide closed season opening our bird and rabbit season uniformly on Nov. 10 has worked well, and we sincerely trust the next Legislature will not change its uniformity.

With best wishes for a successful year, I am
Yours truly,
TALBOTT DENMEAD.

TROUT NURSERIES LOCATED.

Deadwood, South Dakota.—Game Warden Hedrick has been in the Hills locating fish nurseries which are expected to increase greatly the number of available trout for fishermen next summer. It is proposed to construct dams and reservoirs to keep the small trout safe until they attain proper growth. One site in Spearfish canyon and one in Rapid Creek have been selected and the game warden hopes to have the nurseries ready for spring.

WOULD ABOLISH A STATE DEPARTMENT.

Helena, Mont.—An effort to abolish the game warden's department and transfer the duties to the sheriffs of the several counties, will be made at the coming session of the legislature, according to Joseph Kirschwing of Great Falls.

"The game warden's department is all right when the purpose for which it was created is observed, but when it simply becomes a big spoke in a political machine, it is time for it to be wiped out," said Kirschwing.

Men are touring Montana working up agitation for the abolishment of the department. In addition to the game warden, there are about 23 deputy wardens. The expense of maintenance does not affect the general taxpayers, but only hunters and fishermen. All men, citizens of Montana, who hunt or fish, are required to obtain license costing \$1. Non-residents and aliens pay more, and this money is used for the upkeep of the department.

Several candidates for the legislature made abolishment of the game warden's office one of the planks upon which they ran.

NEW JERSEY HUNTING AND FISHING LICENSES.

Summary and Full Text of New Hunting and Fishing License Law, Effective Jan. 1st, 1915.

Summary.

In effect January 1st, 1915. Applies only to fresh waters as to fishing. All licenses to be obtained from any county or municipal clerk or salaried fish and game warden.

Resident's Hunting and Fishing License.

(a) Resident males and females above the age of fourteen (who must be citizens of the United States, who actually and bona fide reside in this State at the time of application for a license and who have actually and bona fide resided in this State for one year immediately prior thereto) must secure a "Residents' Hunting and Fishing License" in order to hunt with firearms any protected or unprotected wild bird, animal or fowl, which license also entitles the holder to fish.

(b) Resident males above the age of fourteen, who are citizens of the United States and who have the above resident qualifications, must secure a "Residents' Hunting and Fishing License" in order to fish for any fish in the fresh waters of the State by the method commonly known as angling, which license also entitles the holder to hunt.

(c) The "Residents' Hunting and Fishing License" entitling the legal holder thereof to hunt and fish shall cost \$1.15.

No license to fish is required of:

- (1) Resident females.
- (2) Males under fourteen years.

No hunting license shall be issued to any person under fourteen years. Persons under this age are therefore prohibited from hunting unless they come within the exceptions noted below.

Non-residents' and Aliens' Hunting and Fishing License.

(d) Non-resident and alien males and females above the age of fourteen must secure a "Non-residents' and Aliens' Hunting and Fishing License" in order to hunt any protected or unprotected wild bird, animal or fowl, which license also entitles the holder to fish.

(e) With regard to non-residents and aliens who desire to fish only see (g), (h) and (i) below.

(f) The "Non-residents' and Aliens' Hunting and Fishing License" entitling the legal holder thereof to hunt and fish shall cost \$10.15.

No hunting license shall be issued to any person under fourteen years. Persons under this age are therefore prohibited from hunting, unless they come within the exceptions noted below.

Non-residents' and Aliens' Fishing License.

(g) Non-resident and alien males above the age of fourteen, who desire to fish only and who have not taken out a "Non-residents' and Aliens' Hunting and Fishing License," must secure a "Non-residents' and Aliens' Fishing License" in order to fish for any fish in the fresh waters by the method commonly known as angling.

(h) The "Non-residents' and Aliens' Fishing License" entitling the legal holder thereof to fish shall cost \$2.15. This license does not entitle the holder to hunt.

(i) No license to fish is required of:

- (1) Non-resident and alien females.
- (2) Non-resident and alien males under fourteen years.

Exceptions.

Exceptions: "Nothing in this act contained shall prevent the occupant of any farm in this

State, who actually resides thereon, or the immediate members of the family of such occupant who also reside on said farm, from hunting for, taking, killing or pursuing with a gun or firearm, on said farm, any wild bird, animal or fowl, or from taking fish on said farm with hand-line, or rod and line, in the manner provided by law at any time when it is lawful so to do, without being licensed hereunder; provided, however, that the exemption contained in the foregoing provision shall not apply to any person residing on said farm or in any tenant house thereon who is not a member of the family of such occupant, nor to any servant of such occupant."

OREGON SPORTSMEN ELECT OFFICERS.

At the annual meeting of the Oregon Sportsmen's League the following officers were elected: President, H. B. Van Duzer, Portland; first vice-president, W. N. Matlock, Pendleton; second vice-president, Dr. J. G. Gill, Lebanon; secretary-treasurer, S. C. Bartrum, Roseburg; executive committee, district 1, L. W. Humphreys, Portland; district 2, W. W. Goff, Forest Grove; district 3, A. Crandall, Brownsville; district 4, George P. Putnam, Medford; district 5, Leo A. E. Scharno, The Dalles; district 6, G. I. La Dow, Pendleton; district 7, Charles Riley, Klamath Falls; publicity committee, C. A. Riddle, chairman, Walter Backus, E. F. Averill, Henry Veatch, M. H. Bauer; nomination committee, E. C. McFarland, chairman, G. I. La Dow, J. H. Driscoll, George Putnam, A. Crandall; resolution committee, L. W. Humphreys, chairman, L. E. Bean, I. P. Gardner, E. J. Boot and Dr. J. G. Gill.

MINNESOTA BIG GAME RETURNS.

Duluth, Minn., Jan. 6.—The 20 days open season in Minnesota mounted into thousands. Probably 500 deer and moose came to Duluth alone. Coincident with the conclusion of the open period for deer and moose, members of the Northwestern Gun Club will consider a number of recommendations by game wardens to shorten the season on big game and game birds to 10 days.

Eleven dead hunters and 12 wounded is the toll of the hunting season in Minnesota. The number of deer and moose killed is the largest in the history of the state. Hundreds of nimrods from eastern and middle west cities obtained licenses in Minnesota this year. Game was abundant in far-away localities, but scarce where it abounded in former years.

OFFICERS ELECTED BY FREEPORT GUN CLUB.

At the annual meeting of the Freeport, (Ill.) Gun Club, the following officers were elected: President, Russel Weir; vice-president, Ralph Rosenstiel; secretary, C. L. Bossmeyer; treasurer, Jean James; field captain, Herman Jansen, H. D. Swartz, Dr. C. L. Karcher and Ralph B. Rosenstiel were appointed a handicap committee.

DOUGLAS COUNTY GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

The Douglas County (Ore), Game Protective Association has elected the following officers: President, J. H. Sykes, vice-president, A. J. Liburn; secretary-treasurer, T. A. Rafferty; executive committee, S. C. Bartrum, Rev. Paul J. Lux and George Neuner.

NEW BOOKS FOR SPORTSMEN

DR. W. T. HORNADAY'S WORKS.

No man in the United States has labored more earnestly and with more enthusiasm in the conservation cause than Dr. William A. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park. His pen and voice have been devoted freely to this work, and while, like all men of firm purpose and zeal he has made enemies and stirred up controversy with people who otherwise are with him, his motives have never been questioned nor impugned. We believe also that the world is indebted to Dr. Hornaday for what he has done already, and more particularly that future generations will be under a much greater debt for what will have been saved in the way of game and wild life, through reform and amendments of the law inspired by him.

Dr. Hornaday has recently issued in the form of four volumes an amplified and more complete form, his fireside edition of *American Natural History*. The books are published by Charles Scribner's Sons at \$7.50 per set, and are done in the usual perfect Scribner way. They contain over 400 illustrations, and quite a few colored pictures of wild game, etc.

The distinguished author needs no commendation at the hands of *Forest and Stream*, nor will we enter into a technical but useless discussion of the books in the way of splitting hairs over minor matters or disputed points in natural history. The work is written in a style that will make it popular with young people, but it must not be inferred that the books are juvenile, for they are quite as interesting and instructive to the ordinary man or woman as to the younger generation.

The usual natural history is about the driest and dearest contribution to literature that can be imagined. It is either too scientific or it falls into the foolish form of half romance, made popular by some of our imaginative wild life writers. Dr. Hornaday's is a straight out natural history, written in plain language.

Now, a natural history, while it may be either of the two descriptions named above, is not complete, if we are to judge from what Dr. Hornaday has given us, unless it contains also what might be termed a history of present conditions of wild life and prospects of its future existence or extermination. Therefore he has incorporated in the work a number of chapters along the lines of his well known "Our Vanishing Wild Life," and shows beyond peradventure of a doubt that unless something is done to stop the destruction of our game, the next generation will have none worthy the name. Perhaps there are people who might hold that a natural history is not the place to write such matter, but when we come to think about it, what better vehicle could be employed for the purpose?

Therefore, if Dr. Hornaday's book presses home the fact that the animal or specimen discussed is liable to become extinct within an altogether too brief period, through the foolishness of man, the warning will not have been in vain. We wish

that a set of Dr. Hornaday's new edition could be placed in the hands of every growing boy in America who is at all interested in outdoor matters. It would be a fine thing if the fathers of these boys would read and study the several volumes also.

Dr. Hornaday as stated, is a man who has been called over-zealous, but all great causes need the over-zealous. They have made possible reforms that have benefited mankind; the world is better because such men are born into it. We might soften the harshness of some of the distinguished author's criticisms and statements by setting forth that much that he asks for in the way of conservation is already being accomplished, but that is not to the point. Strong language is needed to advance strong issues. His may be a voice crying in the wilderness—certainly it is crying for the perpetuation of the things of the wilderness—but encouragement is essential in this case rather than criticism. We commend therefore the efforts of Dr. Hornaday, and hope that his new books will find a circulation worthy of their high purpose and real value.

BIG GAME FIELDS OF AMERICA.

The George H. Doran Company, of New York has just brought out a book by Daniel J. Singer that is a happy combination of natural history and big game hunting that has not been before seen. As the title implies it is restricted to the American continent and handled, as is the subject in this work, one needs no wider range for sufficiently varied hunting. The primary charm of the work is that undoubtedly it was a history made from a trip and not a trip made from a story. Mr. Singer went shooting for pleasure and found so much of unusual interest that he kept ten notes, which he wove into a book upon his return. The scope of the book, geographically, ranges from British Guinea to Wrangell, Alaska. The much hackneyed South American hunting is gracefully and originally handled. In addition to shooting experiences a chapter is devoted to the natural history of the Jaguar—a subject heretofore only glossed over. The author has done his best work in telling of Alaskan hunting. This territory has never before



A HANDSOME, SLEEK YOUNG MURDERER.

(Illustration From "Big Game Fields of America." Courtesy of the Geo. H. Doran Company.)

been treated so simply and yet with such compelling interest. It furnishes a Baedeker for any sportsman with his eye on northern shooting. Mr. Singer has proved himself equally well versed in getting his game and getting the attention of his readers, of whom this book entitles him to many.

An interesting chapter from this book entitled "The Prowler of the Night," will be given in next month's *Forest and Stream*.

I'm a-longing for the dear old hidden ways.
In my dreams their hallowed spots again I see.
Then I live once more those by-gone camping days.

And anew, I catch the forest mystery.

George Washington As An Angler

The late George H. Moore, librarian of the old Lenox Library, of New York, an erudite scholar and an authority of high standing respecting scarce Americana, was also a devoted angler, and out of the rich stores of his knowledge of men and things in the early days of our country's history he prepared a monograph entitled "Washington as an Angler, with Extracts from His Diaries, 1787-1789." The study was dedicated to Grover Cleveland in 1887, in this neat way:

To Grover Cleveland, President of the United States:

It is known to me that there have been skillful fishermen, more than one, among the Chief Magistrates of the nation. Your immediate predecessor has left an unsurpassed record among them, and it is with no ordinary pleasure that those of us who profess the faith and follow the precepts of "The Complete Angler" have been assured that you are inclined to indulge in similar recreation betimes. No good fisherman was ever a bad man, and history will bear out the assertion that the best Presidents have been the best fishermen. No one of the many biographers of the first President of the United States has done justice to the character of Washington in this important feature, and the present publication of extracts from his diaries is intended to be a timely tribute to his fame as a man among men, a fisherman among fishermen, in which it will be no disparagement to you to share. In the first century of this nation's life he was the first and you have been called the last President. I trust that the beginning of the new era will find as good a fisherman as you are in office, and that the line may continue to stretch out, like that of the blood-boltered Banquo, till the crack of doom. George H. Moore.

Lenox Library, July, 1887.

To which Mr. Cleveland made response:

Executive Mansion, Washington, July 31, 1887.

Dr. George H. Moore:

My Dear Sir—Please accept my thanks for the little book you sent me entitled "Washington as an Angler."

I am much pleased to learn that the only element of greatness heretofore unnoticed in the life of Washington is thus supplied.

I am a little curious to know whether the absence of details as to the result of his fishing is owing to bad luck, a lack of toleration of fish stories at that time among anglers, or to the fact that, even as to the number of fish he caught, the Father of his Country could not tell a lie. Yours—very truly, Grover Cleveland.

With which by way of preface we give Dr. Moore's presentation of George Washington in his character of angler:

Mr. Sparks, in his life of Washington, has mentioned the report of tradition that he displayed in his boyhood a passion for active sports and a fondness for athletic amusements which he did not relinquish in mature life. Other writers have repeated this general statement, but no one has pointed out his claim to be recognized as a "Brother of the Angle." Among his manuscripts

hitherto unpublished, he has left a very interesting record of his recreations at a period of his life when he was engaged in a service hardly less important to his country than that of his military career. Without him there would have been no United States to need a Constitution, and without him no Constitution would have been formed or established. He was the savior of his country in peace as well as in war. As President of the Federal Convention at Philadelphia, in the Summer of 1787, he was punctually in his place during the arduous deliberations of that renowned assembly. After a very close application to business for more than two months the convention appointed a committee of detail to whom they referred the results of their previous action, with orders to prepare and report them in the form of a constitution. The convention then adjourned on Thursday, the 26th day of July, until Monday, the 6th day of August, 1787.

It was duly reported in the newspapers of the day that on "Monday last (July 30, 1787) his Excellency, General Washington, set out for Moore Hall, in order to visit his old quarters at the Valley Forge."

Moore Hall was the ancient stone mansion of William Moore, who has been characterized as "the most conspicuous and heroic figure in the county of Chester" in his day and generation. The building is still standing, overlooking the Schuylkill and, three miles distant, the Valley Forge. Judge Moore, who was born in 1699, died in 1783, leaving a widow who survived him several years. An advertisement in the Pennsylvania Gazette of Feb. 2, 1791, offered:

"Moore Hall. To be rented. Mansion house, farm and mill, in the township of Charlestown, in the county of Chester, situated on the River Schuylkill, distant twenty-three miles from Philadelphia. Two hundred acres. Mill on a never-failing stream called Pickering. Feb. 1, 1791."

This ancient homestead, known in 1787 as "the Widow Moore's," was the objective point of Gen. Washington's outing when he set out to visit his old quarters at the Valley Forge. What a flood of recollections must have overwhelmed him as he fulfilled this purpose and reviewed those scenes of past trials, sorrow and distress, in the great light of patriotic hope after the hours of triumph! The contrast must have been more impressive than that presented in the suggestions of his visit to Lexington—neglected by historians—when, in his first vacation as President of the United States, he "viewed the spot on which the first blood was drawn in the late glorious war" where

"Once the embattled farmers stood

And fired the shot heard round the world."

But historic places and reminiscences were by no means the only thing in view upon this excursion—perhaps not the main thing. What it all was cannot be better told than in Gen. Washington's own brief, sententious records of each day:

"Monday, 30th July.—In company with Mr. Governr Morris went into the neighborhood of the Valley Forge to a Widow Moore's a-fishing, at whose house we lodged.

"Tuesday, 31st July.—Before breakfast I rode to the Valley Forge and over the whole Cantonment & Works of the American Army in the Winter of 1777-8, and on my return to the Widow Moore's found Mr. & Mrs. Rob. Morris. Spent the day there fishing, etc., & lodged at same place.

"Wednesday, August 1.—Returned abt 11 o'clock with the above company to Philadelphia.

"Friday, 3d Aug., 1787.—Went up to Trenton on a fishing party with Mr. & Mrs. Robt. Morris & Mr. Govr. Morris. Dined and lodged at Colo Sam Ogden's. In the evening fished.

Saturday, 4th (Aug., 1787).—In the morning and between breakfast and dinner fished. Dined at Gen. Dickinson's and returned in the evening to Colo Ogden's.

"Sunday, 5th (Aug. 1787).—Dined at Colo Ogden's and about 4 o'clock set out for Philadelphia—halted an hour at Bristol and reached the city before 9 o'clock."

These were very notable fishing parties. The companions of Washington were old, tried and constant friends, always true and never found wanting.

Gouverneur Morris, of New York, one of the noblest of her sons, a great man and a good citizen, who could truly say that the welfare of his country was his single object during a conspicuous public career. He never sought, refused nor resigned an office, although there was no department of government in which he was not called to act; and it was the unvarying principle of his life that the interests of his country must be preferred to every other interest. Such a man was Gouverneur Morris, the inspired penman of the Federal Constitution.

Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania, the great financier of the Revolution, whose services to his country have never been justly appreciated, for his biography has never been justly written.

Mrs. Robert Morris, whose charming face, in the most beautiful and well-preserved portrait of a woman ever painted by Gilbert Stuart, smiles on the vain effort of the writer to tell what is the real secret of its winning grace and lasting impression on every visitor to the gallery of the Lenox Library, which is now its permanent home, and of which it is one of the principal ornaments.

The Widow Moore, the loyalty and devotion of whose husband is the best testimony to her merits. He has left the record in his will—"happy woman, a pattern of her sex, and worthy the relationship she bears to the Right Honorable and noble family from whence she sprang."

Gen. Philemon Dickinson, a distinguished officer of the New Jersey line, a brother of that famous writer and patriot who was the author of the "Farmer's Letters," both "Petitions to the King," and the "Declaration of the Continental Congress on taking up Arms in 1775."

Col. Samuel Ogden, the brother-in-law of Gouverneur Morris, and, like Dickinson, a worthy representative of that grand army of the Revolution, whose practical lessons of disinterested patriotism are so full of wisdom and rich in instruction to every true-hearted American.

Truly this was a goodly company for any place or pursuit, with much of profitable entertainment therein for all concerned. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether anything recorded in the annals of angling anywhere can challenge it for distinction, all things considered. Certainly no American fishing party hitherto described can vie with

it, for a moment, in historical interest and importance.

Another fishing excursion is mentioned in a later diary of Washington. When he made his great northern and western tour, already alluded to, in 1789, Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, was the extreme point of his journey. While he was there he was taken out to view the harbor, and to try his skill and luck in salt water. On Monday, Nov. 2, they went down to the outer harbor beyond the fort and the lighthouse, where, as he says himself:

"Having lines, we proceeded to the Fishing Banks, a little without the Harbor, and fished for cod; but it not being a proper time of tide, we only caught two, with which, about 1 o'clock we returned to town."

His visit to Lexington, to which I have alluded, took place on his return toward New York. He had intended to go to that historic locality while he was yet in Boston, but on the day appointed, Monday, Oct. 26, his record is:

"The day being rainy and stormy, myself much disordered by a cold and inflammation in the left eye, I was prevented from visiting Lexington, where the first blood in the dispute with G. Brit'n was drawn."

Returning from Portsmouth, he left that place on Wednesday, the 4th of November, passing through Exeter, Haverhill, and Andover, where on the 5th he was received and escorted by the Hon. Samuel Phillips, Jr., President of the Senate of the town. He made a short visit to Mr. Phillips, who attended him as far as Lexington, where they "dined and viewed the spot on which the first blood was spilt in the dispute with G. B. on the 19th of April, 1775." His further route was continued through Watertown, and by what was known as "the middle road" to Hartford, Conn. He arrived in New York on Friday, the 13th November.

Future research may or may not reveal particulars of these fishings in the Schuylkill and the Delaware or their tributary streams, the character and weight of the catch, the methods of the sport in those days, and all the incidents which crowd such fleeting hours of charming recreation. I am content to have been the first to claim for George Washington his rightful place as an angler—a genuine disciple of Izaak Walton.

REVIVAL IN HUNTING ATTRIBUTED TO WAR.

That the European war exerts a power of suggestion on the minds of those who use firearms is the belief of County Auditor A. P. Erickson. In that way he accounts for the issuance of 7,423 hunting licenses this season, the largest number ever issued at the Minneapolis office. He said that he actually believes a great many who obtained hunting licenses did so to test their shooting ability as game was not so plentiful as a year ago when 6,036 hunting licenses were issued.

IOWA CONSERVATION SOCIETY.

The Iowa Conservation Society, formerly the Iowa Park and Forestry Association, at a meeting recently held in Des Moines, elected officers as follows for the ensuing year: President, T. C. Stephens of Sioux City; vice-president, Fred Lazell of Cedar Rapids; secretary, G. B. McDonald of Ames; treasurer, Mrs. H. J. Taylor of Sioux City.

On the Prairie in the Great Northwest

Worcester, Mass., Jan., 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Having recently returned from a four weeks' visit to my nephew, a homesteader in the Province of Saskatchewan, the middle of the Prairie Provinces, perhaps a little account of this great grain producing territory of Canada may interest some of your readers.

What a transformation from the New England landscape! A vast rolling prairie of waving wheat, flax and oats as far as the eye could reach in all directions. Mortlach is a thriving little town of about 350 inhabitants, has three or four grain elevators, several stores, a church, good school house, Masonic and Odd Fellows lodge-rooms, post-office and two banks—branches of the Bank of Toronto and the Bank of Hamilton. About all the government land adjacent to Mortlach has been taken up by homesteaders, but between the bad land west of Montreal and the Canadian Rockies there is room enough for 100,000,000 people.

The uncultivated portion on the prairie is a perfect garden of wild flowers, roses predominating, mushrooms are also very plentiful and of the best variety, and in the ravines there are lots of wild gooseberries and currants. Game, consisting of wild ducks, geese, prairie chickens plover and Wilson snipe is plentiful and can be shot almost in one's door yard. One morning, while I was there, there were five prairie chickens on top of my nephew's rustic summer house, and on going out I flushed a covey of about thirty a little further away. That was in September, before the law was off. The shooting season on these birds opens October 1, and closes Oct. 15. Resident bird license, \$1; non-resident \$25. As I left for home on Oct. 2, I had only one day's chicken shooting, but I killed a good bag of those strong fliers with my little Parker 24 inch barrel brush gun on the opening day; killing them all on the wing, of course, and without the aid of a dog.

I had great sport all through September with the ducks which are to be found in all the little sloughs. I shot mallards, black ducks, spoon-bills, American widgeons, pintails and teal, all with the same little gun—consequently we had roast duck nearly every night, for dinner during my four weeks' visit. The ducks feed on the wheat in the fields in addition to what they get in the water, and as there are no fish in these little ponds, they are of most excellent flavor.

A dinner of fat, grain fed, roasted duck with mushrooms, and all kinds of vegetables fresh from the garden, with appetite sharpened by a good outing in the bracing September air, followed by a fragrant cigar is not a bad wind up to a day's hunt on the prairie of Saskatchewan.

One day late in September while we were duck shooting the sky became very black toward sundown, and in a few minutes a blizzard struck us and when we reached home the ground was covered with snow, yet on the fifteenth of October, I hunted prairie chickens all day with a coat on and was uncomfortably warm, with mosquitoes much in evidence.

It is very easy for one not familiar with the locality to get lost on the prairie. I frequently

hunted alone and one afternoon, being busy with the ducks until after the sun went down it grew dark before I got back, but I had my compass with me, and by the light of a match I got my bearings and headed due north, knowing that if I kept that course I would reach the house all right, but before long I found myself traveling in the wrong direction. I soon had my bearings again and located the house by the light in the window. The night was warm and I probably would not have been very uncomfortable if I had been compelled to sleep out, but there were quite a lot of prairie wolves about and although they are harmless, unless extremely hungry, their howling at night gives a tenderfoot the creeps. I saw several of them on different occasions and heard some that I did not see.

The mounted police force of the Canadian northwest beats the world. When a "mounty" gets after a crook he might as well come right in as he will get him if it takes years to do it. They are a fearless lot of men. I was told of one who, on coming up with his man, had to look into the muzzle of a loaded gun, but instead of throwing up his hands he sprang off his horse, knocked the gun out of the man's hand and made the arrest.

Having a camera with me I secured a number of interesting souvenirs of my trips to this great grain-growing Province of Canada and when the day came to exchange corduroys for "glad rags" and travel east I said to myself: "This seems to be a suitable place to plant a sprig of acacia in memory of one of the most enjoyable outings I have ever experienced."

GEORGE H. BURTIS.

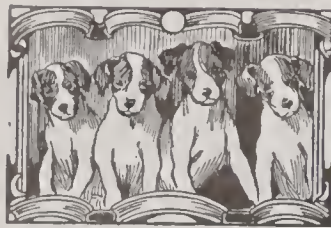
Advancement of interest in the preservation of protected birds, wild animals and fish by means of an educational campaign is given as the object of the Ohio Fish and Game Inspectors' Association, has been organized at Columbus, Ohio. The members are the deputy fish and game wardens of the State.

The officers elected are: C. C. Acton, Cincinnati, president; Harry Crosley, Sandusky, vice-president; A. C. Baxter, Columbus, secretary, and Charles Becht, Columbus, treasurer. The following committee was appointed to draft a constitution: Herman Nohr, Russell's Point; A. C. Wagner, Tiffin; Charles Haines, Lima; Charles Ruckel, Akron, and Sherman Conover, Dayton.

An educational campaign, the members believe, will be of material assistance in the enforcement of the game law. The meeting was held in the office of J. C. Speaks, chief state game warden.

WERNERSVILLE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

The newly elected officers of the Wernersville (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club are: President, H. G. Sensinger; vice-president, William Spatz; financial secretary, P. J. Guinther; recording secretary, W. V. Hassler; captain, U. Lamm; trustees, William Ochs, Irwin Brossman and Rufus Brossman.



KENNEL



"JACK:"—"WITH SOME REFERENCE TO FITS."

A Practical Article on Home Treatment of Your Dog.

Did you ever have an excitable dog that was subject to fits? All kinds of dogs have fits, but I am now referring to finely bred animals of high strung, nervous organizations, whose brains are very active, and which are apt to be too ambitious. Some years ago, a good friend of mine came to me and said that he wished to buy a well trained setter dog. He was prepared to pay a fair price, but not an extravagant one, and asked me to see what I could do for him. The autumn previous I had had one day's shooting in Ohio, with a well known trainer and breeder, who had impressed me as being a first rate sportsman and honest man. His kennels contained many dogs, trained and untrained. I wrote to him at once, and among the dogs offered was a Red Irish setter, quite young, which had been worked on quail and woodcock, and was well trained. The price was \$75, and if not satisfactory "Jack" could be returned. This dog hit my friend's fancy and he promptly mailed a check, which brought Jack the long journey from North to South, in good condition. M— was delighted with his purchase, as the dog was extremely handsome and had a fine disposition. M— loved to have Jack with him on the road, but ran the dog too far and fast when he had ladies with him. We tried him out on quail, and his work was very satisfactory. He was quick in all his actions, ranged and quartered his ground well, and fell into his points without preliminaries or hesitation. It was late in the season and Jack did not have much work in the field. The next summer my friend drove a great deal, and on one occasion reported that the dog had nearly died in a fit, after a long run on a hot day. About September he went abroad, and begged me to take charge of his dog. I had one of my own, and was spending the summer and fall in the country, using the suburban railway service to go to and return from my business in the city.

At that time the quail season nominally began on the 1st of October, but I had practically given up shooting until the first light frosts. There were a certain number of diamond backed rattlers in the country, and a setter or pointer is in very great danger. A friend of mine lost a fine setter within four miles of the city. Dogs are fools in their dealings with deadly snakes, and are apt to charge right in on them, after trailing them up. If struck, however, they seem to realize the situation.

I knew that there was a bevy of quail across the road, back of the house, not a quarter of a mile away, and late one afternoon, after returning from business, I thought that I would give the dogs a run, and possibly, bag a couple of birds on the rise, if we found them. The animals were delighted, and Jack worked his

ground beautifully. In a few minutes he found and stanchly pointed the birds, and on the rise, sure enough, I dropped two quail. I had scarcely bagged these when Jack rolled over in a horrible fit, frothing at the mouth, twitching and kicking. It was a warm evening and the attack seemed a very bad one. Most persons when they see a dog in this condition raise the cry of "mad dog," and many dogs are killed every year as mad, when they have fits. If the fit is comparatively light so that the dog can run about, it is pursued and prosecuted, when probably seeking retirement. I felt very badly, as I thought the dog was surely dying. Suddenly I remembered some doggy advice I had read in an old book. I pulled out my pocket knife, which had a sharp blade for a wonder, and snipped off the end of Jack's tail. Instantly the red blood started in a fine spray, and he came out of the fit at once. He was very weak and had to be assisted to the house, but next day seemed in good health. You may be sure that I took no more chances until cool weather, but when this came, and I could take a day off I went shooting. My friend's return to this country was long delayed, and he wrote me asking that I give Jack some work when I could. I found that the dog was intensely excitable, and that when first cast off in open fields, or a snipe bog would range far and wide. He was stanch and his work in open country so beautiful, that one was tempted to allow him to speed off this first high pressure, before he settled down for the day.

But; presently, he had another fit, and I had to snip off another piece of his tail; then bandage it with a handkerchief, so that the end looked like a drum stick. He was not so weak this time and was able to work quietly, but he had what is sometimes called "a merry tail." He switched this appendage right and left, and striking bushes and briars the end was soon very bloody. Now, I had no wish to restore my friend's dog to him when he returned, with a docked tail, and decided that I must see if there was not something that would prevent fits, stop them before they started. A surgical operation was also objectionable every time the dog had one. I therefore took Jack to my physician and gave him a full account of the attacks, the symptoms, and the causes that I fancied, brought them on. The doctor gave the case full attention, and said that the trouble originated in an excitable brain. Some fits were caused by stomach troubles, particularly in pet dogs. He advised me to buy a bottle of "Bromide of Potassium," with a table spoon when I went shooting with Jack. Before casting him off I was to administer a full dose of bromide, or if he seemed much excited I was to use it occasionally. In fact a dose now and then during the day would do no harm.

Behold me, therefore, with a big bottle and table spoon, dosing the dog religiously while in the field. It may have been the prescription, I

know not, but Jack did not have another fit while he was with me. He did much good work for me as his master was apt to send him around to the house if he heard that I was going shooting. As by this time I had two dogs of my own, and another friend had a dog he always wished me to work, I was well supplied, but I love to have them, any number, if they are accustomed to my ways, and can get rid of jealousy.

Jack lived for several years, but died in a fit, after an 18 mile run with his master's drag, on a hot summer's day. He was a charming animal, and all women quite fell in love with his nice ways and handsome appearance.

For stomach troubles and constipation, I have found Homeopathic "Nux Vomica" very useful. The dogs like it, and the little pills are easily administered. After a dose or two, shake the bottle at them and they will come and sit up for their medicine. Remember it is the Homeopathic sort. The stuff is poison, (Strychnine) and in any other form it is too strong. A friend of mine killed two fox terriers with the regular drug store preparation. Dogs seem to be as easily affected as young children, yet I have had my dogs horribly overdosed when I was a young sportsman. I gained much valuable information from a book "Kennel Diseases by "Ashmont."

With fever and congestion I found that two doses of Homeopathic Aconite, one-half to one hour apart, in the evening, before settling the dog for the night was often very good. The effect was mild, and did not weaken as the regular preparation does.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB SHOW.

The thirty-ninth annual show of Westminster Kennel Club will be held February 22, 23, 24, 25. The meeting place has come back to Madison Square Garden, after a try last year at Grand Central Palace, where facilities were lacking for this classic event in dogdom. The show committee will consist of William Rauch, Richard H. Williams, Winthrop Rutherford and Lewis A. Eldridge. The indispensable James Mortimer, will have the superintendency. Thirty silver cups, to be won outright, are offered. These trophies are open to all.

Judges.

Dr. Henry Jarrett, Chestnut Hill, Pa.—Bloodhounds, Mastiffs, Newfoundlands, Old English Sheepdogs, Chows, Samoyedes, Boxers, Scottish Terriers, West Highland White Terriers, Toy Poodles, Maltese Terriers, Chihuahuas, Variety Classes and Unclassified Specials.

Dudley E. Wateres, Esq., Grand Rapids, Mich. St. Bernards.

Otto J. A. Grassi, Esq., New York, N. Y.—Great Danes.

Rupert W. K. Anderson, Esq., Plainfield, N. J. Russian Wolfhounds.

J. Willoughby Mitchell, Esq., New York, N. Y.

(Continued on page 125.)



TRAP SHOOTING



Forest and Stream is an Honorary Member of the Interstate Association for the Promotion of Trapshooting.



DRIVERS AND TWISTERS. Tidbits of News and Gossip Among Shooters.

It is with a good deal of pleasure I note that Hayes Keller has been appointed sales manager of the Hunter Arms Co. This is a fitting happy new year to a man who has worked diligently and faithfully in the interest of his company. T. H. Jr. like his old dad, who is mistaken for his own grandson at times, is a friend maker of sincere type. He is popular through personality as well as through the merit of the L. C. Smith single trigger. Hayes, physically, doesn't cast much of a shadow but when it comes to selling guns, that same shadow eclipses many a gun salesman of much more generous pulchritude. May T. H.'s shadow never grow less.

Almost every gun club has a shoot scheduled for Feb. 12 and 22, and the majority of the events will be made especially attractive.

A decidedly attractive brochure has been received from E. Reed Shaner, Secretary, Interstate Association. It indicates care and painstaking effort on the part of the busy bees of the association, those who live in Pittsburgh. Excerpts from the booklet is re-printed on another page in this issue.

We have received a number of requests for calendars issued by arms and ammunition companies. We would suggest sending direct to the company whose calendar you want, and if it is possible for them to supply you they very gladly will do so. A word to the wise goes a fishin, sometimes.

Every club in the country will hold shoots on Feb. 12 (Lincoln's birthday) and Feb. 22, (Washington's Birthday) so that no shooter need go begging for a place to shoot on either of those days as most clubs are glad to welcome visitors.

W. G. BEECROFT.

PORT WASHINGTON YACHT CLUB.

Trap shooting popular this year with good scores by many shooters.

Attendance during the month at the Port Washington Yacht Club has been above the average, the old standbys being on deck to pass the horny hand of welcome to newcomers—down there they call it passing the "Buck." H. H. Shannon has been chief custodian of the silver and plate. His cup cabinet is beginning to take on the appearance of Ralph Spotts across the sea. Somebody better pull the handicap rope on this youngster, else he will start in the wholesale silver business. Scores Jan. 2nd:

Weekly—L. B. Small (1), 20; D. S. Cornwell (5), 16; F. Winslow, prof. (0), 12; C. E. Hyde (3), 22; C. L. Thompson (2), 23; D. E. Smith (2), 19; H. Funke (3), 19; C. M. Prankard (5), 23; H. H. Shannon (3), 22.
Weekly prize won by C. L. Thompson.
Monthly—L. B. Small (1), 21; D. S. Cornwell (3), 17; F. Winslow, prof. (0), 20; C. E. Hyde (3), 19; C. L. Thompson (2), 19; D. E. Smith (2), 20; H. Funke (3),

21; C. M. Prankard (5), 17; H. H. Shannon (3), 18.
Leg won by L. B. Small.
Yearly—L. B. Small (1), 20; D. S. Cornwell (3), 18; F. Winslow, prof. (0), 17; C. E. Hyde (3), 23; C. L. Thompson (2), 21; D. E. Smith (2), 21; H. Funke (3), 21; C. M. Prankard (5), 20; H. H. Shannon (3), 25.
Leg won by H. H. Shannon.
Special—L. B. Small (1), 21; D. S. Cornwell (3), 25; F. Winslow, prof. (0), 20; C. E. Hyde (3), 24; C. L. Thompson (2), 23; D. E. Smith (2), 23; H. Funke (3), 24; C. M. Prankard (5), 27; H. H. Shannon (3), 25.
Leg won by H. H. Shannon, who broke 25 straight in this event.
100-Bird Event—L. B. Small (4), 82; D. S. Cornwell (12), 76; F. Winslow, prof. (0), 69; C. E. Hyde (12), 88; C. L. Thompson (8), 86; D. E. Smith (8), 83; H. Funke (12), 85; C. M. Prankard (20), 87; H. H. Shannon (12), 93.

INTER-YACHT CLUB TOURNAMENT.

The first of three Inter Yacht Club championship shoots was pulled over the traps of New Rochelle Yacht Club, Harrison Island, on January 16th. The home team won the first leg with 445, Marine and Field being second with 442, Bayside Yacht Club third with 431. John H. Hendrickson and Hazen L. Hoyt tied for individual high gun with 95 x 100, but Hoyt, who generally is there on a shoot-off, fell down badly, getting only 21 of his 25, while Hendrickson went straight. This gives Hendrickson a leg on *Forest and Stream* trophy, which goes to high average gun for the entire series. High man on the winning team was Dr. G. H. Martin with 93. High breaker for Bayside was F. W. Kent on 89, while F. E. Elliott took top honors for Bensonhurst, with 82. The next shoot will be held at Bayside Yacht Club Feb. 27 and the final crack at Marine and Field Club March 20. Fifty gunners blazed away at New Rochelle.

The summaries:
Inter-Yacht Club Championship, First Shoot, Individual Event (Scratch), One Hundred Clay Birds.—John H. Hendrickson, 95; Hazen L. Hoyt, Jr., 95; Dr. G. H. Martin, 93; E. H. Lott, 92; F. W. Howard, 91; Z. C. Offutt, 91; F. W. Kent, 89; E. L. Haas, 89; H. O. Allyn, 89; G. P. Granbery, 88; H. F. L. Funcke, 87; M. Deisler, 86; Tracey H. Lewis, 86; J. F. James, 86; F. R. Long, 85; H. H. Shannon, 85; C. R. James, 85; J. S. Fosdick, 84; P. R. Towne, 84; S. P. Hopkins, 83; E. L. Hatch, 82; F. E. Ellcott, 82; W. M. Collins, 80; T. H. Lawrence, 80; C. P. Requa, 79; H. S. Bullock, 79; E. B. Magnus, 79; A. Chandler, 78; J. W. Alker, 78; G. M. Cowenhoven, 78; B. R. Stoddard, 77; J. P. Donovan, 77; H. D. Tracy, 77; Dr. C. F. Healy, 77; C. C. Moore, 75; T. H. Foster, 74; D. E. Smith, 74; C. Ferguson, Jr., 74; S. D. Levings, 73; Dr. G. Hunter, 71; C. A. Marsland, 69; Dr. W. L. Groll, 68; F. Hewens, 65; A. H. Beeble, 62; H. R. Roeser, 57; J. Allaire, 56; E. A. Reed, 52; and H. A. Cook, 49. *N. Apgar, 93.

*Professional.
Shoot-off, Twenty-five Clay Birds.—J. H. Hendrickson, 25 straight; H. L. Hoyt, Jr., 21.

Team Championship, First Shoot, Five Hundred Clay Birds.—New Rochelle Yacht Club.—Dr. G. H. Martin, 93; F. W. Howard, 91; Z. C. Offutt, 91; G. P. Granbery, 88; E. L. Hatch, 82. Total, 445.

Marine and Field Club.—J. H. Hendrickson, 95; E. H. Lott, 92; J. F. James, 86; C. R. James, 85; P. R. Towne, 84. Total, 442.

Bayside Yacht Club.—F. W. Kent, 89; H. F. L. Funcke, 87; M. Deisler, 86; F. R. Long, 85; J. S. Fosdick, 84. Total, 431.

Manhasset Bay Yacht Club.—H. L. Hoyt, Jr., 95; T. H. Lewis, 86; H. H. Shannon, 85; J. W. Alker, 78; D. E. Smith, 74. Total, 418.

Bensonhurst Yacht Club.—F. E. Elliott, 82; E. B. Magnus, 79; G. M. Cowenhoven, 78; C. Ferguson, Jr., 74; J. J. Van Pelt, 72. Total, 385.

MARYLAND TRAPSHOOTING LEAGUE.

Hagerstown, Md., Jan. 11.—Two teams are still tied in the Maryland Trapshooting League as a result of the victories scored by the Baltimore Shooting Association and the Havre de Grace Gun Club last week. The former defeated

the Prospect Park Gun Club at Prospect, 355 to 335, while the latter won from the Maryland Country Club, 359 to 343.

Edward Bartlett was high man for the day, missing only one target out of 50. W. Poplar led the Havre de Grace shooters with 48, and Hawkins topped the Baltimore Shooting Association marksmen, he too, only missing two targets.

The scores:
Baltimore Shooting Association—J. M. Hawkins, 48; Graham, 47; J. W. Hawkins, 46; Eyer, 45; Howard, 44; Whiteford, 43; Davis, 39; Ledlum, 39; Malone, 39; Dr. Kantz, 39; Hargest, 39; Brooks, 39; Rosenberry, 35; Leland, 37; Morgan, 34; and Getty, 33.
Prospect Park Gun Club—Tracy, 47; Hensman, 45; Gice, 42; Reynolds, 41; Allen, 43; Woods, 40; Bando, 39; Dickey, 38; Brehm, 33; Ruth, 36; Thompson, 35; Register, 26; Powell, 31; Messenger, 33; Pohlman, 38; Johnson, 31; Mason, 27; and Dr. Corse, 35.
Havre de Grace Gun Club—Joslyn, 45; W. Poplar, 48; C. Colburn, 42; N. Mitchell, 46; Michael, 44; Whitney, 44; Cole, 47; R. Poplar, 43; Dr. Bay, 36; E. Poplar, 40; Osborn, 40; Jackson, 37; Macemore, 28; Hart, 39; Busey, 39; Walker, 42; Lawder, 40; Walstrom, 30; Vandiver, 38; and T. Mitchell, 38.
Maryland Country Club—Lassell, 41; Edward Bartlett, 49; Worthington, 46; Brinkman, 39; Holland, 44; Mallory, 46; Mordecai, 38; Marly, 40; R. Gill, 31; G. Gill, 35; Hiss, 29; Wagner, 33; Brian, 37; Waller, 38; Long, 32; Dr. Smith, 36; T. Offutt, 30; N. Offutt, 30; and Armstrong, 29.
Professionals (not competing)—Wells, 44, and Wheeler, 32.

CAMDEN FIELD CLUB.

Kling Wins Turkeys.

John Kling was the winner of two turkeys in the Camden Field Club shoot. Kling won the first event at 25 targets, shooting from the 20-yard line, breaking 23 birds. In the second event Kling made a total of 21. Kling won the third event with 20 targets, but liberally donated the gobbler to the second man. For second place Pfeffer and Johnson were tied, and on the shoot-off Johnson shot ten out of a possible 12 and received the turkey.

WHITE PLAINS GUN CLUB.

Eighteen shooters shot the program through at the first shoot of the year 1915 at the White Plains Gun Club, at the club grounds, Gedney Farnus, White Plains, N. Y.

Paul A. Raymond, the all around champion of the United States with the pistol, revolver, 22-calibre rifle, U. S. Springfield, who has just joined the club, found the conditions a little strange as he succeeded in breaking 80 out of his 100. It is always with much pleasure that the boys all welcome Miss Laura Boles and her sisters at the club shoots. Miss Boles' score of 79 shows what perseverance at the traps will do. The true sportsman's disposition is truly shown in Miss Boles' work. H. K. Curtis and "Chubby" Bill Webb came over from Chappaqua and helped make the afternoon a pleasant one. Bill's experience at the first indoor trap shoot, held at the Garden always causes quite some laughter. Nobody can tell it as well as he can so for the benefit of those who had not already heard it he recalled the occasion and told how the referee asked him to be a little more careful in aiming at the targets as his last two shots had gone

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through the roof, one of them having taken several of the electric lights with it. Dr. and Mrs. Ogden and Mrs. Paul Raymond were among those present at the club during the afternoon. The high scratch trophy for the day went to Harry Allyn with a score of 90. The high handicap trophy event was won by Mr. F. C. Sayles who won it in a shoot-off having tied Mr. R. M. Jesup with a perfect score. In the shoot-off Mr. Sayles succeeded in smashing 20 to Mr. Jesup's 16.

Names	Total	Handicap	Total
J. T. Hyland	77	15	92
J. R. Talcott	88	7	95
C. H. Hadlock	76	20	96
S. H. Core	69	6	75
H. O. Allyn	90	0	90
P. A. Raymond	80	2	82
Tom Davis	78	0	78
Miss Boles	79	12	91
T. H. Lawrence	80	0	80
J. H. Finch	85	1	86
A. S. Jenks	45	40	85
F. C. Sayles	84	22	106
Dr. Ogden	40	36	76
R. M. Jesup	79	28	107
H. K. Curtis	79	0	79
Wm. Webb	60	0	60
F. E. Carpenter	70	10	80
S. Stook	59	30	89

Names	Yards	Total
T. H. Lawrence	20	20
J. R. Talcott	20	19
H. O. Allyn	20	18
J. T. Hayland	19	17
S. H. Core	18	13
E. F. Ward	20	14
H. K. Curtis	16	19
Wm. Webb	16	11

Sweepstakes Event won by Mr. Curtis.

ANALOSTAN GUN CLUB.

A Successful Season Was 1914.

Washington, D. C., January 2, 1914.

The year 1914 was a most prosperous one for the Analostan Gun Club. There were numerous additions to the membership and a lively interest was manifested by the members all through the year. The average attendance at more than 40 shoots was 19 and during the year 82,890 targets were trapped.

Commencing in April contests were held every two weeks for a challenge cup presented to the club by Mr. George A. Emmons. At the final shoot held on October 31st those who had won the trophy once or more were eligible to compete. E. W. Ford, Dr. E. S. Ford, Dr. J. C. Wynkoop and R. D. Morgan, each had two wins, while Jos. H. Hunter, P. J. Stubener, M. D. Hogan, Dr. A. B. Stine, J. A. Brown and Miles Taylor were credited with one winning. Those who participated in the final shoot-off were

Messrs. E. W. Ford, E. S. Ford, Wynkoop, Hunter, Taylor, Stubener, Hogan and Stine. Those who had won twice shot from the 22-yard mark while the others were on the 21-yard mark. E. W. Ford won the trophy on a score of 78 ex 100. The conditions were bad and the shooting poor.

The spoon shoots were continued during the year and five of these were donated every other week. Several merchandise shoots were also had, the club donating the prizes.

A DuPont trophy was carried over and a tie is to be shot off for it soon. Messrs. Bradford, Culver, Stine, Hogan, C. S. Wilson and Miles Taylor being the contestants.

Between now and April 1st the club will decide the ownership of the Steven's Arms trophy, the Hercules Powder Co.'s watch fob and several prizes donated by Rev. W. W. Barnes, souvenirs of his trip abroad last summer.

During the year an added bird handicap affair for a trophy donated by Edwards & Zanner, an enterprising jewelry firm, was shot for. Our experience with added birds demonstrated that the good shot has to take a back seat in contests of this kind. W. C. Blundon won the trophy with 10 wins to his credit; Jas. M. Green, 8; G. A. Emmons, 7; W. S. Duvall, 7; Dr. A. B. Stine, 6; Dr. W. D. Monroe, 6; E. S. Ford, 5; E. W. Ford, 5; J. A. Brown, 5; M. D. Hogan, 5; Dr. A. V. Parsons, 4; Dr. J. C. Wynkoop, 4; M. Taylor, 3; Hal Remington, 3; J. McL. Seabrook, 3; G. D. Kirkpatrick, 3; C. S. Wilson, 3; J. H. Hunter, 3; P. J. Stubener, 2; C. S. Pittman, 1; Dr. Fenton Bradford, 1; R. T. Livesey, 1; R. D. Morgan, 1.

We opened the season of 1915 with a rattling good shoot on New Year's day. Twenty-five members responded to the call. The shooting was rather difficult but before the day was over some good scores had been hung up, notably that made by W. C. Blundon, one of the new men at the traps who scored 116 out of his last 125. Dr. E. S. Ford also shot well scoring 65 ex 75 in a match with Blundon who bested him by scoring 69 ex 75.

Following are the scores:

Names	Shot At	Broke
E. S. Ford	100	87
M. Taylor	100	87
Dr. A. B. Stine	100	83
W. C. Blundon	100	83
Geo. A. Emmons	100	82
Dr. J. C. Wynkoop	100	81
Joe H. Hunter	100	80
W. W. Barnes	100	80
J. McL. Seabrook	100	80
R. T. Livesey	100	79

E. W. Ford	100	79
S. A. Luttrell	100	79
A. V. Parsons	100	78
W. M. Willis	100	73
M. D. Hogan	100	73
C. S. Wilson	100	72
W. Hitchcock	100	72
J. A. Brown	100	69
W. D. Monroe	100	63
Wm. Lowe	85	56
W. A. Seabold	75	40
Dr. Jesse Shoup	50	42
R. M. Graham	50	39
W. S. Duvall	50	28

E. W. Ford's gun was out of commission and shooting a strange gun accounts for his poor score. W. S. Duvall, one of our regulars, was out for the first time for several months. He has been under the weather and cashed in when he shot fifty.

The spoon shot was an interesting affair. Taylor was accorded the high average spoon for his 87; E. S. Ford having won the A spoon with 46. Blundon, Hunter and Wynkoop tied for C spoon and will shoot the tie off at another meeting. Each scored 36 ex 50. J. A. Brown won the B spoon with 41 and Luttrell the D spoon with 31.

The merchandise prizes were divided into three lots A, B, and C. E. S. Ford and Taylor shot off the first choice in A. Ford won—23 to 22. Stine and Blundon also tied and shot off. Blundon won 23 to 21. Other ties were decided by lot.

MILES TAYLOR, Sec.

NONESUCH GUN CLUB.

Whitney Wins Leg on Trophy.

December 26, 1914.

The intense cold didn't prevent 20 shooters from competing at the Nonesuch Gun Club's grounds yesterday afternoon. John Whitney won the leg shoot in the match for the Stevens' trophy, the score standing as follows: Whitney, 48; D. L. Robinson, 46; H. Brackett, 46; Henry Cash, 46; E. H. Dyer, 45; James Whitney, 41; Edgar Thurston, 25; Harold Ward, 20.

The other matches were small affairs and in all about a thousand targets were used.

A Freeze-Out Shoot.

On account of the extreme cold yesterday morning the annual Christmas shoot on the traps of the Portland Gun Club was not pulled off, although several enthusiasts were out and shot an informal program of 75 birds and nearly froze while doing it.

W. G. Hill	23	23	22-68
O. P. Weymouth	18	21	22-61
A. N. Read	18	21	22-61
Dr. F. L. Hayden	19	20	21-60

DISCUSS NEW GUN CLUB.

St. Paul Postpones Action on New Trap Shooting Association for Twin Cities.

December 26, 1914.

Representatives of several of the leading gun clubs of the Twin Cities met last night to discuss plans for the proposed Twin Cities Trap Shooting Association. Emil Novotny of the Hazel Park and M. W. Thompson of the Rod and Gun clubs, both of St. Paul, and Dr. Chapman of the Rod and Gun and V. Austin of the Athletic Club of Minneapolis were among those present. The Minneapolis clubs decided to enter the new organization, but the St. Paul men, although expressing themselves favorably to the proposed association, voted to postpone action until their annual meetings, which will be held in the near future.

LOCK HAVEN GUN CLUB.

Lock Haven, Pa., Jan. 4, 1915.

With the ringing down of the curtain of 1914, the Lock Haven Gun Club closed one of the most successful years in the history of the Club, and the desire of the members is, that they could shake the hand of all their friends, and wish them a happy and prosperous New Year.

The 11th annual meeting and complimentary banquet of this hustling up state club was held at the New Commercial Hotel January 19th, when a vigorous campaign was launched for the 1915 season. It is the intention of the Club to hold their 11th annual tournament on August 4th and 5th, next, and the shooting fraternity may look forward to this tournament with much interest, as it promises to be some shoot.

C. A. JOHNSON, Sec'y L. H. G. C.

DANIEL BOONE GUN CLUB.

Marthasville, Mo., Jan. 2, 1915.

Following are scores made at a shoot given by the Daniel Boone Gun Club on January 1st.

	Shot At	Broke
Gus. Lichtenberg	50	48
C. Kite	50	47
E. Suhre	50	45
F. Suhre	50	43
Jno. Mutert	40	21
Frk. Struebbe	30	19
E. Riske	30	18
F. Koelling	30	15
Flo. Mutert	20	12

E. E. SUHRE, Secretary.

NEMOURS (LADIES) TRAP SHOOTING CLUB.

Major Ramsay's Trophy Permanently Awarded. Becomes Permanent Possession of Mrs. Charles E. Springer, Who Won the Medal Eight Times During the Calendar Year 1914. January 7th, 1915.

At the regular meeting of the Nemours Trap-shooting Club yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Chas. Springer was presented with the 1914 Ramsay Trophy, having won it eight times during the year. This is the second trophy that Major Ramsay has presented to the club to be shot for weekly under a handicap system, the high handicap score each week winning the medal until the next regular shoot. Major Ramsay suggested this handicap system as he wanted to give all the shooters in the club an equal chance of winning the medal. Major Ramsay also, stated that the shooter winning the medal the greatest number of times during the year should become the final owner. Mrs. Springer's nearest competitor was Mrs. E. L. Riley, who held the medal six times during the year.

Mrs. Springer also won sixth place on the Willis Cup yesterday.

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THE LARGEST FISH EVER CAPTURED ON A ROD

A Tuna of 710 Lbs.

ON A CARTER SPLIT CANE ROD

Illustrative Catalogue Post Free

A WORLD'S RECORD ON A CARTER ROD

The winter weather is responsible for the small attendance at the traps on Wednesday afternoons, but as soon as the pleasant spring weather sets in, the ladies will be out in full force again.

Yesterday there were only three women at the firing line, but several of the gentlemen present filled up the squads and the shoot was enjoyed by every one.

Scores follow:—

	Shot At	Broke
Miss Hammond	25	15
Mrs. Springer	75	31
Mrs. E. L. Riley	25	12

"BLUE BIRD."

BENSONHURST YACHT CLUB SHOOT.

January 9, 1915.

Many sportsmen gathered to-day as participants and onlookers at the weekly shoot of the Bensonhurst Yacht Club at its Club grounds on Gravesend Bay. The weather conditions were not of the best for clay bird shooting, as a dull leaden sky and sharp puffy wind made the targets at times behave in the most erratic fashion. The scores, notwithstanding, were extremely good. Dr. Hunter won the major part of the prizes and Mr. Fincke and Mr. Hewens, proved the winners in two other events.

Our novice class is fast coming to the front under the able coaching of our Dr. Elliott and many of them will, without doubt, make some of our veteran shooters look to their laurels before the season ends. Appended are the scores:—

	25 Birds Monthly Shoot		25 Birds Take Home		25 Birds Special Shoot		25 Birds Special Shoot	
	H.	T.	H.	T.	H.	T.	H.	T.
E. B. Magnus	1	21	1	20	1	21	1	12
Dr. Elliott	0	22	0	17	0	21	0	13
Dr. Hunter	2	25	2	22	3	20	3	12
Dr. Cairne	6	17	6	15	6	15	6	9
F. E. Hewens	3	19	3	17	3	19	3	15
H. Fincke	3	24	3	15	3	23	3	10
G. Cowenhoven	2	19	2	20	2	22	2	13
J. Allaire	6	17	6	17	6	15	6	10
E. A. Reed	6	10	6	17	6	18	6	10
J. Van Pelt	5	19	5	20	5	20	5	12
A. H. Beedle	4	20	4	17	4	19	4	11
R. Morgan	0	19	0	20	0	21	0	13
H. Roeser	3	17	3	18	3	19	3	12
Dr. Webb	3	17	3	19	3	11

Monthly Shoot and Take Home, won by Dr. Hunter; Special Shoot, won by Mr. Fincke; Special Shoot, won by Mr. Hewens.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., GUN CLUB.

E. M. Cornwell Wins Holiday Handicap.

Jan. 2, 1915.

E. M. Cornwell won the Holiday Handicap at the Birmingham Gun Club on Jan. 2.

Cornwell shot from the 19 yard mark which

makes his score all the more creditable. The conditions were not the best.

E. R. Holt, professional, tied Mr. Cornwell with score of 88 out of his 100. Holt shooting from 21 yards.

Lee Moody was a close second with 86 out of his 100.

Mr. Hodges came out too late to finish his shooting.

This is the annual Holiday Handicap of the Gun Club, and owing to the bad conditions the scores were very low for our shooters.

Mr. Delony of Margrett, Ala., paid us a visit but shot below his average.

Scores as follows:

	Yards	Shot At	Broke
E. M. Cornwell	19	100	88
E. R. Holt	20	100	88
Lee Moody	17	100	86
Dr. I. J. Sellers	19	100	79
Dr. Mort. Jordan	17	100	76
Mrs. Garl	17	100	72
O. L. Garl	17	100	73
C. J. Perry	17	100	68
R. H. Baugh	17	100	67
I. C. Delany	17	100	66
R. M. Leland	17	100	66
H. B. Hodges	17	40	30

HUDSON GUN CLUB.

The appended scores was made Dec. 27 at the Hudson Gun Club traps, with 14 shooters taking part. The morning was cold and with a stiff wind that was blowing across the traps, made it very hard to get very many good scores. The feature of the morning was a match at 100 birds between A. Mack and B. Coulton, two expert rifle shots of the Fourth Regiment, who have had very little practice at the Blue Rock game, and considering conditions their scores was very good, Coulton winning by 12 birds over Mack, and on January 10th, our next shooting date, they will try again to see if they can improve their scores, as they intend to take part in the tournament at the Sportsmans Show on the roof of the Crystal Palace.

	Shot At	Broke
Dr. Pinkerton	175	128
H. J. Burlington	150	94
Dr. Groll	125	85
C. von Lengerke	150	101
T. Kelley	150	92
P. S. Meyers	100	60
J. Whitley	100	67
M. Anderson	100	44
B. Coulton	100	59
A. Mack	100	47
J. Young	75	31
T. Mackie	50	20
G. Veltman	50	11
T. Murray	50	18

It seemed like old times at the Hudson Gun

Club grounds this morning, Jan. 10 to see the bunch of old vets that assembled to try their skill at breaking the Blue Rocks, against some of our younger members. Lou. Schortey, Henry Pape, Carl von Lengerke, Jack Williams, Dave Engle, C. W. Phelps, who thought that he had the secret of getting them all, and last but not least, old man Joe. Whitley of clam chowder fame, all gray and grizzled, who has been shooting at the Hudson Gun Club since the early eighties, was on the job as anxious to show us what they could do. The scores showed that Dave Engle and C. von Lengerke was the best at the game with 80 per cent. to their credit, and we all take off our hats to the champion of the old guard, Another old timer who was a visitor to-day was

Jack Fanning. There was something wrong with his scores

	Shot At	Broke
H. Pape	125	80
W. Eaton	125	56
J. Williams	125	63
L. Schortey	150	87
Dr. Pinkerton	150	87
J. Hetherington	125	80
D. D. Engle	125	101
P. S. Meyers	125	80
C. von Lengerke	125	101
Dr. Culver	150	103
J. Pape	100	47
C. W. Phelps	150	80
H. J. Burlington	100	65
T. Kelley	100	74
Mrs. Randall	75	46
J. S. Fanning	75	47
J. Whitley	75	44
J. Townsend	50	33
S. Everitt	50	21
W. Everitt	25	19

T. H. Kelley, Secretary.

DEER HERDS WITH CATTLE.

Farmer Who Butchered It is Fined \$1,000 and Costs.

Miller, S. D.—Deputy Game Warden, C. J. Kelley had G. G. Eschenhausen, a farmer living six miles southwest of Miller, arrested for shooting a deer. The defendant was fined \$100, besides \$9.35 costs. The deer came to Eschenhausen's yard with the cattle, having been hunted and frightened there from the southwest. It weighed 600 pounds. About 15 years ago a deer was killed near the same farm, but since then none has been seen.



While hunting Pheasants near Hansrote, W. Va. Mr. W. M. Kefauver killed a deer with his

LEFEVER 20-Gauge Loaded with No. 5 Shot

"The deer was running toward me at an angle," he writes, "and at the first shot I broke its shoulder, knocking it down. With the second shot, killed it dead with a charge back of the head at a distance of *about 25 yards*."

"Also killed two turkeys and I was absolutely astounded at the remarkable shooting strength of your 20-gauge gun."

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Shooters Averages For 1914

Pittsburgh, Pa., January 2, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Following herewith is the Interstate Association list of Amateur and Professional trap-shooting averages for 1914, with names of contestants, total number of targets shot at in Registered Tournament, total number of targets scored, and percentages.

The averages for both Amateurs and Professionals are based on a minimum of 2,000 targets, as per The Interstate Association ruling to that effect. The scores made at the Tournament given at Fulton, Ky., August 7th, are not included in the list, as the club holding said Tournament failed to live up to its agreement covering registration.

The averages for double targets are computed on the Interstate Association Tournaments only, and they are based on taking part in two Tournaments as a minimum, as per the Interstate Association ruling to that effect.

THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION,
E. REED SHANER, Secretary

Averages for Single Targets.

AMATEURS.		Shot	Per-
Name and Address	At Broke	At Broke	centage
Henderson, Woolfolk, Lexington, Ky.....	2050	1981	.9663
Huntley, S. A. Omaha, Nebr.....	7820	7548	.9652
King, R. A. Delta, Colo.....	3505	3374	.9626
Lewis, Bart. Auburn, Ills.....	3550	3414	.9616
Hoon, W. S. Jewell, Iowa.....	4950	4734	.9563
Newcomb, Chas. H. Philadelphia, Pa.....	3985	3808	.9555
Belm, Walter S. Esterly, Pa.....	3645	3483	.9551
Ridley, Wm. What Cheer, Iowa.....	3050	2937	.9631
Bruns, R. H. Brookville, Ind.....	3650	3468	.9511
Livingston, J. R. Springville, Ala.....	2075	1968	.9484
Jones, W. H. Macon, Ga.....	2300	2181	.9482
Wright, F. S. South Wales, N. Y.....	3865	3646	.9433
Graper, F. A. Custer Park, Ills.....	2650	2498	.9426
Foord, Wm. Wilmington, Del.....	2150	2023	.9409
Noel, J. H. Nashville, Tenn.....	2825	2654	.9394
Kennicott, H. Evanston, Ills.....	4400	4131	.9388
White, J. P. Watertown, S. Dak.....	3250	3050	.9384
Heil, Allen. Allentown, Pa.....	2995	2810	.9382
Richardson, A. B. Dover, Del.....	2500	2345	.9380
Troeh, F. M. Vancouver, Wash.....	2430	2278	.9374
Jahn, Jno. R. Davenport, Ia.....	2450	2295	.9367
Hart, J. W. Dresden, Can.....	2200	2060	.9363
Gunning, C. A. Longmont, Colo.....	2080	1947	.9360
Heikes, H. W. Dayton, O.....	2850	2666	.9354

Hummell, Chas. La Porte City, Ia.....	3700	3459	.9348
Couts, J. F., Jr. San Diego, Cal.....	7270	6796	.9348
Varner, E. W. Adams, Nebr.....	3050	2850	.9344
Painter, Geo. E. Pittsburgh, Pa.....	2750	2568	.9338
McMahon, D. F. New York, N. Y.....	2340	2184	.9333
Lyon, Geo. L. Durham, N. C.....	2960	2761	.9327
Coburn, C. D. Mechanicsburg, O.....	2250	2098	.9324
Moritz, B. E. Denver, Colo.....	2080	1933	.9293
West, R. J. Bronsville, Pa.....	2100	1949	.9281
Hall, Wm. H. Maysville, Ky.....	2325	2155	.9268
Fisher, E. V. Oklahoma City, Okla.....	2650	2455	.9264
Koch, F. C. Phillipsburg, O.....	4400	4075	.9261
Osborn, G. L. Brookline, Mass.....	2450	2269	.9261
Martin, J. G. Harrisburg, Pa.....	4995	4615	.9239
O'Brien, P. H. Portland, Ore.....	2205	2037	.9238
Davis, L. H. Beverly, Mass.....	2080	1919	.9226
Tolen, W. H. Fort Dodge, Ia.....	2950	2715	.9203
Edmonson, C. A. Clayton, Ind.....	3059	2800	.9180
Powers, Henry. Atlantic City, N. J.....	2119	1936	.9175
Schmitz, J. A. Storm Lake, Ia.....	2400	2202	.9175
Shaw, A. M. Delmont, S. Dak.....	2200	2014	.9154
Putnam, S. W. Fitchburg, Mass.....	2175	1990	.9149
Shoop, H. B. Harrisburg, Pa.....	3225	2950	.9147
George, M. F. Monroe, La.....	2075	1894	.9127
Austin, J. T. Monroe, La.....	2595	2367	.9121
Hinshaw, E. C. Spirit Lake, Ia.....	2900	2640	.9103
Prink, J. S. Worthington, Minn.....	3400	3094	.9100
Wihlon, H. F. Gresham, Ore.....	2800	2548	.9100
Clark, Jr., Jay. Worcester, Mass.....	2120	1927	.9089
Blunt, J. A. Greensboro, Ala.....	2200	1996	.9072
Konvalinka, Joe. Mason City, Ia.....	2500	2268	.9072
Leahy, D. T. New York, N. Y.....	2840	2574	.9063
Crothers, S. M. Philadelphia, Pa.....	2170	1965	.9055
Muncy, N. Iowa City, Ia.....	2200	1992	.9054
Grubb, Geo. Wetmore, Kans.....	3550	3211	.9045
Lallance, Jr., J. B. Huntington, W. Va.....	2275	2055	.9033
Caldwell, J. F. Concordia, Kans.....	2000	1806	.9030
Snow, J. L. Boston, Mass.....	2260	2040	.9026
Clay, Jr., T. H. Austerlitz, Ky.....	2000	1804	.9020
Herold, D. A. Harrisburg, Pa.....	2075	1866	.8992
Dodds, J. F. San Diego, Cal.....	4400	3946	.8968
Homer, C. B. Krebs, Okla.....	2000	1791	.8955
Yearous, A. L. Eagle Grove, Ia.....	2900	2596	.8951
Strothers, H. T. Winchester, Ky.....	3025	2705	.8942
Eyre, H. Philadelphia, Pa.....	2595	2319	.8936
Ebberts, Jno. Buffalo, N. Y.....	3615	3225	.8921
Martin, Dr. G. H. New York, N. Y.....	2030	1805	.8891
Cochran, Geo. Rodfield, Pa.....	2050	1819	.8873
Brown, W. P. Minneapolis, Minn.....	3200	2838	.8868
Ogilvie, Harry. Lindsay, Cal.....	2730	2415	.8846
Church, A. W. Port Chester, N. Y.....	2790	2466	.8838
Oliver, Vincent. Philadelphia, Pa.....	2805	2479	.8837
Remy, B. P. Anderson, Ind.....	3815	3370	.8833
Donald, T. J. Felicity, O.....	2250	1986	.8826
Ziegler, F. M. Allentown, Pa.....	2420	2132	.8809
Corfield, W. E. Utica, N. Y.....	2175	1916	.8809
Mathews, W. H. Trenton, N. J.....	2135	1877	.8791
Thill, Matt. Woonsocket, S. Dak.....	3100	2722	.8780
Brooks, Jr., H. E. Pittsburgh, Pa.....	2050	1800	.8780
Lemke, E. G. Grand Forks, N. Dak.....	2240	1959	.8745
Cowan, W. H. Conde, S. Dak.....	2950	2576	.8732
Chiple, J. I. Greenwood, S. C.....	2900	2516	.8675
Mackie, G. K. Scammon, Kans.....	3380	2931	.8671
Peck, H. E. Kenmare, N. Dak.....	2040	1769	.8671
Goode, O. P. Hinsdale, Ills.....	2400	2080	.8666
Cooper, Guy. Kansas City, Mo.....	2300	1991	.8656
Burns, R. N. Cambridge, Mass.....	2190	1895	.8653
Kivits, W. H. Terre Haute, Ind.....	2550	2203	.8639
Baker, D. W. Pittsburgh, Pa.....	2100	1813	.8633
McKelvey, C. E. Seattle, Wash.....	2325	1978	.8507

ITHACA ONE BARREL TRAP GUN

Here is a new one — a high grade **Single Barrel Trap Gun** made especially for the trapshooter.

It has two lugs at top and one at bottom, bolted at each of these three points, giving a triangular form of fastening and especially designed to stand the continuous strain of heavy nitro powder loads.

It is equipped with our lightning lock, automatic ejector and ventilated rib.

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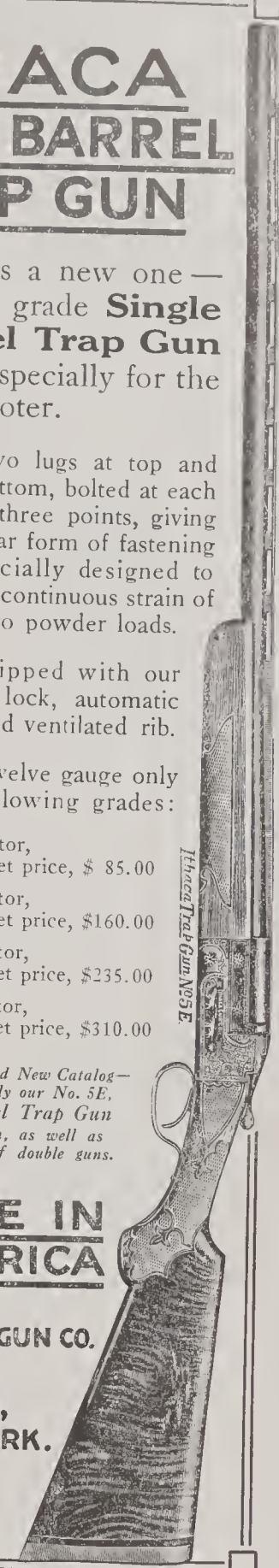
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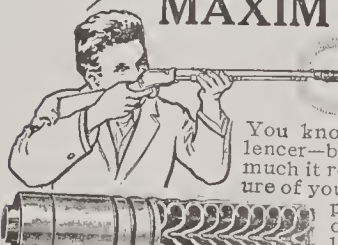
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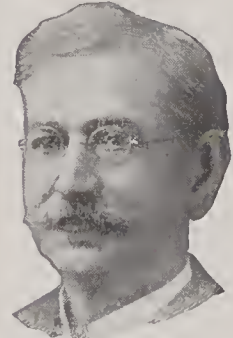
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E. K. Roberts



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Associate Justice U. S. Court of Claims and former Governor of West Virginia
"The fragrance of Tuxedo is extremely pleasant to the smoker and those about him. Exceptional mildness and mellowness are other attractive properties of this excellent tobacco."

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HERE are today's marching orders: Turn in at the first tobacco shop, get some Tuxedo and "fire-up" at will. It's good for you when you're going into action—and when you're at peace with the world.

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The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Money can't buy a better tobacco than Tuxedo—made from the cream of the Burley crop, chosen for its superb mildness—treated by the famous "Tuxedo Process" which takes out every particle of bite and sting.

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Get yourself some mellow Tuxedo today. Smoke all you want, pipeful after pipeful. You'll come up smiling every time!

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, Famous green tin, with gold
moisture-proof pouch 5c lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c
In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

Send us 10c and your tobacco dealer's name and we will mail you prepaid a handsome Leather Draw-Pouch with string and a 10c tin of Tuxedo to any address in U. S. We gladly make this Free Pouch Offer to get you to try Tuxedo. **FREE**

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. Room 1194, 111 Fifth Ave., New York

Table of names and addresses for professional shooters, including Blinn, C. P. Boston, Mass., Larsen, L. C. Kansas City, Mo., Ford, E. G. Philadelphia, Pa., Sousa, J. P. New York, N. Y., Webber, Nick. Waterloo, Ia., Wade, F. D. Boise, Ida., Wade, J. E. Boise, Ida., Fell, R. G. Philadelphia, Pa., Hoffman, S. S. Harrisburg, Pa., Foster, Sam S. Mason City, Ia., Bitterling, J. C. Allentown, Pa., Riley, T. D. San Francisco, Cal., Morrison, J. I. Brownsville, Pa., Thompson, C. D. Brownsville, Pa.

AVERAGES FOR SINGLE TARGETS.

PROFESSIONALS.

Table with 3 columns: Name and Address, Shot At Broke, Percent-age. Includes Reid, L. H. Seattle, Wash., Spencer, Chas. G. St. Louis, Mo., Crosby, W. R. O'Fallon, Ills., German, L. S. Aberdeen, Md.

Table with 3 columns: Name and Address, Shot At Broke, Percent-age. Includes Clark, Homer. Alton, Ills., Taylor, Jno. R. Columbus, O., Hawkins, J. M. Baltimore, Md., Holt, E. R. Montgomery, Ala., Gibbs, H. D. Union City, Tenn., Killam, Art. St. Louis, Mo., Storr, E. H. Richmond, Va., Bills, F. G. Chicago, Ills., Freeman, H. D. Atlanta, Ga., Kreger, G. Redfield, S. Dak., Topperwein, Mrs. A. San Antonio, Tex., Sommers, A. A. Delta, Pa., Riehl, F. C. Tacoma, Wash., Huseman, F. H. Washington, D. C., Kirkwood, H. C. La Grange, Ills., Young, C. A. Springfield, O., Graham, J. R. Ingleside, Ills., Goodrich, C. E. Atlanta, Ga., Morgan, E. J. Salt Lake City, Utah, Barstow, D. G. Kansas City, Mo., Huff, Walter. Macon, Ga., Woodworth, A. W. Spokane, Wash., Apgar, Neaf. Plainfield, N. J., Stevens, H. H. Roselle Park, N. J., Danton, W. B. Portland, Me., Guptill, R. D. Mankato, Minn.

Large table listing names, addresses, shot counts, and percentages for various shooters. Includes Poston, H. E. San Francisco, Cal., Maxwell, Geo. W. Hastings, Nebr., Marshall, T. A. Keithsburg, Ills., Ford, O. N. San Jose, Cal., Day, J. S. Cincinnati, O., O'Brien, Edw. Florence, Kans., Moore, Carl F. Pittsburgh, Pa., Rinkel, H. C. Minneapolis, Minn., Glover, Sim. Rochester, N. Y., Slear, E. F. Collingswood, N. J., Welles, H. S. New York, N. Y., Keefe, Harry. Denver, Colo., Worthington, H. L. Baltimore, Md., Chapin, G. H. Brookfield, Mass., Dickey, J. E. Minneapolis, Minn., Heikes, R. O. Dayton, O., Reed, R. C. San Francisco, Cal., Holohan, P. J. Portland, Ore., Gilbert, Fred. Spirit Lake, Ia., Barber, R. R. Minneapolis, Minn., Donnelly, H. J. Guthrie, Okla., Schwartz, Ben. Houston, Tex., Eastman, F. K. Indianapolis, Ind., Hirschy, H. C. Minneapolis, Minn., Banks, Edw. Wilmington, Del., Hardy, A. H. Denver, Colo., Head, J. L. Moberly, Mo., Fox, T. H. Lynchburg, Va., Clancy, R. W. Chicago, Ills., Chamberlain, W. R. Columbus, O., Cadwallader, H. W. Decatur, Ills., Daniel, E. M. Lynchburg, Va., Stannard, W. D. Chicago, Ills., Olson, G. A. Sioux Falls, S. Dak., Barr, J. M. Indianapolis, Ind., Graham, E. S. Ingleside, Ills., Gross, D. D. Kansas City, Mo., Sibley, A. E. Boston, Mass., Holohan, Guy E. Los Angeles, Cal., White, E. F. G. Ottawa, Can., Fanning, J. S. New York, N. Y., Hinkle, J. R. Oklahoma City, Okla., Carter, Geo. L. Lincoln, Nebr., Bowman, Wm. Denver, Colo., Hammond, W. M. Wilmington, Del., Joslyn, W. A. Wilmington, Del., Diokey, O. R. Boston, Mass., Terry, Jos. Wilmington, Del., Holladay, O. J. Indianapolis, Ind., Bovee, D. W. Kansas City, Mo., Wheeler, G. M. Brunswick, Me., Fay, F. M. Chicopee Falls, Mass., Squier, L. J. Pittsburgh, Pa., Cassidy, Thos. Nashville, Tenn., Overbaugh, Harry. Philadelphia, Pa., Higgins, W. D. Minneapolis, Minn., Morris, E. B. Portland, Ore., Le Compte, C. O. Ashville, N. C., Haight, C. A. San Francisco, Cal., Young, H. E. Fredonia, Pa., Knight, C. H. San Francisco, Cal., Riggs, F. R. Des Moines, Ia., Hymel, C. W. Minneapolis, Minn., Ballou, J. Murray. Chicago, Ills., Cragg, G. B. Dallas, Tex., Brown, Ray F. Belleville, N. J., Day, R. London, Can., Lewis, L. R. Atglen, Pa., Flannigan, Dave. Minneapolis, Minn., Doremus, T. E. Wilmington, Del., Lednum, E. T. Chicago, Ills., Pratt, J. F. Philadelphia, Pa., Keller, H. A. New York, N. Y., Whitney, Fred C. Des Moines, Ia., Winans, H. E. Belleville, Ills.

AVERAGES FOR DOUBLE TARGETS.

AMATEURS.

Table with 4 columns: Name and Address, Shot At Broke, Percent-age. Includes Wright, F. S. South Wales, N. Y., Wettleaf, Wm. Nichols, Ia., King, R. A. Delta, Colo., Lyon, Geo. L. Durham, N. C., Fuller, Frank G. Mukwonago, Wisc., Jones, W. H. Macon, Ga., Whilon, H. F. Gresham, Ore., Behm, Walter S. Esterly, Pa., Galbraith, C. A. Bay City, Mich., McMahon, D. F. New York, N. Y., Frink, J. S. Worthington, Minn., O'Brien, P. H. Portland, Ore., Homer, C. B. Krebs, Okla., Richardson, A. B. Dover, Del., Whitney, H. E. Anthony, Kans., Crothers, E. K. Bloomington, Ills., Robison, L. J. Peoria, Ills., Cooper, Guy. Kansas City, Mo., Kelsey, F. D. East Aurora, N. Y., Andrews, Isaac. Spartanburg, S. C., Williams, B. S. Nashville, Tenn., Leahy, D. T. New York, N. Y., Connor, A. C. Springfield, Ills.

AVERAGES FOR DOUBLE TARGETS.

PROFESSIONALS.

Table with 4 columns: Name and Address, Shot At Broke, Percent-age. Includes Maxwell, Geo. W. Hastings, Nebr., German, L. S. Aberdeen, Md., Marshall, T. A. Keithsburg, Ills., Graham, J. R. Ingleside, Ills., Spencer, Chas. G. St. Louis, Mo., Crosby, W. R. O'Fallon, Ills., Taylor, Jno. R. Columbus, O., Young, C. A. Springfield, O., Dickey, O. R. Boston, Mass., Hawkins, J. M. Baltimore, Md., Doremus, T. E. Wilmington, Del.

Pinehurst Classic a Tremendous Success

By Herbert L. Jillson.

Pinehurst, N. C., Jan. 23

S. A. Huntley of Omaha, the National doubles champion, was the bright and particular star of the 8th annual midwinter handicap trap shooting tournament at Pinehurst, North Carolina. Not only did he capture the chief trophy but he also tied for the Preliminary and he won both the high average for the 800 targets of the entire program, totaling 759, and the average for the 600 of the 16 yard sweepstakes with 575. J. D. Platt, Jr., of Dayton, was the Preliminary winner in a tie shoot off with not only Huntley but H. W. Heikes of his own town and G. N. Fish of Lyndonville, N. Y. Huntley also landed in the class event of the Preliminary for the leading prize with A. E. Ranney winning B Class, D. W. Baker C Class and Vincent Oliver D Class. In a similar event in connection with the Handicap J. B. Lallance, Jr., C. W. Billings, David Wardsworth and Isaac Andrews, captured the trophies, all in all an event which continues to take front rank among America's classic meets.

Some Class to the Field.

Some class in the field? Yes, some: Ralph L. Spotts of the New York Athletic Club, amateur champion of America; S. A. Huntley of Omaha, amateur champion on doubles; F. S. Wright of South Wales, the New York State champion; A. B. Richardson of Dover, the Delaware State champion; George L. Lyon of Durham, N. C., the new Long Island champion; B. M. Higginson of Newburgh, amateur champion in 1913; Charles H. Newcomb of Philadelphia, the Handicap title holder; John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster; and others from here, there and everywhere.

The Midwinter Handicap.

Huntley's tie for the Preliminary trophy resulted in his being moved back from the 22 yard mark to the 23 yard limit, but he started right after the trophy with a clean break of 20 on the first string followed by three more of 19 each, and ending up with an 18 for a total of 95. David Wardsworth, 3rd, was close after him at the 17 yard mark, but he made his 20 at the end of the string recording 19 before that which was preceded by an 18 a 19 and an 18 for a total of 94, which never gave him a vantage point which made him dangerous.

C. W. Billings at 18 yards, once winner of the Handicap, C. H. Newcomb at 22 yards, the 1914 winner, and J. B. Lallance, Jr., at 19 yards, were bunched in a triple tie for second, and it was a pretty race throughout as the following tabulated scores show:

Billings	18	19	18	19	19-93
Newcomb	18	20	17	18	20-93
Lallance	19	19	19	17	19-93

Isaac Andrews, a 16 yard man, and George L. Lyon, 21 yards, made 92 each with J. I. Brandenburg and W. H. Patterson each 18 yards, and A. B. Richardson 21 yards tied at 91.

Quadruple Tie in the Preliminary.

Eighty-nine bunched J. D. Platt, Jr., 18 yards, H. W. Heikes, 20 yards, G. N. Fish, 20 yards and Huntley, 22 yards, in a tie for the Pre-



S. A. Huntley, Winner Midwinter Handicap.

liminary trophy. In the shoot off Platt broke them all, Huntley missing one, Heikes three and Fish fifteen. The race was even money throughout, a 20 straight on the last string bringing Platt into the tie when he appeared to be out of it. The scores:

Platt	17	18	18	16	20-89
Fish	18	18	19	17	17-89

Heikes	17	17	19	19	17-89
Huntley	18	17	19	18	17-89

A. E. Ranney made 88 at 18 yards for fourth position and 87 bunched D. W. Baker 17 yards, C. L. Frantz 19 yards, and W. M. Foord 21 yards.

Class Shooting Makes a Big Hit.

The class shooting feature inaugurated last year proved to be a big card on the program. In the Handicap event 93 landed the trophy for Lallance in Class A, and Billings won the Class B trophy in the shoot off at the same figure with Newcomb breaking 17 to 16 for his opponent. Wardsworth's 94 won Class C and Isaac Andrews got the Class D trophy with 92. In a similar event in the Preliminary, Huntley won the Class A trophy in the shoot off for the Preliminary prize with Fish and Heikes. Platt's 89 placed him at the head of Class B, but he couldn't take two prizes and A. E. Ranney's 88 was good. D. W. Baker won Class C with 87, and Vincent Oliver Class D with 84.

Sweepstakes Precede the Big Events.

The program opened with practice sweepstakes on Tuesday, preceding the regular sweeps on Wednesday and Thursday. A. B. Richardson, the Delaware State Champion, recorded 192 for the lead on Tuesday, C. D. Coburn second in 191 and F. M. Edwards third in 189.

Wednesday, W. H. Jones recorded 192 for the lead, Huntley tying Wright at 191 for second and third plays, and Coburn finishing in 190.

In the sweepstakes preliminary to the Handicap on Saturday, Huntley only missed one target and Newcomb and Wright recorded 99 each. In a similar event which led up to the Preliminary on Friday, Wright was first in 97, Huntley second in 96 and Al Heil third in 95. Spotts got under the wire at 92 which was about as good as he made during the week.

Professionals Swap Honors.

The professional delegation swapped honors throughout the week. In the Handicap, O. R. Dickey and Walter Huff at 18 and 20 yards were first in 92, and in the Preliminary LeCompte made 87 at 19 yards and Gibbs 82 at 22 yards. In the sweeps which led up to the Preliminary Storr was first in 97, and Joslyn second in 94. In a similar event connected with the Handicap,

A REAL GUN

L. C. Smith New Designs With Hunter One Trigger For TRAP and FIELD

With the characteristics of the Thoroughbred written all over it. This means it will win. Kindly let us mail you our new catalogue showing perfect illustrations and descriptions of all grades

PRICES \$25.00 TO \$1,000

Manufactured by **HUNTER ARMS COMPANY Inc.** No. 776 Hubbard St. FULTON, N. Y.



Says the Successful Traveling Man—

“Sure, I chew; and I chew the best there is. My brand is PIPER Heidsieck. I use “PIPER” and, tell you the truth, I’ve found it the most soothing and satisfying way of using tobacco.”

PIPER Heidsieck
CHEWING TOBACCO—Champagne Flavor

The rich, wine-like flavor of “PIPER” satisfies the tobacco-hunger as *nothing else can!*

“PIPER” is a revelation to the man who tries it for the first time—a never-failing source of enjoyment thereafter. Try “PIPER” once and you will understand why the use of this famous plug tobacco has been for years the wholesome helpful habit of thou-

sands of prominent Americans—lawyers, doctors, statesmen, *thinkers* in every profession and business. “PIPER” is winning the favor of more tobacco users every day.

The ripest, richest, carefully selected tobacco leaf—clean, sweet and mellow—gives “PIPER” the quality that distinguishes it from other Plug Tobaccos.

FREE Send 10 cents and we will send a full-size 10-cent cut of “PIPER” and a handsome leather pouch FREE, anywhere in the U. S. Also a little folder telling about PIPER Heidsieck tobacco. The tobacco, the pouch and mailing expenses will cost us 20 cents and we are glad to spend the money to get you to try “PIPER.” We know that once you have started, you will become a permanent friend of this wonderfully wholesome, healthful and satisfying tobacco. In writing please give name of your tobacco dealer.

Sold by dealers everywhere, in all size cuts from 5c up—also in handy 10c tin boxes

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, Room 1170, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Visitors Delighted With Pinehurst.

Socially many informal pleasures continued through the week among them the usual dances at the Carolina and a dinner tendered by Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Spotts in honor of the birthday anniversary of Mr. G. W. Lembeck. Other guests were Mrs. Lembeck and Messrs. Church, McMahon, Newcomb, Delahanty, Lyon, Higginson, Hammond and Leahy. The number of ladies in attendance was unusually large in addition to Mrs. Spotts and Mrs. Lembeck, Mrs. B.V. Covert, Mrs. James Craig, Mrs. A. B. Richardson, Mrs. W. H. Keats, Mrs. J. D. Platt, Jr., Mrs. F. A. Seibert and Mrs. John Ebberts.

Squier, Todd and North a Star Trio.

Luther Squire, as general manager, J. W. Todd as cashier and Charles North keeping an eye on the traps, formed a star trio, which overlooked not a single detail. High winds bothered Wednesday and Thursday, playing strange pranks with the targets, but conditions Friday and Saturday were as nearly ideal as one could hope to find them.

1916 Will Be Bigger and Better.

“Bigger and Better” is the slogan for 1916, when with America recognizing that the European war is of no consequence as far as this country’s prosperity is concerned, an entrance well along toward the 200 mark is anticipated. The Country Club Secretary will be glad to book your name now for the program which will be ready early in the summer.

The Summary.

Scores 80 and better in Handicap and Preliminary follow:

Pinehurst, N. C., January 20, 1915.
FIRST DAY.

	Shot At	Broke
*C. W. Phellis	200	175
F. J. Coburn	200	160
M. S. Hootman	200	184
C. D. Coburn	200	191
*C. E. Goodrich	200	180
J. Ed. Cain	200	179
H. W. Heikes	200	181
J. I. Brandenburg	200	172
J. D. Platt, Jr.	200	175
J. B. Lallance, Jr.	200	178
*C. O. Le Compte	200	168
F. M. Edwards	200	183
S. A. Huntley	200	189
*E. H. Storr	200	189
F. S. Wright	200	186
R. L. Spotts	200	176
B. M. Higginson	200	174
A. E. Ranney	200	165
D. T. Leahy	200	174
A. W. Church	200	166
G. V. Dering	200	186
G. W. Lembeck	200	155
D. F. McMahon	200	185
G. L. Lyon	200	187
*H. D. Gibbs	200	184
*E. M. Daniel	200	185
R. A. Hall	200	162
L. Rueger	200	133
I. Andrews	200	136
Jas. Craig	200	164

Storr led with 97 and Hawkins and Goodrich were second in 96.

In Wednesday’s sweepstakes, Hawkins was high gun at 192, and Huff second with 188. Tuesday Storr made 189 and Daniel 185.

Close Handicapping Pleases The Field.

The selection of the Handicap from the field of contestants continued as a popular feature of the event, and they did their work well and with fairness and accuracy which pleased the contestants. George L. Lyon, Dr. W. F. Clarke, D. F. McMahon, W. H. Jones, E. C. Southey, J. E. Cain and G. V. Dering.



FOX GUN

Grade X Fox Trap Gun

Made with an elaborate amount of hand work, which is the only way to produce a really accurate and high-

A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY, 4658 N. 18th Street, PHILADELPHIA

grade gun. The barrels are specially picked out, and then carefully reamed, polished and tested until the pattern becomes perfectly even and gives the choke desired with standard loads. Automatic ejector, Silver’s Recoil Pad and Lyman Sights, Fox-Kautzky single trigger. An ideal trap gun. Write us at once for full particulars. Please give dealer’s name.

STEVENS SINGLE BARREL TRAP GUN

The Trapshooter who wants a good gun at a moderate price and the beginner doing his first trapshooting, find in the STEVENS No. 182 a splendid gun at an extremely low price.

It is hammerless, with automatic ejector. Full choke bored barrel, matted full length, 30 or 32 inches, chambered for 2 3/4 shells. (Modified choke if desired.)

A gun's capacity to break targets lies in the barrel and its boring. The barrel of No. 182 has the necessary weight and distribution of suitable gun barrel steel to insure pattern, long range and penetration. No man has money enough to buy any gun with a barrel that will give better results than can be obtained with this STEVENS Gun, which may be bought for \$15.00 of any retail dealer in United States, East of the Mississippi River.

Has new style, positive cocking mechanism with large parts which are practically unbreakable. Frame is beautifully blued and ornamented with neat scrolls. Stock of walnut, with drop at comb 1 3/8 inches, drop at heel 2 1/4 inches — the best dimensions for the average shooter. Fore-end is extra large, well-shaped and checkered. Gun weighs about 7 pounds.

It is only by manufacturing in large quantities, all alike, that a gun of such value can be offered at so low a price. We do not make this gun to order or to any other measurements than those given.

Send for circular with complete description.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY

32 BROADWAY,
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

F. A. Hodgman	200
*W. M. Hammond	200
J. P. Sousa	200
W. H. Kivitts	200
*O. R. Dickey	200
C. W. Billings	200
A. B. Richardson	200
C. H. Newcomb	200
W. M. Foord	200
H. Powers	200
R. J. Gumbert	200
F. H. Mellon	200
D. W. Baker	200
Mayor Reed	200
W. F. Clarke	200
*Walter Huff	200
J. L. Snow	200
J. H. Staples	200
J. I. Chipley	200
*W. A. Joslyn	200
G. M. Howard	200
J. C. Bitterling	200
Putnam	200
P. W. Whittamore	200
*J. M. Hawkins	200
E. G. Southey	200
C. W. Vanstone	200
W. H. Lyon	200
J. H. Dreher	200
Sam Leever	200
T. J. Donald	200
T. R. Varick	200

V. Oliver	200
R. Shelor	200
P. L. Holland	200
B. V. Covert	200
F. D. Kelsey	200
W. T. Lawson	200
Jno. Ebberts	200
Broderick	200
W. J. Timins	200
Tom McMillan	200
B. Timins	200
J. C. Wright	200
J. D. Allen	200
D. Wadsworth	200
F. A. Seibert	200
C. L. Frantz	200
G. N. Fish	200
Al. Heil	200
W. R. Delahanty	200
W. H. Jones	200
*Professional.	200

SECOND DAY.

*C. W. Phellis	200
F. J. Coburn	200
M. S. Hootman	200
C. D. Coburn	200
*C. E. Goodrich	200
J. Ed. Cain	200
H. W. Heikes	200
J. I. Brandenburg	200
J. D. Platt, Jr.	200
J. B. Lallance, Jr.	200
*C. O. Le Compte	200
F. M. Edwards	200
S. A. Huntley	200
*E. H. Storr	200
F. S. Wright	200
R. L. Spotts	200
B. M. Higginson	200
A. E. Ranney	200
D. T. Leahy	200
A. W. Church	200
G. V. Dering	200
G. W. Lembeck	200
D. F. McMahon	200
G. L. Lyon	200
*H. D. Gibbs	200
*E. M. Daniel	200
H. Powers	200
R. A. Hall	200
I. Andrews	200
Jas. Craig	200
F. A. Hodgman	200
*W. M. Hammond	200
J. P. Sousa	200
W. H. Kivitts	200
*O. R. Dickey	200
C. W. Billings	200
A. B. Richardson	200
C. H. Newcomb	200
W. M. Foord	200
Al. Heil	200
R. J. Gumbert	200
F. H. Mellon	200
D. W. Baker	200
Mayor Reed	200
W. F. Clarke	200
*Walter Huff	200
J. L. Snow	200
J. H. Staples	200
J. I. Chipley	200
*W. A. Joslyn	200
G. M. Howard	200
J. C. Bitterling	200
S. W. Putnam	200
P. W. Whittamore	200
*J. M. Hawkins	200
E. G. Southey	200
C. W. Vanstone	200

157	W. H. Lyon	200	167
161	J. H. Dreher	200	151
149	Sam Leever	200	168
171	T. J. Donald	200	163
174	T. R. Varick	200	157
153	V. Oliver	200	163
165	R. Shelor	200	168
173	W. R. Delahanty	200	154
168	B. V. Covert	200	178
173	F. D. Kelsey	200	182
164	W. T. Lawson	200	161
165	Jno. Ebberts	200	167
165	J. W. Broderick	200	164
176	W. J. Timins	200	155
142	T. McMillan	200	172
180	B. Timins	200	163
183	J. C. Wright	200	173
183	J. D. Allen	200	180
137	D. Wadsworth	200	163
173	F. A. Seibert	200	136
	C. L. Frantz	200	177
	G. N. Fish	200	181
	W. H. Jones	200	192
	W. H. Patterson	200	158
	*Professional.		

THIRD DAY.
Regular Program.

		Shot At	Broke
T. J. Donald	100	79	
J. W. Broderick	100	79	
G. M. Howard	100	68	

Infalible
Smokeless Shotgun Powder



"Trapshooting"
is a book of real interest and value to every one who enjoys, or would like to enjoy, this captivating sport. A copy is yours for the asking.

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The .32-40 low power smokeless factory cartridges cost \$28.80 per thousand; when you reload, your expense is only \$11.31, making a saving of \$17.49. Factory .32-40 smokeless short range cartridges cost \$25.20 per thousand; by reloading your shells, they cost you only \$7.65 per thousand. Make your own bullets and you have 1000 short range cartridges for \$3.80.

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Hand-trap ready to throw target



Throw targets from along shore while you and your friends pick off the clay "ducks" and "shore birds" as the hand-trap sends them winging their way over the water

NEW WAYS TO THROW "CLAYS"

THE Du Pont Hand-Trap answers the call of shooters for a simple, practical and easily-operated target throwing device. It embodies all the requirements of portability, durability and utility. Weighing only six pounds, composed of a few simple parts, and very compact in form, it can be used wherever trapshooting is feasible.

Experts Endorse the Du Pont Hand-Trap

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"DEAD SHOT"



1914

"DEAD SHOT"



Dead Shot Season's Trophies

Won by

Harrison Kennicott, Evanston, Ill. Jay Clarke, Jr., Worcester, Mass. J. F. Duis, Devils Lake, N.D.

With a total of 11 points

With a total 8 points

With a total of 8 points

Each of the above gentlemen will be awarded a solid gold watch in recognition of his fine shooting with

"Dead Shot"

THE POWDER OF

High Velocity — Light Recoil — Uniform Pattern

See that your shells are loaded with "DEAD SHOT" and "*Kill Your Bird, Not Your Shoulder*"

BOSTON AMERICAN POWDER MILLS CHICAGO

W. H. Patterson	100
T. McMillan	100
W. J. Timins	100
J. C. Wright	100
B. Timins	100
J. I. Brandenburg	100
Jno. Ebberts	100
E. G. Southey	100
I. Andrews	100
W. H. Lyon	100
D. W. Baker	100
J. I. Chipley	100
J. D. Allen	100
F. J. Coburn	100
C. L. Frantz	100
Sam Leever	100
Mayor Reed	100
J. Ed. Cain	100
J. D. Platt, Jr.	100
F. D. Kelsey	100
Jas. Craig	100
J. H. Dreher	100
J. C. Bitterling	100
P. W. Whittamore	100
R. Shelor	100
F. A. Seibert	100
W. R. Delahanty	100
W. T. Lawson	100
T. R. Varick	100
F. H. Mellon	100
R. J. Gumbert	100
J. P. Sousa	100
B. V. Covert	100
F. M. Edwards	100
G. N. Fish	100
H. W. Heikes	100
M. S. Hootman	100
G. V. Dering	100
W. H. Jones	100
C. D. Coburn	100
W. M. Foord	100
Al. Heil	100
G. L. Lyon	100
A. B. Richardson	100
C. H. Newcomb	100
F. S. Wright	100
S. A. Huntley	100
R. L. Spotts	100
D. F. McMahon	100
*C. E. Goodrich	100
*W. Huff	100
D. T. Leahy	100
B. M. Higginson	100
S. W. Putnam	100
J. L. Snow	100
C. W. Vanstone	100
J. B. Lallance, Jr.	100
R. A. Hall	100
H. Powers	100
V. Oliver	100
L. C. Grant	100


90 C. W. Billings	100
81 A. E. Ranney	100
71 F. A. Hodgman	100
81 A. W. Church	100
85 W. F. Clarke	100
91 G. W. Lembeck	100
75 J. H. Staples	100
74 W. H. Kivitts	100
78 D. Wadsworth	100
76 *O. R. Dickey	100
90 *C. W. Phellis	100
76 *C. O. Le Compte	100
91 *W. A. Joslyn	100
94 *W. M. Hammond	100
85 *H. D. Gibbs	100
66 *E. H. Storr	100
88 *E. M. Daniel	100
87 *J. M. Hawkins	100
82 *Professional.	

92 J. I. Chipley	17	100	68
91 J. D. Allen	19	100	86
85 F. J. Coburn	19	100	83
85 C. L. Frantz	19	100	87
75 Sam Leever	20	100	66
72 Mayor Reed	20	100	85
85 J. Ed. Cain	18	100	85
89 J. D. Platt, Jr.	18	100	89
83 F. D. Kelsey	18	100	85
74 Jas. Craig	18	100	79
89 J. H. Dreher	18	100	59
85 J. C. Bitterling	16	100	78
94 P. W. Whittamore	16	100	82
77 R. Shelor	16	100	71
93 F. A. Seibert	16	100	70
97 W. R. Delahanty	16	100	76
86 W. T. Lawson	16	100	82
96 T. R. Varick	16	100	71
F. H. Mellon	17	100	81
R. J. Gumbert	17	100	72
J. P. Sousa	17	100	66
B. V. Covert	20	100	85
F. M. Edwards	20	100	73
G. N. Fish	20	100	89
H. W. Heikes	20	100	89
M. S. Hootman	20	100	80
G. V. Dering	21	100	75
W. H. Jones	21	100	74
C. D. Coburn	21	100	85
W. M. Foord	21	100	87
Al. Heil	21	100	84
G. L. Lyon	22	100	76
A. B. Richardson	22	100	66
C. H. Newcomb	22	100	82
F. S. Wright	22	100	75
S. A. Huntley	22	100	89

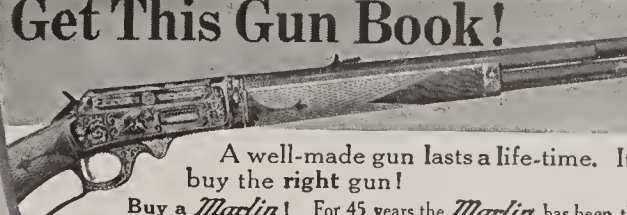
Preliminary Handicap

Yards	Shot At	Broke
18	100	57
18	100	64
18	100	62
18	100	80
18	100	68
17	100	60
17	100	76
17	100	77
17	100	85
17	100	80
17	100	73
17	100	76
17	100	76
17	100	87

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CARTRIDGES
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A well-made gun lasts a life-time. It pays to be particular—buy the right gun!

Buy a Marlin! For 45 years the *Marlin* has been the thoroughbred in sporting firearms. We make high-grade repeaters only—up-to-date guns at moderate prices—splendid repeating rifles and shotguns in so many calibres, gauges and styles, you have a wide choice of guns for any branch of shooting. They all have the modern solid-top, side-ejecting safety construction; and the deep, clean-cut Ballard rifling is famous for its wonderful accuracy.

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.22 CALIBER

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To get the greatest enjoyment out of indoor shooting, one must excel. To excel, reliable and accurate rifles and cartridges are necessary. Winchester .22 caliber rifles of various models, and Winchester cartridges, loaded with either black or smokeless powder, give the fullest measure of shooting satisfaction. It will pay you to ask for the **W** brand. It means guns and cartridges of

KNOWN QUALITY AND PROVED SUPERIORITY.

D. T. Leahy	100	82
W. H. Patterson	100	94
C. W. Billings	100	95
W. H. Kivitts	100	94
W. F. Clarke	100	80
F. A. Hodgman	100	82
R. A. Hall	100	85
J. L. Snow	100	93
J. B. Lallance, Jr.	100	90
V. Oliver	100	88
A. W. Church	100	86
B. V. Covert	100	92
R. L. Spotts	100	91
D. F. McMahon	100	90
A. E. Ranney	100	85
G. V. Dering	100	94
Mayor Reed	100	97
J. D. Platt, Jr.	100	88
F. S. Wright	100	98
G. N. Fish	100	92
C. D. Coburn	100	92
H. W. Heikes	100	96
G. L. Lyon	100	95
A. B. Richardson	100	96
W. H. Jones	100	96
W. M. Foord	100	93
Al. Heil	100	92
S. A. Huntley	100	99
*H. D. Gibbs	100	93
C. H. Newcomb	100	98
*J. M. Hawkins	100	96
*O. R. Dickey	100	91
*C. W. Phellis	100	93
*W. A. Joslyn	100	86
L. C. Grant	100	88
R. J. Gumbert	100	77
*C. O. Le Compte	100	94
*W. Huff	100	94
*E. M. Daniel	100	93
*C. E. Goodrich	100	96
U. A. Underwood	100	88
W. J. Timins	100	80
J. H. Staples	100	86
B. Timins	100	76
C. W. Vanstone	100	91
R. Shelor	100	84

Midwinter.

R. L. Spotts	21	100	78
D. F. McMahon	21	100	78
*C. E. Goodrich	21	100	78
*W. Huff	21	100	78
D. T. Leahy	19	100	71
B. M. Higginson	19	100	75
S. W. Putnam	19	100	83
J. L. Snow	19	100	81
C. W. Vanstone	19	100	84
J. B. Lallance, Jr.	19	100	81
R. A. Hall	19	100	74
H. Powers	19
V. Oliver	19	160	84
L. C. Grant	14	100	73
C. W. Billings	18	100	79
A. E. Ranney	18	100	88
F. A. Hodgman	18	100	76
A. W. Church	18	100	86
W. F. Clarke	18	100	70
G. W. Lembeck	17	100	79
J. H. Staples	18	100	80
W. H. Kivitts	18	100	79
D. Wadsworth	18	100	80

*O. R. Dickey	18	100	77
*C. W. Phellis	19	100	78
*C. O. Le Compte	19	100	87
*W. A. Joslyn	19	100	70
*W. M. Hammond	19	100	80
*H. D. Gibbs	22	100	82
*E. H. Stoor	22	100	76
*E. M. Daniel	22	100	73
*J. M. Hawkins	22	100	81
*Professional.			

FOURTH DAY.

Regular Events.

	Shot At	Broke
T. J. Donald	100	82
J. W. Broderick	100	84
G. M. Howard	100	94
Jno. Ebberts	100	86
T. McMillan	100	83
G. W. Lembeck	100	83
J. C. Wright	100	90
D. Wadsworth	100	92
E. G. Southey	100	72
W. H. Lyon	100	83
J. Ed. Cain	100	86
J. I. Brandenburg	100	88
F. D. Kelsey	100	89
Jas. Craig	100	77
D. W. Baker	100	90
J. D. Allen	100	92
F. J. Coburn	100	94
C. L. Frantz	100	91
Sam LEEVER	100	81
F. M. Edwards	100	94
J. C. Bitterling	100	77
P. W. Whittamore	100	78
F. A. Seibert	100	72
W. D. Delahanty	100	72
J. H. Dreher	100	85
W. F. Lawson	100	89
I. Andrews	100	84
T. R. Varick	100	77
F. H. Mellon	100	93
J. P. Sousa	100	95
S. W. Putnam	100	96
M. S. Hootman	100	92
B. M. Higginson	100	88

	Handicap Yards	Shot At	Broke
T. J. Donald	17	100	84
J. W. Broderick	17	100	75
G. M. Howard	17	100	87
J. W. Ebberts	17	100	87
T. McMillan	17	100	81
G. W. Lembeck	17	100	81
J. C. Wright	17	100	89
D. Wadsworth	17	100	94
E. G. Southey	16	100	78
J. Ed. Cain	18	100	88
W. H. Lyon	16	100	89
J. I. Brandenburg	18	100	91
F. D. Kelsey	18	100	85
Jas. Craig	18	100	85
D. W. Baker	18	100	86
J. D. Allen	19	100	90
F. J. Coburn	19	100	86
C. L. Frantz	19	100	88
Sam LEEVER	19	100	79
J. C. Bitterling	16	100	86
F. M. Edwards	19	100	85
F. A. Seibert	16	100	64
W. R. Delahanty	16	100	84
J. H. Dreher	16	100	80
W. T. Lawson	16	100	78
I. Andrews	16	100	92



"Bristol"

WON 22 PRIZES

In the 1914 Field and Stream National Fishing Contest. They won all of the prizes in the Lake Trout Contest, and first three prizes for Landlocked Salmon. Also, first three prizes for Small Mouth Bass, Class B; first three prizes for Small Mouth Bass, Class C. And Grand Prize for Small Mouth Black Bass.

In addition, "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rods won first prize for Large Mouth Black Bass; first two prizes for Muscallonge; first Grand Prize for Wall Eyed Pike, and other minor prizes, making a total of 22.

"BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rods made a very splendid showing in each of the classes. A "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rod for each kind of fishing and each "BRISTOL" guaranteed for 3 years.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE

which fully describes more than thirty-six "BRISTOL" Rods and shows all of them in half-tone reproduction.

The new 1915 "BRISTOL" calendar is a full color reproduction of an oil painting by Philip R. Goodwin, the noted out-door-sports artist. Size 16 1/2 x 20 inches. A handsome decoration for home, den or camp. Sent prepaid, only on receipt of 15 cents.

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To Sportsmen! For Immediate Sale!

Magnificent hunting and fishing property, comprising 104 acres of good land and lake of 35 acres abounding in trout, including furnished house, boats, fishing tackle, etc., together with exclusive fishing rights in the two adjoining lakes, Pitre and Rouge, both teeming with salmon trout. Surrounded as it is by a hunting territory full of large game, it makes the ideal country residence and hunting lodge.

Is isolated and yet in easy communication, being in the valley of Matapedia, Province of Quebec, seven miles by good carriage road from Amqui Station of I. C. R. Title perfect. For particulars, plans, photos, etc., address

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Salmon Fishing

The salmon fishing rights on the York River, County of Gaspé, Canada, the property of the late George L. Peabody, are for sale, or to be leased for one year with option of purchase.

Also his summer residence in village of Gaspé, consisting of comfortable stone house with 40 acres of land, may be purchased.

A fine opportunity for sportsmen looking for good fishing and a summer house.

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Small-Mouth Black Bass

We have the only establishment dealing in young small-mouth black bass commercially in the United States. Vigorous young bass in various sizes, ranging from advanced fry to 3 and 4 inch fingerlings for stocking purposes.

Waramaug Small-Mouth Black Bass Hatchery. Correspondence invited. Send for Circulars. Address HENRY W. BEAMAN - New Preston, Conn.

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are well adapted to Eastern waters. Try stocking with some of the nice yearlings or fry from our hatchery, and you will be pleased with the results.

PLYMOUTH ROCK TROUT COMPANY

Colburn C. Wood, Supt., Plymouth, Mass.

Brook Trout of all ages for stocking brooks and lakes. Brook trout eggs in any quantity. Warranted delivered anywhere in fine condition. Correspondence solicited.

THE PLYMOUTH ROCK TROUT CO.

Plymouth, Mass.

Brook Eyed Eggs for Sale

N. F. HOXIE,

TROUT, R. F. D., PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Sixty dollars for rent of 4 room furnished cottage, balance of season. Lake front, in orange grove, shooting and fishing.

C. H. STOKES, Mohawk, Florida.

Ross Sporting Rifle, brand new, never used or shot, latest model, 280 calibre with copper tube expanding bullet, in a class by itself. Price in New York, \$55.00. First \$38.00 takes it. Will trade for new gun and cash. Ross Luck, care of Forest and Stream.

WANTED—Subscriber desires to purchase Volume 9 of FOREST AND STREAM, bound or unbound. Address, Volume 9, care of FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE, New York City.

LEATHER PILLOW TOPS AT COST.

Send for price list of leather goods, etc. H. T. Leather Co., Dept. 1, Elmhurst, Ill.

Live Pheasants

In large or small quantities for stocking game preserves. Now very cheap owing to war. Prices include all freight to and live arrival guaranteed at any of the Eastern ports of the United States.

J. CARLTON HUNTING,

The Gaybird Pheasant Farm, Great Missenden, Bucks, England.

CAMORA GUN CLUB.

The sportsmen of Camora, S. D., have organized a gun club and elected the following officers: President, H. H. Shaeffer; secretary-treasurer, E. H. Snow.

Table with columns: Name, Score, Yards, and other numerical data. Lists names like F. H. Mellon, J. P. Sousa, T. R. Varick, etc.

TROPHY WINNERS—TIES, ETC.

Table listing trophy winners and ties for various events like Preliminary Handicap, Governor's Trophy, etc.

Class Trophies—Preliminary Handicap.

Table listing class trophy winners and ties for different classes (A, B, C, D).

High Amateur Average on 600-16 Yard Targets.

Table listing high amateur averages for 600-16 yard targets.

Midwinter Handicap.

Table listing midwinter handicap winners and ties for different classes.

HARTFORD GUN CLUB.

The New Year's handicap merchandise shoot of the Hartford Gun Club at the quarters at Knott's corners in Farmington saw the trapshooters in fine form and many excellent scores were recorded during the day's sport.

Table listing trapshooters and their scores for the Hartford Gun Club shoot.

Advertisement for GUNS RIFLES — AMMUNITION. Includes text: SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES, Honest Goods, Bottom Prices, Square Deal. POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 410 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

Advertisement: WANT TO SWAP GUNS? I will pay cash for your gun, rifle, or pistol, or exchange with you for any other firearm you may want. Write me what you have, what you want, and I will make you an offer by return mail. S. J. Francis, 8 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

Advertisement: FOR SALE. A Westley Richard's single barrel trap gun, 32 in. barrel, treble bolt, ventilated matted extension rib, ivory sights, Silver's recoil pad, extra strong ejector, weight 8 pounds, length of stock 14 3/4 in., drop, 2 in. JOHN T. HYLAND, 112 Broadway, OSSINING, N. Y.

Advertisement: Don't Wear a Truss! Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that cures rupture, will be sent on trial. C. E. BROOKS, 1949A State St., Marshall, Mich.

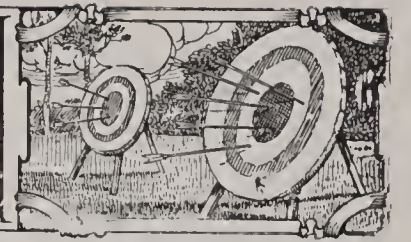
Advertisement: HUNTSMEN NEED DIXON'S GRAPHITE. Keep barrels and lock mechanism in perfect condition by using Dixon's Graphite. Booklet 52-P and sample sent free. JOSEPH DIXON/CRUCIBLE CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Advertisement: PERFECTION Sleeping Bag with Pneumatic Mattress. The most satisfactory camp bed made. Can be used anywhere and when deflated occupies little space. SLEEP OUT OF DOORS. PERFECTION Sleeping Bags fill every requirement. Mailed free. Pneumatic Mfg. Co., 284 Ninth A. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Table listing names and scores for a shooting event. Names include Lind, Easton, Feather, Carroll, Morse, Tabor, French, Fall, Downen, Seidler, Jones, John, Hanmer, McCrum, Smith, L. E.



ARCHERY



Forest and Stream is Official Organ of the National Archery Association

How Can Archery Be Popularized?

Archery is undoubtedly the oldest sport in existence. For centuries it was practiced by the youth and manhood of our civilized and semi-civilized nations, because it was a necessary training for the profession of arms. With the introduction of gun powder, archery began to decline. The incentive was missing.

After all these thousands of years the sport is still in existence and practiced ardently by a select few, who have learned to love it and to prefer its difficulties to those of our more favorite games.

Archery as a sport will never compete with baseball or football, as it lacks those crucial moments that appeal to the crowd. It will also never be popular as golf and similar fashionable games, because of the many difficulties that must be overcome before a contestant can become even a fair archer. From the very nature of the sport it will always be handicapped and practiced only by those who have the hardihood and patience to practice for years before efficiency can be attained.

Another handicap is the difficulty in obtaining the proper archery tackle, especially the necessary bows and arrows. Our leading sporting goods dealers handle a very inferior and somewhat shop-worn series of impediments. The only way to obtain suitable tackle is directly from the manufacturer. There are but two of these, whose supplies are of satisfactory grade—one in America and one in England—and it takes from one to two months to obtain what is desired. Furthermore these manufacturers do not advertise in our leading sportsman's journals. A possible convert is thus apt to lose his desire to try the noble sport of archery because he can not discover the source of supply, or is not willing to wait some months, if through some fortunate accident he learns where it can be secured.

Serious as these handicaps are there is still another of even greater psychological importance—the lack of the proper incentive to repay for months of earnest practice. Our golf clubs have learned the need and wisdom of many local, semi-local and more extended tournaments, to give their members an incentive for practice and key them up to their best endeavor. Few objects are attained in this world without the proper incentive. Sport for sport's sake is a dead issue, always was and will remain so until the millenium. Archery needs for incentive a greater chance for competition.

To be sure we have our annual national tournament where the best archers of the country compete. This meet holds but little hopes for victory to anybody but a select few. The rest attend for social reasons, because they know that a good time with pleasant associations will result. These meets are held in different cities and all too frequently the necessary expense is prohibitive. Interesting and profitable as this meet has always proven to be, it

offers few inducements to the archer who has not yet gained a fair amount of efficiency—and he it is who constitutes the great majority of our guild.

Tournaments in Archery Centers Like Boston.

What then is the proper solution to this question of furnishing the necessary incentive to our archers? The answer is an extended series of local tournaments in archery centers like Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and San Francisco, about the first of June, to stir up the proper interest for the national tournament during August, and another about the middle of October to continue this interest to the end of the season.

Several objections might be urged against this plan, especially against the local June tournament. Some archers would probably maintain that it would interfere with the attendance of the national tournament. Our experience has always been that the national tournament acted as a great incentive and caused continuous enthusiasm for the following two months of the archery season. In a similar way the June tournament would react on the national. It would get our archers out early in the season, give them the psychological training in self control that is so necessary in a large meet and above all would give the archer not yet proficient a chance to compete in his own locality with some chance of success. A little task of victory would lead to an attempt in wider fields.

Another objection might be the cost of these local tournaments. Being local, the traveling and hotel expenses would be eliminated. Every club has its grounds and sufficient targets, so that the only expense would be in prizes. These could be printed ribbons—red, blue and white—for the first three places in of the two events in which the ladies and gentlemen compete.

A third possible objection might be the question of time. These local tournaments could be held on Friday and Saturday afternoon—the ladies selecting either the National or the Columbia round and the gentlemen the American or the York, shooting one round each afternoon. As every archer must necessarily have his Saturday afternoon free, this would mean the sacrifice of but one afternoon from our necessary pursuit of earning a living.

These local tournaments would not only act as an incentive to the beginner, but also to the tried and veteran archer. The consequent newspaper publicity would bring the sport before the public eye.

Archery in practically the only sport in which we Americans do not hold the world's records. There is that wonderful York round record of Ford's of 235-1,251 that we never have been able to attain in tournament, and only barely approached on but two occasions. Why not give the American archers a fair chance at breaking this record in tournament work? Among the archers that have been developed during the last few years there are several who have surpassed this record in their daily practice. There are several who might turn the trick if given a fair opportunity. One meet a year, handicapped by the intense heat and strong winds that have marred our recent national tournaments, combined with insufficient practice under tournament conditions does not give our American archer a fair chance. Why not give ourselves a fair deal?

The English archers have learned the wisdom of having many local tournaments. Let us follow suit. Archery can easily be made a more popular sport, but the correct methods for adding the proper incentive must be considered. Let each club adopt a June and an October tournament and give the game the chance it so much merits.

The greatest handicap to archery is after all our apathy and lack of scientific study of the needs of the sport.

“TOX.”

1913 THANKSGIVING ARCHERY SCORES.

In sending for publication such Thanksgiving archery scores, as I had, for years previous to 1914, I omitted those made in 1913.

I cannot account for this oversight. Dr. Hertig, of Pittsburgh, was kind enough to call my attention to it, and to send me the accompanying list of archers, and their scores. Please consider this an important addition to those printed in your issue of December 26, 1914.

Dr. O. L. Hertig, Pittsburgh.....	95-581
H. W. Bishop, Chicago.....	89-529
J. S. Jiles, Pittsburgh.....	91-525
Dr. R. P. Elmer, Wayne.....	92-510
W. J. Holmes, Pittsburgh.....	93-505
H. S. Taylor, Chicago.....	90-458
S. W. Wilder, Newton.....	88-434
G. L. Nichols, Chicago.....	84-422
L. C. Smith, Newton.....	89-419
C. T. Switzler, Newton.....	81-411
Ellis Spear, Jr., Newton.....	84-406
Dr. S. M. Stauffer, Pittsburgh.....	72-296
J. H. Pendry, Chicago.....	66-290
Dr. E. B. Weston, Chicago.....	67-289
R. McNeil, Jersey City.....	43-211
F. T. Peckham, Newton.....	56-211
Mr. Pettit, Bloomfield.....	48-196
Jas. Duff, Jersey City.....	52-194
G. Milne, Jersey City.....	49-193
F. N. Clay, Bloomfield, N. J.....	41-193
Mrs. John Dunlap, Wayne.....	43-167
A. C. Hale, Wayne.....	37-155
Mr. Powell, Wayne.....	34-112

EDWARD B. WESTON.

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J. W. N. JOHNSTONE, General Passenger Agent, Reid Newfoundland Company, St. John's, Newfoundland.



CANOEING



Forest and Stream is Official Organ of the American Canoe Association.

A. C. A. Membership.

New Members Proposed.

Atlantic Division:—George P. Scherff, 7 Pine St., Arlington, N. J., by E. H. van Nortwick.

Central Division:—Edward N. Fay, 379 Hudson St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Mortimer L. Fay, 379 Hudson St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Benj. H. Bonnar, Chamber of Commerce Building, Buffalo, N. Y.; Alexander Mac Nabb, Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.; Albert A. Drerelius, 83 Riley St., Buffalo, N. Y.; George S. Buck, 599 Ashland Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Frank D. Wilson, 217 Chamber of Commerce Building, Buffalo, N. Y.; Ray B. Kurtz, 204 Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. F. A. Kurtz, 153 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y., all by C. A. Spaulding; Dr. W. Edwin Gardner, 733 Lockart St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Clarence T. Zook, 508 Fulton Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.; George C. Blumenshein, Beckfield Place, Pittsburgh, Pa.; William J. R. Rector, Glenshaw, Pa.; Louis L. Satler, Jr., Glenshaw, Pa.; F. H. Zimmer, Jr., 1437 Beechwood Boulevard, Pittsburgh, Pa.; C. S. Dornberger, 207 N. Craig St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; R. S. Dornberger, 207 N. Craig St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; and Clarence A. Mason, 6363 Lake St., Pittsburgh, Pa., all by Harry Bright; N. P. Baker, 121 Norwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Van Loan Whitehead, Jr., 507 Porter Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Neal V. Fatin, 681 Linwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; George D. Enos, 149 Bushnell St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Meredith W. Scatcherd, 466 W. Ferry, Buffalo, N. Y.; and C. H. Robinson, 744 Auburn Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., all by C. A. Spaulding; Watts L. Richmond, 33 Ross St., Batavia, N. Y., by Lyman T. Coppins; William B. Dimick, 17 E. Mohawk St., Buffalo, N. Y.; Henry F. Craw, 409 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Harold Richmond, 115 Oakland Place, Buffalo, N. Y.; Edward A. French, M. D., 209 Alexander St., Rochester, N. Y.; Walter Heussler, 335 Porter Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; E. E. Jackson, 1019 White Building, Buffalo, N. Y., all by C. A. Spaulding.

Eastern Division:—Thad. Victor Foster, 4 Church Ave., Woburn, Mass., by Willard K. Fowle.

New Members Elected.

Atlantic Division:—7026, Herman E. Mende, 43 19th Ave., Newark, N. J.

Member Reinstated.

Central Division:—6766, Arthur A. Domedion, 26 Best St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Members Transferred.

1513, Charles E. Archbald, New Brunswick, N. J., to Atlantic Division from Northern Division.
6782, Hilding Froling, Jerolemon St., Brooklyn, N. Y., from Eastern Division to Atlantic Division.
6284, E. H. Van Nortwick, Mountain View, N. J., to Atlantic Division from Eastern Division.
6881, Ernest L. Geffine, 1315 E. 82nd St., Cleveland, O., to Central Division from Western Division.

TYPE OF CANOES MAY BE CHANGED.

January 26th, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Will you kindly publish the enclosed letter from Mr. Hilding Froling, in order that its contents may be brought before the members of the American Canoe Association, and also to comply with the rules, before action is taken upon it by the Racing Board.

I find much of interest and merit in Mr. Froling's suggestions, and will endeavor to arrange a meeting at one of the local clubs in the near future, for study and discussion of the matter.

GEORGE P. DOUGLASS,
Chairman Racing Board, American Canoe Asso.

SUGGESTED CHANGES IN RULES.

Geo. P. Douglass, Esq.,
Chairman Racing Board,
American Canoe Association.

Herewith you will please find suggestions for changes in the rules of classifications and the following reasons for making these changes are respectfully offered.

1. The present rules for decked canoes produce a craft useless for anything but a few hours of racing.

2. The present type of canoe cannot be said to be the best even for racing, practically compelling the canoeist, as it does, to a limitation of 30 inch. of beam, due to the restriction of sail area.

3. While a reaction has taken place in the sister sport, yachting, due to the unsafe and unseaworthy type of yacht as a result of the extreme development under the Seawanhaka and other rules, and which reaction culminated with

the introduction of the Universal Rule in the United States and the International Rule in Europe, little or no improvement has taken place in canoeing as far as the rules governing the building are concerned. It may be said, that in this respect canoeing in the United States has practically been at a standstill for the past twenty years.

4. In Great Britain sweeping changes in the building rules have been made lately. These changes greatly improve the type of the canoe.

5. Canoeing in United States as far as organized sport is concerned, is considered dead by canoeists in European countries, where the sport is practiced with much vigor and enthusiasm.

6. While in one European country more than one hundred sailing canoes have been built from one design alone, within three or four years, only about half a dozen boats have been built in the United States during the same period of time. At present but one sailing canoe is being built here.

7. The reason for the decline in building may be found in the assumption that canoeists do not care to build to the present rules. Because of the general conditions under which canoeing is carried on, it is very difficult to interest new men in the sport.

8. Therefore it is necessary to adopt more liberal rules, permitting variety in size, appointment and rig. This would satisfy the individual need of the canoeists.

9. The rules governing the open canoes should be changed so as to permit the building of an open boat from the same lines and molds, used for decked canoes. This would produce an open canoe more roomy and seaworthy and of more modern design, yet without any marked increase in price. It might even make it possible to change an open canoe to a decked one, should this be desired.

Each class should be given such restrictions as would insure the building of a useful, seaworthy and wholesome canoe, thus preventing the building of a mere freak.

Respectfully submitting the classifications shown below, for the consideration of your committee.

HILDING FROLING.

Arlington, N. Y., January 2, 1915.

***CLASS II. DECKED CANOES.**
(For One Man.)

A. For Paddling and Sailing. (Racing and cruising.)

Length, 16 feet; Beam, 32 inches.

Sail area for racing, 90 square feet; for cruising, 75 square feet; maximum area in one sail for racing, 65 square feet; for cruising, 50 square feet.

B. For Paddling and Sailing. (Cruising.)

Length, 16 feet; beam, 36 inches.

Sail area for racing, 105 square feet; for cruising, 85 square feet; maximum area in one sail for racing, 75 square feet; for cruising, 55 square feet.

*This class includes canoes 16 feet long, 30 inches wide, built before February 1, 1915, and complying with all restrictions found in the 1914 year book.

Canoe Season Here Soon

If you knew the pleasure an "Old Town Canoe" brings at such small cost, you would own one. Any stream or lake becomes your playground—fishing, hunting, camping, vacation and picnic trips are just a few forms of canoeing sport.



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Catalogue free—write. It tells the whole canoe story by word and picture. How solid and sound "Old Town Canoes" are built—how light and swift and easily managed—how many and varied the models. 4000 new canoes ready—dealers everywhere. Send to-day.

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EXCELSIOR BELT SAFE--Absolutely Water-proof

Indispensable to the BATHER to put your Eyeglasses, Jewelry, Bathhouse Key in before going into the water.

EVERY CANOEIST, FISHERMAN, HUNTER, ETC.

should have one. Will keep your Matches, Cigarettes, Tobacco, Money, Jewelry Water-Proof, Dust-Proof Burglar-Proof. Small and compact, made of Brass, Nickel Plated, Gun Metal or Oxidized, and furnished complete with fancy canvas belt. Sent anywhere on receipt of \$1.00.

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TALKING OF GUNS,

The "Old Reliable" PARKER GUN,

at Pinhurst, N. C., Jan. 23, 1915, shot by Sam Huntley, won the Mid-Winter Handicap from the 23 yd. mark, 95x100



In the Preliminary Handicap, four men shooting PARKER Guns tied with 89x100. J. B. Platt, Jr., of Dayton, Ohio, won in the shoot-off with 28 straight.

THE GUN, and not luck makes scores like these.

Send for catalogue and free booklet on 20 gauge guns

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.
 N. Y. SALESROOMS, 32 WARREN ST.

CLASS III. DECKED CANOES.

(For One or Two Men.)

A. For Paddling and Sailing. (Racing.)

Length, 17 feet; beam, 34 inches. Sail area for racing, 95 square feet; for cruising, 90 square feet; maximum area in one sail for racing, 70 square feet; for cruising, 55 square feet.

B. For Paddling and Sailing. (Cruising.)

Length, 17 feet; beam, 38 inches. Sail area for racing, 110 square feet; for cruising, 95 square feet; maximum area in one sail for racing, 80 square feet; for cruising, 60 square feet.

CLASS IV. DECKED CANOES.

(For Two Men.)

A. For Paddling and Sailing. (Racing and Cruising.)

Length, 18 feet; beam, 36 inches. Sail area for racing, 100 square feet; for cruising, 85 square feet; maximum area in one sail for racing, 75 square feet; for cruising, 60 square feet.

ing, 85 square feet; maximum area in one sail for racing, 75 square feet; for cruising, 60 square feet.

B. For Sailing. (Cruising, Motor.)

Length, 18 feet; beam, 40 inches. Sail area for racing, 115 square feet; for cruising, 95 square feet; maximum area in one sail for racing, 85 square feet; for cruising, 65 square feet.

CLASS V. OPEN CANOES.

For Paddling and Sailing. One or Two Men, Cruising.)

† A. Length, 16 feet; beam, 32 inches. Sail area, 42 square feet; deck forward, 4 feet; aft 3 feet.

B. Length, 17 feet; beam, 34 inches. Sail area, 45 square feet; deck forward, 4½ feet; aft 3½ feet.

C. Length, 18 feet; beam, 36 inches. Sail area, 48 square feet; deck forward, 5 feet; aft 4 feet.

†This class include the present open canoes, complying with the present rules.

GAME WARDEN DYCHE DIES OF GILA MONSTER BITE.

As we go to press one of our correspondents wires: "Topeka, Kans., Jan. 21. L. L. Dyche, state fish and game warden, died to-day, ten days after being bitten by Arizona Gila monster." It is with most sincere regret this news is received by editors and readers of *Forest and Stream*. Mr. Dyche's work of fish and game propagation and protection has won for him a national reputation. The state of Kansas owes to him whatever game and fish are left in the woods, fields and waters of that state. His writings in *Forest and Stream* and other outdoor magazines are well known to outdoor persons.

Of the Gila Monster, W. T. Hornaday says: The Gila Monster is perhaps the most famous lizard of North America, and its first name is pronounced He' la. It is odd looking and very showy, a large specimen has a total length of 20 inches, girth around the middle, nine and a half inches, and weighs 43 ounces. This lizard inhabits the desert regions of Arizona and adjoining state of Sonora, Mexico. It is more sluggish in its movements than a box tortoise.

UNITED ANGLER'S LEAGUE TO EXHIBIT.

The United Angler's League although now in existence twelve years has during the past year, received a new impetus of life, and is doing work that is bound to prove of great value to the salt water angler.

They have now some 500 active fishermen enrolled and hold two meetings monthly, one in Brooklyn and one in New York City.

They have accomplished a lot of good work during the past year, among these being the passing of Jamaica Bay Netting Law, having game protectors appointed to patrol Jamaica Bay and adjacent waters. They have had many violators of the game laws prosecuted and convicted. Through their insistence the Conservation Commission has planted in the waters around Greater New York sea bass, black fish, fluke, flounders, tom cod and crabs.

They are now presenting before the New York State legislature five bills which will have the support of every fisherman. One of these makes it a misdemeanor to catch striped bass in New York State during the spawning season whether by rod or net. Another part of this bill seeks to prevent net fishing for striped bass in the Hudson River at all times. If this bill passes it will only be a very few years until the Hudson will teem again with striped bass and shad as of yore.

At the coming Sportsman and Travel Show at Grand Central Palace, February 20 to 27. The United Anglers League will have a booth in conjunction with The Midland Beach Fishing Club and The Golf Casting Club of America. The new game, Casting Golf, will be demonstrated to all interested.

Mr. Louis Rhead, the well known authority on fishing matters and a member of The United Anglers League will deliver two lectures on Fresh Water and Salt Water Fishing and Tackle.

The officers of The United Anglers League are: Dr. Benj. M. Briggs, president, 106 Willoughby street, Brooklyn; Howard S. Pratt, vice-president; Charles Noehren, treasurer, and Gus Christman, secretary, 107 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn.

HUNTERS' LODGE!

Good Quail Shooting.
 Choice Accommodations
 for Ladies and Gentlemen

Best Chef South of the Potomac

*Not a cheap place
 But a good one*

A lodge devoted to the interests of sportsmen. Fine dogs, reliable guides, clean, airy rooms and plenty of shooting ground

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On the Homosassa, the finest fishing river in Florida. Abundance of Black Bass and salt water fish at our door. Thousands of ducks; plenty of quail, turkey and deer. You can enjoy all the comforts of home here besides good shooting and fishing. "The Rendezvous," Homosassa, Florida.

T. D. BRIGGS

Proprietor

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

(Continued from page 108.)

—Irish Wolfhounds, Scottish Deerhounds, Greyhounds, Retrievers, Doberman Pinschers, Whip-pets.

E. Lester Jones, Esq., Culpeper, Va.—American Foxhounds, Beagles and Packs.

Charles McNeill, Esq., late Master of the Grafton Foxhounds, England.—English Foxhounds and Packs.

Jay Gould, Esq., New York, N. Y.—Pointers.

A. G. Hooley, Esq., Plainfield, N. J.—English and Gordon Setters.

Dr. Charles A. Gale, Rutland, Vt.—Irish Setters.

James Anderson, Esq., Jersey City, N. J.—Sporting Spaniels.

Mrs. Charles H. Lester, Englewood, N. J.—Dachshunds.

H. B. Hangerford, Esq., Chicago, Ill.—Collies.

William Neuhoff, Esq., Harrington Park, N. J.—German Sheepdogs.

Theodore Crane, Esq., New York, N. Y.—Poodles (other than Toy), Dalmatians.

Arnold Lawson, Esq., Boston, Mass.—Bulldogs and French Bulldogs.

Winthrop Rutherford, Esq., Allamuchy, N. J.—Airedale, Irish and Welsh Terriers.

Clair Foster, Esq., Douglaston, L. I.—Bull-terriers.

Fred A. Barse, Esq., Springfield, Mass.—Boston Terriers.

Charles Lyndon, Esq., Toronto, Canada.—Fox-terriers, Dandie Dinmont, Bedlington and Black and Tan Terriers (Manchester and Toy), Schipperkes, Yorkshire Terriers and the Miscellaneous Class.

Henry T. Fleitmann, Esq., New York, N. Y.—Sealyham Terriers.

Mrs. Reginald F. Mayhew, New Hyde Park, L. I.—Pomeranians, English Toy Spaniels, Japanese, Pekingese, Pugs, Brussels Griffons.

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Llewellyn setter bitch "Lady
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Also some good youngsters
in both pointers and setters
and some good rabbit hounds

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MASSACHUSETTS

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(Dr. DELANEY'S)

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and Westminster Kennel
Club Show.

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There are 27 remedies, made from the best materials money can buy or experienced skill can compound. Among them is a Distemper remedy, beyond comparison with any on the market—a marvelously effective Mange remedy that will not stain—a Shampoo so effective that it is

used by women on their own hair—a collection of unsurpassed cake and paste Soaps and in short, a supremely efficient remedy for every dog ill. Then last but not least is VERMILAX, the Supreme Worm Remedy and Conditioner, known and used from coast to coast, the main dependence of prize winning kennels and an army of individual dog Owners.

Our remedies are sold in the best drug stores, sporting goods stores and pet shops, or are sent direct by Parcel Post, prepaid.

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Cat Hounds. Illustrated
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Prize winners and pets.

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on a hunting trip without
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**SPRATT'S
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All dogs should have at least once a week, and preferably at regular intervals, a meal of these excellent cakes.

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SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED

Factory and Chief Offices at NEWARK, N.J.

Haig & Haig

Shooting in Southern Waters.

(Continued from page 85.)

stroll. Lighting my pipe I walked back of the camp to the higher ground and saw the moon rise, flooding the forest with a soft light and casting a silver sheen on the river far below us. Seated on a log I enjoyed the beauty of the scene, watched the shadows grow shorter as the moon rolled up toward the zenith. Sitting thus in this solitude, alone with nature and myself, thought followed thought in rapid succession and leaped over years of time in retrospection. I thought of success, lost opportunities, disappointed hopes, friends I had known—good and true—friends who have passed beyond, and others who live steady and true in all things.

My pipe had gone out. I walked slowly back to camp and dear old Sam was waiting for me to have the second pipe with him. And thus, after awhile discussing the situation, we grew drowsy. Presently all sounds of camp ceased, and profound slumber reigned, and oh, what a restful, satisfying sleep we had.

(To be concluded.)

**SAVE YOUR FACE
OIL YOUR RAZOR**



Rust causes razor dullness. 3-in-One absolutely prevents rust on the minute "teeth" of every razor blade. Always do this before and after shaving; Draw blade between thumb and forefinger moistened with a little 3-in-One. If an "ordinary" razor, oil strop, too. Then —strop and have the most luxurious shave of all your life. Oil blade again before putting away.

3-in-One is sold every where in 3 size bottles: Trial size, 10c; 3-oz., 25c; 8-oz., (half pint) 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 25c.

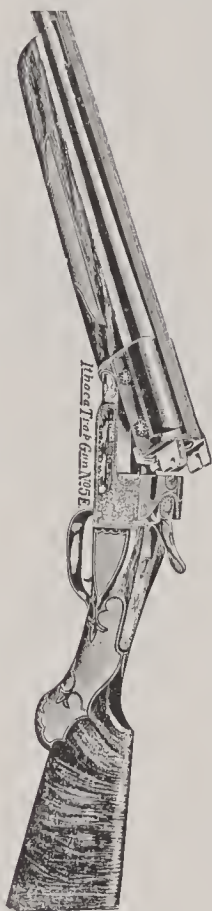
FREE—Generous sample and scientific "Razor Saver" circular.

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
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Suggestions for the Outdoor Man

A NEW SINGLE TRAP GUN.

Clay target destroyers have a treat in store for them. A new single trap gun. This surprise will be put out by Ithaca Gun Company. The new



single stick improves greatly on the only other American single trap gun and has some advantages over the best imported single target arm—and it is made in U. S. A. The single trap iron has taken a fair hold on the aerosaucer smasher and this innovation will lead many more shooters toward a gun adapted to a specific purpose. The gun weighs about eight pounds, is made with 30, 32 and 34 inch barrel, full, half or straight grip with ejector. It carries the popular ventilated rib. The tested and found satisfactory, lightning lock used on the double Ithaca, is used on the new gun. An attractive feature is the triple lug, triangular fastening. The barrel is taper choke bored under direction of Bob Edwards, a master gun borer. Those of us who have shot the Ithaca field gun can realize what it means to have an improvement on it, and this new target gun is a great improvement on that sterling field piece, excepting that it is made for trap use only. Catalogue may be had upon request and the catalogue itself is a work of art, well worth having.

ment on it, and this new target gun is a great improvement on that sterling field piece, excepting that it is made for trap use only. Catalogue may be had upon request and the catalogue itself is a work of art, well worth having.

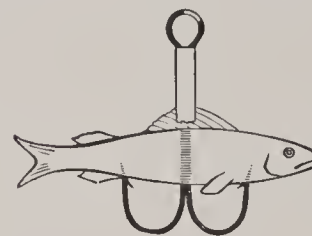
POWHATTAN ROBINSON WINS FIRST PRICE AT TERCENTARY CELEBRATION.

Among the floats in the gorgeous pageant at the recent Tercentary of New York City celebration there was one that stood out preeminently. It was an Indian float, picturing, with live subjects,

the Indians of 1614 camped at one end, preparing their meal with the crude utensils of that time, while at the other end were Indians of this century cooking over a sporting goods store camp fire with modern weapons of cookery strewn about, while in the middle were displayed Indians of the latest model for transportation—the Indian motor cycle. This float was the exhibit of New York Sporting Goods Company and took the \$500 prize for the best commercial display—and it was a happy award.

AN ATTRACTIVE FISH LURE.

The Detroit Glass Minnow Tube Company, of Detroit, has just put on the market another attractive bait—a live minnow hook, but different from anything before shown, or used by sportsmen either here or abroad.



This new live bait carries a double hook, to which is mounted a snap live minnow holder. The minnow is securely held by the upper fin, in a natural swimming position.

It is not in any way mutilated or injured. It is free to move in any direction, or at any depth.

The bait will be found to be an exceeding attractive lure. It is, of course, more economical to use than the regular hook. It keeps the minnow alive and in an upright position. Fishermen who have used it say that it works well.

The bait is now being manufactured in quantity, and will be shown in the spring in all the large sporting goods houses.

AUTOMOBILE SKATE.

A decided novelty has come to us from Canada. It is an ice skate with a genuine steel runner. In weight it comes under by ounces the best American skate, while nothing has been sacrificed in substantiality in reducing weight. It is of the tubular, screw on variety with unusually graceful lines. The steel blade, in demonstration, shaved



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Do you want to buy a dog or pup of any kind? If so send for list and prices of all varieties. Always on hand
OXFORD KENNELS,
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HIGH CLASS SHOOTING DOGS

For Sale—Fifteen Pointers and Setters, guaranteed thoroughly broken on Grouse and Woodcock, by a professional handler. These dogs are all bred from the most fashionable strains of both bench show and field trial winners, and are all bench show winners themselves. Will be sold cheap to immediate buyers. For further particulars, address,
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THE BEST OF SEVERAL BREEDS

French Bulls, Bostons, Bull Terriers and Japanese Spaniels, all from finest stock and in prime condition. Tell us your wants and if we have not something on hand to suit our experience will enable us to get it for you.

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A subscriber to Forest and Stream wishes to learn the address of someone possessing a Pape Pointer Stud Dog. Any information will be gladly received. Address answers to G. W. N., care of Forest and Stream, 22 Thames street, New York City.

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Cures mange or eczema, and kills fleas. \$.50 and \$1.00 sizes sent to any address by parcel post.
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WANTED—Pointers and Setters to train; game plenty. Also two broken dogs for sale.

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the edge from the runner of one of the popular American brand of skate and stood the test of pounding on an iron pipe without nicking or denting. Already the Automobile Skate has been adopted by the St. Nicholas Hockey team. The American representatives are Ellis and Turrell, of 477 Fifth Ave., New York City. It is for sale by all sporting goods dealers.

HAY'S KELLER COMES INTO HIS OWN

We take pleasure in announcing that Mr. T. H. Keller, Jr., has been appointed our sales manager. The former very happy experience of Mr. Keller in the selling of Smith guns promises much for his success in this broader capacity.

We bespeak for him the same courteous consideration which you have always accorded us, and assuring you of our appreciation, we remain,

Yours Most Cordially,

THE HUNTER ARMS CO., Inc.

Fulton, N. Y.

MARLIN TWENTY GAUGE.

We have just been playing with the pretty little Marlin twenty and to say that it is a joy leaves the most unsaid. As a pattern maker she would be the envy of May Manton, so perfect are the outlines of her figure. At forty yards a more perfect quail gun has not been made. She tucked 302 shot into a thirty inch circle, with uniform distribution. At thirty yards she would make a pretty good duck gun, and while we would not suggest this calibre as a regular ducker, she would, if you fell onto a bunch of mallards, take pretty good care of the bag. For southern shooting these seven pounds of pump would be a killer.

SHARPS REVOLVER CO. NON EST.

We do not know who is doing it but there have been a number of requests for the address of the F. A. Sharps Revolver Company. This concern has been out of existence for some years, the mind of man, etc.

CANADIAN CAMP DINNER.

The Thirteenth Anniversary Dinner of the Canadian Camp will be held at the Hotel Astor, New York, Tuesday evening, February 23rd. It had been hoped that Sir Douglas Mawson, the Antarctic employer, would be the guest of honor, but his engagements in the west will deny the club that pleasure. However, Mr. Lee Keedick, Dr. Mawson's manager, will show the wonderful pictures taken by the Doctor while at the South Pole. Among the other speakers scheduled are Edward S. Curtis the authority on the North American Indian; Col. J. C. "Buffalo" Jones of Las Vegas, New Mexico, will tell about roping the gorilla in the French Congo; Commander Harold Bartlett of Newfoundland; Dr. John D. Quackenbos, New York, and many others. Most of the after-dinner talks will be illustrated by motion pictures and wonderful color illustrations and altogether the Club Dinner will probably be the finest yet given. G. Lenox Curtis, M. D., is president and Dr. H. T. Galpin, 57 West 57th Street, New York, treasurer. The price of the dinner tickets is \$5.00 and any surplus left after expenses are paid, will be donated in the name of the Canadian Camp to the Red Cross fund for sufferers in the European war. Information as to tickets, etc., may be obtained by addressing the treasurer. It is hoped that the attendance will exceed five hundred guests.

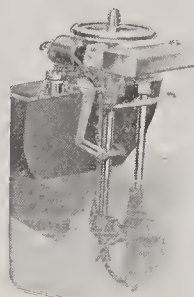
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 3 H. P. Weight 59 lbs.

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DEMAND these essentials in an outboard motor, or you won't get your money's worth.

Write Today for Free Engine Book

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50 Leading Boat Builders have joined with the Gray Motor Company in issuing a catalog showing the specialties of each, which includes fishing launches complete from \$125 upward to mahogany finished express launches with Self-starting 6-Cylinder 4-Cycle Gray Motors for \$2500. Cruisers from \$450 up. This book helps you select just the model of boat you have been looking for and tells you where to buy it and what it will cost. Send for this big Boat Catalog today. Free. Also Gray Marine Engine Catalog showing full line of 2 and 4 cycle marine motors from \$55 upwards, one to six cylinders.

GRAY MOTOR CO., 2346 Gray Motor Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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Nyoil Absolutely Prevents Rust

Use it on your gun, revolver, bicycle, talking machine, reel—in fact, for any purpose for which a fine, pure, lubricating oil is desired. It never chills or hardens, "gums" or smells bad. Ask sporting goods or hardware dealer. Large bottle, cheaper to buy, 25c.; trial size, 10c.

WM. F. NYE New Bedford, Mass.

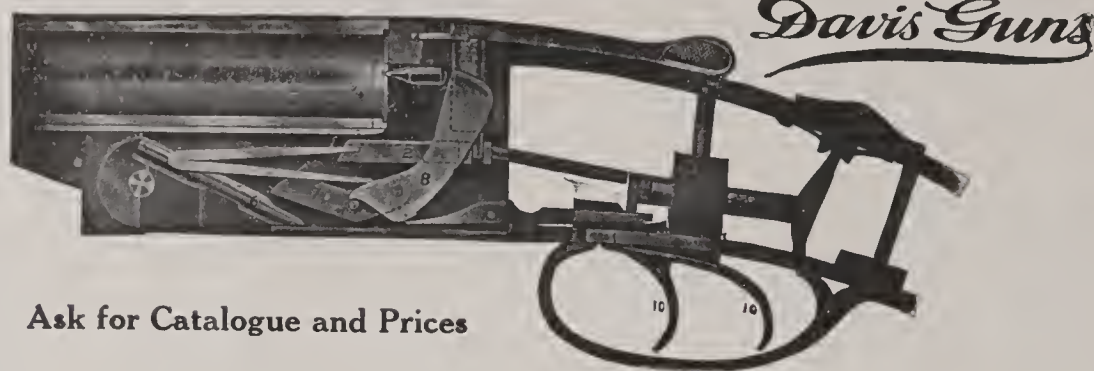
Ask your watch repairer whose oil he is using on your watch.

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I have an almost complete file (unbound) of Forest and Stream, from 1876 to date. Prefer a cash offer, but will entertain proposition for exchange for a good gun or canoe. Address Box 75, Forest and Stream.

SAFETY FIRST

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Ask for Catalogue and Prices

ESTABLISHED 1853

N. R. DAVIS & SONS, Lock Box 707, Assonet, Mass.

Along the Shores to Somewhere Else

(Continued from page 92.)

of hot rice and rasins adorned with maple sugar—What the ——!

With satiety and drowsiness of after dinner, we lay back with cosy comfort and with the rhythmic cadence of the storm growing fainter in our ears we doze off and nap until late afternoon, when on arousing we find the wind has completely blasted our fire and swept the hearth clean and bare of the remotest particle of cinder.

On coming ashore our intention was to procure a meal and then seek less exposed quarters for the night; but our shelter is proving so trim and snug we are loath to pull stakes so late in the day, and pursue more favorable ground through the stress of the raging wind and rain.

We therefore get busy and stake the foot of the cloth down more secure, placing the canoe along the back of the base as a further rear protection, and, as our guys are soaked and shrunken about all they can be, we stake out firmly on our front and haul all taut and solid and lazy-sheet our upstanding paddles supporting the ridge.

A supply of firewood for the night is next in order. This we procure back on the shore in a grove of standing deadwood, and we soon have our hearth glowing and raging again, fanned by the gale, which means pile on huge logs of fuel and lay them close and compact.

I make a fresh batch of biscuits toward evening and brew a pot of tea and as the shadows of night descend upon us, we feel—"All hunky"—and confident as we sip our hot beverage and have our supper.

I unroll my sleeping-bag and turn in early; but Montie is interested in looking at the storm and searching through the darkness for the different beacons that we should be able to pick up from our position; but all he can locate are the lights on the pier at Knotts Island and the flashing at uniform intervals of Carrituck Light, about ten miles distant on the dunes of the ocean beach.

I fall asleep with Montie, glasses in hand still on the lookout and seeing things in the dark. What time he finally crawled into his blankets, I have no knowledge of; but at some unholy and

sinister hour of unilluminated doom and condemnation, I awake amid an impetuous commotion of all fury broken loose, and Montie shouting from out of the depths of somewhere, "Mac! Mac!—Wake up, D!!—n it! The tent is going to H !!—!"

My first impression is, that it has already arrived there. I could not see my finger if I stuck it in my eye, and something was smearing me in the face, while the roar of a hurricane, the thrash of heavy rain and the pounding of a heavy sea in my ears, and, a clatter and banging of other noises I failed to locate. My bed is cosy, dry and warm, so I knew I am still on the land,

"What the H ——!" I shouted.

"The tents down!" roared Montie in the dark. "Lovely night, O! Lovely night."

*** * * * *

With the wind and rain a beating,
And our cosy tent a fleeting,
Soon our weary eyelids ope—
And slumber is no more—Goode dope.
O! Our weary eyelids ope',
To thrashing cloth and lashing rope.

The wind had shifted to the southward and had lifted and under-tripped our paddle supports and the ridge is down with the foot still holding I shouts to Montie to grab his side of the camp-chest and grabbing the side nearest me, yanking it up nearer, we thus gain a bit of head room and hold a shouting confab, with the now pealing hurricane bellowing about us, the seas pounding and booming, the rain thrashing and smiting and the loose end of our shelter with the paddles attached, beating the long roll.

In our water-proof sleeping-bags we are warm and dry, but the tent has to be attended to and set up conical to resist the storm, and we decide to go to it. I turn to my side to procure the mast, which is also our tent pole when the tent is erected with center peak, while Montie turns to his side to procure the axes.

Reaching out of my sleeping bag I commence groping in the dark for the mast, and if my hand comes in contact with our thermos-bottles once,

I think I must have moved and handled them a dozen times until it seems to me that my side of the camp is full of bottles, when I hear Montie shout from his side, "Say, Mac! How many coffee-pots we got in this outfit?"

"One!" I shout back.

"Must 'a had pups during the night! There's a whole litter of 'em here now!" he shouts back.

I get my hooks on the mast at last and roll over with it to find Montie had one axe but still groping for the other.

Having been out in the rain the greater part of the day before, the only real dry clothing we have is in our sleeping bags with us, where we have placed them for pillows, so we remove our underclothes, and kick them well down into the bottom of our bags and turn out naked, rolling up the bags to keep out the weather both they and we are about to encounter; and then we crawl out from under our flapping tent.

Whiff! Whiz! Whop! Talk about your needle-baths! Cold! Whcw! Grab the dancing paddles, pull the guy stakes, walk into the base with folds of wet silk. rip up the foot, swing the canoe a bit to windward, tuck the sleeping bags beneath, erect the tent. How provident that the stakes are stable, and attached to the grummits.

In the or'ful nasty darkness,
Veiling modestly, our starkness;
With the hurricane a stinging,
On our skins the goose-flesh bringing,
Straining every nerve and muscle,
As with silk we tug and tussle.
Hold her! Axes swing and stake her,
Lordy, spume, spray upon us driving,
While with peg and rope we're striving,
And the tempest, tempest roaring,
Cold and chill, our in'ards goeing.
Guy her! Tie her! Firm and steady—
Dive inside—Fine! Done already.

My! How warm the shelter of the tent feels in comparison to the smite and pelting of the storm; but we remain only long enough to recover our breath and then dart out again for our sleeping bags, personal bags and the chest and bear them safely under shelter.

After a good rub-down, dry underclothes and a nip of brandy, how comfy our blankets feel, as we lay snug and listen to the roar of the tempest about us, and though we drop into a doze from time to time, there is no more real sleep for us during the balance of the night.

(To be Concluded.)

Born 1820
—Still going strong.



Mr. Unsophisticated (to waiter) : "WHISKY, PLEASE."

Mr. Wiseman : "MY DEAR FELLOW, NEVER SAY THAT. THE MAN WHO SIMPLY ORDERS 'WHISKY' DESERVES WHAT HE GETS—BUT THE MAN WHO ORDERS 'JOHNNIE WALKER' IN THE NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE GETS WHAT HE DESERVES."

The knowing ones have learnt to say "Johnnie Walker" instead of whisky—that's much the safest, but when you add "in the tamper-proof bottle, please," mortal man can do no more. Every drop of "Johnnie Walker" Red Label whisky is over 10 years old.

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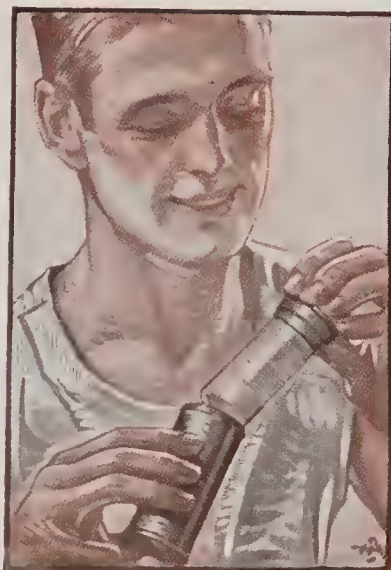
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THIRD

PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

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Whether you use Stick, Powder or Cream makes little difference, so long as it's Williams'.



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for a miniature trial package of either Williams' Shaving Stick, Powder or Cream, or 10 cents for Assortment No. 1, containing all three articles.

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Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



March, 1915

Ten Cents a Copy

FOREST AND STREAM

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Years *the* Recognized Sportsmen's
Authority in America



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The 1914 OFFICIAL TRAP-SHOOTING AVERAGES
Both Amateur and Professional were won with

Peters

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Factory Loaded SHELLS

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A Fitting Close for a Year of **Peters** Victories, including

The 1914 Grand American - - - - -	98 ex 100 from 22 yds.	} All Won by Mr. Henderson with PETERS Shells
The 1914 Amateur Championship—Single Targets—	99 ex 100 " 16 "	
The 1914 Amateur Championship—Double " —	90 ex 50 prs. " 16 "	

The Five Big Honors of the Year, All Bagged with the **(P)** Brand!

4 out of 6 U.S.R.A. 1914
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Won by users of

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SAN FRANCISCO: 583-585 Howard St.
NEW ORLEANS: 321 Magazine St. } Cincinnati, O.



BUYERS' GUIDE

An Index to the Sporting Goods Trade

THE idea of this ready reference was brought to us through the many inquiries as to where sportsmen's necessities could be purchased, in different localities. Many of those patronizing the guide, regularly use display space in *Forest and Stream*, while others are only occasional big space users. The question comes often to us as to "reliable" dealers. We answer the proposition by **unqualifiedly recommending** those whose names appear in this directory. It is well to know how to purchase goods right and right goods—this you may rely on "Buyers Guide" to enable you to do. Should you need something not listed herein, write us—we can tell you where to get it—or better yet—we shall be glad to have our experts make purchases for you. Do not hesitate to write us should you, at any time, require our assistance.

ARMS AND AMMUNITION—

N. R. Davis & Sons, Assonet, Mass.
 DuPont Powder Co., Wilmington, Del.
 A. H. Fox Gun Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
 S. J. Francis, 8 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.
 Hercules Powder Co., Wilmington, Del.
 Hunter Arms Co., Inc., 776 Hubbard St., Fulton, N. Y.
 H. H. Kiffe Co., 523 Broadway, New York.
 Lefever Arms Co., 200 Maltbie St., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Marlin Fire Arms, New Haven, Conn.
 Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn.
 Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Powell & Clement, 410 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Remington Arms-U. M. C. Co., 299 Broadway, N. Y.
 Robin Hood Ammunition Co., Swanton, Vt.
 Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y.
 Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, New York.
 Maxim Silencer, Hartford, Conn.
 Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.
 U. S. Cartridge Co., Boston, Mass.
 American Powder Mills, Boston, Mass.
 New York Sporting Goods Co., 17 Warren St., N. Y.
 Ross Rifle Co., Quebec, Can.

GUNS AND RIFLES—

N. R. Davis & Sons, Assonet, Mass. "The gun that blocks the sears."
 A. H. Fox Gun Co., Philadelphia, Pa. The irrep-
 roachable Fox.
 S. J. Francis, 8 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. "Want
 to swap guns."
 Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y. L. C. Smith with
 Hunter one trigger for trap and field use.
 Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Lefever Shot
 Guns, single or double triggers.
 Marlin Fire Arms Co., 27 Willow St., New Haven,
 Conn. Repeating rifles and shot guns.
 Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn. The old reliable
 Parker (specialists in 20 and 28 bore guns.)
 Remington Arms, U.M.C. Co. Remington pump-
 bottom ejection, solid breech. Remington auto-
 matic rifle.
 Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y. 22 Hi Power Rifle.
 Ross Rifle Co., Quebec, Canada. Ross, .280 high
 velocity rifle.
 Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, N. Y.
 Sauer-Mausser Rifle.
 Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.
 Repeating rifles and shot guns.
 The Birmingham Small Arms Co., Birmingham, Eng-
 land (Henry Smail, 82 Duane St., New York, rep-
 resentative).

SPORTING GOODS—

J. H. Lau & Co., 75 Chambers St., New York.
 Powell & Clement, 410 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, New York.
 H. H. Kiffe Co., 523 Broadway, New York.
 New York Sporting Goods Co., 17 Warren St., N. Y.
 Thos. J. Conroy, 28 John St., N. Y.

MOTORS—

Waterman Marine Motor Co., 267 Mt. Elliott Ave.,
 Detroit, Mich. Detachable motors.
 Evinrude Motor, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Joy Motor, Chicago, Ill.
 Koban Motor, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Kaille-Perfection, Detroit, Mich.
 Gray Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

TAILORS TO SPORTSMEN—

Lincoln Bennett & Co., Ltd., 40 Piccadilly, London,
 England. Outing clothes for men and women.
 E. George & Co., 87 Regent St., London.
 Outing clothes for men and women.

SPORTSMEN'S SPECIALTIES—

Hyfield Mfg. Co.—Excelsior Belt Safe, 48 Franklin
 St., New York. Sportsmen's belt safes.
 Pneumatic Mfg. Co., 284 Ninth Ave., Brooklyn, N.
 Y. Perfection sleeping bags.
 The New York Boat Oar Co., 69 West St., New
 York City. Oars and canoe paddles.
 L. A. Nelson Mfg. Co., 305 Main St., La Crosse,
 Wis. Leather vests and jackets.

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 Artificial eyes for birds and animals.
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 Papier Mache Specialties Co., Reading, Mich.

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 Bristol Steel Rod.
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 All kinds of tackle.
 Wm. Mills & Son, 21 Park Pl., New York.
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 Tackle of every sort.
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 Nyoil—Wm. F. Nye, New Bedford, Mass.
 Gun oil.
 Three-in-One-Oil, 112 New St., New York.
 Gun oil.

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 DuPont, Schultze, Ballistite.
 Hercules Powder Co., Wilmington, Del.
 E. C. and Infallible powder.
 Robin Hood Ammunition Co., Swanton, Vt.
 Robin Hood Powders.
 New York Sporting Goods Co. Mullerite powder.
 American Powder Mills, Boston, Mass.
 Deadshot Powder.

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 "Steel, where steel belongs."
 Remington Arms, U.M.C. Co., New York City.
 Arrow, Nitro club.
 Robin Hood Ammunition Co., Swanton, Vt.
 Clipper, kick minus—speed plus.
 Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.
 Leader.
 U. S. Cartridge Co., Boston, Mass. Black Shells.

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 Floor varnish for homes and bungalows.



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Spring Fishing Number

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Address.....

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Camping
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Orcas, Washington

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FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

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FOR SALE OR TRADE—Edison phonograph with 50 records. Plays two and four minute records. Howard R. Baker, Box 32, East Falmouth, Mass.

\$20 L. C. SMITH HAMMER GUN, 12 ga., 30 x 13 1/2 x 2 1/4; right cylinder, left full, splendid condition, free from rust. Bargain at \$14.50. L. M. Gable, K. S. N. S. No. 193, Kutztown, Pa.

FOR SALE, REASONABLE—16-ga. Parker hammerless, 26-in. modified and full choke barrels; 6 3/4 pounds. Stock 14 1/4, drop 2 1/2, \$37.50 grade. R. R. Featenby, Box 562, Harrisburg, Pa.

FOR SALE—One Mod. '97 Winchester repeating shotgun, take down, 12-ga.; good condition, \$16. One .38-55 Winchester S. S. rifle, Lyman rear sight and bead, \$10. L. S. Frantz, Friend, Neb.

FOR SALE—300 Deer heads, 100 moose heads, and several hundred other specimens at reasonable prices. Established 1878. Send for list. John Clayton, Co., Taxidermists, Lincoln, Maine.

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SALE OR EXCHANGE—Stevens model No. 47, 32-40, 30-in. full octagon rifle butt, single set trigger, No. 17 target front, Stevens wind gauge rear, list \$5.50. Perfect condition. Address Frank G. Brown, 183 Washington Avenue, Vandergrift, Pa.

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FOR SALE—12-gauge Marlin—Model 24. Grade A with extra barrel cyl. bore. 12-gauge Lefever—double barrel. Grade G 30-inch auto ejector. Guns part of an estate being sold. Little & Becker Printing Co., Ninth & Walnut Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

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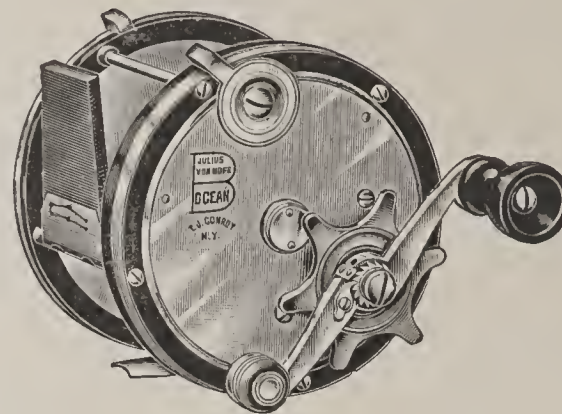
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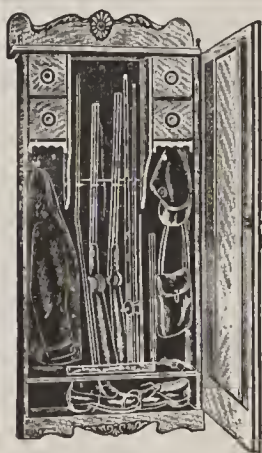


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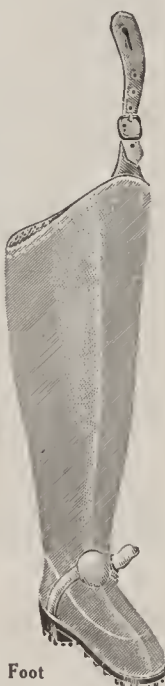
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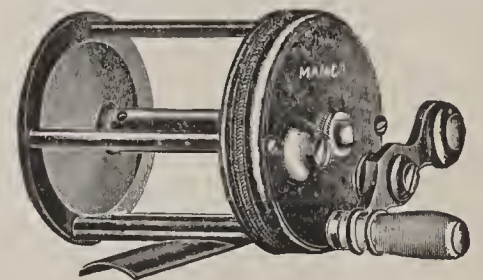
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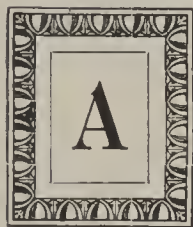
MARCH, 1915

No. 3

Three Polars and a Cree

The Cree Had the Worst of it at the Start—Story of a Remarkable Hunt in the Hudson Bay Country

By R. J. Fraser



Samuel's mixture of English and Cree is intelligible only to one who has lived with him for a time I shall have to tell his story for him. Samuel Miles is the name he is known by, though he is a full-blooded Swampy Cree. A strange combination, you think? Maybe, but one hears and sees many strange things in the old North where truth is often far more incredible than fiction.

Sam has a native name—Wapeestan—which is the Cree for "The Marten," and like that animal he is a true runner of the wilds. He is one of the nerviest guides and hunters with whom it has been my good fortune to have lived.

Samuel Miles has the unique record of having shot more polar bears on the Hudson Bay Coast between the Nelson and the Churchill than any other hunter in that section. During the past twenty-five years he has accounted for sixty of these animals, an average of two and a half bears a year—if one can be said to have killed half a bear. Some of those which Sam only half-killed made very ugly customers. It is of some of his adventures with these polars that he would have me write.

One fall I had attempted to strike a trade with him offering him a gun for some furs to which I had taken a fancy. He was going off to hunt caribou for me and asked to be allowed to take the rifle along and try it out. If satisfied with its shooting he would gladly pay my price. It would have been a good gun had it shot



Big Game Hunter at Hudson Bay.

straight, but it didn't. No matter how one adjusted the sights it always fired a foot high at a hundred yards. With the loan of the rifle I gave Sam a whole box of ammunition and told him to give the gun a fair trial.

In five days he was back. He brought a small

deer and a polar bear skin, all the game he had seen—but his ammunition pouch was empty.

He had gotten the deer when three days out—six shots at very close range. Returning south down the coast he espied the polar out on the mud flats grubbing for food. At the first crack of the rifle the bear, instead of making for the water, bolted for the woods. Like a scared rabbit he galloped past within fifty yards of the Indian who for a moment thought himself about to be attacked. Even at that short range the soft-nose slugs flew harmlessly over the animal's back and he got inside the tree line.

"Gun dam bad!" exclaimed Samuel in disgust. He dropped his load on the beach and took up the chase. The Indian was no slouch on his feet and the polar never got out of sight or range, and Sam, stopping occasionally to blaze away, plunged through the soft muskegs on the white bear's trail. At each miss he grew more disgusted with the gun but more determined than ever to get the bear. He stopped and threw away his coat for running in the woods was warm work. Then he threw away his vest and sweater, and each time that he halted to refill the magazine he cursed the gun anew.

When the barrel of the rifle had become too hot for comfort he ceased firing and grimly settled down to run the bear to earth. He did it, too, and not until the beast turned and faced him did he fire again. Then within three yards of his quarry the Indian pumped as many shots through its head and ended the long, hot chase.

"One bear—thirty-seven shots," said Samuel.



Samuel Was Ready for Number Three.

as he tossed down the skin at my feet and handed me the much-abused rifle.

"Gun no good; no wantem."

I still have the gun.

One year, late in the fall, Samuel was trapping on the coast near Owl River, fifty miles south of the Churchill. For some days there had been little doing and so when he came across the tracks on the beach of three white bears he decided that their skins would be worth going after. The trail led inland and was not more than two days old. The Indian's keen eyes read the signs of the wild which told him the bears were starving. That meant a dangerous hunt for one man but the Cree had taken such chances before. He had not yet become the owner of a magazine rifle but was dependent on his old single-barrel muzzle-loader and with this and his grub and blankets on his back he took up the trail of three.

One day's tramp brought him through the woods that fringed the coast and onto the open muskeg plains of the interior. Scattered clumps of sickly-looking stunted juniper were spread about on the barrens and the intervening stretches were dotted with small ice-covered ponds. It was near the end of the second day when Sam espied the bears—the three of them sporting in the center of one of the small lakes on which they had broken all the thin ice sheeting.

No sooner had he emerged from the junipers

than the animals' sharp eyes spotted the Indian. They started through the water toward him, one well in advance of his mates.

"I must get them one at a time," thought Samuel, "and each with a single shot. If they

come along one well behind the other I can do it, for that will give me time to reload. If they come in a bunch I'm done for."

There was not a tree for miles around that would bear the hunter's weight. Thus Samuel



Cree Rapid Transit at Owl River.

explained to me how he had laid out his plan of campaign. As bear Number one emerged from the water he emitted a roar of delight—here was food for himself and his mates. The Indian looked to the priming of his gun and waited coolly. He could take no chances on a long shot and so he let the bear come on within easy range. With much satisfaction he saw that it was the dog, for well versed in the nature of beasts he had hoped that the mother would be the last. Growling and snarling, his eyes flashing in anticipation, water slavering from his jaws, the bear galloped up to within four yards of the Indian. Then the latter took careful aim and fired. The shot went true, but Samuel did not wait to see. He turned like a flash and ran for all he was worth away from the spot, reloading as he went. As he had hoped, the mother bear and the third one—a large cub—stopped for a moment to sniff at the fallen one. That allowed Samuel time to halt and carefully prime his gun. Then he was ready for Number two.

He turned to see, with great dismay, the two come on together, the cub but a yard ahead of its mother, which was now enraged at the death of her mate. How could he get the one and escape from the other? Would the old one stop again if he managed to kill her cub or would she come right on for him?

Samuel had little time to worry over his chances of escape and for a moment he thought of trying a long range shot. He raised his gun to his shoulder. But no, that was too risky—close range was the surest and he would take a chance on the last of the brutes. He ripped open his vest and disengaged one arm—his pack had been dropped when he had first sighted the animals. Then the two were almost upon him. Carefully, as before, he fired and the cub dropped in its tracks. The Indian needed not to look back to know that the old bear was on his heels. Her roar of rage and the crashing of the bracken warned him of his peril. It was difficult to reload for he did not dare to slacken for a moment and he was now running at the top of his speed. Quickly the bear gained upon him and the sudden snarl at his very heels warned him of her leap. He sprang aside just in time and the clumsy brute—for the polar is very slow in turning—plunged on for several yards before she could check her terrific way and come about. This gave Sam the opportunity he had looked for. He paused just a second to tear the vest off his arm and fling it behind him, then he raced on as before. It was his last hope of escape.

The polar, furious at missing his prey, stopped at the bait thus thrown to her. She paused only long enough to slap one paw viciously upon the garment and with an upward fling of her head



Winter in the Northland.

ripped it to pieces; then she plunged on in pursuit. But that pause was enough for the Indian—he halted, ramméd his load home and flung the rod from him. With shaking fingers he pressed the primer down and Samuel was ready for Number three.

He had scarcely turned about when she was upon him, open-mouthed and fearful to look upon.

"No time for aim—no time raise gun," said the old hunter, as he told the story. "Just push muzzle into her mouth, pull trigger, and jump aside."

Here he showed me the second finger of his right hand which was gnarled and distorted. "Gun no on shoulder," he explained, "Kick bad—break finger. Bear just slap gun once and break it. Then roll over and lie dead. Gun over there."

Samuel pointed into the corner of the shack where an old muzzle-loader lay, the barrel doubled over like the frame of a snowshoe, and, as I examined the wreck, I fully realized what the tough old Cree had been up against.

ORIGIN OF THE MULTIPLYING REEL.

London, February 15, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your very fine issue of *Forest and Stream* for February I see that on page 82 my friend Dr. James A. Henshall (I wish we were as young as when we first met!) says "George Snyder made the first multiplying reel in the world, as all English reels at that time, and down to the present day, were, and are, single action."

Dr. Henshall is not quite correct in this statement. The brass multiplying reel was made in this country and was in fairly general use in the eighteenth century. I forget at the moment which authors first refer to it, but there is a fine

engraving of a multiplying reel in Daniel's "Rural Sports" published about 1800 to 1805. It is not spoken of as any novelty; he says, "You can get it at any of the fishing tackle makers." It is a long barrel reel, just the shape of modern American multiplying reels.

In one of the scarcer and most original of works in our great literature of angling, published also about 1800 entitled "The Fly-Fisher's Legacy," by George Scotcher, he tells us that it is the result of many years experience. He says on page 10, "I would advise by all means the use of a reel on your rod, as you can then lengthen or shorten your line as occasion requires, and the multiplying reel is the best, provided you are careful to keep it well in order, as without that care, it is very apt to grow faulty." S. Howitt in his "Angler's Manual" 1808 says, "Multiplying reels are preferable because you can wind up your line quickly."

I possess fine English made brass multiplying reels, some of which are probably over 100 years old. All my first ten years of fly-fishing was done with an excellent multiplying reel. They are found in the advertisements of our fishing tackle makers for more than a century.

But for the last half century the best multiplying reels have undoubtedly been made in America.

R. B. MARSTON,

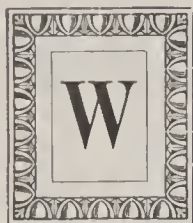
Editor *Fishing Gazette*.



"The Explorer's Route"

An Article That Tells of a New Scenic Wonderland and Game and Fish Paradise on the Backbone of This Continent

By B. W. Mitchell.



WHO is not affected by the spell of the new and the unknown? There is a thrill in scenes that are strange to human eyes. That great maze of mountains and of wilderness of northwestern Canada at last conquered by the steam horse offers to the true traveller a region of rare beauty and interest. Here, indeed, is an explorer's and sportsman's paradise, with numberless lofty peaks, many a "river of doubt" and not a few jewels of lakes which have long been hidden from man. Now all these, thanks to the work of the railway pioneers, have been made accessible to the pack-train traveller.

Not only to the gentleman rover is opened this enticing territory. The achievements of women explorers have attracted wide attention and some of the best work in the exploration of the Canadian Rockies has been accomplished by women; notably Mrs. Mary T. S. Schaffer of Banff and Miss Mary L. Jobe of New York. The life of the wilderness trail is not exhausting in these latitudes as it undeniably is in the tropics. On the contrary, it is exhilarating in the highest degree. As a matter of hazard, there are more real "hair breadth escapes" in a day's dodging of automobiles in a city street than one would experience in a year's travel in the wilderness, granting adequate preparation and proper precaution.

The new regions into which the newly opened Grand Trunk Pacific leads are the sources of the Athabaska River, first visited by the author and Henry G. Bryant, F. R. G. S., of Philadelphia, accompanied by four ladies during the summer of 1914. Properly equipped for the journey a similar party would probably cross the Athabaska by the newly constructed pile bridge and proceed up the right (east) bank of the Athabaska. This is indeed a glorious pathway. Magnificent mountains lie on either hand; on the right bank, Mt. Hardisty, the Hardisty range and the singularly regular serrations of the Endless chain; on the left bank, the splendid Selwyn Range with its crowning peak of Mt. Geikie, nearly 12,000 feet in altitude and as yet unclimbed and including also Whirlpool Peak and the Galleon, the latter a huge strangely formed triple peak shaped like some great Spanish treasure-ship of the olden days; the mast of which—an enormous perpendicular tower of black rock, apparently a volcanic eruption—will one day clip ambitious wings for many an Alpinist. High points on the trail along the slopes of Hardisty give splendid vistas up the untravelled Whirlpool River and of the snow fields around the famous peaks of Mt. Hooker and Mt. Brown. From the last camp before fording the Sun

Wapta, one of the main tributaries of the Athabaska, can be seen far away the two giants of the central group of the Rockies, Mt. Alberta and Mt. Columbia. Once across the Sun Wapta, a somewhat serious ford, quite impracticable in a high stage of water, the march continues up the main Athabaska. From the high foothills on the left over which the trail leads can be seen the superb masses of snow and ice and rock which form the goal of the expedition. There is the ice-crowned Blackfriar with Fortress Peak opposite, and between them in the extreme distance a spotlessly pure white mountain armored with solid ice and snow between 11,000 and 12,000 feet in altitude, first visited in 1914 and named Queen Mary's Peak.

The trail now lies alternately high along the

water to muskeg and a perfect network of fallen timber lying in enormous slashes, the logs heaped eight to ten feet above the ground and utterly impassable for horses. The march can then be made up the river bars, fording channel after channel with always the somewhat exciting possibility of an occasional swim. Unfortunately, horse feed is lacking up this branch of the river and any dash to Mt. Columbia must be made in haste and with much hardship to the horses. However, the trip will well repay the temporary hardship as the mountains are of surpassing grandeur and game abounds, black tailed deer, caribou, goat and bear. Mt. Columbia is believed to be the only mountain in the world whose snows drain into three oceans; the Atlantic through the Saskatchewan, the Arctic through



Horses Swimming the Athabaska at Swifts, Jasper Park, Canadian Rocky Mountains.

fire-swept flanks of the range and along the river where bits of muskeg and quivering atoll rims of shaky mud and sand between the rushing river and bottomless bogs of muskeg offer a precarious trail only from three to five feet wide.

A few days marches of this character bring the party to another great tributary river, the Mt. Columbia branch, sweeping fiercely down from the great peak and ice field, 220 square miles of ice from 500 to 1,500 feet in thickness. Mt. Columbia is nearly 13,000 feet in altitude, a perfect pyramid of rare beauty, and a glorious group surrounds and protects the giant—the Dome, the Twins, Mt. King Edward VII and many others. The detour here offered to Mt. Columbia is of considerable difficulty except in extreme low

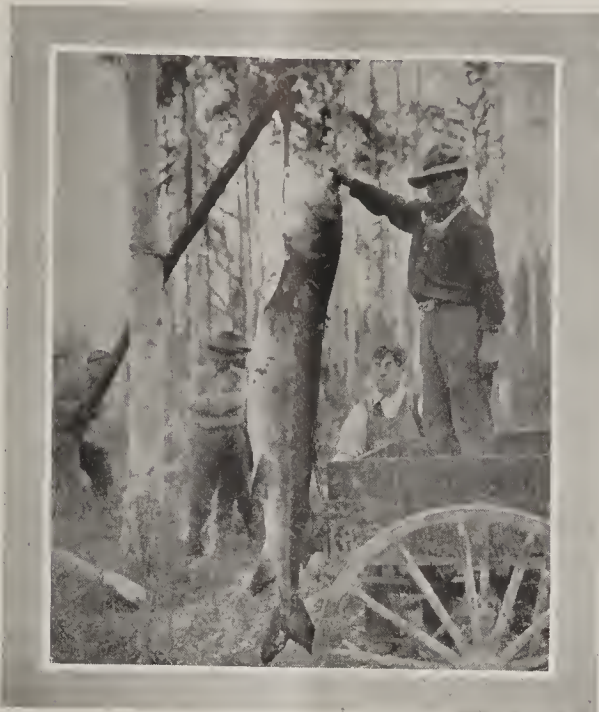
the Athabaska and the Pacific through the Bush River, a tributary of the Columbia.

The main river above the junction with the Mt. Columbia Branch is known as the Chaba, although it is the main Athabaska both in volume and direction. The march is made up this stream usually in the bars in practicable stages of water to the beautiful Fortress Lake, lying exactly on the Continental Divide and discharging into the Athabaska by a subterranean outlet discovered in 1913, and into the Pacific Ocean by the Wood River, a tributary of the Columbia. A few hours march up the bars, mindful of the quicksands, brings the party to the confluence of the two forks of the Chaba. At this point the horses must be sent back to Fortress Lake under suitable guard as there is no feed for them along

either branch. The southwestern branch presents many canyons which necessitate a sharp climb over the great spur which forms the canyon wall ere the foot of the superb Queen Mary glacier is reached. This noble glacier sweeps down from the snows of Queen Mary's peak and from its grotto gushes forth a stream turbid with glacial silt. The foot of the glacier lies about three miles above the camp and the scenery is of the grandest and wildest description. The surface of the glacier is broken with superb serraco and the peak presents snow and ice climbing of the first order. The southeast fork of the Chaba likewise gushes from the grotto of a great glacier falling from a tongue of the Columbia Ice Field back of Mt. King Edward VII. The approach to it is through virgin forest along the brink of a deep canyon which ultimately falls away into a fairly broad valley where the river widens and is broken by gravel bars, a characteristic feature of these northern rivers. The length of this branch is from six to eight miles and the trail lies through the forest intersected by innumerable game trails along which the black tailed deer ranges in great numbers. The parent glacier to this stream lies in the extreme head of the valley, flowing in a gentle slope with comparatively smooth surface, though there are some dangerous crevasses.

Much new work remains to be done around these lately discovered sources of the great river. It is of special importance that the two glaciers and their parent peaks be ascended in order to determine the problem of the possible continuity of their ice fields, and whether continuous with the Columbia Ice Field as well as to obtain a view over the divide into the totally unknown country on the Pacific side. Fortress Lake is still to be navigated to its head and the region explored between Wood River and Misty Mountain on the one hand and the Committee's Punch Bowl and Athabaska Pass on the other. This in the old days was the scene of the annual fur exchanges between the more northern Indians and the Hudson's Bay men from Henry House. It has never since then been visited and no record or map has been left by these old *coureurs de bois*.

Another delightful trip for the amateur explorer is to follow the same route as above from Jasper to the Sun Wapta; thence up the Sun Wapta either to the Pobokton, following this up to the Jonas Shoulder and returning via Maligne Lake, or the Brazeau; or one could march up the Sun Wapta to its source on Wilcox Pass, the scenic center of the Canadian Rockies. The latter portions of these two routes have been traversed but seldom, and much that is new and valuable may be accomplished in the way of mapping and photography. Starting again from Jasper, one may reach practically new country by crossing the Athabaska, passing the marvellous Maligne Gorge where the entire river emerging from a long subterranean flow dashes in fury through a deep and narrow canyon, contracted in many places to five or six feet in width. Thence a detour is made to Medicine Lake whose changes of level, sudden and startling and sometimes as much as sixty feet in a season, form one of the marvels of the region. These extraordinary changes are supposed to be due to the alternate choking and opening of the subterranean channel of the Maligne. Jacques' Lake is then visited where is found probably the most wonderful fly



A 300-Pound Sturgeon Caught With Line in the Nechaco River, near Vanderhoof, B. C.

fish fishing for trout in the world. The most hazardous feature of the journey is the progress up the practically unknown Rocky River to its source in a tremendous pass lined with perpetual ice and snow and supposed to be over ten thousand feet high. If aneroid measurements confirm this, it will probably prove to be the highest pass in the Canadian Rockies practicable for horses. So far it has been visited only by a hunting party.

Another magnificent trip offering great opportunities for climbs and side expeditions afoot is to be had by rail from Jasper to Grant Brook and thence up the Moose River to its source amid the glories of Moose Pass. The Moose River has been traversed a few times but it is an extremely difficult route because of the endless muskegs. A route must ultimately be found high along the mountain sides in order to avoid the worst of these traps. However, even as it is the trip will repay the hardships endured if only to see the superb flower-starred avenue of approach to the pass. Twenty-nine varieties of flowers in bloom have been counted crossing this pass without dismounting from the horse. The timber on Moose Pass is magnificent. On other high passes the timber gradually decreases in size with the increase in altitude. On the northwestern slope of Moose Pass particularly, the heavy timber continues close to the timber line and ceases as suddenly as if cleared by hand. A great maze of unknown and unnamed peaks surrounds the traveller on this splendid pass and the eye may wander far to the north down the valley of the Smoky and to the absolutely unknown beyond. This valley was penetrated for the first time in 1914 by Miss Jobe to the distance of about one hundred miles, the expedition resulting in the discovery, mapping and partial ascent of an extraordinary new peak. This journey is of the first order of difficulty and the region, with the exception of the one hundred miles of the waterway as well as everything to either side back from the river, has not been penetrated. Unknown country may also be reached afoot with shoulder packs over the Mural Glacier near Mt. Robson. Horses cannot be taken into this section.

As one descends the Grand Fork of the Fraser River, far to the southwest is seen a wonderful mass of peaks with great display of snow and ice. They are the peaks of the Gold Range and the Caribou country beyond the Big Bend of the Columbia. Veritable "terra incognita" are these forbidding peaks, and owing to the tremendous timber and impenetrable underbrush of the Pacific slopes of mountains here, it is probable that they will never be explored except on foot. This is a journey which should be attempted only by experienced men. Further to the west, unknown and untravelled country of the utmost interest—both geographical and ethnological—opens up, especially to the northward of the railway. The Babine Lake and river, swarming with the fine salmon and steelhead trout, may be reached from Hazelton by a trail journey of about seventy miles. This is a particularly fascinating journey due to the presence of the quaint Babine Indians; an interior tribe of totem Indians of which anthropologists for a time denied the existence claiming that all totem Indians were maritime. These Indians present a curious mingling of barbarism and primitive customs with a bit of Hudson's Bay Company civilization and traces of missionary influence in earlier times.

Further toward the coast the great ranges stretching ever northward beckon the adventurer with their lure of mystery. If all the new country now opened up to the sportsman and nature lover was to be described in detail, this sketch would expand into a volume, but enough has been said to show that the name earned by the latest American transcontinental line, "The Explorer's Route" is well merited.

AN APPRECIATION FROM FLORIDA.

Wabasso, Fla., Feb. 21, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

So many writers have given their O. K. to your making *Forest and Stream* into a monthly that it is with fear and tremble that I venture to give my views. Ever since 1898 your journal has brought to me, as no other magazine or paper ever has, the true spirit of the outdoors. Its pages reek with the odor of the pines, of the smoke of the hunter's camp fire and with the keen air of the mountains. The tang of the salt sea pervades its pages, and the call of the Red Gods is never ceasing. It is a paper which for forty years has been the true sportsman's journal of America.

I am disgusted with most present day sportsman's magazines, which by the way should be known rather as "Sporting" journals, but dear old *Forest and Stream* remains the same.

I like the paper in its monthly form but there are now 40 weeks in the year when I shall miss it. It is like having to call on your best girl once a month, instead of in the good old fashioned once a week style. I am pleased with your review of latest outdoor books. With best wishes to our old friend in its new form.

C. A. VANDIVEER.



To Save the Pronghorn Antelope

The Boone and Crockett Club Takes Steps to Preserve a Rapidly Disappearing Animal



THE growth of the sentiment in behalf of game protection is more rapid and more permanent than most people understand. We know through many sources of the continued efforts in behalf of birds by the Audubon Societies, in behalf of game by the American Game Protective and Propagation Association, in behalf of wild life generally by the New York Zoological Society, but in addition to these, there are other associations that are working more quietly and yet accomplishing a vast deal of good.

The Boone and Crockett Club, of which little is heard, has taken up the pronghorn antelope, and is making great efforts to keep that unique species from extermination. Once the antelope's range extended from the Missouri River west to the Pacific Coast and from the Saskatchewan south into Mexico. In early days it was, in the belief of many an old-timer, more abundant on the plains than was the buffalo. When white people began to move into the western country,

and to establish farms and build fences, this great range began to contract, and before long the antelope began to disappear. Laws urged by far-sighted people to protect the species, like many other game laws, were not enforced. For years the antelope has been steadily decreasing in numbers, so that it is no longer found over most of its old range. This is a great misfortune.

Several years ago the Boone and Crockett Club determined that new herds of antelope ought to be established on certain Government reservations. Permission was secured from the Secretary of the Interior to have some antelope caught alive in the Yellowstone Park, and two shipments were made, one to the Wichita Game Preserve, in Oklahoma, the other to the Bison Range, in western Montana, the Club paying the cost of capturing, crating and transporting the antelope. Again, this year, the Club secured permission from the Canadian authorities to capture some antelope in Alberta, had the work done, and shipped a small herd to the Wind Cave National Park, in South Dakota—an old antelope range where the animals are assured of protection from the hunter, and should do well.

There are thus now two new herds of antelope in the west which we may hope to see increase. Each of these herds is located in country where the animal is native, and each is under fence, and yet has ample range. It is to be hoped that they do well and increase, for, except in Nevada and Arizona, the antelope is now an almost forgotten species.

The efforts made by the Boone and Crockett Club to preserve this rapidly disappearing species cannot be too warmly praised. They furnish an example of persistent, well-directed effort which may well be imitated by other game protectors in this country. G.

THE annual meeting and dinner of the Boone and Crockett Club was held on the evening of Thursday, February 4th, at the University Club, New York. About fifty members and guests were present.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were Major W. Austin Wadsworth, Geneseo, New York, president; Arnold Hague, W. B. Devereux, Archibald Rogers, Geo. Bird Grinnell and Madison Grant, vice-presidents; Henry G. Gray, secretary; W. Redmond Cross, treasurer; mem-



Pronghorn Antelope in Yellowstone Park.



Group of Mounted Antelope.

bers of the executive committee to serve until 1918, Elton Clark, Framingham, Massachusetts, and J. Coleman Drayton, New York; the Game Preservation Committee and the Editorial Committee were continued.

Of committee reports the most important was that of the Game Preservation Committee, of which Charles Sheldon is chairman. The report reviews the work of the committee for the past two years, the passage of the migratory bird law, fur seal legislation, game refuges, National and state, the game situation, Alaska game law, big game in the north and the relations there of Indians and white men, the work done by club members and others in investigating big game animals, and various other matters.

The preservation of the antelope and bear present serious problems. Antelope should be increased by breeding in refuges, and laws should be passed to protect bears. More game refuges are necessary, and all the National forest reserves should be made game refuges. For the most part the game laws that we have are very

good, but are ineffective because not properly enforced. Therefore, most of the means and energies of game protectionists should be directed toward the enforcement of the game laws.

The great danger of the extermination of the unique pronghorn antelope has long been recognized by the Club, and four years ago the committee obtained permission to have some antelope caught in the Yellowstone Park and shipped to the Wichita Game Preserve and to the Montana Bison Range. For this it paid all the costs. Owing to lack of knowledge on the part of those who captured the animals, many of these antelope were injured, and of the twelve sent to the Montana Bison Range only five survived, but within the last two years seven young have been born to these five. The attempt to stock the Wichita National Game Preserve was not encouraging, only two animals, both does, surviving. Nevertheless, it seemed important that these efforts should be continued, and after a permit had been obtained from the Canadian authorities for the capture of a limited number

of fawns, a contract was made with a resident of western Canada to undertake this work. He succeeded in capturing three buck and three doe fawns, and these, together with four bucks and three does additional—all over a year old—were delivered to a representative of the Biological Survey at the border, inspected, passed, and safely delivered at the Wind Cave National Park, near Hot Springs, South Dakota, as a gift from the Boone and Crockett Club to the United States. The total cost of the matter—paid from the club's game preservation fund—was \$1,338.84. The Secretary of Agriculture acknowledged to President Wadsworth in a very cordial letter the club's generous gift, which he said "marks an important step in safeguarding the future of that animal."

The committee justly calls the passage of the Migratory Bird Law the most important and far-reaching result yet attained during the progress of game protection. It believes that the principle here established will ultimately be extended over game animals.

The report of the committee sent to the fur

seal islands to study that much discussed subject had not been made public when the report was written. It has recently been handed in, and may be made public before these lines are in print. It is known at least that the committee and the expert agents from Canada and Japan who were present on the Island with the American scientific men, agreed with them in all conclusions, and it is not doubted that the repeal of the law forbidding the killing of surplus males will be recommended in the report.

That the forest reserves generally should be made game refuges is recommended in the report. This ground was taken in the first book of the Boone and Crockett Club, as long ago as 1893.

Many bills to set aside National Parks and game refuges are on the calendar of Congress, but on most of them no action has been taken. Nevertheless, last August Congress accepted the session by the state of Montana of the exclusive jurisdiction of the lands embraced in the Glacier National Park. This insures Federal control and protection of game, and will be effective, as shown by the fact that last October a young man was arrested for killing a bear within the Park, and was fined \$100 and sentenced to ninety days in jail.

The game situation is fully discussed. Elk sent out from the Yellowstone National Park seem to have done well wherever set free under proper conditions. An interesting experiment was made in Arizona where elk were turned out in the Sitgreaves forest. Eighty individuals were held for a short time in a small enclosure, and then, when the feed gave out, they were turned loose. During the first season they scattered, some of them wandering one hundred miles north, but in 1914 almost all of them had returned to the original district where natural conditions are favorable. Only six or eight of the cows were old enough to produce young in 1913, but four calves were born, and they are likely to do well. The number of elk to be shipped

from the Yellowstone Park and Jackson Hole herd makes no impression on the increase. There are supposed now to be about 55,000 head there. The constant increase of the herd results in a continual shortage of food supply and death of the animals through starvation. "The Committee believes that in addition to those killed by sportsmen several thousand should be killed each year," in order to establish a balance between the food supply and the numbers of the elk. It is recommended that the killing be done by officials under proper regulations.

Bison are safe from extermination, but the antelope are going very fast. Mountain sheep are much more numerous than has been supposed. The Queen Charlotte's Island caribou are on the verge of extinction. The musk-oxen are growing fewer, because of the traffic in meat for whalers wintering in the Arctic, and the use of modern firearms by Indians and Eskimos.

Grizzly bears are growing fewer, and should be protected, following the suggestions of J. A. McGuire, Editor of *Outdoor Life*, in Denver. Constant efforts are being made to commercialize the skins of the Alaska brown bears, but it is hoped that the people of Alaska can be brought to see that these bears are more valuable to them living than dead. This suggests the Alaska Game Law, which needs changes to secure the support of the public there.

Much good work has been done by members of the Boone and Crockett Club and others in the way of securing interesting scientific specimens for the National Museum, the Biological Survey, the American Museum of Natural History, and others. Among those who have taken an active part in this matter are Theodore Roosevelt, Dr. W. L. Abbott, Elton Clark, George L. Harrison, Jr., Theodore Lyman, Messrs. Pratt and Proctor, Hon. Geo. Shiras, 3d., Lincoln Ellsworth, W. H. Osgood, Charles Sheldon, Dr. L. C. Sanford, and others.

The report refers to books published by mem-

bers of the Club which tend to arouse interest in the wilderness and so to conserve the spirit which makes for game protection. Of these there are two by Mr. Roosevelt, three by Mr. Grinnell, one each by Messrs. Hepburn and Sheldon, and the composite book of the Boone and Crockett Club, "Hunting at High Altitudes," to which the venerable Col. W. D. Pickett contributed by far the greater part of the matter. Dr. Allen's monograph of the Musk-Oxen, Mr. Hornaday's Wild Life Conservation, with a contribution by Mr. Walcott, and Mr. Selous' contribution to two great works on sport, complete the list of strictly outdoor publications.

The committee insists again on a better enforcement of the game laws, which means more liberal appropriations for warden's service, and greater care in appointing the men selected for this work. It advises also laws restricting the sale of trophies, pointing out that traffic in trophies tends toward the extermination of game as traffic in plumage tends to exterminate birds.

At the meeting Madison Grant made feeling reference to the death within the year of John L. Cadwalader, a very old and valued member of the Club, and an earnest sportsman. Col. Roosevelt spoke with feeling of the death of Hon. W. W. Rockhill, the explorer who was so long in the diplomatic service of the United States, and who was one of the Club's most famous members.

At the conclusion of the dinner which followed the meeting, Mr. W. H. Osgood, who has recently returned from the Pribiloff Islands, showed an extraordinarily interesting series of motion pictures of fur seal life. His talk was devoted wholly to the natural history side of this life, for his official position, of course, precluded any discussion of policy until the publication of his report. Resolutions were passed urging continued protection of the Alaska brown bears.

A Peg-Legged Pointer

A bunch of brokers were reciting stories of their hunting and fishing experiences during the dull season, while the ticker was slumbering. The manager of one of the Chicago bond houses, with offices in this city, capped the climax with his yarn of an experience while after game in the woods in the extreme north of Minnesota. He asserted his willingness to make affidavit to the facts in the case before a notary and to wager that investigation would prove his story to be true to the last improbable feature.

"While in Superior we picked up as a guide an old chap named Tom Billstein," he said, "who was to take across the line with him an outfit of bird dogs that he guaranteed were fit to point anything in the way of game we should find in the woods or along the borders of the lakes. Tom turned up all right with a string of a half dozen dogs he had broken himself and which were guaranteed to be old hands at the game.

"Among them was a liver and white pointer with one of the most intelligent faces I had ever seen on a dog. He was a companionable chap and made friends of every one in the party, partially, I think because we all sympathized a bit with the dog. His left foreleg was an artificial

limb, and he naturally had a bit of a limp as he strolled about the camp when we were first introduced to him. Of course, we geyed Tom a bit about bringing a pet dog along to the woods with him.

"He ain't no pet more'n any of the other dogs in the bunch," snarled Tom. "He's a hunter, he is, and they ain't no dog in the bunch can beat him flushin' a grouse, nor retrievin' of him after you've shot him, if you fellows can shoot. Wait till you get out in the stubble and see him work's all I got to say."

"When we hit a bit of good ground for birds that peg-legged bird dog took on a new lease of life. He had a nose that would scent a covey of birds quicker than any other dog in the bunch. He was as rigid as one of Prince Troubetzkoy's statuettes on the point, with both his nose and his tail, and that game leg of him sticking out like a weather vane. He flushed the birds like an artist, and when a lucky shot stopped a couple of grouse out of the covey, and he was ordered to do so, retrieved them like a spaniel. That artificial leg wasn't in his way at all as he nosed his way through the underbrush to where the birds fell, and he came back with his prey like

a sprinter. He kept up his work all day, and when we got back to camp was apparently the least tired of any dog in the lot, in spite of the fact that they had four good legs to work with. I've shot over quite a bunch of dogs up in those woods in my day, but none of them beat that peg-legged pointer for good all-around work.

"That night Tom told how his dog happened to have that artificial limb. Tom had him out in the winter of 1913 and the dog stuck his foot into a trap set for muskrats. For several hours before Tom heard his yelps for assistance the dog was held in the trap and when Tom reached him his leg was frozen and had to be amputated then and there. Tom got back to civilization as soon as possible, bent on saving so good a hunting dog if it was possible. He tried a half dozen schemes and finally took him to an artificial limb maker in Milwaukee and had the new foreleg made for him. It took the dog only a couple of weeks to get used to it after the stump had healed. Now I'm willing to bet there isn't a bird dog in all Wisconsin, or Minnesota for that matter, can beat that peg-legged, artificial-limbed pointer in finding birds in any stubble field you can put him down in."

"Horns Versus Pedicles" Again

Game Commissioner Phillips of Pennsylvania Gives his Version of the Celebrated Dickinson Deer Case

Game Commissioner John M. Phillips, of Pennsylvania, in the article below, presents the Game Commission's side of the famous Dickinson deer case, which has stirred up so much controversy in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. FOREST AND STREAM in an earlier issue printed the other side of the case and now, having given both sides, feels that it has done its full duty, and so far as this paper is concerned, the debate must be regarded as closed. The sportsmen of the United States, having thus had all the facts placed before them, can form their own conclusions as to whether the prosecution was justified or not.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Feb. 22, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

My attention has been called to an article entitled "Horns vs. Pedicles, the Famous Dickinson Pennsylvania Deer Case," in your issue of December 26th, 1914, written by Mr. Frank G. Harris, President of the Crystal Springs Rod and Gun Club of Clearfield, Pa. This refers to the case of a Pittsburgh physician who was accused of killing a fawn in Clearfield County on November 20th, 1911, in violation of a law of the State of Pennsylvania which reads that no deer "except a male deer with horns visible above the hair" should be killed. As one of the Game Commissioners of Pennsylvania, I wish to make a plain statement of the case.

When this case developed, I was out of the State, and the first I heard of the matter was upon my return to Pittsburgh on December 14th, 1911, when I found a letter from Mr. Harris complaining that one of our Game Protectors, accompanied by a State Policeman, had invaded the property of the Crystal Springs Club over trespass notices and examined a yearling spike buck hung on the porch of the clubhouse, which they claimed was an illegal deer.

I was not acquainted with the accused, but upon communicating with him he assured me that he had killed a legal buck with horns, that it had been passed in Pittsburgh by a State Policeman, and that he had placed the head in the hands of his taxidermist, Mr. Gustav A. Link of the Carnegie Museum, for mounting. So I felt confident that our officers had made a mistake, as during the first year of life male deer have no horns, but before censuring our officers I arranged with the accused to see the head so that I could speak with assurance, and he instructed his taxidermist to allow me to examine it. When Mr. Link notified me that he had brought the head from his private workshop and had it at the Museum, in company with others I inspected it and found it to be the head of a male fawn, 6 to 8 months old, as indicated by the small head, fragile bones and the pedicles or buttons which projected less than $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch above the frontal bone, and on which the horns grow and from which they are shed annually. We noted also that the hair had been removed from off and about the pedicles to make them visible.

I immediately placed the case in the hands of Dr. Kalbfus, the Secretary and Executive officer of the Game Commission. When he arrived in Pittsburgh, we interviewed the accused and informed him that he had killed an illegal deer and

submitted to him the option of settling as allowed by law or going to trial. The accused stated that he was aware the deer in question was a fawn and that if he was the only one concerned he would pay the fine but inasmuch as the Club

the accused and I was called on the telephone by Governor Tener asking for information on the subject. I informed him of the result of the investigation when he naturally directed us to do our duty. The next development was a letter



THE EVIDENCE IN THE CASE.

The Upper Head is That of the Fawn as Offered in Evidence by the Commonwealth. The Lower Head That of a Mature Buck Killed in the Same Region.

had told him not to do so and that it would take care of the matter he asked for time to consult the Club, which was readily granted.

Mr. Harris, as President of the Club, immediately took an active part in the defense of

written by Mr. Harris on February 8th, 1912 to Senator Oliver complaining of the action of the Game Commission, claiming that the law was intended only for the protection of female deer, that the members of his Club were fighting Re-

publicans, that he wanted Dr. Kalbfus and the Game Commission "called off," and also that the case was being tried in Allegheny County, which would involve a big expense to the accused and the Club, as their witnesses were all in Clearfield County. Like the Governor, the Senator referred the matter to the Game Commission. When the case was tried in Clearfield County, Mr. Harris, as an attorney for the defense, used this against the Commission, claiming that it was attempting to put the costs on his County.

Mr. Harris wrote the Game Commission that: "the law was primarily intended to protect does and should be so amended that if a deer has testicles, horns or no horns he is a lawful kill."

Mr. Harris also wrote a letter to one of the officers of the Commission from which I quote: "As for Dr. Dickinson. He is head and shoulders above any one of the Game Commission. He is a gentleman sportsman and has violated none of the contemptible laws for which they are responsible."

Yet Mr. Harris was a member of the Commission when the "Buck Law" was passed by our Legislature, a member from his own County, Clearfield, being sponsor for the bill.

Mr. Harris was State Treasurer and later Game Commissioner under the Pennypacker administration, but upon the expiration of his term Governor Stuart refused to reappoint him.

While Game Commissioner, Mr. Harris was trusted by his colleagues to locate a Game Preserve in accordance with the law, "within the State lands" in Clearfield County, about 7 miles from his home, where deer were extinct. Upon these sanctuaries, no hunting is permitted by any person at any time. At that time, the State owned or held options on many thousand acres of land surrounding the Game Preserve located by Mr. Harris which consisted of about 3,200 acres, marked with a single wire so that game could come and go at will, with fire lines outside the wire. A man was put in charge of this sanctuary by Mr. Harris and it was stocked with deer and later with elk at the State's expense.

It was not until Mr. Harris became active in the defense of the accused that the discovery was made by the Commission that Mr. Harris and his associates had acquired 420 acres of land adjoining the State sanctuary and extending to the marking wire, organized a club of 50 members, and posted the lands. When the Commission learned of this state of affairs, its first thought was to abandon the sanctuary entirely, but owing to the impossibility of moving the game, it was finally decided to cut off one end so that the public and hunters could pass around it without trespassing on the Club's property. It was on one of these fire lines surrounding the sanctuary that the accused killed the fawn in dispute, the only deer killed in 1911 by this Club, while in 1914 six mature bucks were hung on the clubhouse porch.

The case was tried on December 11th, 1912 before J. C. Barclay, Justice of the Peace of Clearfield, who had offered to him in evidence the head of the fawn, and he found:

"No man could see horns on this baby deer and any man who would kill it is not only exterminating our deer but is endangering human life in the woods."

From the Justice's fine of \$100 and costs the defendant appealed, and on August 26th, 1913 the Grand Jury found a true bill against him. On

Made-in-America Scenery

By John G. Worth

(For illustrations, see page 149)

The following article, written by John G. Worth, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, gives but a faint idea of the wonders of the great American Southwest Desert. The photographs on page 149 show perhaps better than words the marvels of this region.

The great American plateau region of northern Arizona, western New Mexico, southern Utah and southeastern Colorado undoubtedly contains more natural wonders, scenic variety, and real prehistoric and present life of primitive man than any other section on the North American continent. The land sculpture resulting from thousands of years of erosion in the great sandstone plateau has left many curious and interesting monuments of the harder material standing and lying in great fantastic shapes, equalled nowhere else. The best entry for this immense region is Gallup, N. M., on the south, and Dolores, Colo., on the north.

From Gallup the Navajo Reservation is first entered. This reservation is inhabited by a tribe of nomads who range their sheep over an immense stretch 400 to 500 miles from east to west and 300 to 400 miles north to south.

The Navajos are perhaps the most interesting Indians to-day. They make beautiful blankets and are splendid in barbaric silver work ranging from small rings and ornaments to great belts and bridles of solid beaten silver.

From Fort Defiance the land sculpture commences immediately. Zilt-Fusayan Butte, then Monument Canyon, and the splendid Canyon de Chelly and Canyon del Muerto with their wonderful coloring and impressive silence, one might say, of lights and shadows. To the east, the great Tunitcha, and Lukachuki Mountains to a height of 10,000 feet, rising 4,000 to 5,000 feet direct from the Plateau are seen, while to the northeast rise the beautiful Carriso Mountains to about 12,000 feet, from the top of which the writer obtained one of the most beautiful sights some fifteen years ago. For hundreds of miles in every direction the country is an open panorama—the great San Juan Mountains of Colorado to the north and east, the great isolated peaks of the Utah plateau region, Elk Ridge, Abajo Mountains, Henry Mountains standing like sentinels guarding the silence, while far to the west stands Navajo Mountain on the edge of the Grand Canyon near the mouth of the San Juan River and the great mesas, deep canyons, and table lands stretch for miles to the southwest.

After leaving Canyon del Muerto one enters the Chin-lee Valley passing many ruins and cliff houses of primitive man. The life, color, and

land sculpture are most wonderful all the way; it is real magnified fairy land. Next one enters Monumental Valley, a great Gardens of the Gods, stretching for more than thirty miles to the San Juan river. Great monuments rise straight into the heavens, 300 to 800 feet, assuming all shapes and colors. Big fingers, big frogs, faces, squaws with babes on back, great battleships with bristling turrets, locomotives, great palaces have been hewn by Nature in a way that cannot be painted, photographed, or properly described.

It all must be seen to be appreciated. At the crossing of the San Juan river we enter Utah, and see the wonderful Goose Necks carved by the river into islands whose banks are a thousand feet above the river bed. We then cross Grand Gulch and at night camp in a great cave that will hold hundreds of horses at a time. A little water comes from the rocks and is accumulated in troughs built by an enterprising ranchman. The next day with the Great Bears Ears Mountain constantly in sight we cross the table land to the head of White Canyon and camp at the first or Edwin Bridge for the night. This is a beautiful bridge with wonderful coloring and perfect in outline. We climb on top, examine its wonderful structure and wonder how old the world must be, to take time to carve the beautiful arch so little at a time, a little rain or wind, the cold night and hot days gradually chiselling out the hard sandstone.

Next day we ride leisurely through the canyon and camp for a midday meal at the Caroline Bridge, huge in proportions, so large that it cannot very well be photographed, and after a pleasant hour in exploration we pack up and ride to the magnificent Agusta Bridge to camp for the night. This is probably the most interesting bridge of all, being 2,300 feet over all, and about 350 ft. span in the arch.

Numerous pools have been carved near it making fine bathing, and a small stream cuts beneath it. The ruins here are also interesting and after supper as we watch the moon rising under the arch and gradually over it, the sensation of being part of these wonders is simply beyond description.

The return is made the same way, noon at Caroline, and another night at the Edwin Bridge. The next morning we start for the south to the San Juan into Arizona again for the Snake Dance of the Mokis, one hundred and fifty or more miles to the south, every mile opening new and interesting wonders.

September 23d, 1913, the defendant succeeded in having the indictment quashed on a technicality and the Commonwealth took an appeal to the Superior Court of Pennsylvania, which reversed the lower Court, and the case was brought to trial in Clearfield on November 7th, 1914, when the accused was acquitted by a jury of his peers.

In the trial, it was shown by disinterested witnesses as follows: Taxidermist G. A. Link of the Carnegie Museum positively identified the head as the one delivered to him personally by

the accused, and stated that it was a fawn and that it had no horns, and he so told accused, in fact, only accepted the head when assured that it had been passed by the State authorities, and further that it was the only fawn head he had ever received for mounting as a trophy. Chief Taxidermist Santens of the Carnegie Museum who was present when the accused delivered the head, corroborated Mr. Link's testimony. Albert Smith, the expressman who received it, and

(Continued on page 192)

The Mystery of the Maine Blueback

Have the Rangeley Trout and Landlocked Salmon Finished Him or has He been Translated into the Sunapee?



EVERYBODY is familiar with the disappearance of the passenger pigeon and the depletion if not total extinction of other forms of wild life before, and even contemporaneous with the present generation. In this connection it might well be asked:

What has become of the little Blueback trout, which once inhabited the Rangeley lakes of Maine in immense quantities? The Blueback was not a

streams are actually filled with this crowding, springing multitude, gathering as do smelts and alewives, to deposit their spawn. They do not make a 'spawning bed,' like the salmon and trout, but deposit their eggs in all parts of the stream, remaining about ten days, when they return to the lake, and are never seen until the 10th of October the following year."

In *Forest and Stream* for December, 1874, Mr. E. S. Merrill says: "Five or six years ago I spent the month of October in the Maine woods,

we last met at Rangeley, some four years ago, Mr. R. waited with deep interest the advent of the Bluebacks. They came at the appointed day in millions. Our friend had caught nearly every species of fish that swims in salt or fresh water, and he insisted that these beauties could be tempted by the gaudy fly. So day after day he stood on the apron of the old dam and fairly exhausted the treasures of his famous fly book. I shall never forget his overflowing enthusiasm and boundless joy as he entered camp, bearing a



Young Specimen—Oquassa, Aureolus, Marstonii or Fontanalis?

sportsman's fish; it did not rise to the fly, and only occasionally was it captured on a hook by some patient and persistent angler. When one of the latter succeeded in taking the Blueback, he felt rather proud of his skill—although the achievement did not bring him anything extraordinarily good in the line of an edible capture or even a fish which fought desperately.

At any rate the old flies of *Forest and Stream* contain reference now and then by some distinguished contributor to the catching of a Blueback, with full account of the circumstances as a rare event. It was not because of his scarcity so few fell victims to the angler's lure—it was because he would not bite.

A most "peculiar" variety of fish was the little Blueback, with strange habits and mysterious ways. Once a year, usually three days either side of October 10th, he and his tribe appeared in almost inconceivable numbers in some of the streams running into the Rangeley lakes and sought their spawning beds. In *Forest and Stream* of November 26th, 1874, appears the following:

"On the 10th of October—or within three days of that date—the outlets of Gull Pond and Dodge Pond, both emptying into Rangeley Lake at points six miles apart, and the outlet of Rangeley Lake, six miles from Dodge Pond, are thronged by myriads of this exquisite fish. The waters of the

and for the first time saw the Blueback trout, of which I had heard. This was in Androscoggin River, between Indian Rock and the dam. The trout came from the Cupsuptic or Mooselucmagantic Lakes. They came up from Indian Rock to the dam. In the pool below the dam there were myriads, the water being literally black with them, and under every stone, slab, or log in the stream, scores would shoot out when disturbed; you could scarcely step anywhere in the stream without starting some, and so of the streams emptying into Rangeley Lake."

Another *Forest and Stream* correspondent, Mr. George Shepard Page, in 1874 wrote:

"Notwithstanding the great number of anglers who have frequented the 'Rangeleys' during the recent years, fishing all portions of the lake with all manner of bait on the surface and down in the deep, no one has ever caught a Blueback. They have never been at the surface. Among the settlers the 'Blueback mystery' has been an annual subject of discussion at the husking, quilting and fishing parties, and the country store, for over forty years. They never take a fly or bait. I state this as a fact, notwithstanding the possibility of contradiction by as good an authority as our worthy president of the American Fish Culturist Association and my esteemed friend, that expert angler, Hon. Robt. B. Roosevelt. When

single Blueback attached to a diminutive fly hook. He loudly declared 'the beauty bit' but we who had watched the angler casting the trio of sharp baited lures among the swimming thousands in the pool, wondered that such exquisite skill in casting had not resulted in hooking out three at a time."

Again quoting from *Forest and Stream*, Mr. J. G. Rich states:

"In 1844 they were taken in large quantities by the Rangeley people, mostly the poorer classes. The fish were never fished for with a baited hook but either netted or speared. The method of netting was usually with 'nets' consisting of bags with ash bows and handles which were set at the ends of sluice ways made for the purpose of guiding the fish into the nets. In this way several bushels would be secured by each man in a night." In the *American Angler* of April 14, 1883, Mr. Rich says that they run up the brooks at night and back in the morning, so that the only time to get them was during the night, and large quantities of them were secured. Fish ways were made through which they had to pass, and improvised hand nets were used, and an equal chance was given all the settlers that went for them. Mr. Rich continued: "These fish were sometimes taken with a baited hook, so I am informed by our Fish Commissioner, Mr. Stanley; yet I have tried them time and again

with fly and bait, but never succeeded in taking one or even attracting their attention."

Now there never has been a time on the American continent within history where an abundance of fish or game has not led to indiscriminate slaughter by settlers or others. From the foregoing it may be judged with what zeal the taking of the little Blueback was prosecuted whenever he appeared out of his mysterious environment and came to the surface. It was the practice of settlers, as noted above, to scoop him up in bags full, and he even found his way to New York and other markets, as reference to old *Forest and Stream* files will show. Some who passed on his toothsome claim that he was superior to common brook trout; others did not like him so well, perhaps for the reason that his food consisted of lower forms of microscopic aquatic life—in a word he must have had some of the habits of the mud eating fishes.

Nevertheless little *Salvelinus oquassa*—for that is what the scientists called him—was rather a handsome fish. As a rule he weighed about five to the pound. In more recent years he grew heavier, but of that something will be said later. As to his appearance, Fish Commissioner Stanley of Maine wrote in 1874:

"This beautiful little fish takes its name from a bluish tint on the back, not unlike the bloom of a plum. They are spotted like a trout, and to the casual observer the difference in a basket of fishes would not be noted. But like the toad they have only the yellow and black spots but not the red. Their tints and coloring are very beautiful, particularly in the male, the pectoral fins rivalling in color the autumn-tinted maple leaves; like the dying dolphin, their brilliancy of color is lost or fades away with their lives. They are more delicate and symmetrical in shape than the brook trout and have the tail forked."

So much for *oquassa* in his earlier days of plentitude. What of him later? The best history that has been written of him is to be found in Vol. 8, No. 1, *Memoirs of the Boston Society of Natural History*. (The Fishes of New England) by Dr. William Converse Kendall, Scientific Assistant, United States Bureau of Fisheries. The distinguished author went to great trouble to establish the coming and going of the Blueback,



and it is rather complimentary to *Forest and Stream* that no less than twenty references are made to articles which appeared in its columns dealing with the Blueback.

Dr. Kendall goes on to tell of the subsequent exhaustion and what amounts almost to extinction of the Blueback. He writes that in the nineties a comparatively rapid decrease was noticed in the number of fish, and this became so marked that protective legislation was made, but it was not until 1899 that a law was passed prohibiting further catching of Blueback in any waters of Maine. But the "stable door," to quote the doctor, "was not locked until after the horse had been stolen." The Blueback had gone forever, and since 1905, none have been taken in the Rangeley streams.

But now comes the most wonderful part of the history of the Blueback. Some time in the late nineties, the state fish commission of Maine planted smelts in the Rangeley lakes for the purpose of providing food for the land locked salmon. It is the opinion of scientists and practical fish culturists that the trout of the Rangeley lakes derived much of their size from the fact that food in the form of Bluebacks was so common, the monsters of eight and ten and twelve pounds which formerly were caught in the Rangeleys having waxed and grown fat on a Blueback diet.

When the salmon of the Rangeley lakes began to multiply they also recognized the succulent quality of the Blueback, and as the salmon and the Blueback both were deep water fish, the latter went under in the unequal struggle. Hence soon there were fewer Bluebacks; finally were none at all. But the Blueback himself, with a little longer chance, might have made himself over again, as it were, into a larger species, for strangely enough he began to feed on the newly hatched smelts, and it is a fact of established official record that the last Blueback caught, instead of weighing from three to five ounces, ran as high as two to two and one-half pounds—in a word they had discovered the secret "On what meat doth this our Caesar (the big Rangeley trout) feed, that he hath grown so great," and were themselves taking advantage of it when the last of them were eaten by the salmon or died of old age without further reproduction.

Here is another queer circumstance in the history of the Blueback that scientists are still puzzling themselves about. In 1878 and in 1879 the New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission introduced in Sunapee Lake several thousand young Bluebacks. Shortly after that came the discovery of the white trout or golden trout *Salvelinus aureolus* now famous the world over, and of which Dr. Quackenbos and other talented anglers have written so charmingly. Dr. Kendall does not say that the Blueback, by reason of continued feeding on smelts in Sunapee Lake, is now none other than our friend *Salvelinus aureolus*, or the far famed Sunapee trout, but speaking of the Sunapee, he says:

"There is no record of the introduction of any other fish than the Blueback which could possibly account for its presence. It has been absolutely proved that none of the products of European Saibling eggs ever reached Sunapee Lake. If not a Blueback or a Saibling and not indigenous, where did it come from? It is quite possible that the Sunapee White Trout was once, before



the smelts were introduced, small like the Blueback of Rangeley Lakes and on that account never took the hook and was never observed as it did not attain a large size until after the introduction of smelts; yet there is no way to prove it."

Dr. Kendall evidently does not want to commit himself on the proposition, but he can again be quoted as follows with reference to the little Blueback:

"It is closely allied to the Sunapee Lake White Trout and the Canadian Red Trout, (*Salvelinus Marstonii*) the latter having been designated by some ichthyologists as a sub-species of the Blueback, and it was at one time contended by many that the former was derived from Bluebacks that had been planted in the lake. It has been suggested that all of the nominal species of this group are really specifically identical but subject to considerable local variation in form, color and habits."

What are we to conclude from all that has been written above? The first fact is that the Blueback has gone from the Rangeleys and is probably extinct so far as that chain of waters is concerned. He is to be found in a few isolated bodies of water in Maine, so that he has not disappeared utterly from the earth or the waters thereof. Perhaps he is to be found also in far northern lakes, for he is of Arctic origin. Mayhap, in a sublimated or translated form he is now the glorious, golden Sunapee trout, for having been given a chance to show what he can do under proper circumstances, he has gone about it, to the great joy of the present day angler.

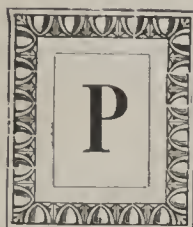
He was always a mysterious little fish. In the great economic laws of nature he did not amount to much, from our modern worldly way of looking at things, but for all that, he played his little part in the drama of existence, and only when the exquisite poise of nature was disturbed did he fall behind in the great struggle of the survival of the fittest.

The Blueback it was that helped make the enormous Rangeley trout; the Blueback involuntarily sacrificed himself to multiply the number of land locked salmon in the same Maine lakes. It may not be science, but at least it affords a pleasant thought that in a new environment, even though through the result of accident, the Blueback has perpetuated himself "by a change into something rich and strange" as the beautiful *Salvelinus aureolus* of Sunapee.

Confessions of a Market Hunter

A Story of Years of Game Slaughter and the Shipment of Tons of Birds

By "Old Camper."



RESUMING somewhat on the privilege usually extended an old subscriber I would like to ask a little space in your columns to make a few quotations from a book I was reading the other evening, and which may be a revelation to the present generation of American sportsman.

I will not weary your readers preaching a long sermon on the extracts I intend quoting, nor will I moralize over them, for the lesson is so clear that no sermon is necessary.

In 1904 there was published in Chicago a book of some four or five hundred pages, under the title "The Shadow of a Gun." The author, H. Clay Merritt, had for years pursued the occupation of supplier of wild game to the city markets. The stories of slaughter told in that book go far to explain why it is that so few birds are left to-day. In the quotations I give below, I will not endeavor to make a connected story. The period runs from wartime and before, down to 1895, when Merritt, and dozens of others in the same business found, like Othello, their occupation gone. Just read some of the following:

"On this trip we killed over one thousand birds (woodcock) and delivered nearly all of them safely in New York, but the prices were only thirty cents per pair at the highest. More sold at twenty-five and some at twenty."

"From Erie we went to Savannah and spent a large part of the summer hunting on the Island across the river and on the bottoms below the town, and in August, when we left, we thought we had killed about all the birds that were there. Our total birds made us a profit of over a thousand dollars that year."

"The spring came again. We packed about twenty thousand birds. We shipped half of them or more and endeavored to carry the rest until the summer, or when they were called for. Prices were good in May and June at about \$2.50 to \$2.75, but we were confined entirely to orders if we maintained our price, and the orders came now only from A. & E. Robbins that year."

"In the fall the season was wet, so that we added a good many more (snipe) and when the spring opened we had nearly fifteen hundred dozen. This was about 1875 or '76."

"Later in the latter part of the eighties, we received an order from A. & E. Robbins for a barrel at \$1.50 per pair, and he liked them so well he continued ordering till he had received thirteen hundred pair, all of which arrived in good order and were promptly paid for. Very many barrels were forwarded and sold in those years between 1878 and 1885 for over three hundred dollars per barrel."

"One year prices did not go up above one dollar and I did not sell. I put them in barrels and carried them over till 1884 and then shipped a carload of all kinds of game at once, in September, including canvasbacks, red heads and snipe, and we packed the car in ice and it arrived well and sold well, except the woodcock, which sold only a barrel or two at half price, and we had them returned to us in cold weather, but we never were able to dispose of them."

"We had a good many barrels of the early

snipe which we had carried over from the year preceding, and they were getting mouldy, and I could not place them on orders. We rubbed the mould off the fat birds and they sold well."

"I had at this time a large supply of fresh grass plover and I sold about a thousand dollars' worth of birds within an hour after he (the buyer) had arrived. He took what fresh snipe I had at \$3.00, a good many barrels of grass plover at \$2.00, the small mouldy snipe at eighty-five cents, and the sand snipe at twenty-five cents."

"I had a few barrels of Dow birds. They seemed to keep better as they were very fat,

when the last barrel had gone we found that we had a net profit between twenty-nine hundred and three thousand dollars on the thirty-six barrels."

"In this trip we killed and shipped fifteen hundred pairs of woodcocks."

"In 1873 our actual labors in the field, by wood and stream, ended. We had carried a gun for fifteen years and we now laid it down, never desiring to take it up again. We had in that time seen the finest flocks that ever inspired a hunter, pass out of existence. Henry County was practically denuded of game. The States west of the Mississippi River were no better off, but beyond



Why Game is Scarce To-day.

and what little mould there was, rubbed off easily enough. These brought me six dollars and a half a dozen when winter came, and I had now reduced my stock of old birds so low that I only had twenty-five or thirty barrels left of all kinds, and I considered it the best time I would have to rebuild my freezer."

"We took four or five hundred dozen quail that we had left in the spring and packed them in cans and sealed them the best we knew, and they cost us \$1.50 per dozen."

"I sent a buyer to the Illinois River in March, who gathered up, with a little outside help, thirty-six barrels, red head and canvas, six barrels being canvas and the balance red head. The canvas cost about \$6.50 a dozen and the red heads \$2.50."

"The market was in such a delicate state we could only sell one or two barrels at a time, but

the Missouri lay a great country full of every description of birds we had here except woodcocks and partridges, and these were found only in the lands further north, beginning in Wisconsin and running through Minnesota and Montana and the Dakotas, and here we turned our attention for twenty years more until 1893."

"I have seen more birds fly up in one field at one time in October, than are now living within the limits of this State (Nebraska) and in one instance in Stark County on a cold day in early winter I have seen acres covered with the birds as thickly as they could sit. Along low valleys like the Edwards River, the birds would gather at the approach of snows in such quantities, that they covered ground for a distance of a mile in length, and in 1861, north of Mt. Pleasant, some fifteen or twenty miles, I have seen the fences at the first fall of snow covered with chickens

for a whole mile in a straight line without a break."

"We kept them in limits as much as possible, killing the outside birds first, and in this way many flocks slept their last sleep. Many times a day we would secure a whole flock, or nearly a whole one, at one firing, and fifty to seventy birds was a usual day's hunt."

"In the fall they sold promptly at \$1.00 per pair. Then I put up more partridges, five barrels, placing them alongside of frozen turkeys. When the turkeys were sold I did not realize on two cars as much profit as I did on the five barrels of birds, when I discontinued packing poultry entirely. Along after the early 80's Col. Bond was buying large quantities of frozen partridges from Minnesota, and they were whole birds, but the market was full of them. I commenced buying of him and packed away several thousand pair at about 16 to 20 cents each. They sold well in the fall following at \$1.25 per pair, and later at \$1.50 before the fall price dropped again. Markets had now improved so much, trade was stimulated and a new dealer appeared in St. Paul with whom I connected later, and who, in a few years, monopolized the North-western trade. I took several thousand pairs of him at \$1.25 per dozen."

"The Great West has seen but one happy

Chariton Bottoms, immense numbers were killed. At Beardstown and Burlington thousands were shipped. Only in the last ten years have the numbers commenced to fall off. You will not now collect in the whole State of Illinois as many as we used to get in one week in Henry County in 1860."

"Somewhat about 1885 we had our last flood of ducks. They were in surfeit, mostly mallards. The waters of the Mississippi were congested with them. The same occurred along the Chariton in Missouri, and doubtless many other points. The birds were not hard to reach. It was winter time and the slaughter kept up until it was nearly spring. As one flock was destroyed new ones came in. Whole carloads were killed and sent to market and sold at ridiculously low prices. Where freezers were to be had, hundreds of barrels were carried over into the next year. If you can believe that short time destroyed them altogether as it did the pigeons a little later, then you have no need of hunting or of laws."

"The best hunters killed as high as one hundred birds each in one day and in one season when a swivel gun was brought into use it was reported that fifty or more blue wings were often killed at one shot. Good teal shooting was then

the same trade, and that his tales of shipment of thousands of dozens of birds, could be duplicated hundreds of times over!

When our younger sportsmen ask where the game has gone, let them pick up books such as the one I have been quoting from; let them go over the early files of *Forest and Stream* and then if they feel that the laws now are too repressive and that ducks, for instance, should be shot during the spring season, they may understand why it is that stringency of statute is absolutely necessary to preserve the small amount of wild life we have.

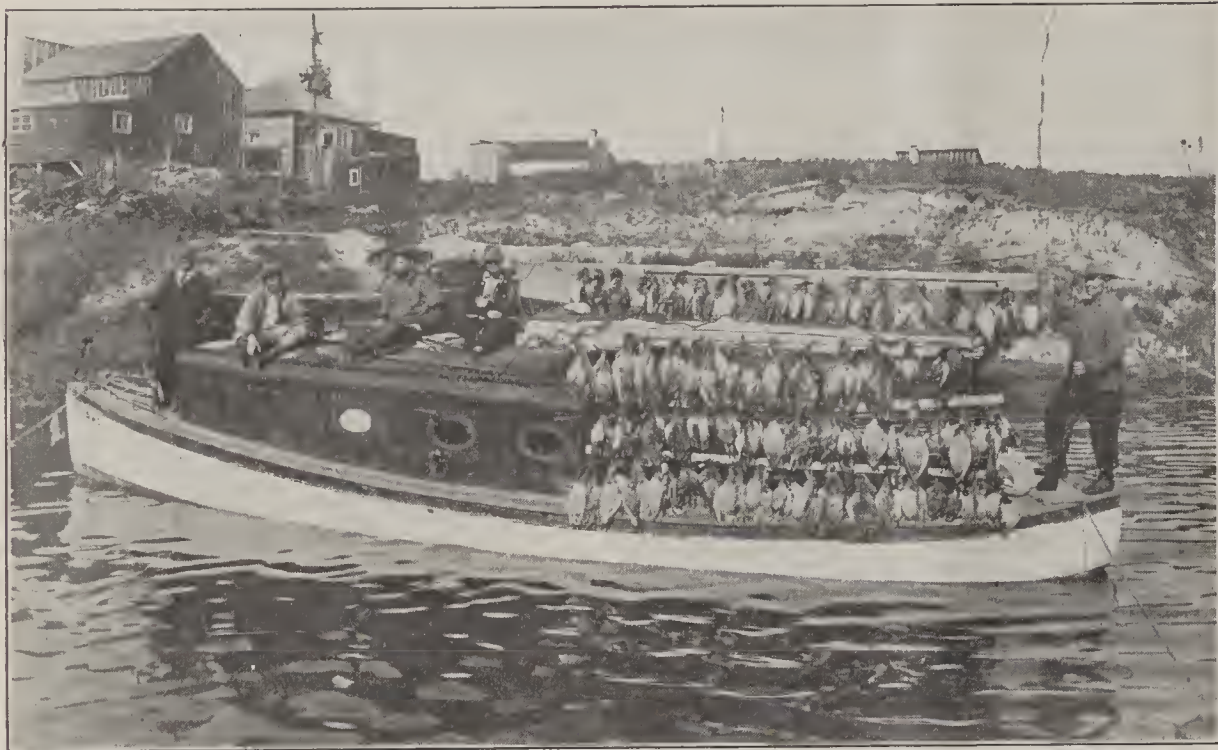
What might have happened had it not been that *Forest and Stream*, more than twenty years ago, succeeded in forcing on the statutes of this country the non-sale of game proviso, that put Merritt and his class out of business, is only to be conjectured, but so nearly a certainty that it may be said that the lead taken by *Forest and Stream*, supported by thousands of true sportsmen the country over, is the sole reason we have to-day for thankfulness that any game is left. The older sportsmen of America know what your good journal has done; the younger ones realize it only imperfectly, and become impatient sometimes at your editorial attitude of conservation, but if the truth could be put before them they ought—and doubtless would—want to take off their hats to the grand journal that has saved them something for their enjoyment to-day.

GUIDE BOOK TO GLACIER NATIONAL PARK.

Because of the increasing interest in Glacier National Park the United States Geological Survey has just published, as Bulletin 600, a guide to its geology and scenery, by Marius R. Campbell. The scenic features of the park are truly alpine in their character, consisting of a wonderful combination of rugged mountains, valleys bounded by almost vertical walls from a few hundred to more than 4,000 feet in height, glaciers perched among the summits in protected places, beautifully timbered slopes, leading down by graceful curves to the bottoms of the valleys, and scores of lakes that are unsurpassed by any to be found in sunny Italy or the more rugged regions of Switzerland. This rare combination of scenic beauty is found not alone in one valley of the park but is characteristic of them all, and it is difficult to select any particular part that is more beautiful than the others.

IT IS THE CAT!

Naturalists statistically rank the *felis domesticus* as third in the bird destroying agents, holding every roaming cat responsible for the lives of at least fifty birds a year. A game warden who reports 200 quail killed by a mother cat in less than a year on the game preserve, advocates the wholesale extermination of cats under the supervision of a game warden. The value of the cat to catch mice or rats is disputed by a bird enthusiast, who maintains that this Nero of the animal world will hush forever the joyous song of any little feathered chorister, simply for his own amusement when not in need of food. When he dines he goes after a cold bird in preference to any other delicacy, and will catch mice or rats only as a last resort.



Taking the Spoils to Market—A Later Method.

hunting ground. We do not know where it will ever find another. Henry County, in the valley of the Mississippi, has held more game than any land of its size in the world. If the myriads that have possessed it should lift up their wings like the cherubim in Ezekiel, the thunders of their voices would drown Niagara."

"We calculated there was killed in Illinois in those thirty years no less than two thousand dozen each year, and the market was large enough to take and consume them all at paying prices."

"The question might be raised whether the summer shooting has not done more harm than all the laws have done good. The killing of summer birds has run into the millions in Iowa and Nebraska, and Minnesota, and in Illinois has approximated a ratio nearly as great."

"There is no country where greater bags have been made than in Henry County. Many times have one hundred (jack snipe) been taken in a day and exceeded. In one case a hundred and thirty were killed in one day with a muzzle loader on Mud Creek. Southern Illinois was a fruitful haunt for them many years. The Carlyle Bottoms were famous. In Missouri, along the

the rule in October until away along in the 80's."

"In October the quail were put on the market, a large amount of them, and sold well. Prices continued high all the season, the highest for chickens and quails at that time we had ever known. Buyers took stock readily and put it into consumption. By the time the spring opened we had realized out of it over \$20,000."

And so on, in sickening detail, the pages of the book from which the quotations above were taken, go on to tell of a business that ruined the greatest game country that ever existed in the world. Now, there is no need to excoriate H. Clay Merritt individually. The picture of him published in his book shows him to be an amiable, mild sort of citizen, something after the Uncle Sam type. He pursued, so far as the law was concerned, a legitimate business, and probably felt that he was doing no more evil than the ordinary stock farmer or poultry raiser. But just stop to think that he was only one of dozens and perhaps hundreds of men following



MADE-IN-AMERICA SCENERY—

(For description see page 144)

- 1 Erosion, South Utah. 2 Agusta Bridge. 3 Edwin Bridge. 4 Falls Below Telluride, Colo. 5 Land Sculpture, Arizona. 6 Arch of Caroline Bridge. 7 Edwin Bridge.
8 Monumental Valley. 9 Twin Rocks on the San Juan. 10 The Double Sphinx of the Desert.



“Whippin’ The Cat”

A New Uncle Lisha Peggs Work Shop Story

By Rowland E. Robinson

An unpublished story by one of Forest and Stream's most famous former contributors, now deceased. The manuscript was discovered recently in Forest and Stream's library. The story will prove a treat to the admirers of a writer the popularity of whose books is steadily increasing. "Whippin' the Cat," it may be explained, is a Yankee term for one who traveled around the neighborhood working at his trade.

UNCLE LISHA PEGGS, the old cobbler, was sweeping the floor of his shop, which was an unusual occupation for him to be engaged in. It was not that feminine hands sometimes performed it, for they were never permitted to disturb the disorderly order of the place, nor subjected to the temptation of sacrificing one precious scrap on the altar of neatness. The sweeping was never done by anyone but himself and then only when there was nothing else to do. He was not making what could be called by any stretch of courtesy a “clean sweep” but only clearing the accumulated litter from the main lines of travel and the places most frequented by customers and guests. From such parts of the floor the rubbish was pushed with the shop broom, which through varied service had become more a scraper than a sweeper, into a heap in an especially allotted corner and in lesser piles under the fixed articles of furniture, the shoe bench and the box stove. Now he stooped laboriously, using the broom as a support, to pick up a scrap of sole leather or bit of upper leather that might serve for a lift or patch and tossed them into their appointed place.

As he turned about and viewed with satisfaction the ground he had gone over, the door opening into the kitchen was pushed ajar and the

kindly old face of Aunt Jerusha appeared, wearing an expression of amused interest.

“Wal, Lisher, haow be you gettin’ along?” she asked. “Why! you’re slickin’ up turrribly.”

“Oh, I do’ know,” he said, still reviewing the result of his labors with modest pride, “It don’t pay over ’n above tu be tew slick.”

“You le’ me sweep aout for ye, father,” she said, venturing a step beyond the threshold.

“No, I won’t nuther, let nob’dy. It don’t want tu be swep’ aout, only jest swep up, an’ not get ev’thing scattered hither an’ yon so nob’dy can’t find nuthin’. I wouldn’t be a foolin’ away my time a sweepin’ if I had a stitch o’ work tu du, but I han’t an’ I do’ know what ’s the matter ails all the folks erless they made up the’ minds tu go a barefoot.”

“Wal, father, I s’pose most ev’ybody’s busy a hayin’. They’ll be comin’ tu get shod up for winter afore long.”

“I do’ know ’bout ’t. I consait it’s them durn’d store boots an’ shoes ’ats tu the bottom on’t; them ready made, half made, slung together consarns, folks hes took tu wearin’. I sh’d think ’spectable folks ’ould be ’shamed tu be seen with em on, the paigs a grinnin’ julluk a Jessie* cat ’twixt soles an’ uppers, afore they be’n wore a week. But they haint, an’ I do’ know what the country ’s comin’ tu.”

—
*A Yankee conception of “Cheshire cat.”

“O, it’ll all come right, Lisher, you see if it don’t,” Aunt Jerusha said with exasperating hopefulness.

“Good airth an’ seas! What’s a goin’ tu—” he began in impatient outburst which his wife suddenly suppressed by a cautionary motion and word.

“Hark! Who is ’t a hollerin’?” Both of them now realized that the rumble and clatter of an approaching wagon had ceased in front of the house and some one was calling lustily with variations of emphasis.

“Lisher Paiggs! E—lisher, E—li—sher Paiggs!”

“Why, if ’t ain’t Joel Bartlett.” Aunt Jerusha looked across the kitchen through the open outer door and saw a middle-aged man in Quaker garb of coarse brown cloth and ingeniously ugly pattern. The sleeves of the single-breasted, straight-collared coat were short and scant. Its cut away skirts narrow, stiff and angular. It was evidently the owner’s best, for no other would be worn with the well-kept broad brimmed hat of fine drab fur. The shrewd expression of his smoothly shaven face was considerably lessened by the manner of wearing his hair combed down over the broad forehead and cut straight across an inch above the shaggy brows, beneath which his keen gray eyes shone with a gleam of impatience. He stood in the wagon holding the reins with one hand and resting the

other on the back of the treble armed wagon-chair while he awaited an answer to his hail.

"What on airth is Joel a makin' sech a haowdedu for?" Uncle Lisha asked, tossing the broom into a corner. Then he went out to the road, while his wife hovered near the door with ears alert.

"Wal, I say for 't, Lisher, I should think thee an' thy folks was a gittin' hard o' hearin'," said Joel.

"You didn't stop a puppus tu tell us on 't did ye, Joel? No, mother an' me was both on us in the shop, and Huldy's took Bub an' gone a barryin' an' the men folks is down in the medder finishin' up hayin'."

"It's time for folks tu be done hayin'," said Joel. "We got all slicked up day 'fore yist'dy an' yist'dy I went down to Leakefield tu the fact'ry with my taglocks an' pulled wool. They're a makin' cloth at's very suitable for Friends; fullcloth for men folks an' flannel for women folks, betwixt butt'nut color an' copp'ras color an' the sheep's gray is plenty good enough for world's people tu go tu mill or steeple hausen in. Thee tell Samm'l he'd better take his refus' wool down there an' let 'em work it up on sheers; he'll du full better 'n tu sell tu the wool buyers."

"But that ain't what I stopped tu tell thee. I staid last night tu my cousin's, John Bartlett's. We aint in unity but I'm allus welcome tu his haouse an' he tu mine an' Rebekker is an amazin' good cook. Jemimer ain't no better 'thaut 'be its rye 'n enjin, an' I don't b'lieve in kerryin' religious diff'ances tew fur."

"Not when it comes tu choosin' 'twixt free lodgin's u' a tavern," the old shoemaker suggested.

Joel blandly ignored the interruption and continued, "An' I felt clear 'at my hosses would be well took care on. But that ain't what I stopped tu tell thee, Lisher. We sot up late last night. I should say it was nigh ontu ten o'clock afore we went tu bed, a talkin' about Friends 'at ben cool toward one side an' t'other sence the Separation, an' one an' t'other on us, havn't knowed much an' 'em sence."

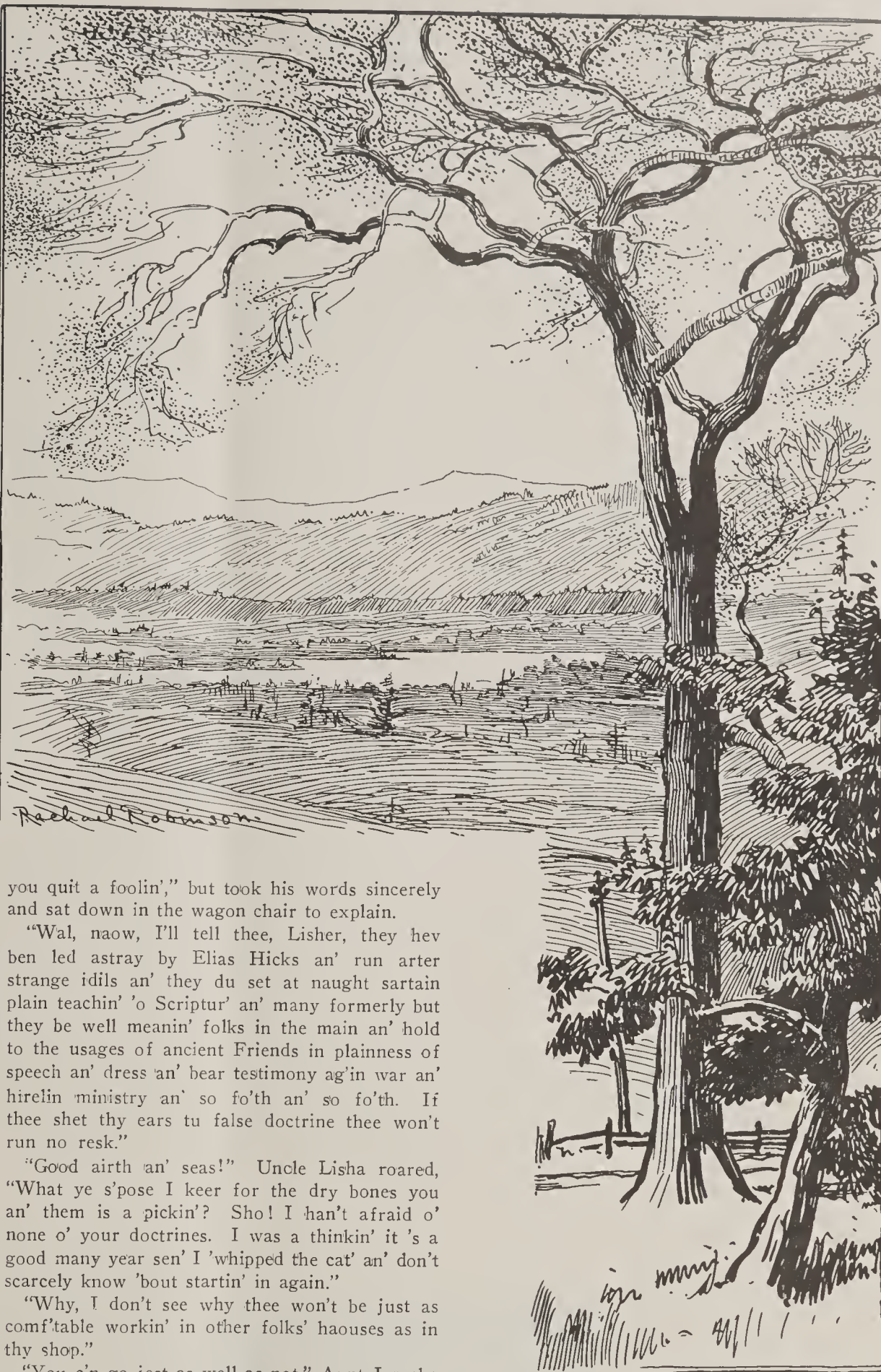
"But this hain't what I stopped tu tell thee, Lisher. The fact on 't is they be turribly on 't daown there in John's neighborhood for someb'dy tu go 'raound an' make up the boots an' shoes. The man 'at they've allus had shoemaker for 'em hes hed trouble in his fam'ly an' give way tu drink, an' half the time is so disguised in liquor 'at he can't du no work, an' t'other half he do' want tu. Naow I reckoned thee hed n't no gre't stress o' work on hand jest naow, an' I tol' 'em I thought like 'nough thee'd go daown an' get em shod up. Thee can think it over, but I can tell thee aforehand they're honest, clean folks if they be Hicksites an' thee'll be paid promp' an' well kep'."

"Why, Lisher, it is just a streak o' luck," cried his wife.

Uncle Lisha stooped laboriously and picked up a scattered stalk of timothy hay and pulled the dried head to pieces while he considered before he answered.

"Wal, Joel, if them 'ere Hicksites 's any tougher 'n your breed o' Quakers, I guess I hed n't better resk.it."

Joel did not notice the twinkle in his eyes, nor Aunt Jerusha's admonition, "Lisher Paigs,



you quit a foolin'," but took his words sincerely and sat down in the wagon chair to explain.

"Wal, naow, I'll tell thee, Lisher, they hev ben led astray by Elias Hicks an' run arter strange idils an' they du set at naught sartain plain teachin' 'o Scriptur' an' many formerly but they be well meanin' folks in the main an' hold to the usages of ancient Friends in plainness of speech an' dress an' bear testimony ag'in war an' hirelin ministry an' so fo'th an' so fo'th. If thee shet thy ears tu false doctrine thee won't run no resk."

"Good airth an' seas!" Uncle Lisha roared, "What ye s'pose I keer for the dry bones you an' them is a pickin'? Sho! I han't afraid o' none o' your doctrines. I was a thinkin' it 's a good many year sen' I 'whipped the cat' an' don't scarcely know 'bout startin' in again."

"Why, I don't see why thee won't be just as comf'table workin' in other folks' haouses as in thy shop."

"You c'n go jest as well as not," Aunt Jerusha urged.

"What be the folks up here goin' tu do, go barefoot?" asked Uncle Lisha, seeking further objections.

"Let 'em du 's they kin. They've hed time enough," his wife announced.

"I guess thee'll conclude tu go." Joel said, gathering up his reins and tightening the habitual pucker of his mouth to chirrup to the horses. "Yes," he repeated as Uncle Lisha shook his head dubiously, "I think thee'll go; Jerushy's willin'," and he drove away satisfied that his errand was well accomplished.

The old couple watched Joel's lumbering homeward progress as far as the turn of the road and then took the path to the house, Uncle Lisha leading the way at the deliberate pace of one pondering a weighty question, while his wife, throwing her checked apron over her head to shelter it from the slanted rays of the August sun, followed close at his heels.

"I do' know 'baout leavin' folks here tu the massies o' that 'er shoemaker tu the village an' Clapham ur' his mis'able ready made stuff," he said as he reached the door and faced about.

"The idea o' makin' up shoe leather 'ithaout takin' no b'dy in particular's measure for it! 'Tain't a usin' folks so well as hosses, but they'll go an' buy the durned hove-together paigs an' split luther shinin' showy things."

Jerusha absently regarded the flight of a locust that arose with a dry clapping of its husky wings till it alighted in the dust of the road and resumed its shrill celebration of the drouthy day, before she replied.

"Why, Lisher, the' won't nob'dy 'at you've made for go nowhere else, you may depend. It 's no wonder them folks daown tu the lake wants you tu come there, for I da' say they han't hed a comfortable boot or shoe tu the' foot sen you whipped the cat there."

"I never done no work for them Quakers," said he.

"Wal, then, they hain't never hed none, an' it's high time they did."

The judicious praise so honestly rendered that it was not flattery and a final word that—" 'twas reely his duty tu go," so far influenced Uncle Lisha's decision that it scarcely needed the confirmation of the family conelave that evening.

"Why, if you want tu go, it's jist what you was mournin' for this mornin'—some shoemakin' tu do," Huldah declared, while Sam said:

"Seems 's 'ought it wouldn't hurt none tu set still a spell. You paig away pretty stiddy, Uncle Lisher. It's tew bad the' haint no fishin' naow—fishin' an' huntin' comes when the work is piled up."

"No, the' hain't no fishin'," the old man responded, "and when the' hain't, I e'n rest full better wi' my awl an' a waxed end in my hands n' some good luther tu use 'em on, 'an I can a settin' still suckin' my thumbs. I do' know, I guess mebbly I'd better go an' try it."

"Wail, if you think so, there's one thing 'at favors it. We're a goin' tu finish toppin' aout the stacks tu morrer, an nex' day I'll load up you an' your kit an' the tag locks an' pelts an' take ye all ri' daown tu one job."

On the morning of the appointed day the lumber wagon was at the door, loaded with Uncle Lisha's leather-seated bench, a brass nailed hair trunk containing his tools and working clothes, a flat baie of wobbly pelts, some bundles of tag locks tied up in blankets and a fleece each of black wool and white for carding up for stocking yarn. Sam was already in the wagon and he cast a critical glance upon the cargo while he awaited the embarkation of his traveling companion who was now taking leave of the family. For all his previous extensive travel, the old man was a good deal upset by the prospect of the journey so suddenly undertaken and suffered much anxiety lest some necessary article had been forgotten. This was not lessened by his wife's many injunctions and enquiries.

"You got your handana han'kercher, hain't you, father," she asked, and he looked into the bell crown of his beaver to assure himself that the article was bestowed in its proper place.

"Wal, the's tew so'yd'y cotton han'kerchers in your trunk an' the's tew clean dickeys for Sundays an' one extry white shirt besides the one you got on," said she, taking account of his outfit on her fingers, "an' a pair o' new socks for best an' a pair o' ol' ones, an' a ball o' yarn if you need any mendin', but you won't a settin' still. The's a darnin' needle stuck in to 't. An' le' see: Have you got your shavin' tools? You want tu shave ye twice a week."

"Good airth and seas! Mother, you don't want tu hev me make 'em think I'm a widower, du ye, a dressin' up an' a shavin' my face tew times a week?"

"Wal, it don't signify, Lisher, you be a nice lookin' man when you're fixed up, an' allus was, an' you want tu du yourself jestic," she said, fondly regarding him with a slow and careful inspection from the crown of his head to the bottom of his scant trowsers, dwelling longest and with most pride on the brass buttoned blue coat whose high collar and tight sleeves and the demeanor suitable to its splendor, were constant discomforts to the wearer.

"That coat looks e'ena'most as well as 't did fifteen year ago, 'an' you du, full better, Lisher," she said in final approval.

"An' I feel jest abaout as well in 't as I ever did an' that hain't a sayin' no gret," he sighed, craning his neck to relieve it from the friction of the collar. "I swan tu man, I'll be glad an' thankful tu get intu shirtsleeves an' luther apron ag'in! Yes I got my razor an' my strop an' my brush an' soap all in my trunk an' naow I b'lieve I've got ev'y'hing, we might as well be a goin'. Good bye, mother, ta' keer o' yourself."

He shook his wife's hand and she looked wistfully in his face but she knew he would not kiss her in the presence of witnesses. He had never done that since the old romping games at paring bees and huskings.

"Good bye, Timor'ly, goo' bye, Huldy, an' you, tu, Muther. But haow be Bub an' me a goin' tu git along wi'aout one'n' other?"

He took up the little boy in his arms and lavished Aunt Jerusha's kisses upon the chubby berry-stained cheeks. Then he put down the wondering child and climbed over the wheel into the wagon and without looking behind was driven away at a brisk pace.

"Lisher! Lisher Paiggs!" Aunt Jerusha lifted up her voice shrilly till she made it heard by the occupants of the wagon above the clatter and rumble of the vehicle and Sam drew rein.

"The's a—bag—o' boneset—for—you—tu—take in the back—left—hand corner—o' your trunk if you kitch cold or git—bilious," she called, measuring the words in a high keyed monotone. "An' a bottle—o'—opodildoe if ye—sprain ye or anything an' a—roll—o'—Conklin salve—if ye cut ye."

Uncle Lisha looking backward nodded three slow signals of comprehension. "Wal, I guess that's all an' you e'n go 'long Samm'l," he said after a moment's watching and waiting and then with tender contempt as the wagon resumed its noisy progress: "Good land! she's as fussy 'baout me as if I wan't more'n ten years ol'!"

Presently Aunt Jerusha called again quite as loud but failed to make herself heard.

"I'd outo ha' tol' him tu tell 'em tu put more bed clo's on if he slep' col'," she said in a tone of self reproach after watching intently till the failure of her attempt to call another halt became evident. "He wouldn't never as' for 't if he froze but mebbly they'll think on't ef they sense 'at the nights is a gettin' fallish, if the days be hot."

"Oh, they'll take good care of him, I'll warrant ye," said Huldah, confidently. "Quakers is g'ret hands for makin' folks eom'table."

"Yes, I spo' so—if folks is members," Aunt

Jerusha admitted, "but s'posen' they're world's people?"

"It don't make no difference to 'em," Huldah answered. "Ev'b'dy knows though she was turrible shy o' lettin' it be known haow Jemimy Bartlett russed that frozen footed runaway black man, all winter, an' he wa'n't no Quaker, Methodist 'or Babtis' I guess, by the way they said he use' tu holler an' sing which was dre'ffle tryin' tu her an' Joel, which they be turrible sot ag'in' singin' except the tone their preachin' is set tu."

"An' distressin' sort o' music it is, but the' hain't a better woman a livin' what Jemimy Bartlett is, go where you will, an' the's sights o' good folks 'at is wus 'n Joel."

"Uncle Lisher 'll be took good care of, jist as he is," Huldah again asserted. "An' I shouldn't wonder a mite if they made a regular Quaker of him, an' he come back wearin' a broad brim hat an' a shad belly coat an' theein' an' thaouin' like all possessed."

Aunt Jerusha held up both hands in pretended consternation. "An' I shall hafter wear one o' them sugar scoop bonnets!"

Thus discoursing, the women watched their husbands' departure till the wagon was but a black speck on the dusty road, and its noise felo to a faint disjointed clatter, scarcely distinguishable from the clattering of a kingfisher that echoed along the shrunken thread of Stony Brook.

Then, accommodating their steps to those of the little boy who toddled before them and climbed the threshold on all fours, they entered the silent home.

The deserted shop was pervaded by a Sunday silence broken like that by the idle buzzing of flies, and the rustling wing beats of an impounded dragon fly that ineffectually battered at the dusty window panes.

"Ho humm, suzzy day!" Aunt Jerusha sighed as standing in the door, she regarded the untenanted room. "It doos look lunsom wi'aout father, but it's some comfort to smell the luther—an' say, Huldy, he can't hender me a blackin' that stove naow. It's redder 'an a pieny."

The travelers had not gone far on their way when they descried the familiar figure of Antoine Bissette at a little distance before them, picking on the fence corners of the roadside with short jerky impatient clips of his scythe, till, having conquered the herbage in one of those cribbed confines, he indulged arms and eyes in the luxury of a few full sweeps that laid wide ranks of scattered timothy, crowding ferns and thistles and startled a flock of gold finches to sudden flight, like a flurry of wind blowing yellow leaves.

"Wail, if there han't Ann Twine," said Uncle Lisha, "an' I'm daoun glad on 't, for it lets us off kinder gradu'l, a meetin' someb'dy 'at b'longs in the neighborhood 'fore we get clean out 'o sight on 't. Hellow, you critter! what you doin' way off here?"

When the sound of the approaching wagon outgrew the cropping swish of the scythe and attracted Antoine's attention, he found it necessary to whet his blade, facing the coming vehicle and keeping his eyes as much upon it as on the course of the rifle along the scythe edge, for he was as inquisitive as any native and as curious concerning the "pass."

He recognized the travelers before Uncle Lisha's stentorian hail gave proof of identity and

stood staring at them with the rifle dropped at arm's length. This companion piece of the now almost obsolete scythe was not a fire arm, but a flat piece of wood coated with sand or emery, and used like a whetstone. In its earliest form, it was encased with tallow and dipped in sand as often as used, but later, the rough surface was made more enduring by an undercoat of glue.

"Bah gosh! Onc' Lasha! Where you go, all dress up so for? Been meetin's, fun'ral's? vis'tin'? Ah do' know, me," he shouted as the wagon stopped in front of him.

"Wal, you guessed thrice times an' hain't hit it ary once," said the old man. "You hain't much of a Yankce, Ann Twine. 'I'm a goin' daown to Lakefield a missionaryin' 'mongst the Quakers, a workin' on the' soles, so tu speak. They sent for me, Ann Twine."

"Bah gosh! that Quaker's pooty bad up, 'ant he? Well, he sent you back pooty quick, prob'ly. Ah hope so, 'cause all me goin' be lonesick for you. An't it, Sam?"

"Oh, I'll be back tu rights—but du ye call it hayin,' Ann Twine?"

"Yas, dat was be de nem of it," Antoine replied as he complacently regarded the short swathes of mixed herbage. "Dey was more brake an' t'istle as he was hay, but he mek heat for mah caow more better as snow hank, prob'ly, ant he?"

"Yes, I s'pose so. Wal, Ann Twine, ta' keer o' yourself till I get back tu ta' keer on ye. Go ahead, Sam'l."

They passed familiar homesteads and came to those concerning whose present ownership they were in doubt—but of whose past history the elder man could inform the younger, till at last the road led them over lessening hills and widening levels where slower streams meandered, to a strange region whose inhabitants stared curiously at them between whom and them there was only guesswork as to each other's business and identity. The fields and woods with familiar crops and trees were more like old acquaintances. Homelike swallows launched forth from barn eaves, skimmed the shorn meadows or billowy grain fields, meadow larks sang the old song from stack peaks and fence stakes and the cackle of the flicker echoed along the woodside.

A little after noon they made an abrupt descent into a narrow valley through which ran a stream that had not yet forgotten its joyous song of the mountains that were its birthplace and here they came to the factory. This was a naked weather-beaten wooden building staring with rows of blank windows at green fields, bright waters and wooded banks. Inwardly it was shaken by the throb of looms and continual jar of carding and spinning machines and filled with an atmosphere burdened with a heavy odor of wool and woolen stuffs.

The two men ventured into the noisy interior with considerable trepidation, running the gauntlet of machinery and the eyes of a dozen widows, spinsters and girls before they found the proprietor and arranged for the disposal of the wool.

It was good to get into the fresh outdoor air again where the clash and whirl of looms and spindles was overborne by the pleasant sound of falling water and bubbling rapids.

"Good airth an' seas!" said Uncle Lisha after refreshing himself with several long-drawn breaths of pure air. "Jest think o' women 'at was raised on a farm a smudderin' in such a tormented rattle trap. I'd a durn'd sight 'd ruther du haouse work for my bread 'an milk kickin' crows in the rain."

"I s'pose they think it's respectabler," Sam suggested, whereat the other snorted contemptuously and repeatedly, till his thoughts were diverted from the subject by new objects of interest in the neighboring hamlet, through which they now passed.

When the hill top was gained, the horses, pleased with the unaccustomed level road took a brisker pace. Now and then the travelers ran through openings in the eastern hills, the noble outline of their familiar Camel's Hump, far away in the August haze, while to the west, Lake Champlain shimmered between long stretches of forest on either side and beyond rose range upon range of the sharp Adirondack peaks.

"That 'ere lake looks so high up, seem's 'ough this crik water 'ould git discouraged tryin' tu reach 't," said Sam.

"Lak 'nough water hereabouts does run up hill," said the other. "Everybody uster call it an'

I p'sume tu say they du yit, goin' up tu Cannedy an' daoun tu Fort Cassin an' Craoun Pint."

"Wall, there's the maouth o' Little Otter an' Lewis Crik's is close by, an there's Garden Islan' an' them big pines wi' the cranes nes's showin' in the tops. Mr. Bartlett tol' me 'at when he was a young man, he'd caounted fifty nes's f'm his front door, more'n three miles away. By the Gret Horn Spoon! I'm glad tu see this all ag'in," and Sam's eyes wandered over the beautiful scenes with satisfaction. "Yes, it does look neat, I can't deny, but I do' know as any better'n your brooks an' woods an' clus by hills tu hum. I was just summisin' 'at Bub hed waked up f'm his arter dinner nap an' was stubbin' on't in 't the shop, 'baout, naow," and the old man looked longingly toward Shillhouse mountain, and the eastern sky.

"Wal, here we be," said Sam, drawing into the yard around to the back of the well-kept Bartlett homestead.

"Ev'ry thing's been swep' n' dusted," said Uncle Lisha looking over the neat premises and brushing the dust off the left sleeve of his blue coat. "I shan't das't tu wear my ol' clo's an' luther apron, I know I shan't."

The hearty welcome given them by Friend Bartlett and his placid-faced wife soon placed the newcomers at their ease.

When the morning dawned Uncle Lisha, after some uneasy pondering, declared to Sam, who was his bed-fellow, "I'm a good min' tu chuck the hull kit back ont' the wagon an' go hum wi' you. Good airth an' seas! It's a month o' Sundays sence Jerushy hollered arter me 'baout the boneset an' things."

"Wal," said Sam, drowsily, awakened from the luxury of a morning nap, "I'll be daoun again, arter ye, afore a month of any kind raly goes by."

Two hours later, a few weeks in the lowlands seemed a different affair. The familiar shoe bench was established near an eastern window of the big kitchen. Rolls of leather were brought down from the garret and duly unpacked. A small tub was filled with water, and the edge of the cutting knife was tried to see if it was properly keen. At ease in his working clothes, the old shoemaker saw Sam start on his homeward journey with but a faint homesick longing, and then turned cheerfully to his work.



Shooting and Gaming Along Southern Waters

A What to Take and How to Use it Article

By Dick Swiveller.

(Concluded from February Forest and Stream)



SATURDAY, Sunday and Monday found us in camp waiting for the river to go down. Sunday evening there was a very perceptible diminution in the water. Monday morning showed us we must make ready for an early start Tuesday, and shortly after daylight that morning found us under way, Sam, Alex and myself in the shooting boat, and Joe in the batteau loaded with the camp plunder, who was instructed to keep half a mile back of us, and thus not disturb the ducks that might come from up the river toward the shooters. Sam took his seat forward, Alex was seated in the stern, paddle in hand, and I seated myself behind Sam. Smoothly and silently the craft drifted down with the easy current, skirting willows close to the bank. Everything was propitious for a good day's sport. Silently, for half a mile or so we floated, when Sam's sharp eyes detected a bunch of mallards fifty yards away under the willows and an instant later I saw them. Alex's strong arm kept the boat on her course, with scarcely a ripple; we glided on toward the birds; twenty-five yards or so was reached and at this moment the ducks, alarmed, flushed from under the cover, presenting their sides, a fatal position. Quickly selecting a bird I fired, and instantly I carried another to my left towering among the wateroaks. As I glanced along the rib of my gun, there were two ducks in line, and as the trigger was pressed two fine mallards pitched down. In the same glance around I saw Sam make a beautiful shot with his second barrel. The duck, a mallard drake, flew straight away for forty yards or more, curving to the left. At the report of Sam's gun the bird fell, killed stone dead in the air, and lay motionless upon the water, proving the perfect aim of the shooter, for at that distance it was necessary that the bird be in the center of the pattern to be killed so clean.

Scores of ducks were now flying; mallards, teals, spoonbills, wood-ducks, a few black ducks, widgeons and pintails. Canada blacks and red-head ducks do not frequent the Savannah River and some other southern rivers.

We hugged the point we had now reached, and, well screened, took the wing shots as they were presented. A bunch of teals flying low, thirty yards away, left five of their number behind. Next a flock of mallards charged our position, and in the confusion of retreat forgot to carry off from the field three dead and two wounded. All were retrieved. A mallard drake, flying down stream fifty miles an hour, was caught by Sam, a splendid shot fully forty yards away. Sam said he held ten feet or more ahead

of that bird. A very large flock of mallards next made an attempt to dislodge us by a flank movement from the shore side. We saw them just in time. For an instant the situation looked serious for us, but alarmed at the close proximity of the enemy our fire was delivered with so good effect as to destroy their line and leave four of their number dead and one wounded. Sam and I both made fine double shots on this flock. It was great sport and continued for half an hour or so.

A lull now occurred in the firing, and as we had almost made up our minds to drop further down the river to the next bend, opposite bank—"Marse, marse! fo de lan sake flatten out; marse, down the ribber," came in a nervous whisper from Alex. We looked and counted seven Canada geese coming straight up the river twenty feet or so above the water, and, by all indications, looking for a place to alight. We all crouched low, out of sight, and with suppressed excitement watched the great birds fly up within a hundred yards or so of us, and strike the water with loud "honks" of satisfaction. That they had not seen us was evident.

Now commenced a season of patient waiting and watching for the geese to swim within range, and a tantalizing indifference on their part as to how long we should wait. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, still they swam, dove, fussed and washed themselves. At last the leader gave the signal to go ashore. Then, with heads erect, and stately mien, they made for a point not forty yards from us. A gander was apparently leading the flock.

Suddenly, as if overcome with a feeling of fear or wonder; as though the dread presence of death hovered in the air, he paused, and gave a brief penetrating glance over our way. The wary bird discovered something that caused him to stretch his pinions and at the same instant give the alarm note that sent the whole flock into the air. Something impelled me to look back at this moment—a slight movement, as it were, at the instant the birds left the water—and there was Alex partially elevated on one of the boat seats. In the excitement to observe the movements of the geese he had permitted himself to be seen.

"Alex, haven't you—"

"Massa Dick, I's a—"

"Have you not been on these trips enough to know?"

"Ise agwan ter tell yo, Mars Dick, dat dem ganders wuz a—"

"Never mind, Alex," said Sam, "do better next time. I do think though, if you had kept out of sight we would have had a couple of shots. Think of the roast goose you would have had. Let the boat float along."

Slowly we drifted, and at some distance fur-

ther on crossed to the opposite side. Rounding a point further down we came on a flock of greenwing teal and bagged five as they flushed.

Blue and greenwing teal afford fine sport, and as a table bird are excelled only by the canvas-back and redhead, wild celery fed.

Keeping close to the shore for half a mile further, we located eleven ducks—six mallards, two wood-ducks, and three black ducks, and had a number of shots in which we failed to score. Drifting, looking for a good camping place, we rounded a sharp point and came upon half-a-dozen broad bills at the mouth of a small creek. They arose from the water about twenty yards distant. Sam killed two in beautiful style—right and left quartering. I missed an easy bird with my first shot and killed clean with my second, forty yards away, a far more satisfactory shot than if I had scored a right and left at half the distance. At this moment, turning to give Alex some instructions, I found him staring at the sky, mouth open, eyes glistening. I turned in time to see Sam make a beautiful and sensational shot, and bring down a solitary Canada goose that at that moment came around the point high in the air, coming up the river. "I take off my hat to you, Sam. Quick eye; center of the choke-bore pattern; killed clean." Retrieving our game we landed on the Georgia side and made camp by 4 o'clock. Joe soon hove in sight. An hour later we had a good supper; then wood was added to the fire and before its brightness and warmth we smoked the blessed pipe of peace and comfort, recounting the happenings and sport of the day. Happy days in the long ago, now gone forever. Now I can hear the sighing of the wind in the pine tree tops and branches, the rippling of the water that lulled me to sleep those nights on the banks of the river. Happy days and times cannot go on forever in this world. So then, in the midst of trouble and stress let us be thankful for the happy hours allotted to us and make the most of them.

The next morning, invigorated by perfect rest and sleep, I walked to the river and bathed; watched the sun rise gloriously, giving token of another fair day. It was the beginning of a good day's sport we had two miles below our camp of the night before. No shooting was had to speak of until we reached the edge of a vast cypress swamp on the Carolina side of the river. The swamp was flooded, making it possible to penetrate it some distance with the boat. As our party approached the east shore, the quacking of ducks could be plainly heard away back in the swamp, and numbers were seen from our position. We worked our way in to a huge fallen tree a dozen yards from the river. There were now hundreds of ducks in sight, feeding, preening and enjoying the pleasures and ameni-

ties of amphibious life; too far away to shoot and provokingly near to look at. We remained silent watchers for the space of ten minutes or so, endeavoring to conjure up some plan to get the birds within range. I noticed the current of the water set quite strongly to the east by south, showing it must have an outlet into the river further south of us. Joe, having seen our signal of departure in shore, was now within speaking distance. Being a river man in different capacities, he at once solved the problem.

There was an outlet less than half-a-mile below us, the mouth of a creek, up which at this stage of the water a boat could be paddled. It was soon arranged. Joe was to take the shooting boat, it being easiest to handle, go below and enter the outlet, get on the other side of the water fowl and drive them up to our position. The driving required skill and judgment, the idea being to paddle on the ducks just fast enough to keep them moving and at the same time not cause them to take wing. It did not seem possible that this could be done with so wild a thing as a wild duck. It certainly was beyond my experience, yet it succeeded.

The transfer from boat to boat was quickly made, and Joe disappeared. We waited, watched the ducks dimly seen far in advance, and the numerous colony of black squirrels in the trees nearby. These squirrels were the largest I had ever seen; their black, glossy coats and long bushy tails were very beautiful. One great, handsome fellow came down a tree trunk, occupied a post of observation not twenty feet away and examined the strange party to his entire satisfaction, after which, having us believe he was terribly alarmed, ran with great swiftness up to nearly the top of the tree, out on a limb, sprang from thence to a neighboring tree full thirty feet away, ran into a hole with a flash and immediately turned around and looked out.

Joe had been gone fully two hours. "Sad day iz a comin' yer day shu. Mista Josef hab made de pint," said Alex in a whisper. Ten minutes more passed, then it was plainly seen that the birds were leisurely paddling toward us. Five minutes more and we were amazed at the number of ducks. It was momentarily expected they would take wing. Well screened, we sat in the batteau and watched with much satisfaction the distance lessening. It was a goodly sight. Nearer and nearer they came in solid columns, rank on rank, spreading out and lengthening the lines as they approached the river. The moment came, and the reports of our guns reverberated through the woods. In an instant the air was filled with flying birds, frightened and fairly demoralized. Above the roar of their wings could be heard Alex's yell of victory and the crack, crack of the 12-gauges. Shot after shot was made at single birds when the bulk of the great flock became scattered, as they flew here and there, trying to get out of the woods. The first duck I aimed at was climbing up through the tree branches. I caught him, and the next moment killed another left-quartering bird. Quickly picking up the second gun, I killed two more. Sam killed five, getting two in line with the barrel of his second gun. One mallard that was always thereafter remembered as the "fool mallard," came with a rush and struck the water less than ten feet from the boat, and spinning round, dazed, demoralized and evidently unaware of his close proximity to danger, was spared

for the laughter he caused. The whole manoeuvre resulted in nine ducks; a remarkable experience and lots of fun.

While Joe was getting supper the rest of us selected and prepared the ducks we wished to send up the river to home and friends by the next steamboat. The little steamer was expected at the landing below us by 7 o'clock. We had just finished supper when she rounded the point. Alex and Joe put off and delivered the ducks, including a brace of mallards for the captain, a friend of ours.

We arrived at the Esty plantation Friday evening and by Saturday evening had camp tidied up and all comfortable. The major came and stayed a couple of hours with us and left an invitation to take dinner with him Sunday which we heartily accepted.

The fire was bright and cheerful; we felt in accord. Reclining comfortably on the blankets with the pipe to soothe and comfort we went over our adventures thus far, and concluded we were having a pretty good time though fraught with danger that brought death rather near. The major said it was a wonder we escaped.

So far as a turkey hunt was concerned we simply had to wait until Bobby found a gang that were coming regularly to the bait, and that might be a week, more or less. He had found one flock and they took the bait, but did not return. Something had startled this flock, or else they were ranging and feeding over an extensive territory, in which event we must exercise patience as to their return.

Monday the major invited us to a horseback ride around the country. Sam begged to be excused, seldom riding, being fleshy and weighing about two hundred pounds. So he joined the ladies on the veranda, the major and I departed. The ride took us through the timber by cultivated fields, to the Thomas plantation house where we made a brief and pleasant call, the major accepting for his guests an invitation from Mr. George Thomas to arrange a day to take supper at his house and spend the evening. "Evening" in the south is anywhere from two o'clock to ten p. m.

Sam and I accompanied by a colored boy and pointer dog went down the river to the sweet water marsh, in hopes of getting some woodcock shooting, after which go for the quail. We had a very substantial noon lunch in our pockets; equipped for an all day tramp and shooting.

We expected to find some fair woodcock shooting. The dog was cast off and entered the thick cover of second growth trees and bushes, and immediately pointed. I motioned to Sam to be ready. I went in by the dog and almost to him when two long bills flushed. Sam killed one, but missed his second. We worked the thick cover and open marsh and raised four more birds, two killed by Sam and two by myself and this was all we could find.

Rather disappointed at not finding more woodcock we went to the higher ground for quail. There were big brown sedge fields, old fields, some open timber, rail fences with good cover at their foot, so the ground looked good. Soon two big coveys were well scattered. The dog worked well on covey and single birds, but did not retrieve very well. The dog made up for this, his sharp eye marking dead birds. We had good sport up to lunch time and for a couple of hours later when we turned homeward, four miles or

so away. And now something happened after we had walked a mile or so. We had all climbed over an old rail fence, the dog trotting ahead. Suddenly he raced away, head well up, stopped, nosed the ground, licked his chops, advanced, stopped; and then fairly bolted to the left down through the woods. There was a flap of wings, accompanied by "Put-put" and we counted eight turkeys flying far away through the tree tops, and more we did not see, all out of range even if we had the proper loaded shells. We looked at each other, almost solemnly, then smiled, then roared. "The idiosyncrasy of *meleagris gallopavo*" said I. And said Sam: "Wouldn't that jar you."

The fine weather ruled since the storm that caught us camping on the beach. This morning we awoke to find a light rain and a dull leaden sky—a poor outlook for a day's shooting at anything but ducks.

The storm had cleared. It was about half past three, a. m., and two horses and a mule stood saddled awaiting, while Sam, Bobby and I were having hot coffee, eggs on toast, cooked and served by Aunt Tamer, an old fashioned plantation cook, and such a cook—well words fail here in any description. The recollection of Aunt Tamer's good things, will never be forgotten. Half a dozen ham sandwiches, big ones, "cut all around the loaf size," some coffee, three tin cups, all went into a haversack, so we could have a hot drink and something to eat after the shooting. Thus we fared forth to meet the most wily of game bird, to pit our intelligence against his sharp eye and ear with the chances about even of success either way.

It was starlight. Bobby led the way, we marching by file. It was very dark in the woods, we could not at times see our file leader, the horses simply followed the mule. An hour and a half later we arrived at the blind. Bobby examined the ground in front of it and found corn all right for the birds might be expected to come for the bait by the first streaks of day.

Bobby mounted the mule and led the horses back a mile or more, to remain there until he heard the guns, so sure were we that the game would come to the bait.

It was cold, the air smelt and felt frosty; we had wisely brought a double blanket; this we spread on the ground and being warmly clad in woolen jackets and cord coats we kept fairly warm. But it was chilly waiting in that long vigil, not being allowed to take exercise. Simply sit in the blind, watch and wait and converse in low tones, whispers in fact. Your true sportsman puts up with inconveniences and disappointments, he makes them a part of the sport and laughs them aside, and makes the best of the weather be it foul or fair, hot or cold.

Time passed; the long winter night was almost spent, the woods grew darker, there was an added chill in the air—the signs of coming day. A half hour passed, the woods lightened, objects could be faintly made out; in the east the gray light came and brightened. Now was the minute, the hour waited for. They might come any moment.

Daylight and the game not in sight—another half hour and then the first rays of the sun—no turkeys yet; the sun fairly above the eastern horizon and not a sign of a bird. We kept very still, knowing full well they were liable to come any moment for the next half or three-quarters

of an hour, and after that we might as well come and try it again—and that is what we did.

Bobby came an hour after sunrise. He saw at a glance the situation, thought possibly there had been firing, and he had not heard it. The canteen of water was soon converted into hot coffee. Something had happened to disturb the birds and send them in another direction. There was a great possibility, however, of their coming for the bait some time that day before going to roost; it might be any time. Sam and I concluded to remain on the ground and later walk back to the plantation house. We both knew something of forest travel. Bobby gave us some general directions and left with the horses for home. He was to return to the blind during the afternoon to see if the corn was taken and bait the ground again if necessary, and we were to try again next morning or the morning after.

We extinguished the remnant of the fire, sat in the blind, smoked, made the most of our bad luck, and finally as the air grew warmer and the sun higher we drowsed off in sleep. It was eleven o'clock when I awoke. I immediately peered out to see if turkeys were coming. No signs. I went out and examined the ground to see if the bait was taken—found it still there. On a former occasion turkey shooting, the turkeys came and took the corn while my companion and myself were sound asleep in the blind.

We awoke refreshed, ate the balance of the sandwiches and started for the house and camp.

We were to travel northwest by north; this was very plain during sunshine; but when the heavens became overcast we were not entirely sure of the right direction. Had we passed over the ground going south to blind in daylight we would have remembered land-marks and been guided by them on the return.

We traveled for an hour or so and knew if in the right direction we should be near the best plantation and the river. Finally realizing that we were in the deep forest and not near any place of abode for miles, we sat down on a fallen tree trunk. We looked at each other and grinned, and mutually admitted we were lost. We had been cognizant of this for some time, but pride would not permit an acknowledgement one to the other.

"Well Sam, my dear fellow, here we are; no grub, plenty of tobacco, no compass." "Yes," said Sam, "and a chance to stay out most of the night, and when they find we have not returned, the whole country-side will be alarmed, everyone will turn out who can blow a horn or shoot a gun, and when found there will be a great fuss over us, and a wonder why two such experienced sportsmen should lose their way. I reckon we might as well stay here until found; there is water, we will not die of thirst; there is tobacco to smoke; there are matches, we will not freeze to death—now if we had some rashers of bacon and Joe's pone bread and hot"—"Don't say any more, Sam—don't mention the real unobtainable—the good things of this life now." We knew that Bobby and others would be looking for us in time, and we would be hunted up. It was the chance of staying out all night and until noon to-morrow, without anything to eat, or hot coffee to cheer.

It was a little after four o'clock of the short wintry day; soon the woods would be darkening.

To our left the ground was rising, and the timber somewhat open. The tree trunk, on which

we sat faced that way; we were conversing very little, and had made no movement for some time. The guns were leaning against the tree trunk to Sam's left—loaded, and somewhat screened by the fallen branches.

Then something remarkable happened. I turned my head to speak and noticed Sam's face flushed and eyes staring; he said in a dead tense whisper:

"See the side of that ridge, don't move, great Caesar's ghost, they are turkeys!" Moving in almost uncertain light was a gang of the birds full hundred and fifty yards away. In this exciting moment and under the extraordinary conditions we did not know for the moment what action to take to prevent an alarm. The mental process worked fast.

Slowly—very slowly, we leaned backward until clear of the tree trunk. Steadily, surely, Sam drew the guns over and placed them on the ground near at hand. We were now fairly well hidden by the tree trunk and branches. Slowly bringing our eyes to the level of the trunk—at first we thought they had turned completely away from our location. I felt sick at heart. Had we missed them? Sam nudged with his elbow, "You take the bird to the right, if the Lord will let them this way," he breathed. We could now see them quite plainly, moving slowly, pecking here and there, probably seventy-five yards away and headed for our place of concealment; the guns were in hand across the trunk. Would they ever get nearer—what if they should turn off and away or take wing, a case of buck "agate." Nearer—nearer. I could feel Sam tremble, and I think I was fumbling for the trigger in front of the trigger guard. Nearer—forty yards—thirty yards, we selected our birds. Sam pressed my arm (the signal to fire), the two reports were almost together. Instantly I covered a second bird—he fell with a broken wing—and made off at a lively pace. Sam gave the turkey his second barrel. This turned him completely around and he ran directly toward us, though we were in plain sight, and fell over dead a few feet away. We afterward found this turkey was hit in the head, and blinded undoubtedly at the time of his queer antics.

Three dead turkeys. "Yes," said Sam, "the idiosyncrasies of *meleagris gallopavo*—Victor Hugo said 'It is the unexpected that happens,' and Charles Dickens has given us the blessed assurance that 'good things come when least expected.'" The excitement had been excessive; nerves strung to the limit, underclothing damp from perspiration. It was now getting quite dark; a fire was made, wood collected, preparations to spend the night in the woods.

We made a "lean to"—stripped some boughs for a pillow. We smoked and smoked to drive away hunger, and at last stretched out on the soft pine needles we slept.

It was a little after midnight. I awoke chilled through. I kicked up the fire, threw on a lot of wood and had things looking cheerful and myself thawed out. I thought it best to sit up and "nap it" and keep the fire going and not take cold. I kept a good fire going; this helped Sam to sleep, for he needed the rest. About four o'clock we heard the report of a gun. "What is that?" "Someone out looking us up." "Fire a gun"—this was done—and the fire heaped up with dry-stuff to make a big blaze. Another report somewhat nearer we answered. Out of the dark-

ness came Bobby and Alex; we were mighty glad to see each other. "Done see yo fire along befo we fire the gun," said Bobby. "I make some coffee, got some biscuits and bacon—warm up de bacon on a stiek befo the fire and soon have de coffee bilin'. Yoo alls must be powerful hungry, just at dis time." and pretty soon Sam and I were of the belief that "good things really come when not expected." Bobby went into paroxysms of delight when he saw the three turkeys, and heard the whole story of the accidental meeting.

Sam's foot having improved, we crossed the river one morning to get some snipe shooting. The place was a mile below our camp. By the time we arrived at a landing the sky became overcast, accompanied by a strong wind. The ground was a meadow marsh; across it back from the river was thick corn bushes, and second growth timber and small cane brake. We worked up wind. The birds flushed rather wild, under the influence of the heavy wind. We did fairly well, picking up eighteen birds. Many flushed out of range—some long and difficult and very satisfactory shots were made. The dog worked pretty well, handled by Bobby. I had looked for fat, lazy birds, getting up at short range. The wind and cold caused them not to lie very close. At the first report of the guns quite a number of birds flushed in different parts of the meadow. Most of these birds came back to the feeding ground, and later we bagged a few more.

Working up to the cover of second growth and bushes the dog went in and immediately came to a point. Sam went to the left of the dog and in among the trees. At once two woodcock rose; he killed them both—two beautiful snap shots.

Fifteen miles or so down the river we went into camp, a beautiful place in a beach grove. Here we had some pass duck shooting half mile above the camp. We had come to this place to further enjoy camping and camp life, and eventually take the up-river steamer from here, it being a good place to handle the boats and outfit aboard. Sam and I would walk about the country, sometimes across the river. On one of these trips we found a turkey roost, and on two occasions went there well blinded, waiting for the birds to come in. They never came; we saw one fly across the river. We concluded the only way we could get turkey was to make no preparation, but just tramp through the woods, get lost and trust to the great birds coming our way.

With a sigh of regret we turned our faces homeward. Sam's noble heart has been stilled these many years; his hand—the hearty clasp, I can feel now—gone forever. Over and over I think of him, and the dear old days we were together in camp, afield and afloat. All past forever, and I am left alone to retrospect.

THEN TIME TO STIR.

Thomas Edison once set out to invent a perfect coffee machine suitable to use in camps or on hunting trips. Asking the advice of a former guide as to the requirements of such a thing, the man, who was a Swede, gave him this recipe:

"Der ban only von vay to cook coffee. Take von trip into woods up on Flambeau River; build fire vid pitepine knots; put von quart water and two handful coffee in coffee pot, and sit on cover so she can't boil over. Ven cover get too hot for pants coffee she done."



The Record Salmon of Gulquac

By R. A. Worstall.

JULY the second, 1914, dawned for me at least just like any ordinary day. As I dressed for breakfast I had no premonition that this was to be a red letter day in my life. In fact, when we were all ready to start out for the day's fishing, and I found I had drawn what we regarded as the poorest pool on the stretch, I can take oath I had no idea of catching anything.

We were at the Ogilvy camp—Gulquac Lodge—on the Tobique River, New Brunswick, and my guide and friend, Jack McKellar, having launched the canoe, stood patiently awaiting my coming. My wife, also without any hunch, decided not to go out with us, to her subsequent sorrow. So I took myself with rod, camera, and accessories, to the canoe, and we shoved off.

We had a long way to go up stream, and Jack spat out ruminative remarks at times punctuated by the clank of the iron shod pole on the rocky bottom. "I'd laugh"—clank, clank—"if we'd put one over"—clank—"on those other fellows,"—clank—clank—"often happens"—clank—"that the fellow that gets the bum water,"—clank—clank—"gets the best fish."

No answer. I always was somewhat of a pessimist, anyway, and I had no hopes of any such pleasant ending to the morning. Anyway my attention was taken just then by the sight of Blue Mountain, bluer than usual, reflected in the calm water, and I wanted the picture. So I had Jack pole in to shore. He, no ways loath to have a few minutes rest, leaned on the pole and watched my preparations. Those of you who have taken natural color photographs, be they Lumiere or Paget, and I took both this time, will understand that Jack had plenty of time to rest. First the camera must be made comfortable on the tripod, then its pulse, temperature, and previous condition of servitude noted. The lens, cautiously approached, must be quickly and firmly muzzled with the ray filter. The sun was then courteously but firmly interviewed as to how strong he felt that morning. A few revolutions of a dial, and I got the answer. Click! went the shutter, then click! again and the plate was exposed. More of the same business, and the second was done. I might say in passing that both turned out well.

We reached our destination finally—the upper dead pool—paddled up through the edge, and anchored beyond. After waiting a few minutes, we dropped down toward the head of the pool, anchored again, sat quietly ten minutes, then I began casting. The sun was bright and full on the pool, and not a ruffle stirred the surface. I was using a number six Brown Fairy, and even that looked big under the conditions. When we had made several drops, and were

about half way down the pool, as I reached the limit of my cast, Jack, as well aware of my limitations as I, had turned around and was lifting the anchor, preparatory to another drop. Before reeling in, I made a final cast over to the left where a darker pocket showed in the shallow water, and as the fly swept over this shadow there came a surge like a submarine. I struck as hard as I could, for I had out a long line, and as the hook went home, with the shock a great salmon leaped high in the air, splashed back, and shot out a hundred and



Jack and the 27½-lb. Salmon.

fifty yards with that speed that seems incredible until you have experienced it. Jack appraised by the splash and the screech of the reel, dumped the anchor in the bottom, grabbed the pole, and as we shot after the fish he exploded eagerly "Is he a good one?" "Some fish, Jack," I said. "Well, it's twenty to eleven now," said Jack. "Give it to him and we'll land him in twenty minutes." I was using a light Leonard Grilse rod, and the leader had originally been tested and broke at ten pounds, but as I had been using it two days I questioned just how much strain it would stand. However, I did give it to him hard as he rushed, then sulked, then jiggled. In about fifteen minutes Jack, who had not yet seen the fish, poled in to shore preparing to gaff the salmon, while I grinned to myself at his optimism. However, I dutifully worked him in

as close to Jack as I could, and they glimpsed each other at the same moment. "My!" gasped Jack, "You've got a river hog!" while the salmon tore off nearly two hundred yards in a straight rush across the river, then leaped spasmodically high in the air.

There is no use in boring you with details of that fight. Up and down and across the stream, up in the air in frantic leaps, down deep in sulking spells that Jack broke by thrashing the water with the pole. Gradually the fight drifted down stream. Jack was keeping track of the time; now half an hour, now an hour, now an hour and a half, now two hours. Four times we had landed and tried to beach him, but the strain on the tackle was too much, and each time he had rushed again. We had come a mile and over down stream, and were approaching bad water. Jack reached over and tucked into his pockets the ray filters, etc., lying loose in the bottom of the canoe. "What you doing?" I asked. "Going to gaff him from the canoe," said Jack. "do you mind a spill?" "Not if you'll recover the camera," I replied.

The salmon was now about all in, making only short, feeble circles, about the canoe. As we danced into the first waves of a gentle rapids, Jack slowly and carefully reached over him, and drove the gaff home, drawing the struggling fish up against the side of the canoe. For a few moments it was touch and go whether the salmon would come to us, or we go to him. But a final heave brought him aboard, and a sharp blow settled his struggles. I was too busy then to think of the camera, but I'd give a lot to-day for a picture of Jack as he stood braced in the stern of the canoe, the salmon thrashing the water over us, or of the expression on his face as we shook hands over the result. It was now 1:13 p. m. Just two hours and thirty-three minutes of constant fighting.

Jack let out a mighty yell. "Shut up," I said, let's have some fun." We had drifted so close to the camps I was afraid they would hear us but we shoved the salmon up into the bow, covered it over with my coat, and picking up the paddles we raced down stream.

I knew our absence from lunch would lead them to suspect we had tied into a fish. Sure enough, as we swept around the island toward the dock, they all came running out, and hailed us. Jack and I with glum faces looked down our noses and made no reply. We docked in silence, and I picked up my rod and camera, and climbed the bank. Here, ringed by a circle of inquiring faces, I mutely held up the fly which Jack had broken off at the barb in extracting it. "Look at that," I finally said, "Over two hours on the rod, and the hook broke!" Business of commiseration for some minutes but Mrs. Mac, who had been evincing me intently, broke out. "You're a liar. You've got a fish." And at that Jack lifted the salmon from the canoe, while the crowd descended on me with whoops and thumps of unselfish joy.

The salmon measured 41¾ inches in length,

21 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in girth, and weighed 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. It was the largest that has so far been caught at this camp, and beautifully mounted it has the place of honor in my den. I may some time catch bigger fish, and have bigger thrills. I may, I say. But I doubt it.

OCEAN AND STREAM FISHING CLUB.

Newark, N. J.

The Ocean & Stream Fishing Club held its regular monthly meeting at its headquarters, 69 Bank street, January 29th. President Howard Kain was unanimously re-elected as presiding officer. Colin H. Webb was chosen as vice-president; Chas. E. Kenyon was re-elected unanimously as treasurer, and Nat W. Lawson was selected as secretary. Jeff. Diganard was re-appointed the official guide of the club.

Discussions of plans for the coming season brought out many interesting suggestions, which will be acted upon at the next meeting. The club enters upon its second year with every indication of a prosperous season. Anglers are cordially invited to make the club their headquarters when visiting Newark.

BLACK BASS FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

If the angler will take an Ontario & Western train some day in July or August and ride to Summitville, where he will transfer to the New York & Monticello division, getting off at a little hamlet called Cuddebackville, and then walk one-half mile west and one mile north, he will come upon a little basin which was once upon a time a part of the old canal that used to run from Honesdale to Rondout. Here he will find his pleasure, I am pretty sure, if he will try live frogs on a Cincinnati bass hook, leader three feet, single gut and No. 6 green Cuttyhunk line.

Row gently around edge of basin and into the inlet. Keep a moderate distance from shore. The best time is from about sunset until 9 or 10 p. m. Troll from back of boat. Do not cast. There are many great mistakes made in fishing for these devil raisers.

There are only two instances where I know casting is sometimes successful, and that is when the bass can be seen jumping or breaking at surface for flies, insects, etc. Then, and only then should one cast either with black bass flies or one of Jim Heddon's Dowagiacs, green back, white belly. Try, and if you don't succeed, try again.

E. C. HASLEHURST.



Shad and Striped Bass Disappeared Together

New York, Feb. 2, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Twenty years ago shad were plentiful in the Hudson; so were bass; now the constant cry is Where have they gone? As shad ceased to come to our local waters, so began the disappearance of the gamiest fish that swims. It was little noticed at first, but soon became certain that fishing was on the wane. The hue and cry went up: "Stock the Hudson." This was done, not once but many times without avail. It is said, and has been proven, that bass and salmon are the only two fish with the migratory lust, that always return sooner or later to their spawning ground. It did not prove true in these many trials, for bass, large and small, school, and where ever the schools go, so go the bass, and as their natural food supply "shad roe" was cut off, by the disappearance of shad, so the once King of the Hudson eventually forsook us.

When "shad roe" was not obtainable, the fish came closer to shore to feed on shrimp, seed oysters. This also, a natural food, is dying away; due to pollution and the visits of the seed oystermen. While the water is clear and apparently clean to look at on top, and in shore, seventy-five and one hundred feet from land you begin to get into the muck that is stirred up by the tide, and never settles solid. This is being constantly added to by sewerage which covers the small oysters, clams, and mussels, preventing the ground vegetation (which is the fishes' medicine) from cultivating, and also making it harder for the fish to find small worms, etc. Couple this with the increased traffic and the never ceasing, chug, chug, of motor boats on the water, drives the few fish into the channel or frightens them inshore.

All the big fish that I have seen caught or heard of being caught were hooked and taken less than fifty feet from shore.

Not satisfied that our only game and protected fish was fast leaving the Hudson, the netters half way up the river decided to use more nets than ever and use them oftener, so as to get the benefit of both tides, night and day.

As the season for what is left of our striped friends will soon be with us, the smell of varnish taints the air, the old rod is scraped, oiled, threaded, varnished and glued to be in readiness for a big one.

The baits that I would advise using in the spring are not many. Shad roe is the best if obtainable. Make up a little mesh bag of silk, or common cheese cloth, fill it with the roe and press it till the eggs in the roe ooze out. It is then ready for the hook.

Bloodworm is the next best bait and is the angler's spring stand-by, as it is easily purchased and is in fact harder to pull from the hook than the more liquid bait. Sandworms of the heavy red variety are also used. These are your spring baits. For the fall add shrimp and crabs. Shrimp preferably are the best. Hooks are something that every man differs, so everyone to his taste; for myself, I as a rule use a No. 2 or No. 3 sproat, or a long shank weak fish

hook; this gives me ample satisfaction, but as I said before every one differs.

It is best, in rigging for bass, to use either a two or three foot leader; depending of course upon your knowing whether the fish are feeding off bottom or not. This depends much upon the atmospheric conditions. If you have an offshore breeze kicking up enough to ripple the surface, you can lay a bet that as the bottom is clear inshore, your fish are feeding on bottom. A two foot leader then is just the thing.

If the wind is blowing inshore the constant beat of the waves and tide stir up enough food, so the bass naturally enough, has not to forage the bottom. A small piece of cork on a three foot leader will, I think, answer the purpose this time.

You are now apparently waiting the much coveted strike. It comes! zizz! goes the reel. You give the fish the barb of your hook and the fight is on. Before going further it is best to describe how bass as a rule bite. If your fish is hungry, he will not nose the bait, but will try to take it on the fly, and he can strip a hook from the back just as easily as from the front; that is why the sudden convulsive pull often results disastrously to the angler, as he is caught unawares and frightens his fish.

The other is when your quarry noses, and pushes the bait before he can make up his mind what to do. You feel a little tug once, twice, possibly three times, before your fish strikes. Now is the time to be on the alert; if fishing from a boat, the best method is to take in a little line, say six inches or so, then let the tide take it back. This usually gets your fish, for he strikes and the wallop is, as a rule, hard. Now it's up to you to do the rest. Fishing from shore you can reel in a little line at a time. Keep your bait moving and so hoodwink your bass.

The manner of fight he puts up depends altogether upon the way he is hooked. If the bait is gorged you may have a heavy, steady, pull, nothing else, for it apparently hurts and he seldom fights.

Being hooked in the long part of the head or mouth makes it different and he displays remarkable vigor, fighting every inch of the way in a most savage manner, first heading one way then another. One favorite method, which very often fools the angler, is the slack line as he heads for shore in an attempt to unhook himself. Turning quickly he often fools the best and if not given his head, often breaks the line to the dismay of the angler.

E. A. DONNELLY.

THE CHEAP WATERPROOF MATCH BOX.

More than one economical woodsman has found that the ordinary nickel shaving stick box makes a pretty good match box if nothing better is to be had. The shaving stick box may not be called absolutely waterproof, but a man can fall out of a canoe with one and if he crawls on dry land inside of five or ten minutes, he will find the box still dry, and one that will stand a soaking rain all day.

MY FIRST YELLOW TUNA.

For many years I have cast a fly over trout streams in the Colorado and Wyoming Rockies and nobody could convince me that any angling could equal the delights this season holds within it. My method has always been: Worms, for spring; flies for summer and minnows for fall. Whether that is sportsmanlike or not, is an unsettled question. It gets a few fish and much pleasure.

Many times my friends have told me of the sport to be obtained deep sea fishing on the Pacific coast. So when the fall of 1914 found me at Long Beach, California, for a six months' enforced stay, my first investigation was of the chance for some fishing. My newly acquired piscatorially inclined friends immediately made me acquainted with the fact that Tuna were being caught in large numbers about twenty to thirty miles off Long Beach. Ascertaining the tackle necessary to procure it was selected with much care. Rod—a six foot split bamboo. Tip—five feet, two inches, and weighing six ounces. Butt—twelve inches and weighing three ounces. Reel—Montague City, five inch Tarpon. Line—ninethread Cuttyhunk. Piano wire in five foot lengths, swivels, sinkers and hooks, finished the outfit, and the next morning at 7:30 o'clock I was on the pier ready to join my new friends in an attempt to annex one of the prize buttons given out by the Long Beach Tuna Club.

Embarking on the forty-five foot gasoline boat, Eagle, I was introduced to Captain Anderson, and his first question was: "Have you ever caught big fish on that light an outfit?"

With a laugh at my "No," he said: "Well you sure will smash things."

Clearing the pier at eight o'clock, the time for the next hour was spent by me in listening to the tales of the big ones caught on other traps. Then a cry from the Captain, "Lines out" and I watched carefully the experienced fishermen baiting their hooks with six or seven inch sardines and fastening the bait on the hooks with a nose wire—the baiting of my hook being accomplished with help. I set my reel with about a four pound drag; let the line out for two hundred feet; set the click and awaited developments.

Very shortly, "Strike!" yelled Dad Fessel and then "Strike!" from Thad Stevens and the launch was stopped and engine reversed. I became conscious of a sound, a shrill "Whee!"—the line running out from the two reels.

The captain instructed us all "lines in" and we all reeled up and watched the fight the fish were making—ten minutes and it was over. Two eight or ten pound skipjacks gaffed aboard—beautiful fish, and great little fighters but the meat is dark in color and not considered very good.

Lines out again and we were scarcely on our way when I called "Strike!" and strike I guess it was—my reel screeching and the line taut, entering the water two hundred and fifty feet from the stern of the boat. By the time the boat was stopped a thousand feet of line was run off my reel and it was slackening. I commenced to reel in as fast as possible amidst the cries of the other fishermen of "Tuna! Tuna!"—"Doctor's got a big one on"—and I realized that I sure did have a big one on. I would retrieve a few hundred feet of line and out it would go again as the fish made another run against all the strain I dared put on the light outfit. My knees

were trembling; my arms were tired; and I felt that were it not for the fact that I must have that fish, I would give \$10 if someone would cut that line. Gradually, I had been gaining line in the struggle and soon I could see surging up from the deep sea a Tuna reflecting the sunlight in many bright colors as it rolled from side to side. Upon sight of the boat down the fish went with a last desperate rush for two hundred and fifty feet and then I gradually pumped the Tuna up to the gaff—fifty pounds of beautiful fish—ali fighter. Nearly two hours

coloring gut. I could not judge of the colors from one, so sent for three or four more. This gentleman manufactures nothing but these special leaders and claims to use only the very best gut that can be bought. He is very strong in faith in his theories, which are roughly something like the following: It is most important that the leader should harmonize and agree with the surroundings. If the sky is intensely blue and sun bright and warm, then the sky blue leader is indicated. If there is much green grass and moss along the stream, a pale green one.



In Season Soon.

of hard fight and I was nearly as "all in" as Mr. Tuna was.

I have caught and lost many Tuna since that but never again will I have that same feeling of exhausted contentment.

Do I still enjoy trout fishing the same as of old? Surely! Just the same, but now I consider that other piscatorial delights, equal trout fishing.

D. O. NORTON.

LEADERS COLORED TO SUIT WEATHER.

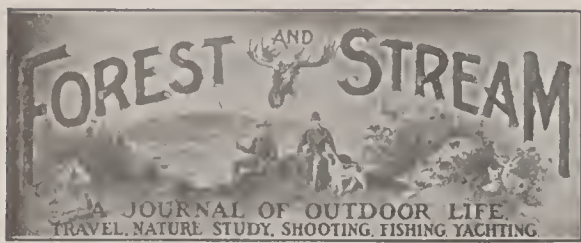
Liberty, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Through the attention of Dr. Breck, a manufacturer sent me a sample of a peculiarly colored leader, with some remarks on his system of

The favorite color, however, which meets the needs of the angler is orange, none dark but shading from medium to light orange. This is on many days almost invisible to the fish. There is a whole lot to the business but the above covers the ground sufficiently for practical purposes. I messed with the leaders but I was so accustomed to something very different that I could not bring myself to use them for the finest dry fly work. It is almost impossible not to cherish small prejudices when one has been fishing with the fly all of his life (nearly). I wish the colored leader man well. He has good testimonials and says that his business is rapidly increasing. I do not mention name and address as he should have advertised in this periodical.

THEODORE GORDON.



Conservation—or Conversation?

THE policy of this journal with reference to game conservation is so well established as to require no new enunciation. It is a creed the actual and lamentable necessity of which is being demonstrated day by day. Whether it has proven popular or not is beside the mark.

But while we hold to this creed, we do not deny our columns to those who disagree with us. The man who thinks we are wrong is afforded an opportunity to express his views, if they are worthy of expression. We do not believe in controversy; we do not invite it, but our opinion is that the best way to settle a disputed point is to have the matter thrashed out in the open. That is why we so often publish both sides of a case, even though our contributors are frequently over frank in expressing their disagreement with the views held by this paper.

In the present issue will be found communications on the migratory bird law that may be received with a sentiment of wrath and open dissent by many people. But let us analyze or look further into the motives, or rather the other work of the large group of men whose views are expressed, we will say, by the Interstate Sportsmen's Association. These men, and as a matter of fact similar associations in other states, are fighting the migratory bird law because they feel that an injustice has been done in placing them within a zone where they do not belong.

The Situation Peculiar.

THE situation is peculiar, in that the very men who are protesting against—but still, as good citizens, observing the migratory bird law—are engaged at this very moment in the fight of their lives to protect the game within the states from destruction by indifferent and hostile legislatures.

What are we to think when a member of the Missouri Legislature arises in his seat and offers publicly to defend without charge any violator of state game laws? What sort of sentiment is it that inspires the introduction in the California Legislature of a bill removing all protection from meadow larks? What sort of state legislation, or lack of legislation, permits a man to shoot from their roosts 800 robins, as cited by a correspondent in another column? If, as argued by some *Forest and Stream* correspondents of legal profession, the game belongs to the State, then it is high time that the states make a more creditable effort in protecting it.

The State and Posterity.

BUT in a larger sense, does the game belong to the State? Does it not belong to posterity quite as much as the present generation? We urge every sportsman into whose hands this paper falls to read

carefully and ponder over the article "Confessions of a Market Hunter" published on another page. Aside from the horror of butchery which it outlines, whole sermons on game conservation might be drawn from it. If the State owned the game which the market hunters swept from the face of the earth, the people of the State certainly derived no revenue from legal possession. Their property was stolen outright, and a crime equally great committed against the present generation.

Which Class Do You Prefer?

CAN we think kindly of a policy which deprived the people of to-day of an opportunity to enjoy legitimate sport and recreation in the field? Sportsmanship aside, the economic blunder, and as a corollary the graver blunder which is destroying America's power of defense by depriving its people of an opportunity to become good marksmen and therefore good soldiers are equally indefensible. To put the matter in a word, will you, reader, shoot ducks in the Spring when your own common sense teaches you that such shooting means extermination? Will you allow your state protective laws to be repealed while wasting your time in a useless argument whether the game belongs to the State or to the Nation? Will it be said of you in the next generation that you were of a class adhering to the theory, "after us the deluge" or do you desire to leave to your children and successors a heritage of some game and a memory of having been considerate of posterity and the needs of the Republic in making possible the maintenance of a trained reserve of men familiar with arms and capable of repeating if necessary the glorious record of their ancestors who by skill in marksmanship and outdoor life saved this Republic on more than one occasion? The answer rests with you, and you cannot evade the responsibility.

Eels and Law in Tangled Knot.

ANCIENT Athens was the seat of learning, art and other distinguishing characteristics, but modern Athens (New York State) not to be outdone by its Grecian namesake, has produced a legal puzzle that may induce more controversy and more scratching of legal heads than the first casual reading may indicate.

It appears that one Chas. Cripps, having unlawfully taken a number of eels with a spear in hand (we are quoting from a transcript of the docket) from the waters of the Hudson River in the town of Athens, at or near a certain point known as the McCabe Ice House, was promptly pounced upon by a deputy game warden and brought before Orin Q. Flint, Justice of the Peace. The defendant pleaded guilty to the charge of taking eels in such manner, but denied that the same was illegal. The Court, after due deliberation, agreed that the defendant's point was well taken and held itself bound "to take judicial notice of the fact that eels are a migratory food fish of the sea in that it has been determined that invariably eels are born in the salt waters of the sea and ascend the fresh waters of creeks and rivers tributary to the sea, and again return to the sea, as defined by sub-division 2, Section 177, part 3, Chapter 508 of the Laws of

1913, and as such are exempt from the provisions of this article."

Forest and Stream will not attempt to say whether the law as laid down by Justice Flint will hold, but it is bound to maintain that Mr. Flint, who by the way, has been a regular reader of *Forest and Stream* for many years, has his natural history down pat. His feet there are on solid ground, so solid in fact that even a plaguey eel can not wiggle through.

March.

MARCH, the Blusterer, is here. Few signs are there in the north that winter is ending, for the brooks and lakes are still fast in the iron grip of winter, and snow covers the ground which rings under the footstep. But one feels intuitively and even tangibly that the sun is warmer. He is swinging north again; the days are longer, and there is a friendlier and a softer gleam on the landscape. It is not impossible to find, buried deep in the swamp, the unmistakable sign of that unpoetic but sure harbinger of spring, the skunk cabbage. The snow is melting on the exposed places, revealing to the close observer the architectural ruins of the marvelous little dwellers under the snow, who have tunneled incredibly long distances in search of food. Within a week or two, if the sun be shining brightly, the twitter and the warble of the first song sparrow may be heard. Overhead the wedges of water fowl flying north may be seen. Thanks to enlightened sentiment these sadly diminished aerial squadrons can wing their way in safety to breeding grounds in the far distant places. The farmer's boy, blest of all mortals, knows that spring is near, if only because of the thousand extra tasks that are being imposed on him in the busy preparation to open the sugar camp. Sap will be running; the flickering fire in the woods will reveal the activities of "boiling off," a process now so mechanically improved as to have lost its earlier crude woods flavor, but still a red letter time in the boy's life. Sap also will be running soon in the city angler's veins. It is a recurrent feeling, symptoms of which may be pleasant or unpleasant, depending largely on the circumstance whether the angler will be able to go fishing this spring, but a symptom which is welcome, nevertheless. It may be cured at times by an overhauling of the tackle book and an examination of the fly rod, but who wants to cure it? A disease this is, that ought to be made more catching.

More Money Needed for Parks

NO FAULT can be found with the development of our National park system idea, but the administration of these areas of recreation and natural wonders by a dozen different bureaus at Washington is to be criticized, if only for the reason that it destroys the hope of any coherent plan of development. At present Congress is appropriating about three hundred thousand dollars a year for the protection of National parks, which contrasts very unfavorably with the seven hundred thousand dollars Canada expends for similar purposes. The scenery of Switzerland is estimated to be worth more than two hundred and fifty million dollars a year to the people of that little country, and the scenery of Switzerland cannot compare with that to be found in many of our own wonderlands.

Opinions by Young and Old Friends of Forest and Stream

THE MONTHLY SUITS HIM.

Roseburg, Oregon, Jan. 25, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Enclosed \$1.00; send me or rather renew my subscription to *Forest and Stream*. I have the January, 1915 number. *The monthly suits me.*

F. D. OWEN.

THE CHANGE A GOOD ONE.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Jan. 23, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Find check for \$2.00 inclosed. Please advance my subscription to *Forest and Stream*. I think the change from a weekly to a monthly publication, is a good one.

R. H. COATS.

WATCHFUL WAITING NOT IN VAIN.

Buffalo, N. Y.,

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Enclosed please find P. O. order for \$1.00 to pay subscription for 1915.

I have taken your paper for a number of years and think you have made a wise change in making it a monthly. \$3.00 per year in these days of "watchful waiting for more money" looks big to many of us.

E. P. REYNOLDS.

LIKES THE NEW IDEA.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 2, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Please find enclosed \$1.00 in payment for one year's subscription beginning March, 1915.

I like the new form and idea and hope you will get lots of canoeing news from the people who have it, most of them appear loath to give it up.

I wish you luck and success.

W. H. LOGAN, Jr., Rear Commodore, Atlantic Division, American Canoe Association.

AN EXPRESSION OF APPRECIATION.

Akron, Ohio, Jan. 19, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Inclosed please find \$1.00 for one year's subscription of your magazine, which I think is awfully good.

F. A. WILKIE.

WILL STILL BE A WELCOME VISITOR.

Dubuque, Iowa, Jan. 7, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Enclosed find check for the continued call of the *Forest and Stream* whose weekly visits I shall miss very much and would much rather pay the difference for the weekly. However, I shall be glad to get the monthly and wish it a long and prosperous career.

W. A. HARKETT.

ONLY OBJECTION IS THE WAIT.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Jan. 18, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Please find enclosed \$1.00 to renew my subscription to *Forest and Stream* for 1915.

I like the new monthly *Forest and Stream*--the only objection is having to wait so long for it. Wishing you all success in this new venture.

I am

C. F. LARZELEVE.

THEY BEGIN YOUNG AND REMAIN FOR LIFE

FROM A SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD READER.

Zion City, Ill., Feb. 9, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I want you to know I am glad *Forest and Stream* has changed from a weekly to a monthly. When I read your notice in the last weekly issue that it was going to be a monthly, I was very much upset. But when I received January's number, you don't know how pleased I was.

I see you knew what you were doing when you made the change. *Forest and Stream* as a monthly is far superior to the weekly.

I am only 17 years old but I enjoy *Forest and Stream* more than any other magazine. Sportsmen who do not read *Forest and Stream* don't know what they are missing.

HARLEY HALL.

A SUBSCRIBER FOR 33 YEARS.

West Berlin, Mass., Jan. 9, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

As I have been a subscriber to *Forest and Stream* since 1882, I don't see how I can give it up, at this late day. I have enjoyed the paper these many years with its valuable information.

Please find enclosed \$1.00 for your monthly paper.

ALFRED G. LARKIN.

FROM TWO OF THE "OLD GUARD."

Washington, D. C., Feb. 9, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Enclosed find Post Office money order for one dollar, in payment of another year's subscription to *Forest and Stream*.

As a reader of the paper for more than twenty years I'll admit the change to its new form pretty nearly knocked the wind out of me, but a look at the January number heartened me up considerably, and the February edition has just about completed the job. After all, it is the same old friend, just changed a little in appearance, and like other old friends, growing nearer and better with the passing years.

Here's wishing you good luck, and hoping you will gather in every one worth having.

CURTIS I. GILBERT.

A READER FOR THIRTY YEARS.

Worcester, Vt., Feb. 3, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Received the February number of *Forest and Stream* to-day but have not received the January number. Will you kindly send the first issue, as have had the paper for thirty years, and don't like to miss them.

I think the monthly is an improvement on the paper.

W. E. BRUCE.

FOREST AND STREAM TOO EFFECTIVE.

Stuart, Florida, Jan. 22, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

My letter regarding the fishing possibilities of the waters adjacent to Stuart, published in *Forest and Stream*, was read by Prof. John D. Shroy, of 1012 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, District Superintendent of the public schools of that city, who devoted his one week of a holiday vacation to a fishing trip to Stuart, Florida, and came into my law office with *Forest and Stream* in his hand "hunting the man who wrote the article" as he said, and I, though in the hardest kind of professional work, took time to put Prof. Shroy in the hands of a personal friend, who provided the entertainment, and I enclose a photo of that friend with nineteen sheephead, caught by the two of them in less than two hours fishing and several of the catch weighed from five to eight pounds.

The publication of that letter, has brought to Stuart fifteen people, who are here now, and have rented rooms for a month or more and others write me they are coming from Wyoming, Iowa, and several other states, even Maine. I am glad that the *Forest and Stream* is now a monthly, so that you cannot print this letter and photo next week, or I would have to quit the law practice and give my time to the entertainment of my brother sportsmen.

W. F. RIGHTMIRE

"SO LONG AS IT GETS THERE."

Lufkin, Texas, Jan. 7, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

It's going to be a bit awkward to have your valuable journal come monthly instead of once a week as we have been getting it for so many years, but any old time will do just so it gets here.

J. L. PHILLIPS.

INCOMPARABLY THE BEST.

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 5, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

To have completed my set of *Forest and Stream* by securing from you the only number that it lacked, gives me exceeding joy and gratitude for the kind trouble you have taken.

Of course I read, as well as take, the journal—and have from the very first. To my mind it is incomparably the best publication of its kind that exists—and has been ever since it started.

WILLIAM BREWSTER.

AN IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL TO THE JEANS POCKET.

Liberty, N. Y., Jan. 30th, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

You should soon have a very large circulation. One dollar is such a small sum that few persons will hesitate to go down into their jeans for the bill. I am sure that I wish you prosperity.

THEODORE GORDON.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Old Hunters Oppose the Buck Law

Observations of Three Seasoned Sportsmen on the Letter of Mr. Henry Chase in January Forest and Stream

PRACTICAL VS. THEORETICAL GAME CONSERVATION.

Eagle Lake, Ticonderoga,
Essex County, N. Y.

February 3, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I read with much interest the letter of Mr. Henry Chase, published in the splendid first number of your new journal.

The only way to improve hunting and fishing conditions, and increase the size and quality of game animals, birds and fishes in the Adirondacks is to study *local conditions* very closely and learn, if possible, just what benefits have been derived or losses occasioned by legislation restricting a man's natural rights to take native fauna whenever he sees fit to do so.

With this end solely in view, and not for the exploitation of any theory or crochet of my own, I have spent the last eight months at my lodge in one of the best sections of this state, for a study of the habits of deer, grouse, hare, and trout, and am gathering facts and circumstances at first hand, which at the proper time will be placed at the disposal of your many readers, and for the benefit of those catholic minds which have neither local or personal hobbies to promulgate, nor too fixed opinions on a subject generally so little understood, and so likely to be retarded by jumping at conclusions, as practical game conservation.

Mr. Chase takes me to task for giving the honest opinion of an every day practical man, who had just finished his fall hunt and taken the two deer allowed by his New York State license. He had hunted several days before good fortune smiled, and he knew that what he said about the scarcity of bucks in this section is backed up by the general observations of all local guides and the sportsmen from neighboring towns and cities who hunted here last fall.

Mr. Chase brushes aside with apparent contempt the sincere remarks of those who have been observing the effects of the Buck Law in our rough and mountainous section since its enactment. He does not claim to have made any close study of our peculiar situation, but at once falls into the common error of applying to our hunting, rules applicable probably to Vermont, Massachusetts and other thickly settled New England States, where much of the woodland is surrounded by large tracts of cultivated or cleared pasture lands, and where the deer are almost as tame as the domestic cattle upon the farms. In such places, a bunch of deer can be located with comparative ease, and during the few days when hunting them is allowed, it is comparatively a simple matter for a sportsman

to select the very animal he wants, shooting it frequently at long range.

In our country, however, all is different. Few deer are observed in the open. The hunter must walk early in the morning through the "burnt timber" in a "slash" of dead "popple" and other tree tops, or through the dense underbrush of a new forest. Suddenly, up jumps a big deer, or perhaps two or three deer. He usually has only about five seconds in which to cock his rifle, aim



How Can You Tell?

and fire, and how can he, in that space of time, tell whether a buck has horns 3 inches long or 4 inches long? It is clearly impossible under the circumstances. The man has probably hunted several days in search of his winter venison, and how can he be reasonably blamed for firing in such a situation as I have just described? He simply does the best he can, and if the horns happen to be a little short, or if a mature doe should fall, how can the hunter be seriously blamed? Under the present Buck Law, a deer cannot be lawfully taken out of the woods, unless he has horns at least four inches long. Why not three inches long as well? An inch would make no difference. Had the law prescribed

antlered bucks, that would have given the hunter a better chance to decide in the moment given for his snap shot.

There a temptation to "take a chance" that the quarry will come within the law, and the hunter can hardly resist it when jumping a deer in thick brush, and when the leaves are thick. He is not breaking the law by *firing at the running deer*, but *only* when it proves to be a doe or short horned buck. The consequences of his act cannot be known until he follows up the game and finds it dead or gives it *le coup de grace*. Then and only then, can he learn that he is a lawbreaker and in danger of arrest by a game protector, for he has until then had no opportunity to estimate the length of horns or even to see any horns at all.

The trouble with much of our game legislation has been, that our lawmakers have often listened to the advice of men from Maine to Texas, full of ideas gathered from their own local game conditions, and *not* to the practical suggestions of the all the year residents of our section, who, I claim, know much better than any outsiders, no matter how well informed generally, *what laws* are best for the protection and increase of deer and other game in their own neighborhood. It should not be a difficult matter to decide whether the present Buck Law, if continued, is, on the whole, likely to increase the number of deer in this section of the Adirondacks.

Up here, we are *all* of the opinion that its enforcement is *too costly* to the deer supply, and that, in the struggle to get a deer that will pass the law, many short horned bucks and some does are needlessly sacrificed and left to spoil in the woods.

There was never yet a law passed for game preservation that could not be improved, and, as all laws rest upon the consent of the governed, it is no more than fair that our people should have a voice in the making of their own laws, and they propose to do so in future. In proof of this I need only say that a large delegation of sportsmen representing many of the hunting and fishing clubs of the Adirondacks, met in Plattsburgh, about Jan. 1, 1915, and formed a permanent organization called the Adirondack League of Fishing and Game Clubs, for the protection of the forests and the passage of better laws governing hunting and fishing throughout the State and particularly, in this section. Among the objects, we find the very one employed in my contribution to the *Forest and Stream* of Dec. 19, 1914, for which Mr. Chase calls me to task. "Third: The securing of intelligent legislation which shall be *practical rather than theoretical*, for the benefit of forests, fish and game, and *rational enforcement* of the same."

The "Ticonderoga Sentinel" of Jan. 5, 1915, reporting the formation of the League states:—"At the present time practically all the legislation affecting hunting and fishing is directed by clubs in the western part of New York State,

and such clubs and their members know practically nothing of hunting in the Adirondacks. As one member of the new organization expressed it at the meeting: "The only deer ever seen by the members of the clubs in the western part of the State are confined in the Zoo at Buffalo." The League went on record as absolutely approved to the present Buck Law, and in favor of a law which will limit the number of deer killed in any season to one for each person, the hunter being permitted to kill either buck or doe."

By a strange coincidence too, this resolution of the new club, representing as it does, more than eleven clubs and more than 1,000 sportsmen, is in exact line with the farmer's suggestion published in *Forest and Stream* and which Mr. Chase is pleased to designate as "rot."

To show further the great interest now being taken in this subject here, the Lake Champlain Valley Forest Fish and Game Club was organized at Port Henry last Thursday. Its president is Hon. Walter Crafts Witherbee, former Collector of the Port at Plattsburgh, who has for many years taken a great interest in the propagation and planting of game fishes in Lake Champlain and its tributary trout streams. It is intended to build up a strong membership by seeking for members in each village in Essex County, and to accomplish extensive work in the preservation and propagation of game. This club is a member of the above-mentioned Adirondack League, and will act as host at an early meeting of that organization at Port Henry.

It would seem, therefore, that the residents of our section are about to take a step which even Mr. Chase himself admits might be a good one; namely, to allow one mature deer, buck or doe, to each licensed hunter, next year, to see if this present waste of female deer and fawns cannot be avoided.

PETER FLINT.

A DESTRUCTIVE LAW.

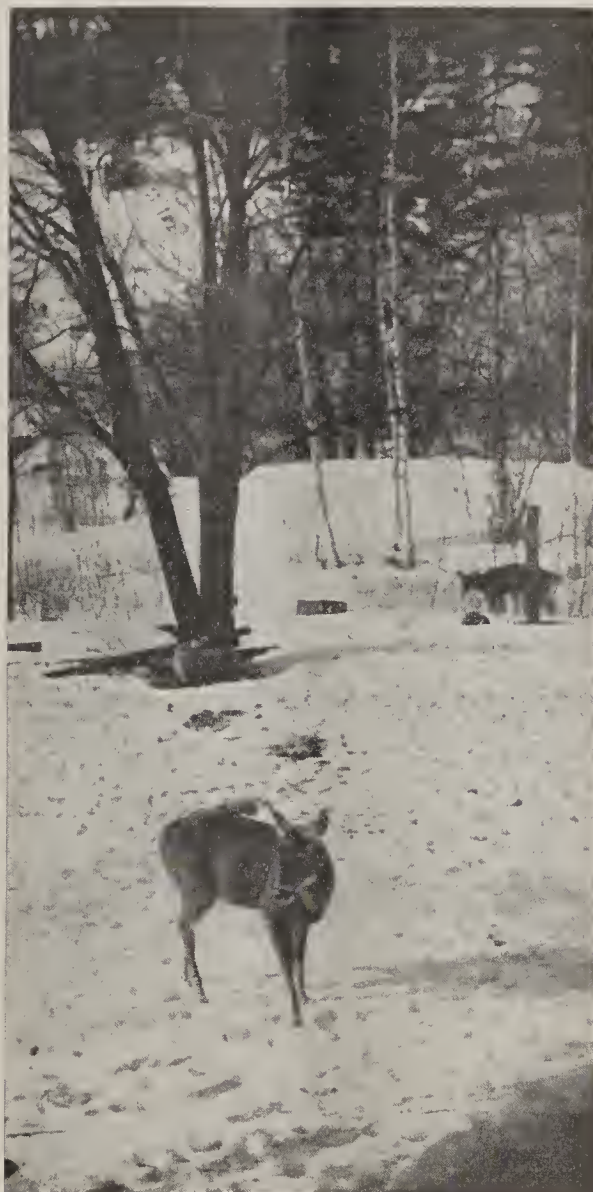
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Having noticed in the January number of *Forest and Stream* an article by Mr. Chase of Vermont regarding the "buck law" as we call it in New York state, I take it that his observance of the deer has been either not at all, or in some private preserve or park. The writer, although he never killed a deer, has been in the deer country in the Adirondacks more than once, and while there observed the animals in their wild state and also investigated and mingled with the guides, who depend upon the deer hunters for a livelihood during the hunting season. Without any exceptions, I have found that the "buck law" is looked upon by the natives as the most destructive that has ever been handed over. How many wild deer has Mr. Chase ever been able to tell had horns three inches long; how many points, or whether the deer had horns at all or not? I'll wager not one in twenty-five. From a number of guides I have mingled with, I have yet to find one who will admit that any person can tell a buck from a doe when running through the woods. They all agree that when a deer is running through the woods, said deer holds its nose straight out, so that the head, neck and back arc in line and if the animal has horns, they are astride the neck so that it is impossible to

see them. I have discovered the same characteristics among the wild deer and was always unable to tell bucks from does, when running.

I think that it is very safe to say that there is not one in ten deer seen stationary where it is possible to see the head of the animal. It nearly always happens that the animal is facing away from the hunter or else the head is behind some obstruction. If one will spend some time in the woods among the wild deer, and give same his personal attention, he will be able to understand the foolishness of the "buck law" as we who have been in the wilds, have found out. Nearly all hunters and guides will agree that the only sure way to tell a buck with three inch horns is to run said deer to water or else kill



Too Young to Shoot.

the deer and then make the inspection; and I'm sorry to say that is what they are doing. There is more deer meat wasted by being shot and then left to rot because it was a doe, than there are bucks taken out of the woods or consumed while camping.

The only way to protect the deer so that we will have any in the future, will be to make it one deer only to a hunter, either buck or doe, and the hunting season not to exceed one month, November or from the middle of October to the middle of November, and *enforce the law*.

The deer are growing scarcer than they were before the buck law was put in force and not

only the bucks but the does, for the simple reason that at least ninety-nine out of one hundred hunters, guides included, will kill a running deer or one that they can not see the head of, rather than lose the chance of getting a buck; and if, after killing the animal, it proves to be a doe, which about half of them are, it is left to rot or is cut up and brought in at night, but which ever it may be, the doe doesn't count and the same thing is done over again until the buck is killed.

VAN.

BUCK LAW AS VIEWED IN CALIFORNIA.

Exeter, Cal., January 20, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In the January issue of your good magazine I read the article on the "Extermination of Bucks Threatened." In this article, Mr. Chase seems to express his opinion of the guides and woodsmen. He seems to think the man that has hunted all his life doesn't know anything about making game laws or anything else, as far as that goes. He talks the least bit like he might be a theorist (naturalist) himself.

Out here in California we are allowed two bucks a season. The law is made to suit the sport. The two open months are July and August. The right time for the deer season is September and October. But the city sportsman cannot get away from his business except in July or August. Mr. Chase seems to think it an outright game hog that wants more than one deer a season. One buck a season would do for the city hunter, who is hunting for horns, and not for the meat to live on. I don't exactly call myself a game hog. Out here we take cattle to the mountains in the summer to save the feed in the valley. We have to take all our things and grub on pack animals. The only meat we can take is bacon or ham. When we get there, fresh meat is a very desirable article. We go out and kill a buck. He will last us a long time, for we do not waste any. We try to keep fresh meat all the time but we never kill over the limit and seldom do we kill the limit, for we do not need it.

Then comes the city man with his automatic elephant gun. He sees a band of deer, so turns loose his automatic. He may hit half a dozen before they get over the hill (most likely more does than bucks, for there are more of the former), but the bullet not entering a fatal spot does not drop them right away. As long as this city hunter doesn't see any fall he thinks he has missed, so goes on to find and slaughter another band.

Another thing—it seems to me (not saying that I have an extra quick eye) that the woodsman and guide who has spent all his life in the woods ought to have the least bit keener eyes than the man who learned all he knows at college. So to save the deer is to teach the city hunter how to hunt.

EMMETT ANDERSON.

SAID THE PTIMID PTARMIGAN.

"O, I never shall go near a pfarm again!
For a dog, man, and gun
Made me so fly and run
That I thought life would never hold pcharm
again."

—BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.



The Sinai Ibex For America

By John C. Phillips, Wenham, Mass..

IT is a wise rule for Americans to stick closely to their own fauna and not attempt to introduce foreign species, save under very exceptional circumstances. I believe in this rule as much as anyone, but I am tempted to say a few words in favor of an animal which I believe combines some exceptional qualities from the standpoint of the sportsman.

On the little triangular bit of land that juts out into the northwest corner of the Red Sea, the Sinai Peninsula, there dwells a mountain goat that since the time of Moses and the Israelites has succeeded in maintaining itself on the desert mountains of that interesting region. In plain sight from the Peninsular and Oriental steamers as they take you to far away India, rise the rugged outlines of Um Shomer, the Gebel Katerina group, and a little north, the famous Mt. Serbal, identified by many students as the mountain of the Law Giving. About these peaks, from 6,000 to 8,500 feet in height, dwells the Sinai ibex, a small representative of the ibex of Central Asia and Northern India. Let us consider him for a moment. On this little tract of country of only a few thousand square miles, this wonderful goat is pursued by the following enemies. First, by a population of 5,000 or 6,000 Beduins, say at least five hundred hunters, who are armed mostly with very fair single-shot Remington rifles of the "75" model. Every man has a gun and carries it with him always. No matter where he is, either traveling from one village to another, or tending his flock of goats high up on the mountain side, his Remington goes with him, and to people who rarely get enough meat to eat, an ibex of any size or sex is mighty welcome at any time of the year. Moreover, in the spring the natives run down all the young kids that they can, either with their own legs or with their dogs, for they think the new born ibex has a special medicinal value. Several were offered to us alive when we were there in April, 1914.

Second, the leopard is a constant hunter and killer of ibex, and from the signs I saw I should say that these prowlers were by no means rare. I found a good many tracks and other travellers have often reported finding leopard kills, consisting of the remains of an ibex.

Third, there are a good many birds of prey, mostly eagles of the Golden type, or species closely related to our Golden eagle. How much harm these do, I was not able to learn.

Fourth, in dry seasons almost all the available food is cropped off by domestic goats that reach the most inaccessible crags in their attempt to support life. What is left for the ibex it is hard to say. Last winter was the end of a long

drought period and all domestic animals were half starved.

Add to these enemies the fact that water is absent over most of the country and that what little there is cannot possibly be available for ibex, and you have an animal that I believe must be wholly independent of water like the addax of the Sahara Desert.

How then do these ibex manage to maintain themselves? That is a question I often asked myself, but I never could formulate a satisfactory answer. Nevertheless, I did find out a few things. In the first place, they were very shy indeed, so shy that I only obtained a glimpse of four animals in three days' hunting (all the time I had). Also, the country was very noisy to travel over, and much of it was strewn with loose, flat, clinker-like bits of rock that made a noise if you so much as touched them. Then again, I believe these ibex were the hardest animals to see of any beasts I ever hunted. Our mountain sheep is an easy mark for the eye beside these spectral goats. Of that I am sure, and besides, I think these ibex probably fed mostly at night, and used eaves and ledges to hide away in during the day. I saw many shady caves with ibex beds in them.

But we need hardly inquire further. In his own home, at least, the Sinai ibex manages to exist under conditions where our own mountain sheep would vanish in a few years. The ibex also is without a doubt being slowly reduced, but he still exists along the cliffs of the Dead Sea basin even up to and within sight of the Mount of Olives. His distribution in Arabia is of course not well known, but I was assured last spring that there were plenty near Mecca.

Would it not be worth the effort if some sportsman's association, or possibly some state commission could bring over a number of these animals and try them out on some of the isolated mountain ranges of our Southwest? The animals could, I believe, be obtained very cheaply in Sinai during the spring season and then there are a good many in the Government Zoological Gardens in Cairo, where I believe they breed well. It seems at least, as if the venture could do no harm, and it might result in great things.

SQUIRREL PESTS CURED WITH FLY PAPER.

By Kango.

In one of our near by cities an incident occurred which is worthy of print. In the fall and winter of 1913, a small army of gray squirrels made havoc that threatened to be quite an expensive and annoying tirade. Under the eaves

of one of the palatial residences of the city, they had gnawed quite a large hole and entered the attic room in which was stored all sorts of boxes, bedding and general household effects that had been placed there subject to removal to a summer cottage. In among these mattresses, pillows, etc., the squirrels had nested and raised their young and the house seemed to be literally over-run with them. The city and state ordinance forbade their destruction and the occupants were at their wits' end to know how to get rid of them. To the chief of police they related their story and asked for permission to destroy the pests, but he could find nothing in the laws whereby he could give them permission for their destruction, saying that gray squirrels were under the jurisdiction of the Fish and Game Commission, to whom they then appealed for protection. Quite a thorough investigation was made by the officers in charge who found that the damage would run into hundreds of dollars. Wire traps were resorted to but with little result, capturing only seven of the miscreants. They tried to avert their attention by placing all kinds of feed and nuts at a distance from the house, but it only seemed to multiply their numbers, and the commissioners were about on the point of allowing them to shoot or poison the invaders, but a happy thought occurred to them which they at once put into effect that was laughable in the extreme. They detailed a deputy to cut into small pieces of about one-half an inch square, numerous bits of ordinary fly paper having the sticky side up. Every hair that came in contact stuck, and their antics were laughable to behold.

Up one tree, down another and chased by the fortunate ones who didn't happen to come in contact with the seare, made a picture that a moving picture company would be very glad to obtain. In less than forty-eight hours their winter quarters were deserted and not a squirrel could be found in the section and if any house thus infected will try the experiment, I think it will meet with the same results.

THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF WILD BIRDS.

During the past summer in many parts of Oregon there has been an unusual pest of grasshoppers. The farmers in some parts of eastern Oregon have complained especially on account of the damage done to crops. According to Mr. Lewis Scholl, Jr., Justice of the Peace at Echo, Umatilla county, the much-despised crows gathered in the alfalfa fields by the hundreds and devoured large numbers of grasshoppers.

It is a most interesting fact that in Klamath, Lake and Harney counties where the California and ring-billed gulls nest in large colonies, about Klamath, Goose, Warner and Malheur lakes, these birds spread out in the fields along the sage-brush plains miles away from the water and live almost entirely on grasshoppers. It is rather a strange sight to see these web-footed birds hunting a living so far away from the water. The Brewer blackbird, which is com-

monly recognized by the whitish eye, is often seen during the latter part of the summer feeding upon grasshoppers. After the nesting season, these birds gather in flocks and skirmish about wherever grasshoppers seem most abundant. Sparrow-hawks, pheasants, quail, meadowlarks and many other birds live largely upon grasshoppers and other insects when they are abundant and thus assist man in the protection of his crops.

The Chinese or Denny pheasant is the most abundant game bird in Oregon. We sometimes hear the complaint from gardener or farmer that this bird is damaging crops. It is very true that the pheasant eats corn, peas, potatoes and grain, but at the same time, he devours many injurious insects. A male pheasant killed October 15, 1913, had its crop and gizzard filled with grasshoppers, weevils, soldier bugs and cutworms. The crop of another pheasant contained thirty-four grasshoppers, three crickets and eleven beetles.

In the vegetable and animal world, all living things are bound together in many ways. In the struggle for existence, every species is related closely to many other species, each acting as a force in itself to hold the equilibrium which is called the balance of nature. This natural law of our world may well be compared with that which keeps our solar system in operation. Each species is a powerful force within itself to live and multiply and in turn is held within bounds by the forces and actions of every other species. There is an intense natural competition to keep this balance even.

The natural checks upon insect life are the wild birds that live in our fields and forests. If we were to kill off the birds of a certain locality, we should immediately overthrow the balance of nature and there would be a corresponding increase of insects.

Without the wild birds, our forests would be swept as by a blast of fire. Our trees would look like an army of telegraph posts. The importance of bird life in conserving our forests is well known. Four hundred different species of insects are continually working on the oak tree alone. The birds of the forests are constantly catching and consuming these insects. On the willow trees, one hundred and eighty-six different kinds of insects are constantly at work; on the pine, one hundred and sixty-five species; on the hickory, one hundred and seventy; on the birch, one hundred and five; and on the elm, eighty. Careful analysis of the stomachs of thousands of woodpeckers, titmice, creepers, kinglets, wood warblers, wrens, flycatchers, swallows, nuthatches and other birds show that they do nothing else but eat these devastating insects. This is their life work. Destroy our wild birds and you destroy our forests.

Birds work more in conjunction with man than any other form of outdoor life. Nature has given them the special task of holding insect life in check in order to protect plant life. Do not let any fruit grower think, however, that birds alone will keep his orchard free from insect pests; birds will only help in the fight in orchards, gardens and forests.

In a day's time, the bush-tit and chickadee have been known to eat hundreds of insect eggs and worms that are harmful to our trees and vegetables. A brood of three young chipping sparrows were watched during one day and they

were fed a hundred and eighty-seven times by the parents. A family of four song sparrows, seven days old, were fed seventeen grasshoppers and two spiders in sixty-seven minutes. The flycatchers and swallows destroy vast numbers of flies and gnats that annoy horses and cattle. The food of the flicker or woodpecker consists largely of ants which protect the aphides or plant lice which are so destructive to gardens and orchards. Three thousand of these ants have been taken from the crop of a single bird. The food of the meadowlark consists of seventy-five per cent. of injurious insects and twelve per cent. of weedseed, which shows it is a bird of great economic value. A single robin has been known to eat a hundred and seventy-five caterpillars. One bob-white that was killed had over a hundred potato bugs in its craw. Another had eaten two spoonfuls of chinch bugs. After the day-flying birds have ceased their work and gone to sleep, the nighthawk is busy catching untold numbers of mosquitoes, moths and other insects.

W. L. FINLEY.



A Wild Weasel Sits for His Photo.

This view of a wild weasel caught with a set camera is most unusual, as the animal is seldom abroad in daylight. Photo by Howard Taylor Middleton, Harnesport, New Jersey.

LOUISIANA'S SPLENDID GAME RESOURCES AT FAIR.

To show what a sportsman's paradise Louisiana is and how conservation measures are preserving the great variety of wild game found in that southern State for the years to come, the Conservation Commission of that State is planning a most unique display that will be housed in the space Louisiana will occupy at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco.

While all of the natural resources of that State will be shown in the space allotted, the Conservation Commission, President M. L. Alexander, of that body, has decided to make a special appeal to the sportsman so that he may learn what game is to be found in the Pelican State and at the same time see how the modern conservation measures, now most rigidly enforced, are causing almost unbelievable increase in the migratory and resident game.

To this end a number of panoramic groups are in course of preparation in which the actual specimens of wild life will be on view in the environment of the South. The one given over to the wild duck and geese will depict a scene on the immense State Game Preserve showing every species of duck and goose that find a haven there from the market hunters' guns during the winter months. An expedition, headed by Stanley Clisby Arthur, the commission's ornithologist, and E. A. Tulian, superintendent of the fisheries department, left New Orleans during the middle of January for the wild game havens which include the State Game Preserve, 60,000 acres; Mrs. Russell Sage's Marsh Island, 78,000 acres; the Ward-McIlhenny tract of 50,000; the Rockefeller Foundation preserve, 85,000, and the smaller ones along the Gulf of Mexico total in all over 300,000 acres, to collect specimens, study and survey the birds seeking refuge there.

These game conditions will be photographed by "still" and motion pictures so that visitors at San Francisco will gain an idea of conditions in the middle of winter when the open season is on in full in other parts of the State and many of Mr. Arthur's pictures will be used for backgrounds of the scenes to be replicated at the exposition. The taxidermist of the Louisiana State Museum accompanied the party and only the actual birds found on the preserves will go into the groups. Another display will be that devoted to showing the upland game birds and the conditions under which they are found will be faithfully duplicated at San Francisco.

The recently acquired game "farm" on Avery's Island will also be given a prominent position in the exhibit of the Conservation Commission and the methods of breeding will be given a thorough exposition. The protection given the egrets that are now nesting by the thousands there every summer, and the other birds that neared total extinction a short year or two ago, will be explained to all who visit the exhibit.

Photography will be largely used by Conservation Commissioners Alexander, Dayries and Leche in showing what inducements the State offers the sportsman who longs for days in the open under matchless Southern skies, and abundance of game, but who must observe the bag limit and the other protective measures the commission has fixed on. Stanley Clisby Arthur, who has spent weeks at a time catching the wild life of Louisiana on the plates of his camera and the film of the motion picture, is well known as a photographer of wild life and some of the pictures he has secured in the Louisiana lowlands are as unique as they are beautiful and enlargements from many of his negatives will adorn the walls of the Louisiana booth.

BUTCHER PERILS BUFFALOES.

Learning that two buffaloes from the Scotty Phillips herd in Pittsburg, S. D., had been sold to butchers in St. Paul for meat and that the entire herd is for sale for any purpose, the purchasers may desire. Carlos Avery, executive agent of the Minnesota game and fish commission has asked the state to buy some of the animals and would recommend that park boards and estate owners do the same to prevent the extinction of the herd. After the death of Phillips, the heirs, many of them half-breeds, demanded that the estate be turned into cash.



Live Notes From The Field

Being Reports From Our Local Correspondents

GOOD TURKEY SHOOTING.

Albuquerque, New Mexico, Jan. 15, 1915.

Editor, *Forest and Stream*.

No doubt you have inquiries from readers, or beyond question not a few of your readers are wondering where in the United States they can obtain the best wild turkey shooting. If you will look on the map and find El Rito, New Mexico, about 61 miles north of Santa Fe, you will see a country which I believe to be one of the best game regions in the United States. There is nothing north of the place named to speak of to the Colorado line, except the Carson forest reserve, a vast wilderness with the finest turkey shooting in the world, plenty of bear, deer, lion and other game, while the rivers and adjacent streams are splendid for trout fishing. For miles east, west and south it is also practically one vast wilderness—in fact the center of a great game country with a climate unequaled anywhere.

I know my West fairly and there is nothing like this from Canada to Mexico. We have an all the year country, while Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho are open only a short time winter or summer.

J. G. W.

PENNSYLVANIA ELK SHOT.

Warden E. N. Kelly of Western Pennsylvania, reports the inexcusable and illegal shooting of a big buck elk, one of the herd turned loose by the State in Clearfield, Clinton and Center counties, and is after the perpetrators of this crime. Writing of the incident, Mr. Kelly says:

"The fellow who killed this knew exactly what he was doing, for he was shot in wide open country and was looking directly at its slayer at short range when he put a 'punkin ball' from a 12 gauge shotgun through its breast. The ball passed through the heart and ranged back lodging in the hind quarter. The animal will weigh possibly 700 pounds, about three times the size of a big buck deer, and as it had a fine set of antlers, could not have been mistaken for a deer.

"The elk was killed about one-half mile from the Crystal Springs Club-house and if I get my hands on the fellow who killed that elk he is going to pay the full penalty. The whole countryside up here is stirred up by this thing, for the people who live here have been mighty pleased to see the elk put in, and to have a dirty skunk deliberately shoot as fine a specimen as this, right out in the open where he knew exactly what he was doing, is an outrage."

FAVORABLE FOR SMALL GAME.

Independence, Kan., Feb. 7, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

This has been a very favorable winter for small game in this locality as we have so far had less than one inch of snow altogether and the coldest weather two above zero. As you know, quail are protected until 1921 and they are already showing considerable increase in numbers. I believe they will win out all right if we can only teach the farmers their value to them and induce them to protect them. One of my customers, seven miles out was complaining in my shop last week that he had been raided twice in the night when he was absent from home by parties in autos who would go over the fields farthest from the house, as their tracks showed plainly where they had thoroughly quartered the

ground. He had several fine covies of quail but after these visits they have all disappeared. It is supposed from appearances that the raiders were after quail and rabbits. He says he is going to lay for them with his Marlin, No. 12.

E. B. WHITE.

SPRING SHOOTING OF MIGRATORY BIRDS ABSOLUTELY PROHIBITED.

Washington, D. C.—From the number of letters which they have received on the subject recently, officials of the Department of Agriculture believe that sportsmen may unintentionally violate the provisions of the Federal Migratory Bird Law, which it is the purpose of the Government to enforce rigidly. Under the provisions of this law no water fowl can be shot in the northern or breeding zone after January 15, except in New



TWENTY COON CAUGHT IN SEVEN NIGHTS.

The Work of Harry Baker (on the Left) and C. E. Barkholder (on the Right) of Seville, Medina County, Ohio—Not Forgetting Spot, the Dog.



LUCK IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Elmira, N. Y., February 4, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Your monthly magazine is certainly O. K.—the best out. Am sending you a small photo of myself and brother sportsmen, showing our luck last fall in the Adirondack mountains. From left to right: G. H. Allen, C. O. Geiger, M. H. Dunbar, C. A. Washburn, H. M. Weigle, C. F. Artley and G. F. Blair, all from Elmira. Success to *Forest and Stream*.
G. F. BLAIR.

Personally I believe it is the greatest game law ever passed and I want it upheld. As a lawyer I am bound to say that following the decisions of the Supreme Court it can hardly be held constitutional. It will take some very tall wabbling from their other decisions to uphold the law.

But the way to get it upheld is not by abuse of the judges who try to follow the law as they

see it. It is to carry a case up and fight it in the Supreme Court with good counsel and try to reverse the circuit courts.

The law is needed. Only this morning I read in the Gazette about one man who killed 800 robins on the roost, and no state law to prevent it.

But we can't win out by abusing the courts. I congratulate you on the fine appearance of your journal.
J. M. ROSE.

Licensed Hunter and Migratory Bird Law

In the February issue of *Forest and Stream* an article appeared that was intended to support the Federal law, and, at the same time, "call down" in a nice way, the hunters of the Middle West, who are said to be more or less in revolt against the law, because it placed them in the wrong zone, and, therefore, deprives them of all shooting or at least any shooting when ducks are thickest.

The writer of the above article did not have a clear understanding of the conditions in the Middle West, and it is not at all surprising, as certain writers in the East have been free users of pen and ink, and let their minds run riot, when they start to write on their pet hobby. They would like to deny to others even the right to think, much less to express an opinion that does not accord with their radical views. This was illustrated only last week, when Dr. W. Hornaday replied in the *Sportsmen's Review* to a letter received from Mr. L. M. Gietzer of Columbus, Nebraska, written under date of Jan. 12th, 1915. Mr. Gietzer explained the hardship the Federal law placed on hunters in Nebraska and asked for help to have the law properly

amended, and that, in return, the hunters of Nebraska would see to it that the law as amended would be properly enforced.

Let us review the situation. When the leaders in the Migratory Bird Law were seeking aid, to have this law passed, they did not solicit the help of the Arkansas or Louisiana market hunters, but they did appeal to the sportsmen who had been instrumental in having game laws put on the books in the states of the Middle West. It was only possible to get help from people who favored a limit on the game bag, and a short open season. It is hard to get a good game law on the statute books, but the work is nothing as compared with trying to enforce that law.

The Migratory Bird Law promoters used this as an argument to the hunters of the Middle West, to secure their co-operation, "that the laws of the states are attacked every two years, but with Federal regulation, we will put a shorter season, and stop spring shooting, and when the season closes, the Federal authorities will see to it that the season will be actually closed."

According to the *American Cyclopaedia*, "spring" is defined as follows: "Spring, in as-

Jersey where the season extends to February 1. In most of the southern or wintering zone the season closes February 1, but extends to February 15 in Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina. These regulations were proclaimed on October 1, 1914. No change has since been made in them and no change is likely to be made until the constitutionality of the law has been passed on by the U. S. Supreme Court. As a matter of fact, the law provides that all changes in the regulations must be considered for a period of 90 days, and then must be approved and signed by the President, before they become effective. It is thus evident that there is no possibility that the prohibition of spring shooting will be in any way modified this year.

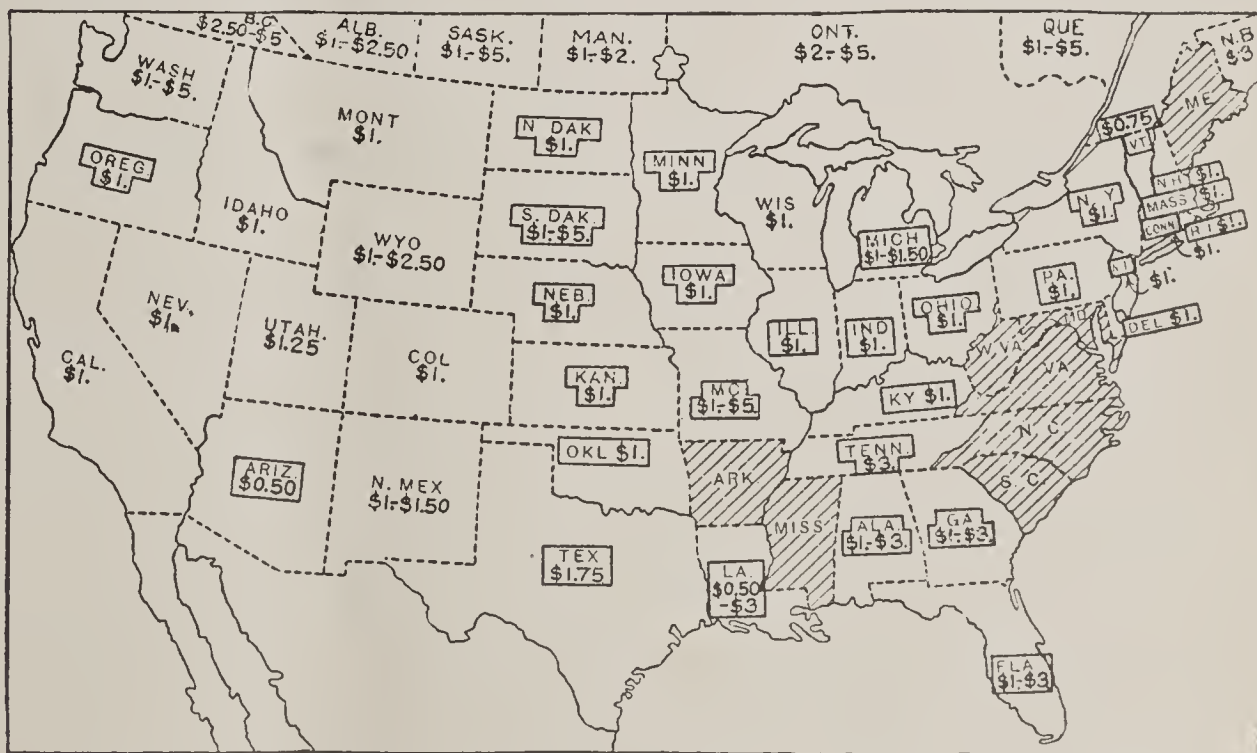
The officials of the U. S. Department of Agriculture who are entrusted with the enforcement of the law are anxious that these facts be impressed upon the people because it is the intention to investigate carefully all reports of violations made to the department's inspectors and wardens and to prosecute all such violations in the Federal courts. In this connection it is pointed out that prosecutions may be instituted at any time within three years of the offense.

THAT ARKANSAS DECISION.

Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 12, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have read your editorial about the migratory bird law. I can understand your feelings about the law for I am a firm believer in it and hope it will be upheld. But you are wrong in your denunciation of the Arkansas decision. It was made by Judge Trieber of the United States Court. Judge Trieber is a learned and upright judge and personally in favor of the law. The decision is his opinion on the constitutionality of the law and not his opinion as a man. The law will be held unconstitutional by other United States judges and will not be finally binding till the question is settled by the Supreme Court of the United States. That Court has held so often that the game is the exclusive property of the State that it is hard to get any logical reason why the United States has anything to do with it.



States and Provinces which required residents to obtain hunting licenses in 1914.

Resident hunting licenses are now required in 40 States, in 8 Canadian Provinces, and in Newfoundland. In New Brunswick, Ontario, and Quebec these licenses are required only for hunting big game, and in Tennessee only for hunting on land without written permission of the owner. Nova Scotia and Newfoundland require resident licenses for hunting caribou only. In Michigan, Minnesota, New Mexico, and South Dakota separate resident licenses are required for hunting big game. In 30 States, following the French method, landowners are permitted to hunt on their own property without license. (These States are indicated on the map by black lines inclosing their names.) In 10 States, mainly in the West, following the English method, everyone who hunts is required to secure a license. In Connecticut, Delaware, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island an additional fee varying from 10 to 25 cents is charged for the issue of the license.

onomy, one of the four seasons of the year, beginning for the northern hemisphere at a time of the vernal equinox or on March 21st and ending at the time of the summer solstice or June 21st."

This publication was issued and compiled by Harvard Professors, U. S. Army and Naval officers and scientific men of national and international reputation.

The framers of the Federal migratory bird law cast the work of scientific research aside and on the spur of the moment, or on something even less material, they made a new calendar, and shoved spring back into *bleak and dreary winter*. It is surprising that they did not complete the job by making the sun rise in the south and set in the north, and thus make breeding grounds extend from pole to pole.

When the law was framed up and passed, the hunter woke up and found he was cut out of winter shooting and naturally felt that he had been double crossed.

Now, if he buys a state license to hunt, its only use is to give his name and address in case he is injured in a train wreck, but it is of very little use as a license to hunt, when the birds are here during the winter months in which the Federal act prohibits shooting.

The hunter proves that he recognizes the law, as is evidenced by his taking out the hunting license; he is a law-abiding citizen and not a "game hog," "gangster," or the outlaw that Dr. Hornaday of New York Zoological Park would like to paint him. In Dr. Hornaday's reply to Mr. L. M. Gietzer's letter, which he had published in the *Sportsmen's Review* of January 30th, he states "that the spring shooting advocates (winter shooting), who live in Illinois, Nebraska and a circle around Kansas City (he does not define the size of the circle) have made up their minds to rule or ruin the whole Federal Law. For the Kansas City gang, I have not the slightest sympathy. I am against men who feel that way and I enjoy fighting them."

He states that no exception could be made to Nebraska, as similar claims from twenty-five other states would have to be considered, if one exception was made in Nebraska. One of the "gang" who lives within a circle embracing the State of Nebraska and twenty-five other states, remarked that he was surprised that Hornaday would publish such a letter, admitting he advocated a law so unpopular.

The facts in the case are that the hunters of the Middle West will stop shooting, if compelled by law to do so, but as long as they observe short "open season and small bag limit," they fail to understand why it is such an unpardonable crime for a "gang" sportsman in Nebraska and twenty-five other states, to kill a few ducks when the Federal authorities permit wholesale slaughter in the southern states by market hunters.

The other states in the Union, that have not complained to Dr. Hornaday, are evidently the southern states, that have loose game laws and permit market hunting; does Dr. Hornaday propose to close the northern zone to benefit the market hunters in the winter zone?

On the other hand, the man who pays a license to hunt in the Middle West, will not shoot

out of season, whether it be State or Federal law.

The hunter of the Middle West has been vilified because he has insisted that the Federal Law should be enforced. This, the Federal authorities have so far refused to do.

The licensed hunters of this section have always upheld the Federal law, but when people who will not take out a hunting license can go out and kill game and not be molested, the licensed hunters called the Federal officers attention to the violations. The Federal officers say they have no authority to make arrests or prosecute.

The licensed hunter then took the stand that if the law was a dead letter and would not be enforced, the embargo should be lifted so that those who paid the states a fee to hunt, could do so without breaking the law.

On the other hand, if the Federal authorities will not permit an open season when the birds are here, why not make the same rule effective in the south, where the market hunters operate, and where the *sale of game* is sanctioned? Why make a horrible example of the people who have made the Federal act possible, yet legalize the wholesale slaughter of game in the South?

The writer of the article in the February number of *Forest and Stream* states that the "revolt against the Federal law in the Middle West was started by someone because an Arkansas justice of the peace has overridden, by means of the mysterious reasoning process of his own mind, the dictate of Congress." Possibly it started because the justice of the peace, *did* think Congress *did* have power to regulate. Possibly the one arrested did not agree with the rulings of the justice of the peace, and appealed the case; possibly the judge in the higher court thought the justice of the peace was correct in his rulings; otherwise, how would the case have reached the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Arkansas?

Judge Trieber is an able lawyer, and an authority, and has had wide experience in matters of this kind. He ruled the act unconstitutional.

If the Beef Trust or Standard Oil secured a similar ruling, they would have secured an injunction preventing further interference pending final decision in the United States Supreme Court, and would have continued to do business at the same old stand in the same old way.

The eastern writers had better beware of placing all their eggs in one basket, by thinking there is no difference between the ability of Judge Trieber, and the average justice of peace.

It is possible that because the promoters of the Federal act do know of Judge Trieber's ability, that that is the reason they have instructed their deputies not to make any arrests or start prosecutions until after this case is finally determined.

The licensed hunters of the west are taking no chances, and are using every effort to strengthen their state game laws, so as to have something to fall back on in case the Federal act is declared unconstitutional.

The Hornaday attack on the licensed hunters of the Middle West was certainly ill advised, and uncalled for. In trying to incite the licensed hunters to start a fight against him personally, in order to advertise W. T. Hornaday, he is

simply aiding the unlicensed and market hunters, in place of strengthening the cause he pretends to champion.

Missouri, Illinois and Arkansas are in the midst of a hot fight, not only to prohibit the storage and sale of game, but to keep the game laws on the books.

The unlicensed hunters and market shooters have representatives in the assembly that are battle scarred, and are past masters in legislative cunning, and will stop at nothing to win their point.

Bills have been introduced at Jefferson City to eliminate the Deputy Game Gardens of Missouri, and still another bill seeks to wipe out the game department absolutely, and turn all property and moneys over to the good roads fund.

Dr. Hornaday could have selected no better time to hurl a bomb into the camp of the licensed hunter, if his object was to create a feeling to resent the Federal law.

With the Federal law declared unconstitutional, and the state laws wiped off the statute books, there would certainly be a fine situation to look upon. When a representative of the people of the state of Missouri gets up on the floor of the House, as did Mr. Fulbright of Ripley County, Mo., last Thursday, Feb. 4th, and demands the passage of a bill to abolish all Deputy Game Wardens, and to state that *he had a standing offer to defend free of charge, anyone charged with violating the fish and game laws of the State of Missouri*, we will leave it to the readers of this paper to determine whether or not the licensed hunter of the Middle West needs all the help he can get.

This is no time for Dr. Hornaday to attempt to seek personal notoriety. The hunters of the Middle West have and are still supporting the Federal act, but it is far from perfect and in order to get a law that is equitable, and just, they have advised that it be properly amended.

They feel that they are within their rights and care nothing about the exaggerated hobbies of Dr. W. T. Hornaday. When he can not back up his side of the question with substantial reasons, when he attempts to brand the sportsmen of the West as a "bunch of law breakers," he adds nothing to the strength of an unjust Federal law, which legalizes wholesale slaughter and sale of game in the southern states, and prohibits limited game bags in northern states.

The licensed hunter of the middle West has fought many a battle in the state legislatures to place and keep the present state laws on the books and is still fighting to do so.

He made possible the passage of the Federal Migratory Bird Law, and still supports the Federal act, but believes that by amendment, it could be made still more popular and effective.

The licensed hunter of the Middle West deplores the fact that foreigners and unlicensed hunters can kill migratory game birds, without fear of arrest or conviction, on account of the inactivity of the Federal officers. It is a farce the way our State Wardens act, but nothing so far has been accomplished by the Federal officers that shows any improvement over state control.

J. R. HICKMAN.

How To, Where To, When To, What To

Knicks and Knacks for the Sportsman's Comfort and Pointers for his Pleasure

WHAT TO TAKE INTO CAMP.

There are lists and lists of necessary things to take into camp. Here is one that while not complete in every particular—for the wants of men and women are mysterious as the things Solomon wrote about—is suggestive and might be kept for reference. No one will take all these things into camp, but everybody will take some of them. The list follows:

Bacon, baking powder, baking soda, etc., beans, dried; beef extracts, beverages, biscuits, bread, breakfast foods, butter, tomato catsup, cheese, chocolate, sweetened; cocoa, coffee, condensed milk, confectionery, etc., currants, corn meal, curry powder, eggs, extracts, fish, flour, fresh fruits, fresh fruit in tins, fruits, dried, fruit juice, gasoline, gelatine, hardware, ham, honey, jams, jelly, kerosene oil, lard, macaroni, marmalade, meats, meats, potted; medicine kit; mustard, olives, olive oil, paprika, pepper, pickles, potatoes, rice, salad dressing, salt, sauces, soaps, etc., soups, sugars, syrups, teas, vegetables, in tins, vinegar.

If you can see anything omitted from the above that you think is necessary, kindly let us know.

GOOD HUNTING IN EAST AFRICA.

New York, Feb. 18, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have some interesting hunting and war news which I think will be of interest and benefit to your readers. I have received a letter from Nairobi, head office of Newland Tarlton & Co., the well known Safari outfitters, stating that the hunting grounds in British East Africa are practically unaffected by the war and the scene of hostilities is almost entirely in German East Africa. The obtaining of native porters is assured and there is no danger of delay for any one wishing to arrange a shoot. Any one contemplating a hunt in Africa may feel assured of its perfect safety for in British East Africa they are practically unaffected by the war as far as risk is concerned.

DAVID T. ABERCROMBIE.

AN INTERESTING NEW BRUNSWICK TRIP.

Norfolk, Conn., Feb. 16, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

For the last two years, being pressed for time and wanting some very good fishing, I have gone into New Brunswick to Chatham which is easily accessible from Boston on a through ticket and have engaged there an old man named John Connell as guide. This John Connell is the man who, acting for the English authorities, captured a car load of moose alive by roping them in the snow and took them to Newfoundland to stock up the island. Mr. Connell is the lessee of a river by name Tabusintac and has interests on another river called the Bartibogue. At any time during the summer, but especially between the middle of July and the middle of August, the fishing for sea trout in both of these rivers is the best I have ever seen, excepting in New-

foundland. There is no limit to the number of trout which can be got, and they run in good sizes up to four pounds. Last year I had the best fishing of my life there for fish of this size, and the year before nearly as good, although we were much later. This trip costs a very moderate amount and it should extend long enough to give a man at least a week on the river in order to cover all of the pools and fish the streams thoroughly. The region is like the best parts of Maine, being heavily timbered and very interesting indeed. Mr. Connell takes ladies also, but it is rather a rough trip and accommodations are hardly such as ladies would care for inasmuch as it is 23 miles in the woods. It takes one day to get in from Chatham. If you want a sea trout trip without hardships and with very few flies, to men who are good enough sports so that they are willing to put up with more or less rough fare in the woods, recommended this.

Anyone going to Connells should take tent and bedding. Provisions and cooking are looked after.

R. B. STOECKEL.

TO PREVENT RUST.

Those who desire to use a rust preventive will find that if the tools are wiped with a cloth slightly saturated in mercurial ointment, they will obtain the best results possible. It is not necessary to leave more than a trace of the ointment on the steel. A cloth so impregnated that it will smear a pair of spectacles a little will answer.

This ointment is the very best possible to use on guns, to prevent them from rusting. It will also prevent the barrels from leading and will remove lead from the rifles. It has no action whatever on the metal of the barrel.

PRESERVED MINNOWS.

Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, Feb. 15, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I believe some of the many anglers who read *Forest and Stream* will be interested in an experiment the writer tried out last season in preserving minnows dry for use in trout fishing.

I boiled about a pint of water and when cold added all the salt it would dissolve, then stirred in as much corn meal as the brine would take up and set it aside for two weeks, when it was found to be as sweet as when first mixed. I then dried the corn meal on a square of paper, pulverizing all the lumps and granulating thoroughly.

Four dozen minnows from 2 inch to 3 inches long were then procured and left to die in a small amount of water, after which they were fairly well dried off by rolling gently on a paper, and a tin box of suitable size was packed with alternate layers of meal and minnows.

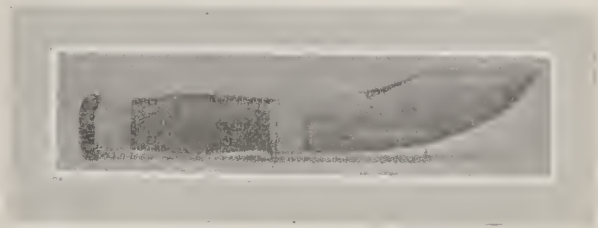
Now, if memory serves me right, this box was packed about April 10, and was carried on every trouting trip until well along in August, when

the few remaining minnows were found to be as fresh and sweet as when packed four months before. They were firm and solid, not easily whipped or nipped off the hook, and were the cleanest lot of bait one ever handled. Try it.

C. F. LARZELERE.

A NEW KNIFE.

The Marble people, up at Gladstone, Michigan, designers of handy things for the woods and stream man, are working on a new knife, which will be on the market some time this spring, probably in April. It is a knife that will find a wide range of usefulness, for it combines not only the good qualities of the other excellent grades that the Marble Company make, but it is somewhat of a novelty in having a curved blade—an uncommonly thick blade—and made with a handle after the usual Marble pattern, giving a



The New Marble Knife.

balance that makes the whole affair seem feather-weight in the hands of the user. A picture of the general style is given herewith, but the dimensions will vary somewhat. The Marble Company have very kindly sent *Forest and Stream* a sample of the forthcoming style, made according to general specific directions of the man who wished to use it, and it is no exaggeration to say that the knife as it lies before us is not only a thing of beauty, but an article of utility and life-long usefulness. Watch for it among the spring styles for sportsmen, to be announced shortly.

HOW TO COOK THE WINTER BUNNY.

E. D. Nauman, Sigourney, Iowa, has sent *Forest and Stream* the following which may be new to many readers who have looked upon the winter bunny as pretty poor sport and mighty poor eating.

"During the winter months after the open season on quail, grouse, squirrels, etc., has closed, the Cotton tail furnishes a welcome opportunity for the continuation of the sportsman's expeditions into the fields and woods. Furthermore it requires almost as much skill to topple over Mr. 'Bunny' as he flies over the snow at that terrific speed with which he starts, as it takes to bag the flying bobwhite or grouse.

"This rabbit also makes a very palatable dish if the following directions for his preparation are carefully observed. The moment he is shot, cut off his head; then split open the abdomen from the vent to the ribs, carefully removing the

stomach and entrails which always contain a large amount of substance. This can be done easily if the rabbit is held, front feet up, after opening as above directed.

"After the entrails are removed, place the rabbit on his back and fill the cavity full of snow and leave him thus for a few moments. Next shake out the snow, wrap in sheet of paper and drop in your game bag. The skin can be removed after the day's hunt. By this treatment you remove all taint from the meat and you will be surprised at its fine flavor."

MAKING A FISHERY AT SMALL COST.

By Theodore Gordon.

There are many farms in the mountainous regions of the east on which it would be easy to make a fishery, or if preferred build a trout hatchery, although this would entail more expense. These farms are blessed with many strong springs of pure cold water, and not infrequently the formation of the land is such that by building a small dam a fine sheet of water can be created.

For instance, I know of a man in a good trout country, but where the fishing is often quite indifferent, who made a first rate fishery and scarcely knows that it cost him anything in cash. He has a small boarding house in summer and allows his guests to fish but they do not kill a great many trout with worms, the bait they most favor.

An expert angler and friend of mine, has been to this place twice. The charge for non-boarders is two dollars per day and this is reasonable enough if conditions are favorable. The fishery was well stocked and the trout grew and bred well. Like most waters over new lands the place was well stocked with food, and the supply has been more than maintained by the growth of water weeds and moss which harbor and breed great quantities of the larva of insects and other trout food. The fish are all native brook trout (*Fontinalis*), I can not describe the water. It seems to be a long winding slough, with ten feet of water and possibly more in some parts of it.

All the trout I have seen from there were killed on floating flies, the expert referred to being the fisherman in both cases. The first time, I think there were about ten good fish for natives, say one-half to three-quarters pound. The last time only three fish were killed; the angler and his wife were on a little excursion and tried the trout for a while. It was not a good day, being very warm and still; scarcely any breeze. At last he saw a good trout rise just once, and spotted it as accurately as he could. He put up a spinner I had tied and given him and after very careful work he rose and hooked the fish. It put up a fine battle and when landed proved to be a lovely brook trout 18 inches long and weighing 2½ pounds. He brought the fish to show me and the flesh was very pink. The stomach as I remember it, was well filled with immature insect life.

The owner of this property has, I imagine, doubled its value with little cost to himself. If a small comfortable hotel or inn was built it would be well patronized by fishermen, as it is superior dry fly water.

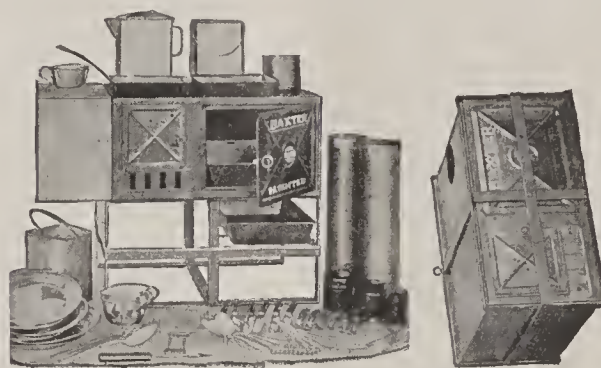
There are lots of anglers who would gladly pay two dollars and a good rate for board

to have really fine fishing with the floating fly near hand. Then the trout are all native brook and run to a large size. It is claimed that there are some very heavy fish in this winding slough and the water is very suitable for the floating fly. When there is a good rise of insects they say trout are rising everywhere.

I must try it myself, in spite of the distance.

GO FIXED.

All old campers, and new ones who have "bit" will usually cuss at the mention of the word "camp stove." So called "camp stoves" have made their appearance from time to time with slight changes only to disappear from the market as failures, or at best somewhat disappointing; cause: lack of one or more desirable qualities; and on the whole a competition among manufacturers for cheapness instead of satisfac-



Two Views—Boxed Up, and Ready for Business.

tion. After knocking about as a camper and tourist for about fifteen years and "finding fault," or no satisfaction, like the rest of the boys with so called camp stoves," W. E. Baxter invented in 1890 or earlier the Baxter Telescope Stove and Outfit, always keeping away from the name "camp stove," and has from time to time improved the former invention until he now has the Baxter Portable Stove—the only stove having the metal Crate-Support, water reservoir, and carrying, when wanted, a cooking and serving outfit—making the one package compact, complete, convenient, suitable alike for indoors, outdoors, or anywhere by anybody; the small amount of fuel necessary to operate always being found on hand; the only package suitable, on the market to-day, for automobilist, tourist, camper, boatman, cottager, etc. The Baxter Portable Stove without the outfit retails at \$7.50.

THE CHESTNUT CANOE.

The canoe problem is already at hand, and in this connection the Chestnut Canoe Company of Fredericton, New Brunswick, make announcement that they have completed arrangements for delivering, duty paid in the United States, any of the dozen styles of this famous canoe that may be ordered by American customers. The Chestnut canoe has a world wide reputation for staunchness, lightness and speed and as it is the universal selection of people who require hard service, Chestnut canoes have gone into the far places of the earth; they have been taken thousands of miles from civilization, and brought back again in good condition, and yet with all this, they are lighter, handsomer and speedier than most of the fancy canoes designed for what might be called park purposes. The Chestnut Company will be glad to send you a catalogue for the asking.

STEEL RODS IN DE LUXE FORM.

Anglers will be interested in the announcement that the Bristol steel rod is to be adapted in appearance and otherwise to a "De Luxe" form. The new rods will be on the market about April 1. One will be a fly rod 8½ ft. long, fitted with snake guides, agate guide and tip, and an extra tip. It has a cork handle with locking reel band. The finish is a silk winding the entire length. The joints are reinforced with other silk windings, and the guides wound on with silk. Over this is a waterproof finish, and on top of the waterproof finish the very best finish similar to that used on the very highest grade split bamboo rods. This, it is said, adds about 40 per cent. more strength to the rod. On the fly rod this silk winding finish takes away the extreme flexibility of the steel, formerly criticised in a steel fly rod.

WATCH AND COMPASS COMBINED.

Have you ever—of course you have—busted your good gold chronometer while out on a fishing or hunting trip, and have you not also said things on such occasions that might not appear well in print? The answer, as all outdoor men have agreed, but unfortunately have never followed to a right conclusion, is to put your good watch in—a safe place—when you start for the woods and wear a cheaper one. Now a cheaper watch is usually an abomination, but *Forest and Stream* in its search for all things that make life for outdoor people pleasanter, has uncovered a watch that can be sworn by, and not at—a watch that is not only a watch, but carries in the head of the stem a real marine compass. Thus you can have a watch that will keep time, a



watch with a crystal face that you cannot break with ordinary carelessness, and a watch with a compass that will point you home safely. Read about it in another column, and let us send you one. Next to a box of matches it is the most essential thing that you ought to carry on your person.

New Way To Ship Live Fish

The difficulty in transporting fish fry and adult fish from one place to another has never been altogether overcome, but the California Game Commission which has faced the problem of shipping fish for hundreds of miles over mountainous territory and through utter wildernesses, has finally found a plan that has worked well and which will prove valuable to fish culturists and clubs all over the United States.

Experiments having demonstrated that canvas containers offer added advantage over tin in the carrying of trout, a new packhorse fish "can" has been evolved by deputies of the Fresno office, which apparently is the acme of perfection in fish carrying receptacles in regions where ice is unavailable and where aeration must be obtained without the aid of artificial methods. The size and shape (oblong) of the usual packhorse can has been retained. The tops and bottoms of the new containers are of pine five-eighths of an inch thick; a throat of tin is inserted in the top, provided with a removable screen as in former cans. A strip of canvas of special design, eighteen inches wide, the ends lapped and sewed in such manner as to make an open envelope, is fitted to the wooden top and bottom and secured thereto by means of clothes-line wire drawn in such manner as to press the canvas tightly into grooves which encircle the boards. To give rigidity to this container, a galvanized iron shield is provided with hangers which, when bolted top and bottom to the "can," makes it to all intents and purposes as rigid as though the whole container were of metal. This shield does not completely encircle the can, covering only the back and ends, and to it are attached straps for hanging the container to the pack-saddle. For packhorse work the new device has many advantages. First, just enough water exudes through the canvas to keep down the temperature within the container by evaporation; second, aeration of the water is infinitely better; third, the fish are not liable to injury by striking against canvas; fourth, the cans may be carried "knock down," and set up at any time without the use of tools; one packhorse can carry a dozen or more of these "knock down" containers, leaving the rest of the packtrain to carry barley and other necessary supplies for the expedition. A few extra canvas envelopes, which occupy little space, can be carried for emergency

repairs, and in event of an accident to a can on the trail a new canvas form substituted for the injured one. To avoid infection, the canvas envelope may, at any time, be removed and placed in boiling water. The cost of this new type of packhorse can is 50 per cent. less than for a well constructed tin can. The details of the new fish-carrying device were worked out and 14 pairs of the "cans" were constructed by Deputy D. H. Hoen of the Fresno Division.

This new method can probably be adapted to man-packing as well as horseback packing, and the experiences of the California Commission have shown that even adult live fish can be transported to almost inaccessible places and kept alive for days at a time.

NOVA SCOTIA APPRECIATION.

Digby, N. S., Feb. 5th, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The monthly *Forest and Stream* is a "ripper." I was wondering how I was going to do without



"A SURE SIGN OF AN EARLY SPRING."

The Fisherman's Club of Chicago will hold its Annual Dinner at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, Saturday, March 27, at 6 o'clock p. m. Some of the foremost speakers in the country are booked, and a first-class program has been arranged.

A REMARKABLE SHOT.

The flimsy little newspapers which some of my German relatives send me each week are not very satisfactory nor illuminating as to what is going on at present over there, but there will be, once in a while, an item so unusual as to be worth translating.

The following account is of a quite remarkable and well-attested rifle-shot which ought to interest your readers. The article is called: "A shot which deserves to go on record" and tells of a French rifle-ball which had been shot into a German gun-barrel, where it met and exploded the cartridge to the great detriment of the gun and the man—the German infantry man—who was aiming it at the enemy.

Disbelieved, defended, ridiculed and solemnly attested by reporters, soldiers and experts this news-item has been going the rounds of German local papers; and at last came to the eyes of Dr. Linz—an army-surgeon, home on sick-leave and wading through the accumulated war-literature, his good wife had been collecting for him. Dr. Linz, strange to say, was the very surgeon who had bandaged and treated the eyes of the badly-damaged man whose rifle had been so queerly hit, and he positively affirms the absolute truth of the story. French bullet—much elongated and badly deformed—and German rifle had been examined very carefully by him, his assistant, and many bystanders and were found to be of 7.91 millimeter calibre for the German Mauser and 7.8 millimeter for the French gun. "The Frenchman's aim (?)" concludes Dr. Linz, "was truly wonderful; of a straightness and a directness quite marvelous. The bullet must have hit the German rifle-muzzle plumb in the middle of the center. And we are all hoping that the German lad who had the ill-luck to fire just a hundredth part of a second too late is doing at least as well as can be expected."

KATE H.



"Bluff"—a Good Tolling Dog.

my weekly number, but now I am quite willing to postpone the pleasure until the first of every month.

I am enclosing you photo of "Bluff," my best tolling dog, taken with his winter coat on, I have had so many inquiries about tolling dogs since my article appeared in *Forest and Stream* describing these dogs, that I thought you might think it worth while to publish a picture of a good specimen of the breed. To my mind, "Bluff" is the best retriever and fastest swimmer that ever looked through a collar.

H. A. P. SMITH.



The Day After A Freshet

How Success Attended the Skill of the Dry Fly Fisherman

By Theodore Gordon.



WHEN we have a heavy flood in any of our mountain streams, many trout are forced out of the torrent and run up the little estuaries of small streams or rather brooks. In old times these were known as Bennie-kills, bennie I believe meaning small and kill stream; hence the Beaverkill, one of our finest rivers.

The trout seem to know that they are much exposed when lying in these brooks and drop back into the main stream as soon as the water falls. I saw about a bushel of good fish, almost in the village of Claryville, after a tremendous freshet in August, 1912, and think that plans had been prepared for their destruction that night, but the water fell so rapidly that they were all back in the stream by 5 o'clock, p. m. Most of these fish came from posted water below.

This was on Sunday and on Monday I had very pretty sport with good trout of 12 to 14 inches. The number was only half a dozen but all I wished for to send to a woman friend who was in bad health, but very fond of fresh trout. The water was clear as crystal, quite cold and the fish caught in great style. Only two days since the fresh water came down but they were different in appearance. They had fed freely and really seemed to have plumped out. They certainly were much brighter in color.

I killed two and lost another in a pool only a stone's throw from my quarters. This pool had been curiously changed by the heavy waters, but more by the rush of water worn stones. These last produce extraordinary effects, tearing, gouging and filling up.

I knew that there would be at least five persons sitting down at my friend's table on Tuesday, possibly six, so I wished to kill that number, but when I came in I had but five. They were very handsome, nevertheless I needed one more and the stream had been well fished that day by many anglers. Directly after supper I toddled down stream to what was now in this stage of water, a fine pool. I went over it twice and was almost discouraged when a good 12 inch trout took the pale delicate fly I was offering. This completed a very agreeable day. I had fished probably five hours. Two in the morning, the same in late afternoon and one hour after tea.

The stream above was a bit peculiar in some respects. It seemed to be full of very small native trout and local fishermen caught quantities of these, while I stuck to the larger brown trout that were not plentiful. I would come in with three or four fish and be informed that some local man had basketed thirty or more. After I understood and saw the miserable little trout I was no longer puzzled. I had a real hard time of

it catching or trying to catch the big trout I had marked down. They had become very timid and smart during the six weeks of low water, and would run for their dens at the first alarm. The only thing to do was to crawl up from below, after you knew the habitual lie of the fish when he was out feeding or taking the air. I assure you one feels quite proud of even a pound trout taken under these conditions.

Two or three days after the freshet my landlord hitched up his old white horse and said that we would go a fishing. He drove down the river about three miles, thus passing over a lot of posted water, and getting down to where it was free. This being below the junction of the East and West branches of the Neversink, the stream is much larger and the pools were still in fine order. My companion devoted his attention to the shallows where he took a good many eight inch trout, natives and brown trout mixed, and very nice fish for the pan, but not my motion of sport-giving trout. I worked quite hard for five or six trout and then walked up stream seeking a deep pool near the road, into which a riprap of logs and stone had been built. Any one who saw the place knew that it must hold a big trout or two. There was eight to ten feet of water in the deepest hole below the logs, and the rapid ran into the pool and threw itself against the obstruction. As it became quiet I spotted a lovely spot for a big feeding fish to lie. However, I fished every part of the water below, then put up a perfectly new

fly and oiled it. At the second cast a trout started from the bottom at least six feet from the fly and took it savagely; after a desperate struggle it was safely landed and joined the others in a stout piece of wrapping paper in the big pocket of my shooting coat. Wading across, I climbed up the riprap and began studying the bottom to learn more of the pool. I had noticed a large tent in the distance and presently a greatly excited individual appeared from that direction, and angrily told me that I was on leased and posted land and must go at once.

I departed cheerfully but was very sorry that I could not return to that deep pool. It was by far the most attractive of any for miles. At one time there was any quantity of the finest kind of dry fly water, from the junction down, but the floods had spoiled many of the best pools. One in particular almost made me weep. From a distance it appeared unchanged, at least 300 yards of beautiful flowing water, from two to eight feet deep but when one arrived on the spot it was seen to be silted up, the bottom was sand and small gravel; not a hiding place in sight, and not more than two feet of water anywhere. No one could tell me of the lies of big trout, yet ten years before I never passed through Claryville without being informed of enormous brown trout that had escaped from all the native anglers, sometimes even after they had a snare around the body. However, I enjoyed the summer and had enough sport to satisfy my reasonable demands.



I Knew It Must Hold a Trout or Two.



TRAP SHOOTING



Forest and Stream is an Honorary Member of the Interstate Association for the Promotion of Trapshooting.

FIXTURES.—REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

May 11-13.—Memphis, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's Tenth Southern Handicap Tournament, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. Winner of first place in the Southern Handicap guaranteed \$100 and a trophy; winner of second place guaranteed \$75 and a trophy and the winner of third place guaranteed \$50 and a trophy. Several other trophies will also be awarded. Elmer E. Shaner, Manager, Pittsburgh, Pa.

June 15-17.—St. Louis, Mo.—The Interstate Association's Tenth Western Handicap Tournament, under the auspices of the Missouri Athletic Association Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. Winner of first place in the Western Handicap guaranteed \$100 and a trophy; winner of second place guaranteed \$75 and a trophy and the winner of third place guaranteed \$50 and a trophy. Several other trophies will also be awarded. Elmer E. Shaner, Manager, Pittsburgh, Pa.

August 16-20.—Chicago, Illinois.—The Interstate Association's Sixteenth Grand American Handicap Tournament, under the auspices of the Chicago Association of Trap Shooters; \$3,500 added money. Winner of first place in the Grand American Handicap guaranteed \$500 and a trophy; winner of second place guaranteed \$400 and trophy; winner of third place guaranteed \$300 and trophy; winner of fourth place guaranteed \$200 and a trophy, and the winner of fifth place guaranteed \$100 and a trophy. Numerous other trophies will also be awarded. Elmer E. Shaner, Manager, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA TRAP SHOOTING LEAGUE.

Maintaining their hold on first place in the Philadelphia Trap Shooters' League by defeating Highland, the Meadow Springs Gun Club increased its chances to win the championship in the target scramble. The Manoa gunners, however, had to win this match from the Highlanders to hold their lead, for both the S. S. Whites and Camden teams won their contest, the former defeating Clearview after the most hotly contested match of the day, while the Jerseymen succeeded in walloping Glen Willow without exertion.

The Whites and Camden are but one point behind Meadow Springs and have nearly as much a chance to win the title as the Manoa men. With these three clubs in the thick of the running, and Lansdale, Clearview and duPont but one point behind the second place holders, and but two behind the leaders the race for the championship is proving to be one of the best ever held by the league.

In the other match yesterday duPont won from Lansdale.

High individual scores prevailed in the four matches, George S. McCarty, of the Camdens fir-

ing the high gun with 40 dead ones. Severn, Eyre and Newcomb, of the Whites, each shattered 48, while Shuster and Wiltbank, of Clearview, A. B. Richardson, of duPont, and Bender, of Lansdale, all cracked 47. Sloan, of Meadow Springs, and S. M. Crothe, of Highland, scored 46 apiece. The points scored and targets broken, follow:

	Points scored.	Targets broken.
Meadow Springs	8	1752
S. S. White	7	1822
Camden	7	1770
Lansdale	6	1688
Clearview	6	1674
duPont	6	1757
Glen Willow	4	1633
Highland	4	1504

BEIDMAN GUN CLUB.

Ten marksmen participated in the weekly 100-target race at the Beidman Club, and once again Director of Public Safety Porter gave a fine exhibition of target shooting. Breaking 88 blue rocks, he was only one target behind Selinay, who carried off the honors with 89 breaks. Superintendent Robinson and Dr. Jones tied for third place, with 83.

	25	25	25	25	T.
Porter	25	20	23	22	88
Robinson	18	21	21	23	83
Jones	22	20	20	21	83
Gilbert	24	19	19	20	82
Sheean	17	16	17	18	68
Dorp	20	21	18	20	79
Selinay	24	19	24	22	89
Kenar	13	15	16	18	72
Janse	19	17	17	16	66
Kilzer	15	14	17	17	59

NATIONAL SCHOOLBOYS' SHOOT.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 16.—Thirty public high schools, from Maine to California, began a series of rifle competitions this week for the championship of the United States and the War Department Trophy. The matches are held under the auspices of the National Rifle Association and supervised by the army and National Guard officers. Iowa City reported the best score, 962 out of a possible 1,000.

Scores:—

Scores:
 Class A.—Portland, Me. (Deering), 944, vs. Salt Lake, 916; District of Columbia (Tech.), 927, vs. Stoneham, Mass., 902; Auburn, Cal., 920, vs. New York City (Morris), 924; Portland, Me. (High), 934, vs. Baltimore, 953; Iowa City, 962, vs. Brooklyn (Tech.), 894.
 Class B.—Springfield, Mass., 925, vs. Jamaica, L. I., 426; District of Columbia (Western), 852, vs. New York City (Stuyvesant), 830; Tucson, 815, vs. Utica, 552; Warren, 748, vs. Grand Rapids, defaulted; New York City (De Witt Clinton), 841, vs. St. Louis, 681.
 Class C.—New York City (Curtis), 925, vs. Gilroy, Cal., 817; Northfield, Vt., 706, vs. New York City (Commercial), defaulted; Ogden, 898, vs. Brooklyn (High), 884; Sacramento, Cal., 777, vs. San Francisco, 727; District of Columbia (Eastern), 860, vs. New York City Commerce, defaulted.

INTER-CLUB GALLERY SHOOT.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 16.—Cleveland and Bridgeport each scored 995 out of a possible 1,000 in Class A in the fourth week's matches for the interclub gallery rifle championship of the United States. Marion made top score, 974, in Class B and New Haven topped Class C with 970.

Scores:—

Class A.—Cleveland, 995, vs. Manchester, 970; Dickinson, 956, vs. Boston, 949; Warren, 994, vs. Bucyrus, 983; Birmingham, 961, vs. Adrian, 955; District of Columbia, 992, vs. Stillwater, 952; Bridgeport, 995, vs. King's Mills, 993.

Class B.—Madison, 960, vs. Youngstown, 956; Marion, 974, vs. Hopkins, 944; Tacoma, 959, vs. Watertown, N. Y., 943; Milwaukee, 954, vs. Indianapolis, 941; Des Moines, 959, vs. Louisville (Swiss), 953; Bangor, 976, vs. St. Louis, 971.

Class C.—Buffalo, 967, vs. Ogden, 949; Tucson, 947, vs. Kane, 933; Detroit, 949, vs. Fayette, 914; New Haven, 970, vs. Salt Lake, 962; Watertown, S. D., 966, vs. Albion, 942; Louisville (Rifle), 926, vs. Corinna, 861.

JERSEY CITY GUN CLUB.

This was another day at the Jersey City Gun Club that was more like one in April than January, and fifteen of the boys were on hand to take a hand in the different events. Dr. Pinkerton was the big noise to-day, and won high average easily with an average of 84 per cent. Doc has adopted the proper style now of facing the trap and he is going to make the rest of us sit up and take notice in the future. Mrs. Randall was with us again to-day and put up a mighty good score, considering the little practice she has had at the trap shooting game:

Scores in strings of 25 follow:

Dixon	18	20	19	19
Tewes	18	17	20	19
Dr. Moeller	17	18	18	19
Engle	21	14	19	19
Piercy	18	20	21	19
Mrs. Randall	20	18	18	18
Phelps	16	14	19	14
Kearney	14	15	14	20
Dr. Hoening	8	10	7	8
Dr. Pinkerton	23	22	22	17
Harvey	19	22	16	16
L. Piercy	18	18	20	16
Brown	8	10	11	11
Jones	9	14	19	14
Brady	6	7	8	4

Strangers will kindly remember that we are glad to see them, and that they will be taken care of in good shape.

CAMDEN-GLEN WILLOW.

By a margin of fifty-one targets, the Camden Shooting Association defeated Glen Willow in a Philadelphia Trapshooters' League match, the score being 425 to 374. The contest took place over the Parkside traps of the Camden Club under conditions anything but favorable.

CAMDEN. GLEN WILLOW.

CAMDEN.	B. B. T.	GLEN WILLOW.	B. B. T.
McCarty	24 25 49	Riggs	23 23 46
Pluan	23 21 44	George	21 22 43
Hineline	23 20 43	F. R. Smith	24 18 42
E. Holloway	21 21 42	Gillinger	17 22 39
Downs	22 20 42	Reichelt	17 21 38
Horner	21 20 41	Moulton	17 19 36
Hoffman	21 20 41	Holleck	17 17 34
Springer	21 20 41	Messener	18 16 34
W. B. Cook	21 20 41	Wilde	17 15 32
Lawrence	21 20 41	Farrell	16 14 30

Total425 Total374

Following are the scores of those who did not qualify:

CAMDEN.

CAMDEN.	B. B. T.	GLEN WILLOW.	B. B. T.
*F. Slear	24 24 48	Fleming	18 18 36
F. Holloway	13 10 23	Lamb	19 15 34
Johnson	12 16 28	Simkins	17 18 35
P. Dehner	16 16 32	Evans	14 15 29
Jones	19 14 33	Wakeman	15 17 32
Cook	23 16 39	Kling	21 16 37
Chalmers	21 17 38	Edwards	20 19 39
M. Dehner	21 20 41	J. Anthony	19 17 36
J. Taylor	18 13 31	Ratcliffe	17 21 38
C. R. Smith	5 6 11	Mills	20 21 41
Cross	16 17 33	R. Borden	19 20 39
Biddle	17 17 34	W. Borden	21 17 38
Priestly	17 23 40	Church	17 23 40
Chew	16 14 30	Bates	20 19 39

*Professional.

GLEN WILLOW.

GLEN WILLOW.	B. B. T.	GLEN WILLOW.	B. B. T.
Mathis	11 14 25	Wienman	11 12 23
Krueger	10 17 27	F. Trullinger	6 10 16
Gerhardt	14 12 26	C. Trullinger	12 13 25
Ulmer	10 10 20	Mrs. Moulton	17 9 26

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ST. PAUL ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Forty members of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club attended the annual business meeting and banquet at the Dispatch Tea Rooms. Dr. F. J. Plondke was elected president; M. W. Thompson, vice-president, and L. J. Pleiss, secretary and treasurer. The following were elected directors: H. S. Johnson, I. Seddon, B. W. Parsons, Dr. C. A. Van Slyke and J. J. McGraw.

SARATOGA GUN CLUB.

The monthly shoot of the Saratoga Gun Club brought out a fair field of shooters and among them were many new devotees of the sport. Count Mankowski, owner of the fast motor boat "The Ankle Deep" was among the new ones and tho' trap shooting is a new game to the Count he piled up a very good score and no doubt after some practice will rank with our best amateurs. The New Years' Day shoot fell to Green who led Chamberlain by two targets. Chamberlain led in the DuPont event and Green in the Stevens with the rest of the shooters close on their heels. The following show the percentages shot:

	Per Cent.
Count Mankowski	85
Dr. Downs	80
Harry Ide	73
Dr. Mason	70
Albert Cluett	70
Harry Ludlow	48
A. M. Ide	35
Mrs. A. M. Ide	35
Mrs. Harry Ide	35
I. Green	82
R. Chamberlain	80
C. Mann	60
J. Wentworth	58
F. Tarrant	48
P. Kearney	50
F. Nolan	50
E. Hammond	40

J. M. COREY, Secretary.

TRAP SHOOTING YOUGHIOGHENY COUNTRY CLUB.

McKeesport, Pa.

The mild weather brought out a goodly number to the practice shoot at the Youghioghenny County Club, Saturday afternoon. J. F. Calhoun did some remarkable shooting, only missing one bird out of the 50 bird event. Dr. Aber followed him closely with 42 out of 50 and Dr. Heisey with 40 out of 50. The events were as follows. In the preliminary event out of 25 birds shot at:—

First Event—Cornelius, 12; Byard, 20; Gretzner, 4; Wilson, 17.
 Second Event—Byard, 19; Gretzner, 10; Morningstar, 14; Wilson, 16; Cornelius, 11.

Third Event—Heisey, 13; Aber, 21; Wilson, 15.
 In the regular fifty bird event, scores were as follows:

		Total
J. F. Calhoun	25	24
Dr. Aber	21	21
Dr. Heisey	19	21
G. Byard	18	19
Dr. Ord	17	17
J. W. Wilson	18	15
J. Morningstar	17	12
P. Gretzner	10	18
W. A. Cornelius	13	14
J. A. C. Sword	11	15

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION.

Registered Tournaments.

The Interstate Association at its annual meeting in 1914 made very few changes in the conditions governing registered tournaments. The plan of 1914 was so successful in its working that the directors decided to continue it in force during the year 1915.

Like every radical move made by the association in the twenty-two years of its existence, doubt was cast upon the decision, made at its annual meeting in 1913, to favor that class of sportsmen who indulge in trap shooting for the sport's sake only by making its contributions to registered tournaments part in trophies, instead of all in cash. It is worthy of note that the change met with popular favor, and that the results fully justify the wisdom of the departure. The records show that 881 trophies were well distributed among 626 contestants—479 different contestants winning one trophy, 88 winning two, 34 winning three, 11 winning four, 8 winning five, 2 winning six and 4 winning seven—all of whom, no doubt, feel proud of the emblems they received as rewards of merit.

The scheme whereby the several state amateur championships were brought together at the 1914 Grand American Handicap Tournament to compete for the National Amateur Championship also received the stamp of approval from the trapshooting world. Thirty-five of the thirty-six states that held registered state tournaments previous to the Grand American Handicap had a representative present to compete for the honor. The contest attracted much attention throughout the entire trap shooting season, and it was a feature event of the Grand American Tournament. This departure was so eminently successful that it has been continued without change for 1915.

Trophy Plan for 1915.

While the trophy plan of 1914 was very satisfactory, it is the intention this year to inaugurate an entirely new idea in the distribution of trophies. In brief the plan is as follows:

Arrangements have been made with one of the foremost jewelers and silversmiths in the country which will permit each trophy winner to select from a choice list of merchandise the particular article which appeals personally to the successful contestant, this article to be suitably engraved and forwarded, charges paid, to any point.

The trophies will be illustrated and described in a four-page folder, which will be sent in advance of tournaments to club secretaries and others interested. The club secretaries will also be furnished with forms to be filled in with names and addresses of the winners, trophies desired and other data.

The buying power of the association is such that most attractive trophies are assured. Among the trophies The Interstate Association is to feature sterling silver table ware, giving contestants an opportunity to eventually win complete sets of that useful merchandise. While The Interstate Association trophies will be more or less special in design, arrangements have been made with the manufacturers to handle any orders at their regular retail prices which may be sent them. This will enable prize winners to complete sets of silverware or secure duplicates of any trophy won. This method, briefly outlined, shows, we believe, many desirable features which will appeal to the tournament contestant. The scheme is offered with the hope that all trapshooters will find it acceptable.

New Ruling for 1915.

The principal change made for 1915 was the fixing of a time limit for the filing of applications carrying requests for contributions. In 1914 the association was obligated for the entire amount of its Registered Tournament Fund by March 15th, and many applications for contributions were received after the fund had been exhausted. Failure to secure contributions caused more or less ill feeling among the clubs that were too late in applying. To obviate this in 1915, February 15th has been fixed as the date on or before which applications carrying requests for contributions must be filed to be considered, and no application will be passed upon before said has expired. This applies to all applications carrying requests for contributions, with the exception of applications for state tournaments. Inasmuch as all state tournaments are provided for alike in respect to contributions, such applications may be filed at any time.

Apportionment of Fund.

In the apportionment of the Register Fund for 1915, approximately \$9,000.00 will be contributed to state tournaments and approximately \$11,000.00 will be contributed to tournaments other than state tournaments.

Approximately \$8,000.00 of the total Registered Tournament Fund will be contributed in trophies. Purchasing trophies in such large quantities means additional value for the fortunate winners.

To each approved state tournament The Interstate Association will contribute \$225.00, part of which will be in trophies, irrespective of the population of the State in which the tournament is held.

The \$225.00 contributed to a Registered State Tournament will be made up as follows: \$100.00 in cash, which shall be awarded as the club holding the tournament wishes; \$75.00 in seven (7), trophies, which shall be awarded to the winners of the first seven places (high guns) in "The Interstate Association's State Amateur Championship" event, and \$50.00 in cash, which shall be awarded to the winner of the State championship (or to the runner-up, in case the winner cannot attend the Grand American Handicap Tournament), conditional on said winner, or runner-up, making entry and competing in the National Amateur Championship at the Grand American Handicap Tournament.

A club holding a registered State tournament to which a contribution is made shall schedule an event to be known as "The Interstate Association's State Amateur Championship," said event to be at 100 single targets, 16 yards rise, high guns win, open only to bona fide residents of the State in which the tournament is held, and any amateur contestant shooting for "Targets Only" shall be eligible to win said State championship and any of the trophies contributed by The Interstate Association.

The foregoing applies to register State tournaments to which contributions are made by The Interstate Association.

The following applies to registered tournaments other than tournaments given by leagues of gun clubs and special organizations:

To each approved tournament, irrespective as to whether it will be a one day, two days, three days or more tournament, The Interstate Association will contribute \$50.00, part of which, or all, will be in trophies.

It is optional with the club holding the tournament as to whether The Interstate Association's contribution shall be made one-half in cash and one-half in trophies, or whether it shall be made all in trophies, but it shall NOT be made all in cash.

Any amateur contestant shooting for "Targets Only" at a registered tournament shall be eligible to win any of the trophies contributed by The Interstate Association.

A club holding a registered tournament shall give, on the Information Sheet furnished by The Interstate Association, the names of the winners of the trophies contributed by The Interstate Association.

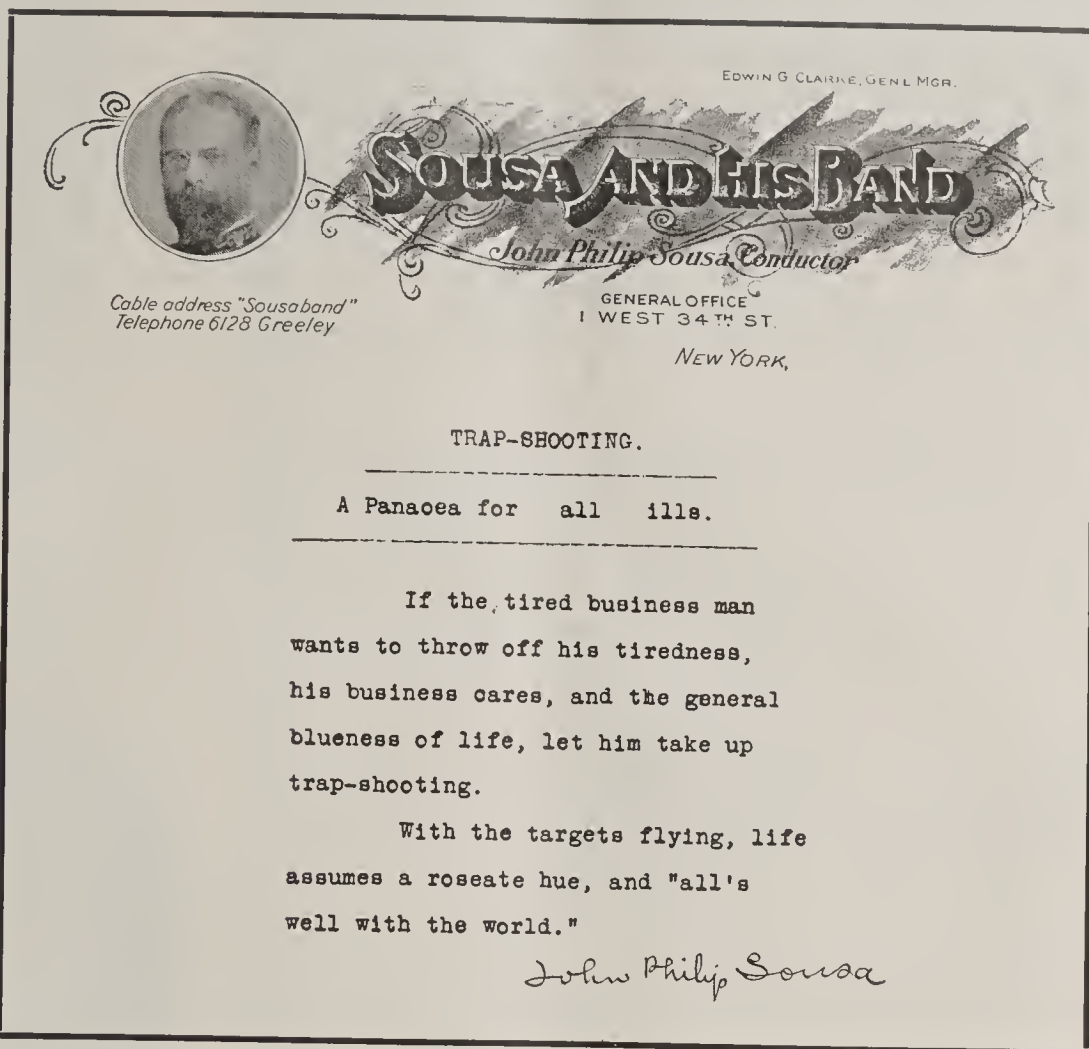
When the Registered Tournament Fund of approximately \$20,000.00 is exhausted tournaments will be registered, but without any contribution by The Interstate Association.

Information in General.

The Interstate Association's primary object in registering tournaments is to encourage State associations and leagues of gun clubs; therefore, it is the associa-

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tion's present intention to do all in its power to urge and foster the formation of State associations and leagues of gun clubs in those States where none now exist.

A State Association or a league of gun clubs, to secure recognition from The Interstate Association, must have a membership of five or more bona fide clubs located in five or more different cities or towns.

The Interstate Association, at its discretion, may exact proof of the proper organization of any State association, or league of gun clubs, which applies for a registered tournament.

Any club a member in good standing of a State association or of a league of gun clubs in a State that has no State association may apply for registration. Applications from clubs not members of a State association or of a league of gun clubs will not be considered.

When a club applies for a two or more days tournament, the granting of such application will depend on the attendance at and success of previous registered tournaments of said club, if any were held. The determination of whether it shall be a one day or two days' tournament is at the discretion of The Interstate Association.

Clubs located in States where there are no State associations or leagues of gun clubs may register their tournaments under The Interstate Association's old policy. The Interstate Association makes no contribution to tournaments registered under its old policy, but the scores made at such tournaments become a part of the official averages for the year.

Management.

The management of The Interstate Association concedes to the management of any registered tournament The Interstate Association powers as set forth in Rule 1, Section Nos. 1 and 2, of the Trap Shooting Rules, as revised in 1909, in respect to said registered tournament.

The management of The Interstate Association has the authority and power to inquire into and deal with any matter relating to fraud in connection with any registered tournament, and to bar any person or persons concerned in any fraudulent practices.

A club holding a registered tournament must pay all moneys and prizes as announced therewith. Failing therein, any club so offending will be barred till the default is cleared.

The Interstate Association's cash contribution will not be paid to any club until such time as such club, holding a registered tournament, shall have sent in the requisite report of the tournament to The Interstate Association.

The Interstate Association's cash contribution of \$50.00 to the winner, or to the runner-up, of "The Interstate Association's State Amateur Championship" at a State tournament, will not be paid until such time as the Grand American Handicap Tournament is held, and then only on the condition that said winner, or the runner-up, makes entry and competes in the "National Amateur Championship" event at the Grand American Handicap Tournament.

A club making application to hold a registered tournament shall not include "Practice Day" in the dates registered, as the scores made on said day shall not be counted in the yearly average.

A club holding a registered tournament shall send a printed program of the tournament to the secretary of The Interstate Association at least 15 days before the opening date of the tournament.

A club holding a registered tournament shall use The Interstate Association's Trap Shooting Rules, as revised in 1909, and shall conduct the tournament strictly in accordance therewith. It, therefore, must not change or modify the rule relating to shooting at a broken target.

A club which has been duly authorized to hold a registered tournament shall give one page of its program, of which the copy will be furnished by The Interstate Association, for purpose of announcing the amount of The Interstate Association's contribution and for purpose of publicity.

The Interstate Association respectfully suggests that the regular program for a registered tournament consists of not less than 150 targets nor more than 200 targets per day.

If a club holding a registered tournament defaults on its agreement in any particular, permission for further registered tournaments will not be granted.

Miscellaneous Rules.

Not more than two tournaments of any one club shall be registered in any one year. For the year 1915 a contribution will not be made to more than one tournament of any one club.

No tournament shall be registered for a Sunday only. A tournament which includes a Sunday may be registered, but the scores made on weekdays only shall count in the yearly averages.

A club holding a registered tournament shall allow any contestant, who so desires, to shoot for "Targets Only" in any or all events.

A club holding a registered tournament shall not charge more than 2 cents for each target shot at, except in the case of a club located in a section where freight rates are excessively high, thus making targets cost much more than they do in the East, in which case such club may charge 2½ cents or 3 cents per target, if it is customary to make such charge at tournaments.

A club which has been duly authorized to hold a registered tournament shall require contestants to give their names and addresses on blanks furnished by The Interstate Association, and said blanks, FILLED OUT BY THE CONTESTANTS, shall be sent to the secretary of The Interstate Association at the time the report of the tournament is mailed.

A club holding a registered tournament where shooting names (assumed names) are allowed must forward to the secretary of The Interstate Association, with the other records, the real names of those using assumed names.

With the exception of practice day, weather permitting, a tournament shall be started in the morning before 11 o'clock, and the time of starting shall be stated in the program. The hour shall be reasonably governed by the scheduled time of arrival of trains or trolleys at the place where the tournament is held.

All scores shall be shot in competition, and no scores shall be recorded which are shot prior to the advertised hour for starting the competition.

No contestant, whether amateur or professional, shall be allowed to "shoot up" any event or events other than events one, two and three scheduled for the first day of the tournament, on the first day, and this in no case unless the unanimous consent of the other contestants and the management are given.

No contestant, whether amateur or professional, shall be allowed to shoot any event or events in advance of the regular order of scheduled time for the competition as designated in the program.

No contestant, whether amateur or professional, shall be allowed to shoot any event or events other than those of the one day's program except in case the entry list is so large, or unavoidable conditions such, that it is necessary to carry over a tournament from day to day. The scores of any event or events thus carried over shall be recorded as being made on the day for which said event or events were originally scheduled.

Registration as herein set forth applies to United States clubs only. The old policy is still in force as to Canadian clubs.

DU PONT GUN CLUB TROPHY SPOON IDEA FOR 1915 POPULAR.

Innovation in the Way of a Trapshooting Trophy Meets With Instant Favor.

An innovation in the way of a trapshooting trophy for gun clubs is provided in the DuPont

1915 Gun Club trophy spoon. Several weeks ago, the DuPont Co. announced that this year's gun club trophy would be an especially and appropriately designed sterling silver teaspoon manufactured by Tiffany & Co., of New York. Instantly the idea seemed to meet with general favor on the part of trapshooters, and many clubs have made application for a DuPont spoon for their clubs.

One feature of the DuPont 1915 trophy proposition which is particularly pleasing is that an opportunity is offered any club to secure any number of these spoons that it desires. Every active and deserving club will be awarded one spoon, and they may purchase additional ones at \$1.50 each, postpaid. Under this arrangement a club may, at nominal cost, secure an attractive and useful supply of trophies sufficient to last through the season, and which will, beyond any question of doubt make their club shoots more and more interesting to their members.

A cut of the DuPont, 1915 Gun Club trophy is illustrated herewith and it surely comes up to the high DuPont standard of other years, and will, no doubt be immensely popular with the shooting fraternity. Gun Clubs desiring to secure these handsome trophies should write to T. E. Doremus, Manager, Sporting Powder Division, DuPont Co., Wilmington, Delaware.



An Ideal Hunting Lodge

One Thousand Acre Hunting Preserve Abounding in Partridge, Wild Turkey, Deer, Squirrel, Rabbit, Fox, Opossum and Raccoon. Adjacent to Quebec - Miami Automobile Highway and Southern Railway—in Southern Virginia.

Owing to the growing scarcity of game, and danger to life, the time is fast approaching when sportsmen will have to own their own preserves. This is an unusual opportunity to secure, at a low price, a very valuable piece of property, especially suited to the uses of a hunting lodge.

Address HUNTING LODGE
Forest and Stream 22 Thames St., N. Y. C.

ITHACA GUN COMPANY JOINS INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 30, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Please be kind enough to announce in the trap department of *Forest and Stream* that the Ithaca Gun Company, of Ithaca, New York, has been elected a member of The Interstate Association, and oblige.

The Interstate Association, E. Reed Shaner, Secretary.

UTICA FIELD AND GUN CLUB.

Utica, N. Y., Feb. 7.—The new gun club has "arrived." It has formed, elected its officers, appointed its committees to look up suitable shooting lodge sites and will incorporate right away as the "Utica Sportsmen's Association, Inc." As a result of the latest entrant, there will be three clubs shooting full blast within a month. E. J. Loughlin of the Genessee Gun Club announces a shoot at his place for next Sunday, and the Utica Field & Gun Club is breaking clay right along.

The new organization is made up of business and professional men almost exclusively, and represents quite a bit of coin. It is understood that the members are going to it on broad and ambitious lines with the idea of putting up a club house that will be quite an affair, and running the club so that it will be quite an agreeable place for the lady shooters to go if they care to do so. For some time the lack of a gun club grounds has been deplored by the amateur Dianas of the city who would like to mix tea biscuits and sliced lemon with light loads and softly booted trap guns. Both of the older clubs have good grounds but unfortunately there are no shady, wide verandahs on the shooting shacks or suitable rooms for changing into shooting frocks. Those of the ladies who like to shoot are expecting that the new club will provide both.

Dope has it that the new club house may be located in the vicinity of Utica Park, thus insuring crowds for every shoot, inasmuch as it would be the most easily reached of all the clubs. The committee on grounds is hustling around for a place and is to report at the next meeting.

When the club was organized the other night it was with the following officers: President, George L. Brayton; vice-president, Dr. F. T. Simmons; secretary, Jerome DeBee, who also belongs to the Utica Field & Gun Club, and treasurer, John J. Tritten, who thought of the idea first. These are the other men in the new organization: R. S. Green, Charles A. Nelson, George F. Murray, J. H. Horrocks, Tom L. Davidson, W. R. Owens, George E. Fuller, E. C. Richards, Dr. F. S. DeLong, J. J. O'Neil, F. D. Curtis of Oriskany Falls, W. T. Cantwell, F. J. Sisson, A. B. Maynard, Dr. A. S. Mahady, E. V. Dibble, Henry G. Siem, F. M. Black, F. R. Latta, F. G. Morrison, W. C. Harris, F. B. Lee, Theodore Steinhorst, P. J. Blake, J. Phil Bannigan, C. H. Ballou, George W. Weaver, Jr., Tom W. Johnson, Delos M. Johnson, William Ainsworth, W. E. Corfield, and A. J. Ackert.

Most of these men are well known in the local field as rabbit or bird hunters. A number of them are dog breeders of repute. Tom Johnson is the owner of Malwyd Rhoda, the clever little English setter bitch who is to be exhibited in the bench show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club this week.

John McCormack

Favorite of Three Continents

The most popular Concert Singer who has ever toured America, says:

"I smoke Tuxedo because it is the mildest tobacco I have yet found; yet Tuxedo, with its mildness, is distinguished by a rich flavor and fragrance that is unique."

John McCormack



"The Mildest Tobacco I Have Yet Found"

You know John McCormack, the greatest lyric tenor of three continents; you have sat under the spell of his sweet, luscious Irish voice; you have admired his robust, magnetic personality. This wonderful singer gives more concerts in one season than any other great artist. He makes the most strenuous tours, from coast to coast, giving recitals night after night, rendering almost the entire programme himself.

Under such exacting conditions, McCormack must be extremely careful of the tobacco he uses. Yet he smokes Tuxedo as freely as he wishes. Tuxedo refreshes his mind and body and does not the slightest harm to his voice.

Tuxedo
The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Think what it bespeaks for the mildness and soothing qualities of Tuxedo when the world's two greatest tenors—McCormack, lyric tenor, and Caruso, tenor robusto—endorse its use.

No matter how sensitive your throat and tongue may be you can safely smoke Tuxedo—and you'll always find it mellow and pleasant, rich in fragrance, soft as cream in your mouth.

Tuxedo absolutely cannot bite your tongue. The famous "Tuxedo Process" has taken the last particle of bite out of the fine ripe leaves of choice Kentucky Burley from which TUXEDO is made.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch . . . **5c** Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket **10c**
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Following are the scores made at the shoot of the Utica Field & Gun Club, Saturday:

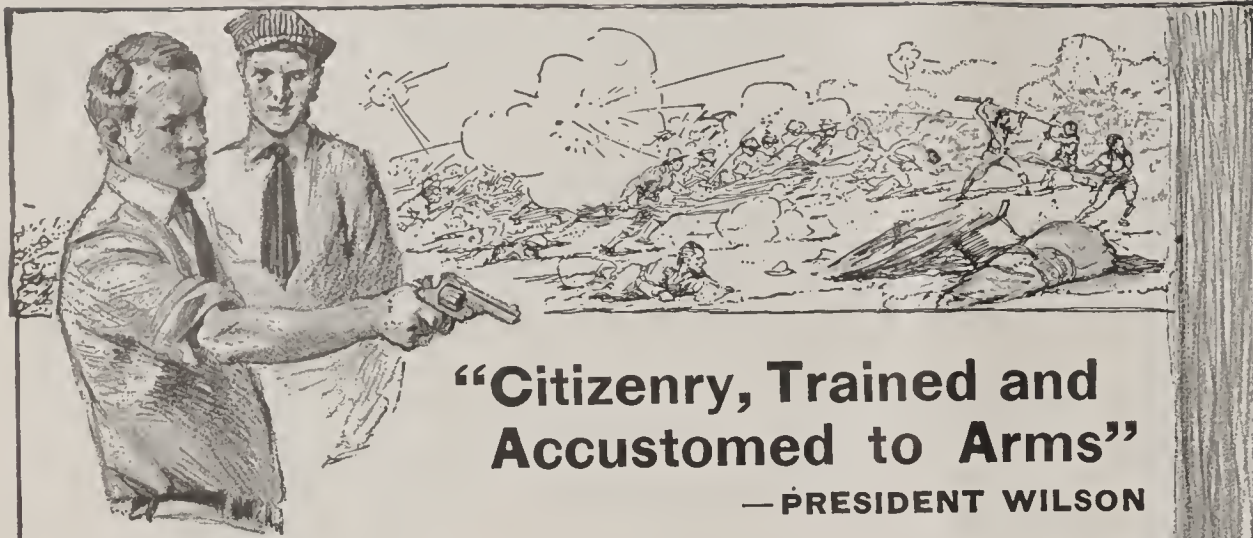
Name.	Shot At.	Broke	P. C.
Charles Wood	75	71	.946
W. E. Corfield	50	47	.940
H. Lancaster	60	51	.850
J. Richards	115	95	.826
C. Tompkins	100	80	.800
E. C. Wehl	75	55	.733
J. Weber	130	92	.707
Ed. Loughlin	100	70	.700
Fred Schiller	115	79	.687
C. Bagg	60	40	.666
H. Bennett	95	37	.389
H. Creswell	60	22	.366
G. Williams	30	10	.333
H. Hand	73	20	.266

Ideal Hand Book.

The new Ideal Hand Book (No. 25) is now ready. The many thousands of shooters who know the book should write for a copy of the new edition at once.

For the benefit of those shooters who have not been so fortunate as to have a copy of the Ideal Hand Book in the past; we are pleased to state that "The Ideal Hand Book of Useful Information for Shooters" is a large 160 page book issued each year by The Marlin Firearms Co., and furnished without charge or obligation to any shooter sufficiently interested to send three stamps postage for the book. The principal purpose of the book is to show that the modern cartridge is a simple thing—that any intelligent shooter using proper tools and good judgment, can reload his rifle, pistol and shotgun ammunition understandingly. He can adapt his loads exactly to his particular gun and his special requirements—and enjoy a "hobby" that cuts down his shooting expenses considerably.

It contains a world of useful information for shooters, answering fully and clearly such questions as "What is a caliber—or gauge?" "What is the diameter of the bore in the various rifles?" "What is the twist of rifling in any standard rifle?" "What are the ballistics of the various cartridges?" etc. It illustrates,



"Citizenry, Trained and Accustomed to Arms"
— PRESIDENT WILSON

Get accustomed to gun powder. Learn to shoot straight. That's at least 50% of a soldier's equipment.

Perhaps the training will stand you in stead in some moment of personal danger. The lives of your wife and children may sometime depend on your steadiness and courage. The best weapon to practice with is the

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

It is absolutely safe. It is accurate and reliable. It is simple in operation and will not fail you in a pinch. There are no levers to adjust or forget. Its safety is automatic—part of the action. All you have to remember is to pull the trigger.

Costs \$6 at Hardware and Sporting Goods Stores

Send for an 84-page book on Revolvers, Shot Guns, Bicycles and Motorcycles. It is free.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
356 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

99 Chambers Street, New York

717 Market Street, San Francisco



Western Walnut Grip, fitted to a 6-shot 32 calibre

tells how to cast, and gives the diameter and weight of the round balls for use in shotguns, explains how they are loaded and shows what results can be secured, explains how powder is bought and how measured for use in rifles and shotguns, telling how many cartridges one pound of powder will load with any given charge; gives tables reducing drams to grains, tables of primers, bullets and powders, showing clearly just what powder, primer, bullet, etc. to use for any rifle or pistol.

To answer the inquiry: "Does it pay to reload shells?" there are tables showing the actual cost of the factory cartridge compared with the cost of reloaded cartridges, showing in detail the cost of primed shells, cost of powder, cost of bullets ready made, cost of bullets



New .44 Revolver Bullet and .30 U. S. Spitzer point gas-check bullet shown in Ideal Book No. 25.

when you make them yourself, etc. The information in this book is essentially accurate and reliable and it will certainly make the average man sit up and take notice when he sees what a surprisingly big saving can be effected by reloading his shells. The books shows that the .22 Savage High Powder cartridges usually sold to the consumer at \$3.42 per hundred, can be reloaded with a charge that compares very favorably with the factory load, at an expense of 62c per 100. The .25-20 high velocity factory cartridges cost \$1.70 per 100; you can reload them with a mighty satisfactory load at an expense of only 59c. The .25-35 and .25-36 factory cart-

ridges sell at \$2.97 per 100; they can be reloaded for high power requirements at 79c per 100. The 30-30 and .303 factory cartridges sell for \$3.42 per 100; you can reload the empty shells and have 100 first class cartridges for 97c.

The book shows how by the use of modern reloading tools anyone can cast perfect bullets, exactly suited to his particular rifle or pistol; and after the bullet is made it is an extremely simple matter to prepare the cartridges as it is only necessary to expel the old primer, seat the new primer, insert powder charge, place bullet in end of shell and crimp the shell on to the bullet, all of these operations being performed in a single, simple and inexpensive set of tools. 100 cartridges like the .32-40 H. P. cartridge cost \$3.42 per 100; the shells can be reloaded with factory bullets and have the same identical powder charges and primers as in the new shells for \$1.35. You save \$2.07 while enjoying one of the most pleasant and interesting half-hours of your shooting experiences.

Send 3 stamps postage to-day to The Marlin Firearms Co., 27 Willow St., New Haven, Conn., and get your copy.

RIFLE AND REVOLVER.

NATIONAL MILITARY SCHOOL COMPETITION
Match No. 3. Week Ending February 3, 1915.

CLASS A.
New Mexico Military Institute, Roswell, N. M., 976, vs. New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y., 950; St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wisc., 928, vs. Bordentown, New Jersey Military Institute, 925; Northwestern Military & Naval Academy, Highland Park, Ill., 889, vs. Harvard Military School, Los Angeles, Cal., 849; Kemper Military School, Boonville, Mo., 884, vs. St. John's School, Manlius, N. Y., 870.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
New Mexico97	3	0

New York93	2	1
St. John's Military92	3	0
Bordentown91	0	3
St. John's School87	2	1
Northwestern85	1	2
Harvard85	0	3
Kemper59	1	2

CLASS B.

Morgan Park Illinois Academy, 924, vs. Wentworth Military Academy, Lexington, Mo., 917; Hitchcock Military Academy, San Rafael, Cal., 832, vs. Shattuck School, Faribault, Minn., 807; Miami Military Institute, Germantown, O., 839, vs. Bingham School, Asheville, N. C., 760; Tennessee Military Institute, Sweetwater, Tenn., 893, vs. Nazareth Pennsylvania Hall Military Academy, 655.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Morgan Park89	2	1
Tennessee89	3	0
Miami81	2	1
Hitchcock81	2	1
Bingham79	1	2
Shattuck79	2	1
Nazareth65	0	3
Wentworth60	0	3

Match No. 4. Week Ending February 10, 1915.

CLASS A.

New Mexico Military Institute, Roswell, N. M., 969, vs. Northwestern Military and Naval Academy, Highland Park, Ill., 951; New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y., 967, St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wisc., 934; Bordentown, New Jersey Military Institute, 932, vs. St. John's School, Manlius, N. Y., 895; Kemper Military School, Boonville, Mo., 913, vs. Harvard Military School, Los Angeles, Cal., 882.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
New Mexico97	4	0
New York Military94	3	1
St. John's Military93	3	1
Bordentown92	1	3
St. John's School88	2	2
Northwestern Military & Naval88	1	3
Harvard86	0	4
Kemper67	2	2

CLASS B.

Wentworth Military Academy, Lexington, Mo., 942, vs. Hitchcock Military Academy, San Rafael, Cal., 795; Morgan Park, Illinois Academy, 935, vs. Nazareth Pennsylvania Hall Military Academy, 673; Tennessee Military Institute, Sweetwater, Tenn., 916, vs. Miami Military Institute, Germantown, O., 878; Bingham School, Asheville, N. C., 824, vs. Shattuck School, Faribault, Minn., 783.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Morgan Park90	3	1
Tennessee89	4	0
Miami83	2	2
Hitchcock80	2	2
Bingham80	2	2
Shattuck79	2	2
Wentworth69	1	3
Nazareth65	0	4

NATIONAL INTERCOLLEGIATE GALLERY COMPETITION.

Match No. 3. Week Ending January 28, 1915.

CLASS A.

Massachusetts Agricultural College, 971, vs. Iowa State University, 963; West Virginia University, 954, vs. Purdue University, 925; U. S. Naval Academy, 948, vs. Norwich University, 939; Michigan Agricultural Mechanical College, 971, vs. University of Minnesota, 952; University of California, 938, vs. University of Illinois, 937; Washington State College, 984, vs. Cornell University, 964.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Washington State98	2	1
Michigan Agric.97	3	0
Mass. Agric.97	2	1
Iowa State96	2	1
Cornell96	1	2
West Virginia96	3	0
U. S. N. Academy94	1	2
California94	2	1
Illinois94	1	2
Minnesota94	1	2
Norwich94	0	3
Purdue92	0	3

CLASS B, MATCH NO. 1.

University of Pennsylvania, 957, vs. Worcester Polytechnic Institute, 937; University of Vermont, 923, vs. Dartmouth College, 902; Princeton University, 882, vs. University of Wisconsin, 857; Notre Dame University, 926, vs. Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, 891; University of Maine, 935, vs. North Georgia Agricultural College, 916.

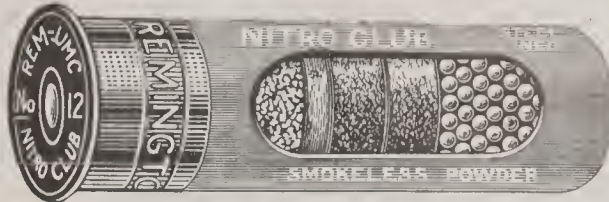
CLASS C, MATCH NO. 1.

Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, 799, vs. Rhode Island State College, 791; Yale University, 889, vs. University of Arizona, 871; University of Michigan, 861, vs. University of Washington, 779; Kansas State Agricultural College, 880, vs. University of Idaho, 726; University of Nebraska, 846, vs. Lehigh University, defaulted.

Match No. 2. Week Ending January 21, 1915.

CLASS A.

Michigan Agricultural Mechanical College, 969, vs. Cornell University, 964; West Virginia University, 962, vs. University of Illinois, 940; Iowa State University, 968, vs. U. S. Naval Academy, 945; Washington State College, 978, vs. Massachusetts Agricultural College, 965; University of Minnesota, 937, vs. Purdue University, 929; University of California, 945, vs. Norwich University, 940.



Why Do Speed Shell Shooters Win Oftenest At The Traps?

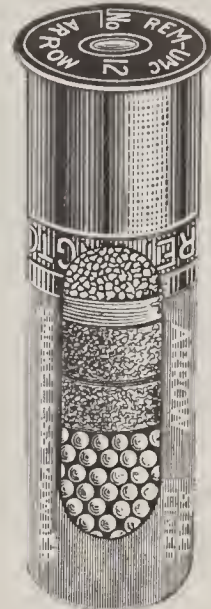
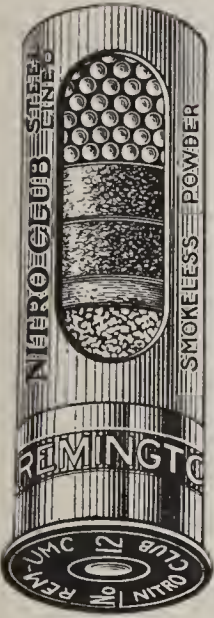
Would you like to know *why* shooters of Remington-UMC Arrow and Nitro Club Steel Lined Speed Shells have a better chance to break targets?

Would you like to know *why* the shot charges from Arrow and Nitro Club Shells get to the targets quicker? Why shooters of these shells do not have to hold so far ahead of birds? Why they can come nearer to point blank shooting?

A Post Card will bring to you a copy of "Inside Shot Shell Facts Laid Bare"
-- containing most interesting information that will suggest the way to better scores.

WRITE TODAY!

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299 Broadway, NEW YORK



STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Washington State ..1,951	.97	1	1
Michigan Agric.1,944	.97	2	0
Iowa State97	2	0
Mass. Agric.1,928	.96	1	1
West Virginia96	2	0
Cornell96	1	1
California94	1	1
U. S. N. Academy ..1,887	.94	0	2
Illinois94	1	1
Norwich94	0	2
Minnesota93	1	1
Purdue92	0	2

CLASS C, MATCH NO. 2.

University of Michigan, 902, vs. University of Arizona, 833; University of Washington, 814, vs. Lehigh University, 807; Yale University, 927, vs. Kansas State Agricultural College, 903; University of Nebraska, 906, vs. Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, 822; Rhode Island State College, 827, vs. University of Idaho, 795.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Yale University ..1,816	.91	2	0
Univ. of Neb.1,807	.90	2	0
Kansas State Agric.1,783	.80	1	1
Univ. of Mich.1,763	.88	2	0
Univ. of Arizona...1,704	.85	0	2
Mississippi Agri-cultural & Mech.1,621	.81	1	1
Rhode Island State.1,618	.81	1	1
Univ. of Wash.1,593	.80	1	1
Univ. of Idaho1,521	.76	0	2
Lehigh40	0	2

Notre Dame272	.92	1	2
Dartmouth	2,704	.90	0	3
Princeton	2,659	.89	1	2
Univ. of Wis.2,641	.88	1	2	
Oklahoma Agricul-tural & Mech.2,636	.88	0	3	

CLASS C, MATCH NO. 3.

University of Nebraska, 903, vs. University of Idaho, 843; Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, 871, vs. Lehigh University 841; Yale University, 900; vs. Rhode Island State College, defaulted; University of Michigan, 904, vs. Kansas State Agricultural College, 896; University of Arizona, 869, vs. University of Washington, 839.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.	
Yale2,716	.90	3	0
Nebraska	2,710	.90	3	0
Kansas State Agric.2,679	.89	1	2	
Michigan	2,667	.89	3	0
Arizona	2,573	.86	1	2
Mississippi Agricul-tural & Mech.2,492	.83	2	1	
Washington	2,432	.82	1	2
Idaho	2,364	.79	0	3
Lehigh	1,648	.55	0	3
Rhode Island State.1,618	.54	1	2	

NATIONAL INTER-CLUB GALLERY.

Match No. 6. Week Ending January 28, 1915.
CLASS A.
Warren, Pennsylvania Rifle Club, 991, vs. Dickinson North Dakota Rifle Club, 979; The Park Club, Bridgeport, Conn., 988, vs. District of Columbia Rifle Association, 981; Boston, Massachusetts Rifle and Revolver Club, 962, vs. Adrian, Michigan Rifle Club, 947; Engineers Rifle and Revolver Club, Cleveland, O., 994, vs. Stillwater, Minnesota Rifle Club, 953; Peters Rifle and Revolver Club, Kings Mills, O., 995, vs. Birmingham, Alabama Athletic Club Rifle Association, 975; Bucyrus, Ohio Rifle Association, 988, vs. Manchester, New Hampshire Rifle and Pistol Club, 971.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.	
Engineers	5,948	.99	6	0
Park Club	5,947	.99	5	1
Peters	5,946	.99	4	2
Warren	5,943	.99	6	0
Dist. of Col.5,909	.98	4	2	
Bucyrus	5,908	.98	4	2
Birmingham	5,826	.97	4	2
Manchester	5,822	.97	1	5
Dickinson	5,772	.96	1	5
Adrian	5,698	.95	0	6
Stillwater	5,692	.95	0	6
Boston	5,680	.95	1	5

CLASS B.

Gisholt Rifle Club, Madison, Wis., 967, vs. Swiss Rifle Club, Louisville, Ky., 929; Hopkins, Minnesota Rifle Club, 957, vs. Milwaukee, Wisconsin Rifle and Pistol Club, 947; Youngstown, Ohio Rifle and Revolver Club, 974, vs. Tacoma, Washington Rifle Club, 948; Marion,

CLASS A.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Washington State ..3,916	.98	3	1
Michigan Agric.3,895	.97	4	0
Iowa State97	3	1
Mass. Agric.3,862	.96	2	2
Cornell96	2	2
West Virginia3,845	.96	3	1
U. S. N. Academy ..3,786	.95	2	2
California94	3	1
Minnesota94	1	3
Illinois94	1	3
Norwich94	0	4
Purdue92	0	4

CLASS B, MATCH NO. 2.

University of Pennsylvania, 942, vs. Dartmouth College, 891; North Georgia Agricultural College, 919, vs. Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, 873; University of Vermont, 931, vs. Notre Dame University, 913; Worcester Polytechnic Institute, 915, vs. University of Wisconsin, 872; University of Maine, 922, vs. Princeton University, 895.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
University of Pa...1,899	.95	2	0
University of Me. .1,857	.93	2	0
University of Va. .1,854	.93	2	0
Wor. Poly. Inst. .1,852	.93	1	1
Notre Dame92	1	1
No. Georgia Agric.1,835	.92	1	1
Dartmouth90	0	2
Princeton89	1	1
Oklahoma Agricul-tural & Mech.1,764	.88	0	2
Univ. of Wis.1,729	.86	0	2

CLASS B, MATCH NO. 3.

University of Pennsylvania, 950, vs. Notre Dame University, 933; University of Vermont, 946, vs. Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, 872; University of Wisconsin, 912, vs. Dartmouth College, 911; Worcester Polytechnic Institute, 937, vs. University of Maine, 917; North Georgia Agricultural College, 953, vs. Princeton University, 882.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Univ. of Pa.2,849	.95	3	0
Univ. of Va.2,800	.93	3	2
Wor. Poly. Inst. .2,780	.93	2	1
No. Georgia Agric.2,788	.93	2	1
Univ. of Me.2,774	.92	2	1

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Ohio Rifle Club, 976, vs. Watertown, New York Rifle Club, 956; First Missouri Infantry Rifle Club, St. Louis, Mo., 971, vs. Hoosier Rifle Club, Indianapolis, Ind., 940; Bangor, Maine Rifle Association, 985, vs. Waveland Rifle Club, Des Moines, Ia., 954.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Bangor98	6	0
Marion97	6	0
1st Missouri97	5	1
Youngstown96	3	3
Gisholt95	3	3
Hopkins95	3	3
Watertown, N. Y.95	2	4
Milwaukee94	2	4
Waveland94	1	5
Tacoma94	2	4
Swiss93	2	4
Hoosier93	1	5

CLASS C.

Buffalo, New York Rifle Club, 969, vs. Albion, Indiana Rifle Club, 947; Ogden, Utah Rifle and Revolver Club, 954, vs. Detroit, Michigan Rifle and Revolver Club, 948; Tucson, Arizona Rifle Club, 947, vs. Payette, Idaho Rifle Club, 915; New Haven, Connecticut Grays Rifle Club, 968, vs. Corinna, Maine Rifle Club, 928; Watertown, South Dakota Rifle Club, 966, vs. Louisville, Kentucky Rifle and Revolver Club, 926; Kane, Pennsylvania Rifle Club, 970, vs. Salt Lake, Utah Rifle and Revolver Club, 964.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Buffalo96	6	0
Watertown96	4	2
New Haven96	6	0
Ogden95	3	3
Salt Lake95	3	3
Tucson95	3	3
Kane94	3	3
Albion93	3	3
Louisville91	2	4
Payette90	1	5
Corinna86	0	6
Detroit63	2	4

Match No. 7. Week Ending February 4, 1915.

CLASS A.

Warren, Pennsylvania Rifle Club, 986, vs. District of Columbia Rifle Association, 986; Engineers Rifle and Revolver Club, Cleveland, O., 998, vs. Peters Rifle and Revolver Club, Kings Mills, O., 994; The Park Club, Bridgeport, Conn., 996, vs. Birmingham, Alabama Athletic Rifle Association, 960; Manchester, New Hampshire Rifle and Pistol Club, 978, vs. Dickinson, North Dakota Rifle Club, 977; Stillwater, Minnesota Rifle Club, 966, vs. Boston, Massachusetts Rifle and Revolver Club, 942; Bucyrus, Ohio Rifle Association, 981, vs. Adrian, Michigan Rifle Club, 953.

CLASS A. STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Engineers99	7	0
Park Club99	6	1
Peters99	4	3
Warren99	7	0
Dist. of Col.98	4	3
Bucyrus98	5	2
Manchester97	2	5
Birmingham97	4	3
Dickinson96	1	6
Stillwater95	1	6
Adrian95	0	7
Boston95	1	6

CLASS B.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin Rifle and Pistol Club, 965, vs. Tacoma, Washington Rifle Club, 934; Waveland Rifle Club, Des Moines, Ia., 968, vs. Watertown, New York Rifle Club, 964; First Missouri Infantry Rifle Club, St. Louis, Mo., 974, vs. Gisholt Rifle Club, Madison, Wis., 959; Swiss Rifle Club, Louisville, Ky., 961, vs. Hopkins Minnesota Rifle Club, 934; Youngstown, Ohio Rifle and Revolver Club, 974, vs. Marion, Ohio Rifle Club, 967; Bangor, Maine Rifle Association, 977, vs. Hoosier Rifle Club, Indianapolis, Ind., 926.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Bangor98	7	0
Marion97	6	1
1st Missouri97	6	1
Youngstown96	4	3
Gisholt96	3	4
Watertown, N. Y.95	2	5
Milwaukee95	3	4
Hopkins95	3	4
Waveland95	2	5
Tacoma94	2	5
Swiss94	3	4
Hoosier93	1	6

CLASS C.

New Haven, Connecticut Grays Rifle Club, 978, vs. Louisville, Kentucky Rifle and Revolver, 931; Watertown, South Dakota Rifle Club, 978, vs. Payette, Idaho Rifle Club, 935; Buffalo, N. Y. Rifle Club, 975, vs. Corinna, Maine Rifle Club, 940; Kane, Pennsylvania Rifle Club, 955, vs. Albion, Indiana Rifle Club, 945; Detroit, Michigan Rifle and Revolver Club, 953, vs. Salt Lake, Utah Rifle and Revolver Club, 949; Ogden, Utah Rifle and Revolver Club, 962, vs. Tucson, Arizona Rifle Club, 958.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Buffalo96	7	0
Watertown96	5	2
New Haven96	7	0
Ogden95	4	3

Salt Lake669	.95	3	4
Kane6577	.94	4	3
Tucson6538	.93	3	4
Albion6520	.93	3	4
Louisville6420	.92	2	5
Payette6320	.90	1	6
Corinna6077	.87	0	7
Detroit4734	.68	3	4

Match No. 8. Week Ending February 11, 1915.

CLASS A.

Engineers Rifle and Revolver Club, Cleveland, O., 999, vs. The Park Club, Bridgeport, Conn., 996; District of Columbia Rifle Association, 990, vs. Birmingham, Alabama Athletic Rifle Association, 958; Peters Rifle and Revolver Club, Kings Mills, O., 994, vs. Boston, Massachusetts Rifle and Revolver Club, 937; Warren, Pennsylvania Rifle Club, 985, vs. Manchester, New Hampshire Rifle and Pistol Club, 980; Bucyrus, Ohio Rifle Association, 987, vs. Stillwater, Minnesota Rifle Club, 958; Dickinson, North Dakota Rifle Club, 975, vs. Adrian, Michigan Rifle Club, 930.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Engineers99	8	0
Park Club99	6	2
Peters99	3	3
Warren99	8	0
Dist. of Col.98	5	3
Bucyrus98	6	2
Manchester97	2	6
Birmingham97	4	4
Dickinson96	2	6
Stillwater95	1	7
Adrian95	0	8
Boston95	1	7

CLASS B.

Waveland Rifle Club, Des Moines, Ia., 968, vs. Hoosier Rifle Club, Indianapolis, Ind., 932; Tacoma, Washington Rifle Club, 954, vs. Swiss Rifle Club, Louisville, Ky., 939; Marion, Ohio Rifle Club, 983, vs. Milwaukee, Wisconsin Rifle and Pistol Club, 959; Bangor, Maine Rifle Association, 989, vs. Gisholt Rifle Club, Madison, Wis., 982; First Missouri Infantry Rifle Club, 980, vs. Hopkins, Minnesota Rifle Club, 959; Watertown, New York Rifle Club, 947, vs. Youngstown, Ohio Rifle and Revolver Club, defaulted.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Bangor98	8	0
Marion97	7	1
1st Missouri97	7	1
Gisholt96	3	5
Watertown, N. Y.95	3	5
Milwaukee95	3	5
Hopkins95	3	5
Waveland95	3	5
Tacoma94	3	5
Swiss94	3	5
Hoosier93	1	7
Youngstown84	4	4

CLASS C.

Buffalo, New York Rifle Club, 978, vs. Louisville, Kentucky Rifle and Revolver Club, 945; Ogden, Utah Rifle and Revolver Club, 969, vs. Payette, Idaho Rifle Club, 917; Kane, Pennsylvania Rifle Club, 970, vs. Corinna, Maine Rifle Club, 947; Detroit, Michigan Rifle and Revolver Club, 952, vs. Albion, Indiana Rifle Club, 951; New Haven, Connecticut Grays Rifle Club, 984, vs. Watertown, South Dakota Rifle Club, 973; Salt Lake, Utah Rifle and Revolver Club, 966, vs. Tucson, Arizona Rifle Club, 959.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Buffalo97	8	0
New Haven97	8	0
Watertown, S. D.96	5	3
Ogden95	5	3
Salt Lake95	4	4
Kane94	5	3
Tucson94	3	5
Albion93	3	5
Louisville92	2	6
Payette90	1	7
Corinna88	0	8
Detroit71	4	4

NATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL GALLERY COMPETITION.

Match No. 3. Week Ending January 27, 1915.

CLASS A.

Deering High, Portland, Me., 960, vs. Morris High, New York City, 938; McKinley Manual Training, Washington, D. C., 947, vs. Salt Lake, Utah High, 940; Iowa City, Iowa High, 965, vs. Placer County High, Auburn, Cal., 951; Stoneham, Massachusetts High, 941, vs. Polytechnic Institute, Baltimore, Md., 929; Portland, Maine High, 962, vs. Manual Training, Brooklyn, N. Y., 887.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Iowa City96	3	0
Deering95	3	0
Portland94	2	1
Manual Training, District Co'bia94	2	1
Balto. Polytechnic93	1	2
Salt Lake93	1	2
Morris93	1	2
Placer County93	1	2
Stoneham92	1	2
Brooklyn Manual Training90	0	3

CLASS B.

Jamaica, Long Island High, 915, vs. Western High, Washington, D. C., 865; Stuyvesant High, N. Y. City, 854, vs. Warren, Pennsylvania High, 752; DeWitt Clinton High, N. Y. City, 860, vs. Central High, Grand Rapids, Mich., defaulted; Manual Training, St. Louis, Mo., 680, vs. Utica, New York Free Academy, 677; Springfield, Massachusetts High, 918, vs. Tucson, Arizona High, 777.

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STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Springfield92	3	0
Western86	1	2
DeWitt Clinton85	3	0
Stuyvesant84	2	1
Tucson78	1	2
Warren75	2	1
Manual Training, St. Louis71	2	1
Jamaica59	1	2
Utica57	0	3

CLASS C.

Curtis High, N. Y. City, 944, vs. Boy's High, Brooklyn, N. Y., 902; Ogden, Utah High, 922, vs. Eastern High, Washington, D. C., 856; Polytechnic, San Francisco, Cal., 814, vs. Commercial High, Brooklyn, N. Y., 746; Sacramento, California High, 862, vs. High School of Commerce, N. Y. City, 622; Northfield, Vermont High, 852, vs. Gilroy, California High, 775.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Curtis93	3	0
Ogden91	3	0
Boy's High90	1	2
Eastern86	2	1
Sacramento83	2	1
Northfield82	2	1
Gilroy79	1	2
Polytechnic77	1	2
High School of Com. ..	.43	0	3
Commercial25	0	3

Match No. 4. Week Ending February 3, 1915.

CLASS A.

Deering High, Portland, Me., 976, vs. Polytechnic Institute, Baltimore, Md., 932; Morris High, New York City, 938, vs. Salt Lake, Utah High, 932; Placer County High, Auburn, Cal., 956, vs. Portland, Maine High, 921; Iowa City, Iowa High, 962, vs. Stoneham, Massachusetts High, 958; Manual Training, Brooklyn, N. Y., 902, vs. McKinley Manual Training, Washington, D. C., defaulted.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Iowa City96	4	0
Deering96	4	0
Placer County94	2	2
Portland94	2	2
Morris93	2	2
Balto. Polytechnic ..	.93	1	3
Salt Lake93	1	3
Stoneham93	1	3
Brooklyn Manual Training ..	.90	1	3
Manual Training, District Co'bia ..	.70	2	2

CLASS B.

Springfield, Massachusetts High, 953, vs. Warren, Pennsylvania High, 776; Jamaica, Long Island High, 865, vs. Tucson, Arizona High, 813; DeWitt Clinton High, New York City, 949, vs. Western High, Washington, D. C., 847; Utica, New York Free Academy, 740, vs. Central High, Grand Rapids, Mich., defaulted; Stuyvesant High, New York City, 857, vs. Manual Training, St. Louis, Mo., defaulted.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Springfield93	4	0
DeWitt Clinton87	4	0
Western86	1	3
Stuyvesant84	2	2
Tucson79	1	3
Warren76	2	2
Jamaica66	2	2
Utica62	1	3
Manual Training, St. Louis ..	.53	2	2

CLASS C.

Eastern High, Washington, D. C., 862, vs. Commercial High, Brooklyn, N. Y., 784; Ogden, Utah High, 928, vs. Sacramento, California High, 852; Boy's High, Brooklyn, N. Y., 902, vs. Gilroy, California High, defaulted; Northfield, Vermont High, 769, vs. High School of Commerce, New York City, 728; Curtis High, New York City, 922, vs. Polytechnic, San Francisco, Cal., defaulted.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Curtis93	3	0
Ogden91	4	0
Boy's High90	2	2
Eastern86	3	1
Sacramento83	2	2
Northfield81	3	1
Gilroy59	1	3
Polytechnic58	1	3
High School of Commerce ..	.50	0	4
Commercial38	0	4

Match No. 5. Week Ending February 10, 1915.

CLASS A.

Deering High, Portland, Maine, 984, vs. Iowa City, Iowa High, 981; Stoneham, Massachusetts High, 966, vs. Portland, Maine High, 957; Morris High, New York City, 960, vs. McKinley Manual Training, Washington, D. C., 940; Salt Lake, Utah High, 948, vs. Polytechnic Institute, Baltimore, Md., 929; Placer County High, Auburn, Cal., 954, vs. Manual Training, Brooklyn, N. Y., 906.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Iowa City97	4	1
Deering96	5	0
Placer County94	3	2
Portland94	2	3
Morris94	3	2
Stoneham94	2	3
Salt Lake94	2	3
Baltimore Poly.93	1	4

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Brooklyn Manual Training90	1	4
Manual Training, District Co'bia ..	.75	2	3

CLASS B.

Springfield, Massachusetts High, 939, vs. Manual Training, St. Louis, Mo., 741; DeWitt Clinton High, New York City, 948, vs. Utica, New York Free Academy, 794; Stuyvesant High, New York City, 808, vs. Central High, Grand Rapids, Mich., defaulted; Western High, Washington, D. C., 826, vs. Tucson, Arizona High, 793; Jamaica, Long Island High, 877, vs. Warren, Pennsylvania High, 788.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Springfield93	5	0
DeWitt Clinton89	5	0
Western85	2	3
Stuyvesant83	4	1
Tucson79	1	4
Warren76	2	3
Jamaica70	3	2
Utica65	1	4
Manual Training, St. Louis57	2	3

CLASS C.

Curtis High, New York City, 915, vs. Eastern High, Washington, D. C., 867; Boy's High, Brooklyn, N. Y., 885, vs. Northfield, Vermont High, 871; Sacramento, California High, 851, vs. Commercial High, Brooklyn, N. Y., 723; Polytechnic, San Francisco, Cal., 875, vs. Gilroy, California High, 834; Ogden, Utah High, 923, vs. High School of Commerce, New York City, 794.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

Aggregate Score	Per Cent.	Matches Won.	Matches Lost.
Curtis93	5	0
Ogden92	5	0
Boy's High89	3	2
Eastern86	3	2
Sacramento84	3	2
Northfield82	3	2
Gilroy64	1	4
Polytechnic64	2	3
High School of Commerce ..	.56	0	5
Commercial45	0	5

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Minutes of the Executive Committee Meeting, Held at the Buffalo Canoe Club, Port Abino.

Present:

- Commodore, C. A. Spaulding.
Secretary, W. B. H. McClelland.
- Atlantic Division:
F. Edward Ahrens
Frank T. Wilson
Eugene C. Kelly
Edmund VomSteeg
Wm. G. Harrison
E. B. Ayers
Wm. Stark, Jr.
Jack E. Gunther
- Central Division:
A. F. Saunders
M. V. Gilbert
Edw. S. Dawson, Jr.
Lyman T. Coppins
Jno. G. Bunker
Ray M. Barrett
C. Fred Wolters
- Eastern Division:
Fred E. Leathe
- Northern Division:
W. G. Sparrow
- Western Division:
R. F. Abercrombie
- Also present:
H. D. James
Dr. Edw. A. French
Jno. M. MacKendrick
Guy L. Baker

- Represented by:
Himself
Louis Riechert
P. T. Hogan
Himself
Robert J. Wilkins
Himself
H. Lansing Quick
E. J. Williams

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Meeting of executive committee was called to order at 11:30 a. m., by Commodore C. A. Spaulding, with a short address of welcome to visiting members.

On motion of Mr. Coppins; seconded by Mr. Wright: Reading of minutes of executive committee meeting of August, 1914, at Sugar Island were dispensed with. Carried.

On motion by Mr. Wright; seconded by Mr. Armstrong. The freedom of the floor was extended to board of governors and visiting members. Carried.

Mr. Quick read report of board of governors, and on motion of Mr. Wilkins; seconded by Mr. Saunders: Report was accepted as read and placed on file.

Motion made by Mr. Hogan and seconded by Mr. Coppins: That all expenses of clearing up disorderly camps, be charged to owners of said camps. Carried.

Mr. Wilkins moved that all questions contained in report of board of governors be referred to that board for discussion at their meeting to

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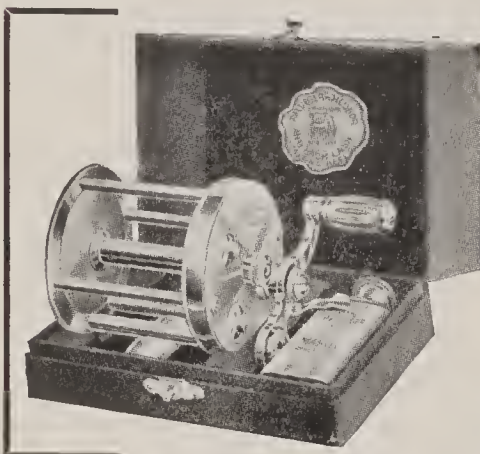
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be held in the afternoon of same day. Seconded by Mr. Armstrong. Carried.

Mr. Hogan moved that secretary's report be referred to board of governors at their meeting. Seconded by Mr. Quick. Carried.

Mr. James moved treasurer's report be referred to board of governors at their meeting. Seconded by Mr. Wright. Carried.

Mr. Hogan moved the report of camp site committee be referred to board of governors at their meeting. Seconded by Mr. Coppins. Carried.

Report of the committee on ladies' camp was read by the secretary. Moved by Mr. Hogan and seconded by Mr. VomStegg that it be accepted and placed on file.

Regatta Committee's report was referred to the Racing Board.

On motion of Mr. Wilkins; seconded by Mr. Hogan: The reading of the division pursers' reports were dispensed with.

Report of Purser of Western Division received and filed.
 " " " " Northern " " "
 " " " " Eastern " " "
 " " " " Central " " "
 " " " " Atlantic " " "

Motion made by Mr. Wilkins; seconded by Mr. Hogan: That Article VII of the constitution and Chapter XII of the by-laws, be amended as follows; same having been published in the official organ two weeks previous to this meeting:

Article VII, duties of commodore: In the third

line after the word "camp," insert the words "having charge of same."

Chapter XII., Expulsion: In the second line after the word "conduct," insert the words "or disobeying the commodore when in charge of the camp, openly disobeying the rules or orders of the association, or any of its officers or committees." Carried.

Motion made by Mr. Armstrong; seconded by Mr. Hogan: That section IV, Article VI, of the constitution be amended as follows; same having been published in the official organ two weeks previous to this meeting:

Article VI, Section IV, board of governors: Strike out the words "its annual meeting" and substitute in place thereof, "The General Meet of the A. C. A."

At this point the commodore asked vice-commodore Saunders of the central division to take the chair and after a lengthy discussion the above motion was withdrawn.

Motion was then made by Mr. Spaulding and seconded by Mr. Coppins: That the commodore appoint a committee of three (3) to consider above proposed amendment and report to the noon session of the meeting. Carried.

The commodore then took the chair and appointed to serve on this committee, Messrs. Armstrong, Coppins and Quick.

A letter from Mr. Hand to Mr. Huntington

was read, asking that older members below the number 2,000, that limit being subject to change from year to year, who might merit it, be given honorary membership in the association. After some discussion the letter was accepted and placed on file.

Motion made by Mr. Wolters; seconded by Mr. Saunders; that Chapter I, Section V, of the by-laws be amended as follows: Same having been published in the official organ at least two weeks previous to this meeting:

Chapter I, Section V, Camp Dues: Strike out all that follows after the word "member" in the seventeenth line and insert the following "who is a minor when accompanied by parents. Minors, not accompanied by their parents who are members, must be cared for by a member or an associate member, and they shall pay Two (\$2.00) dollars each. A minor in the foregoing is understood to mean a person under the age of eighteen." Carried.

It was moved by Mr. Wilkins and seconded by Mr. Wright: That the next annual meeting of the association be held at Sugar Island from August 6 to 20, 1915. Carried.

On motion of Mr. Wright; seconded by Mr. Wolters: *Forest and Stream* was chosen as the official organ.

On motion of Mr. Wilkins; seconded by Mr. Wright: The following ladies were elected to associate membership:

Mrs. Wm. J. Hunter, 6003 Landsdown Ave., Phila., Pa.
Mrs. Edmund VomSteeg, Jr., 113 Chestnut St., Roselle Park, N. J.
Mrs. Guy L. Baker, 134 Highland Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Miss Ethel VanRiper, 227 E. Park Ave., Highland Park, Ill.
Miss Edna VanRiper, 227 E. Park Ave., Highland Park, Ill.

Resignation as historian of Mr. J. K. Hand was read and accepted.

Afternoon session resumed at 3:00 p. m.

Mr. Wilkins read report of the racing board; moved by Mr. Wolters; seconded by Mr. Hogan: That report be accepted and filed. Carried.

Mr. Quick read proposed amendment of Article VI, Section IV, of the constitution.

On motion of Mr. Armstrong; seconded by Mr. Wolters: Same was changed to read as follows: "Article VI, Section IV, board of governors: The executive committee at its annual meeting in October, shall elect one member of each division in its proper turn, to serve on the board of governors of the association for a term of three years, or until his successor is elected. The commodore shall be a member ex-officio, but in case of a tie, he shall not vote." Carried.

After a number of expressions from different members present, regarding a proper and fitting celebration to commemorate the 50th anniversary of modern canoeing, to be held at Sugar Island during the annual camp in August, a motion was made by Mr. Wilkins and seconded by Mr. Armstrong: That the commodore take full charge of the matter and anything he does regarding this question will meet with the approval of the executive committee. Carried.

Mr. Quick turned over to the secretary the reports of the board of governors, treasurer and secretary, and on motion by Mr. James and seconded by Mr. Wilkins: All were accepted and filed. Carried.

The commodore announced the following appointments:

Mr. C. F. Wolters, chairman, camp site committee.
Mr. L. T. Coppins, chairman, transportation committee.
Mr. Guy L. Baker, chairman, entertainment committee.
W. B. H. McCLELLAND, Secretary.

SIGNS OF SPRING IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Agawam Club, Haverhill, Mass., Feb. 24.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Your correspondent while in the field on the 20th inst., observed a pair of magnificent bald eagles perched upon a dead stub at the river bank opposite the local ball grounds. They were adult birds with snowy heads and tails; which makes their fearlessness the more remarkable as they were near the heart of the city and were watched with great interest by residents of the locality and passengers on the electric cars from the opposite shore. We have seen more of these birds hereabouts in the last three years than in all previous years put together and are led to believe they are undoubtedly increasing.

On Washington's Birthday, while exploring a piece of grouse cover to ascertain how the birds had wintered, I encountered a portly specimen of ground hog roving complaisantly about the sun warmed ledges. As the day was unusually spring-like he had wandered afar over the snow patches in the mellow air before returning to his domicile again, and we do not remember ever having seen one abroad in these parts at such an early date before. Last year at this time he would have had to tunnel up through several feet of snow. On this same date our first song sparrow put in an appearance and made his presence known by some brave snatches of song in a sheltered brush heap near the creek, and a golden winged woodpecker cackled away in the old apple tree as though it was already nesting time in May. This is quite the earliest date for any of the above that we have ever recorded. I must not forget to mention also that at about 8 a. m., on January 17th, a pair of robins were chirping in a maple tree in front of my city residence. We hope none of these early birds will prove to be victims of misplaced confidence in our New England climate though we are bound to admit they are running quite a big risk.

Late in the afternoon of the 22nd, after moving several singles, I was startled by a series of explosions in a giant hemlock before me much as if it had suddenly become the target of a German bombardment and six fine grouse tore out and away one after the other from the dark recesses of its matted limbs. Such bunches of old birds at this season are getting to be the exception nowadays in these parts rather than the rule, but taken all in all I am satisfied "Bonasa umbellus" has wintered well and a more than average sprinkling survived to stock the coverts against the coming of another hunters moon.

Our ring neck pheasants as could be expected pulled through to a bird for the season of white woodlands and esquimaux winds has no terrors for them. Now and then you hear the perky crow of a gay old cock tuning up under the energizing influence of a climbing sun and they are scattered all about individually in the odd nooks and corners while the hens have gotten together in little bunches of four, five and six as they always do on the approach of spring. It seems a peculiar trait, this segregation of the females just prior to the advent of the mating season, but they do it consistently and every year since they have come to us we have run across these hen colonies about the edges of the swamps and marshes at muskrat trapping time.

CHARLES B. MORSS.



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.22 PUMP ACTION REPEATING RIFLE

It's the hardest-hitting and most accurate rifle for rabbits, squirrels, hawks, crows — for all small game and target shooting.

Model 20
Octagon Barrel
\$11.50

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Equipped with splendid sights; shoots with guaranteed accuracy. 15 shots at one loading. Model 20 with Full Magazine, 25 shots.

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Aim! Quick!
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Takes down easily. You can look through the barrel — it cleans from both ends.

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Solid Steel Top protects your face and eyes against injury from defective cartridges, from shells, powder and gases.

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Power Boat for Sale!

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Power boat, 24 feet, hunting cabin, stanchion cockpit top, fully equipped and in fine condition; 4 h.p. motor, that runs every day. Price \$250. May be seen upon application. Address Box B,

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PRICES \$25.00 TO \$1,000

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FULTON, N. Y.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN FOR CONSERVATION.

Changes of the name from the Michigan Association to the "Michigan Wild Life Conservation Association," adoption of a new constitution and by-laws, adoption of a number of important resolutions including one which sets forth the aims and objects of the association, and election of officers concluded the business of the annual convention of this important state body in Lansing.

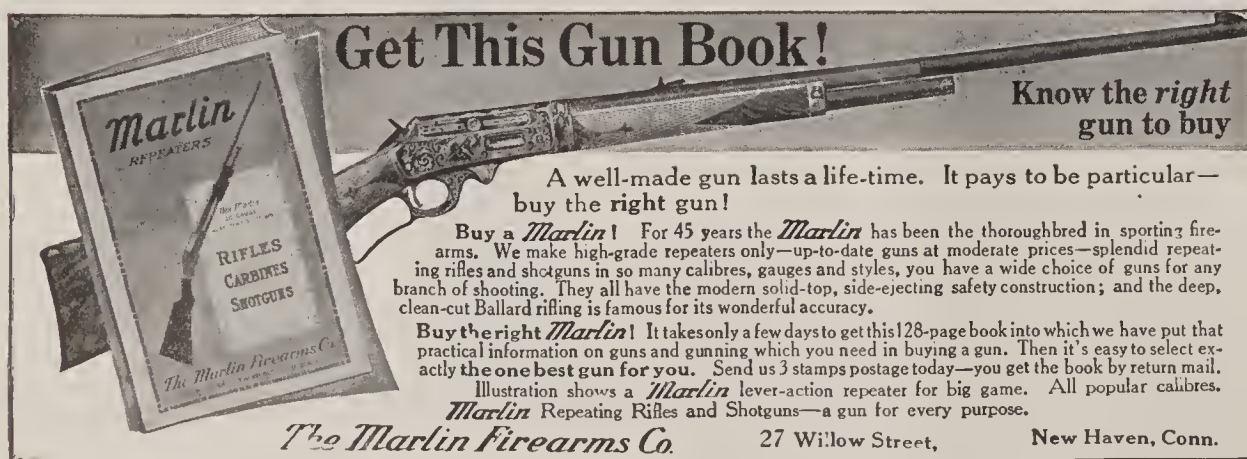
The most important resolution of all was the following:

Resolved: That the Michigan Wild Life Conservation Association is opposed to the killing of any wild animal, at any time, in any manner, except where it has been plainly determined that such killing is for the economic benefit of the people of the state of Michigan as a whole, from the standpoint of science, food value, or as an

adjunct to recreation. Further, that this association goes on record with the declaration that the most important consideration in our wild life is the protection of our insectivorous and seed eating song and other birds, inasmuch as it is the belief of this association, that all vegetable and all other animal life, including man, is dependent upon birds, as insect and seed destroyers, for the requirements of existence.

With one exception, the old officers were re-elected. The exception is vice-president, G. Pardee of Owosso being named to position of vice-president in place of F. H. Shearer of Bay City. President W. B. Mershon of Saginaw, Secretary H. B. Gilbert of Flint and Treasurer George M. Brown of Detroit all were re-elected.

President W. B. Mershon of the Michigan Association presided over the banquet and his introductory remarks were a few words in which he pleaded for "Conservation of Wild Life."



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A well-made gun lasts a life-time. It pays to be particular—buy the right gun!

Buy a Marlin! For 45 years the *Marlin* has been the thoroughbred in sporting firearms. We make high-grade repeaters only—up-to-date, guns at moderate prices—splendid repeating rifles and shotguns in so many calibres, gauges and styles, you have a wide choice of guns for any branch of shooting. They all have the modern solid-top, side-ejecting safety construction; and the deep, clean-cut Ballard rifling is famous for its wonderful accuracy.

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Sportsmen and The Panama-Pacific Exposition

By Edward T. Martin.

GOING to San Francisco this year? Going to the Great Panama-Pacific Exposition? Of course! Why not? Every sportsman, every lover of the great out door world, devotees of shot gun, keen eyed rifle men, fisher folk, yacht men, all should be there. Their California brothers expect them and will extend a royal welcome, a hospitality which like that of the old South in antebellum days one reads of but seldom meets.

Many of the countries specialize on fish and game exhibits. Canada with its display of fur, fur farming, and fur bearers including a mother beaver and her family of kits, so strong and lusty that it is with difficulty they are kept in prison pens; Japan showing birds and fish, Australia with specimens from mountains, woods and streams, New Zealand whose chief commissioner the Hon. Edward Clifton and assistant, Maurice O'Brien, Esq., both are ardent sportsmen and whose exhibits fill many a packing case

and box covering every native fish and animal from a giant king fish, resembling our tarpon, to the graceful red deer whose ancestors came from the moors of Scotland.

Then there is California, queen of them all who has outdone herself. For many months she has kept parties in the Sierras and afield gathering varied specimens in great numbers, of deer and elk, valley quail and mountain quail with their desert kin. Beast, bird, fish and snake, everything from a tiny field mouse to a giant cinnamon bear, including some of the world-famed golden trout—such a display as has never before come from a single state—no, nor from many. This though, should be expected, for there is no part of these United States where game is so plentiful or fish so numerous and with hunting grounds or fishing waters so reachable by train or auto as in this same Golden State whose sons will never weary in entertaining their guests whether from east or west or foreign lands.

Sportsmen availing themselves of the low railroad rates and coming to the Pacific Coast will be well rewarded.

Visitors in search of sport, shooting or fishing—those coming for the opening—at first must content themselves with big game shooting or a little fishing, black striped bass and salmon being in season. There is open season only on the predatory animals, cougars, cats, bears and wolves. The first named are reasonably abundant. Despite a \$20 bounty and the killing of several hundred yearly it is barely a week since a band of four cougars or mountain lions, raided the coast slopes of San Mateo county not twenty miles from the Exposition gates, land which borders San Francisco Bay. The cowardly cats left a trail of dead deer and cattle where they had killed for the sake of killing. They made several forays, the latest being directed against the live stock of a ranch close to the town of Half Moon Bay, which is not over fifteen miles from the nearest section of San Francisco. Dogs owned locally refused to follow their trail. There were no hunters skilled enough to track them through the tangle on the lands of the Spring Valley Water Co. whence comes the drinking supply—water only—of the City. An expedition has been organized to run the robbers down, but it will probably result as such attempts nearly always do and the lions with many others of their kind, remain unharmed, so perhaps in after years some Nimrod of a visitor to the Exposition may point to a fine rug of cougar skin and say: "Here is a souvenir of California and her great Exposition," while his children, listening with bated breath to the oft told story of the killing, hope in after years such luck may befall them also.

As for fishing. Early it won't be much. Later very good. The State is a careful guardian of all game fish, and yearly saves many thousands of black bass for "during the annual freshets the swamp lands on the lower King's and San Joaquin rivers are inundated and vast numbers of black bass and other species of fish leave the main channel to take up their abode in the overflow waters. When the flow in the river becomes normal, millions of these fish are cut off from the main channels and unless rescued must eventually perish when the flooded area again become dry. It has been found practicable to take up the bulk of these stranded fish and return

Waterman PORTO

DOES IT

Makes any boat a motor boat. 1914 Model
3 H. P. Weight 59 lbs.

Sold Direct from Factory to You, Freight Paid
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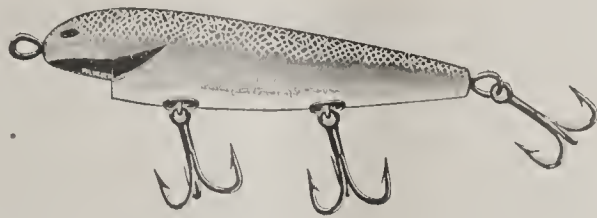


The Waterman PORTO is the original outboard motor, 9th year—25,000 in use. Guaranteed for life. Fits any shaped stern; has Carburetor—not mixing valve; 3 Piston Rings instead of 1; Removable Phosphor Bronze Bearings; Solid Bronze Skeg, protecting 10 1/2 x 16 in. Propeller. Steers by rudder from any part of boat. Water-cooled Exhaust Manifold; Noiseless under water Exhaust; Bronze Gear Water Pump; Spun-copper Water Jacket; any ignition equipment desired.
DEMAND these essentials in an outboard motor, or you won't get your money's worth.

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The Livest of the "Live Ones"
— Try This New Floater,
Diver and Wiggler!

Brought out at the close of 1914's season, this new artificial minnow leaped into instant popularity. You will see all "the boys" with them this year—and they'll bring in more than their share of the big strings.

The result of thirty-four years of tackle-building experience, "The Pfluegers" present this

PFLUEGER "SURPRISE" MINNOW

to anglers in the belief that it is the highest development and refinement in artificial bait design and workmanship. Our reputation as "the largest fishing tackle builders in the world" stands behind this bait.

The "Surprise" is a floating bait which dives the instant reeling in is commenced, the depth being controlled by the speed of reeling. As it comes in its peculiar construction causes the bait to wiggle and dart about with the eccentric movements of a live minnow—the motions that arouse the combative instincts of the gamy bass. Upon stopping reeling, the bait rises to the surface.

Made in Seven Color Blends, as Follows:

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| No. 3914 Luminous Enamel all over—Red Throat | No. 3918 White Enamel Belly—Green and Red Spots, Red Throat |
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| No. 3916 White Enamel Belly—Rainbow Back, Red Throat | No. 3920 Yellow Perch—Red Throat |
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See the "Pflueger Surprise" at your dealer's. If he hasn't his supply yet, send 75c. for sample bait, or \$2.50 for an assortment of 4.

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Demonstrator Agent wanted in each boating community. Special wholesale price on first outfit sold. Amazing fuel injector saves HALF operating cost, gives more power, will not back-fire. Engine starts without cranking; reversible, only three moving parts.
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GREATEST ENGINE BARGAIN EVER OFFERED. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. 1, 2 and 4 cyl. 2 to 50 h. p. Suitable for any boat; canoe, racer, cruiser—or railway track car. Join "boosters" club. Send for new catalog.
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50 Leading Boat Builders have joined with the Gray Motor Company in issuing a catalog showing the specialties of each, which includes fishing launches complete from \$125 upward to mahogany finished express launches with Self-starting 6-Cylinder 4-Cycle Gray Motors for \$2500. Cruisers from \$450 up. This book helps you select just the model of boat you have been looking for and tells you where to buy it and what it will cost. Send for this big Boat Catalog today. Free. Also Gray Marine Engine Catalog showing full line of 2 and 4 cycle marine motors from \$55 upwards, one to six cylinders. GRAY MOTOR CO. 3316 Gray Motor Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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18, 20, 23 and 27 ft. boats at proportionate prices. All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two-cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 3 moving parts—anyone can run it. THE SAFE LAUNCH—absolutely non-sinkable—needs no boat-house. All boats fitted with air-tight compartments—cannot sink, leak or rust.

We are sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, locked-seamed steel boats. Orders filled the day they are received. Boats shipped to every part of the world. FREE CATALOG. Steel Rowboats \$20.
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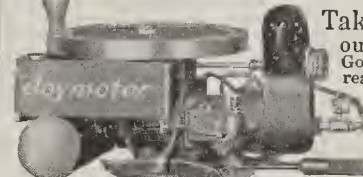
them to living waters. This is accomplished by seining the potholes and small pounds and in cans or tank wagons returning the rescued fish to living waters. As many as 500,000 stranded black bass have by this means been saved in a single season." Striped bass are very plentiful and as early as the 15th of January of the present year, a bright warm sun shining and the water very clear, the writer saw three very large ones feeding near his duck blind on the flats of San Pablo Bay, where he is told, as the season advances there is no trouble in taking the limit, 25, on any favorable day. This location is very accessible to Exposition visitors, the round trip fare from San Francisco being only about a dollar, with boats at Giant or Pinole equally reasonable.

Closely following bass, trout fishing comes in season. This is the best anywhere as it should be when it is considered that in one year, 1912, later reports not quite ready, there were distributed and held for breeding in the State of California, 14,172,258 young trout, also 18,909,445 salmon. Some fish that. It is claimed the distribution for 1913-14 will exceed these numbers. How about it, Mr. Fisherman, in doubt where to go? Can you do better than to come to the Pacific Coast, see the one great show of history and take some of these many fish?

Deer shooting in the districts around San Francisco opens July 1st. In northern and western sections of the State it continues until November 1st. The Game Commission estimates the annual kill at about 12,000. All bucks, two

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Takes all the drudgery out of fishing and shooting. Go as far as you like and back in real comfort. This wonderfully silent Joymotor runs your boat slow enough for trolling or up to 7 to 9 miles per hour. Weighs only 52 lbs. Easily carried; weight can be divided for long portages. Fits every type of boat—duck boat, fishing boat, canoe—square stern, pointed stern, or decked stern. With special bracket shaft may be run through bottom of duck boat or canoe. Attached and detached in a minute.

Sporting Goods Dealers Write for Agency

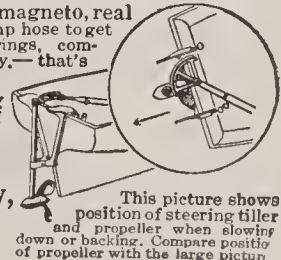
Reversing Propeller

makes Joymotor easiest controlled motor ever made. Just move steering tiller to right or left and Joymotor stops your boat within a few feet and backs it up without reversing the engine. No more danger of accidents. No drifting or paddling to shore or dock. Joymotor does all the work for you. Simple, efficient. Trouble-proof. A child can run it. You just move the tiller and Joymotor controls your boat at all times. A rudder would be useless. Study this picture.

High tension magneto, real carburetor, no pump hose to get tangled up, real bearings, complete oiling system. Built to enjoy—that's Joymotor.

Write now for catalog giving full details and life size picture of Joymotor—"built to enjoy."
Write a postal now.

Joymotor Engineering Company, 316 Tribune Building, Chicago, Ill.



This picture shows position of steering tiller and propeller when slowing down or backing. Compare position of propeller with the large picture.

UNMATCHED SPEED—Extra Power—No Vibration

Speed that runs away from any other rowboat motor—power to carry heavier loads—no vibration to shake boat

The 2-Cylinder KOBAN ROWBOAT MOTOR

Last season's record proved its mettle. Absolutely dependable—easy to start—reverses by simply pressing button—woodless propeller.

2-CYLINDER—RACER TYPE

The Koban has 2 opposed cylinders—that's what removes vibration—3 H. P.—nearly double that of other motors—speed line propeller. Best constructed rowboat motor on the market.

Write for 1915 catalog—Active Agents Wanted
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If you are thirty years old



the small sum of \$2.19 (monthly) secures for you a policy for \$1000 in the Postal Life Insurance Company—a standard legal-reserve Whole-Life Policy, with guaranteed Cash, Loan, Paid-up and Endowment Options, and participation in the Company's surplus earnings; but the Policy will cost you only \$1.61 (monthly) during the first year, for you get the benefit of a saving from the agent's commission because you deal direct. In every subsequent year the earning is nine and one-half per cent. of the premium. That's an example of Postal service and Postal saving. All other companies in the United States employ large forces of agents, and the policyholder necessarily foots the bill. But the Postal Life has no agents at all. It does business direct with those who desire insurance-protection, and the benefit of the saving thereby effected is given to the person who takes out the insurance.

Strong Postal Points

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Third: Standard policy-provisions, approved by the New York State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under strict New York State requirements and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Fifth: High medical standards in the selection of risks.

Sixth: Policyholders' Health Bureau arranges one free medical examination each year if desired.

Of course, you are interested in insurance protection, and it is therefore worth while for you to

Find Out What You Can Save

Simply write and say: "Mail official insurance particulars as per Advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM for March."

And be sure to give: 1. Your full name. 2. Your occupation. 3. The exact date of your birth.

And bear in mind. No agent will be sent to visit you. The Postal Life does not employ them but gives you the benefit of the agent's commission because you deal direct.

Postal Life Insurance Company

(WM. R. MALONE, PRESIDENT)

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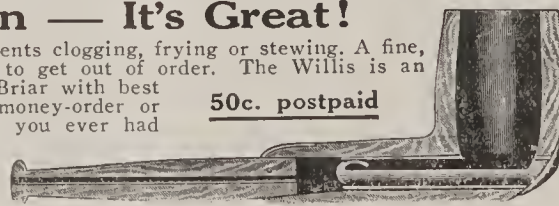
NEWFOUNDLAND

A Country of Fish and Game. A Paradise for the Camper and Angler. **Ideal Canoe Trips.** The country traversed by the Reid Newfoundland Company's system is exceedingly rich in all kinds of Fish and Game. All along the route of the Railway are streams famous for their Salmon and Trout fishing, also Caribou barrens. Americans who have been fishing and hunting in Newfoundland say there is no other country in the world in which so good fishing and hunting can be secured and with such ease as in Newfoundland. Information, together with illustrated Booklet and Folder, cheerfully forwarded upon application to J. W. N. JOHNSTONE, General Passenger Agent, Reid Newfoundland Company, St. John's, Newfoundland.

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You pull out the patented aluminum pan to clean it. Prevents clogging, frying or stewing. A fine, cool, dry smoke always and as sweet as a nut. Nothing to get out of order. The Willis is an elegant pipe, handsomely finished and of genuine French Briar with best grade Hard Rubber, Horn or Celluloid bit. Send coin, money-order or stamps at our risk. We guarantee you the finest smoke you ever had and complete satisfaction or your money back. Address—

The Willis Company, 76F Pilling St., Brooklyn, N.Y.



50c. postpaid

to the gun limit, the non resident license \$10, covers also feathered game. Quail shooting laps over on the deer and extends until February 15th. During the present year there has been an unusual scarcity of these birds particularly around San Francisco possibly owing to heavy rains during nesting time.

As offset to this, duck shooting along the Bay has been good. Plenty of canvasbacks, bluebills and such. The puddle ducks in the marshes have also been reasonably abundant and the goose shooters were out with their circulars offering a shoot over live decoys at from \$6 to \$10 per gun. By a "shoot" they tell me is meant a kill of at least twenty birds or no charge. This is a decrease from the former figure of forty, and in a score of trips made by the writer under such conditions, once, only once—then in a pouring rain when the pits were flooded—was a hunt called "no shoot." There is neither close season nor limit under the State law on geese, which does not seem right as civilization is rapidly getting the best of them.

No doubt many visitors will receive invitation to shoot water fowl on the baited ponds. Those who do not, need have no uneasiness for around the Bay are many blinds, several hundred, a large number of which can be rented for a day or longer with use of boat and decoys at cost of only a few dollars. This year from the opening in October until Thanksgiving the shooting was fair. After that until Christmas as good as it has been for many years. Then there were cold rains and the ducks went South, only to return and bring their friends as soon as warm weather came again. Almost in sight of the Tower of Jewels at the Exposition grounds on the eighteenth of January the writer put out just before sunrise among at least 5,000 canvasbacks from around the Northern blinds at Pinole. Unfortunately a northwester made blind shooting uncomfortable and with tide running strong and wind blowing hard a dead duck would drift 500 yards before a boat could be put out to gather it, and let me tell you, a dozen or twenty trips of this kind against the combined strength of wind and tide were enough to try the stamina of a young man, let alone that of one whose years have been long. Rollers came in great high torrents. The boat pounded and jumped but took in no water and those wild rides were worth more than all the rest of the hunt. Furnished better sport than the ducks. Sport that was life-giving, exhilarating, glorious. A gamble with death? No, not exactly, but if it was, what then? Death lost and the game was worth the candle.

There will be just as good shooting this fall—bar wind and waves, which no sportsman need risk unless he chooses—shooting that will last through nearly two months of the Exposition, and if any visitor is in doubt, the writer will by himself will organize a duck shooter's aid society to tell both when and where to go. Yes, and besides act as guide and mentor when other duties will permit.

It seems useless to add that there will be much trap shooting, many fly casting contests, cups and coin for the best rifle shots. Prizes for disciples of Robin Hood at the sport of archery, yacht races, swimming races, for all these are to be had in the East.

**THE DEMON OF THE ALLEGHENIES
KILLED.**

Hagerstown, Md.—The "African Lion," which killed several sheep, two cows, a 400-pound hog, and several dogs, besides terrorizing the people all the way from Cumberland to Keyser, W. Va., is no more. The "lion" proved to be a huge "catamount," the largest ever seen in that part of the country. It weighed 100 pounds and was slain on Warrior Mountain.

Hunters got it, and the veracity of many people, including Rev. J. A. Shockey, is re-established. Here is the story of the battle to death from the Warrior Mountain correspondent:

"The animal came to this section and has been alarming the neighborhood with its horrible cries and bold actions. Saturday it had stood in the middle of the road and defied a team, and at the same time, with its head down as if to charge, giving vent to blood-curdling cries.

"Nine shots were necessary to dispatch the animal, William ("Bee") Miller fired the first followed by George Twigg, John Dolan and Moses Twigg.

"The animal was traced to its den, before the door of which it was dispatched. After the first shot, it pounced upon John Dolan, ripping him from shoulder to the abdomen.

"The animal measured 5 feet 9½ inches. It had crossed ears and a spotted hide.

"On Warrior Mountain the same men killed a bobtail wildcat that weighed 65 pounds."

BOOK REVIEW.

One of the most interesting and hazardous trips ever undertaken was that of the Kolb Brothers, who with an assistant in the way of an adventurous hired man, went through the Grand Cañon from Wyoming to Mexico. The hired man, by the way, left the party about half-way on the route, but the brothers got through in two flat-bottomed rowboats. More than that, they succeeded in taking a lot of magnificent photographs and a number of moving picture records. The book is published by the Macmillan Company, (\$2.00 net), and the 344 pages constitute a record of a trip which might be termed not only the grandest in the world, but one that affords more thrills than any other in America. The story is written in a quiet, modest way that carries conviction and removes any suspicion that exaggeration has been practiced in the least. On the contrary, one feels in reading the book that the authors have been almost too modest in their story. Owen Wister has written a very pleasing little foreword introducing the authors and telling something of their work. Any man with a drop of red blood in his veins will sit up all night reading the hair-raising adventures of the Kolb Brothers.

ANOTHER NATIONAL PARK.

The United States has another National park—the Rocky Mountain National Park in the State of Colorado. The law authorizing has passed both houses of Congress and has been signed by the President. The park contains something over a quarter of a million acres and includes the most rugged section of the continental divide of the Rocky Mountains.

There are more than 60 peaks that rise above 12,000 feet, and several between 12,000 and 13,000 feet, and one, Longs Peak, rises above 14,000 feet; between these peaks there are nearly 200 lakes, varying in size from a few acres to 50 or



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GRAFONOLA

60 acres; the timber line in the Alps is about 6,500 feet elevation, while in these mountains in the proposed park the timber line is 11,500 feet; there are 40 species of plants growing there; besides many kinds of wild life, including the mountain sheep (Big-horn), grizzly bear, black bear, deer, and beaver abound; there are no less than 1,000 varieties of wild flowers, and the Alps do not contain as many kinds of wild plants. The territory contains one extinct volcano, (which is probably the greatest mountain-sheep range in the world to-day); a half dozen glaciers; many snow fields, hundreds of cascades, and many passes in the Continental Divide above an altitude of 12,000 feet. No place in the world off of the railroads has been during the past few

years visited by so many people as this Rocky Mountain National Park. The new park is in the well known Estes Park country and is very easily accessible from Denver.

MUSKRATS ELECT SENATOR.

Salem, N. J.—To muskrats is given the credit for changing the political complexion of the upper house of the new State Legislature, through influencing the election of Collins B. Allen, Republican, of Manington township, Salem county, over Senator Isaac Smick, Democrat, of Canton. The Democrats were in control by just one vote, while this year the vote will be Republicans, 11; Democrats, 10. Muskrat trapping is one of the important in-

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dustries in Salem county during the winter. Trappers and native hunters in the county found revisions in the game laws distasteful last year, and they took out their resentment against the administration upon Senator Smick. Senator Allen is a farmer, and is pledged to seek important changes in the trapping and hunting laws.

CELLULOSE USED FOR MANY PURPOSES.

It is doubtful if any material used by man adapts itself in more protean forms to the demands of civilization than the compound of cellulose and nitric acid discovered by Schonbein in 1845 and variously known as nitrocellulose, explosive cotton, gun cotton and soluble cotton.

Made by treating well purified cellulose, usually in the form of cotton, with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, it varies materially in its properties according to the amount of nitrogen brought into the combination. The higher nitrates are extremely powerful explosives and constitute the basis of the many varieties of smokeless powder. Compressed gun cotton is the usual explosive charge of the torpedoes used in naval warfare. Combined with nitroglycerine it forms the British military explosive, cordite, and the Italian ballistite. The earliest French smokeless powder was a mixture of guncotton and picric acid. In all of these as in our own army and navy powders the nitrocellulose is converted by gelatinizing processes to a condition resembling horn. In sporting powders the degree of nitration is commonly lower and the finished product granular and less dense in the grain.

The multifarious usefulness of nitrocellulose, is, however, most apparent in the arts of peace. The lower nitrates made plastic under heat by the addition of camphor after the method invented by Hyatt in 1869 appears in every home as articles of celluloid. In the form of sheets and films it covers campaign buttons, shields us from the wind in automobiles, constitutes the base of photographic films and carries the moving pictures in ten thousand theatres. Dissolved in various solvents, of which amyl acetate is most generally used, it finds new fields of usefulness as lacquers for brass bedsteads, instruments, and highly finished metal articles generally, and forms the vehicle for the aluminum paint so widely used on exposed piping.

The dope prepared by blending nitrocellulose with castor oil finds a wide application in the manufacture of dress shields, waterproof sheets, artificial leather, and Pegamoid, and forms the basic coating of the best grades of patent leather.

PARTI-COLORED QUAIL.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The following picture of the white partridge I secured this fall while hunting in Brookfield, with W. A. Gregory of Danbury, has created a lot of comment among the hunters of this vicinity on account of its plumage. It might be that others have been killed but the oldest hunters who have seen it, say they never saw or heard of one as white as this one. It was all accidental in getting the freak as Mr. Gregory and I were chasing a partridge and ran across another hunter by the name of Geo. Corbin of Brookfield, and he showed us the freak and I told him I would have it mounted if he did not want it.

The breast was entirely white with the head, tail and wings a natural color. E. H. BAILEY.

CANOEING.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

New Members Proposed.

Atlantic Division:—Joseph Struthers, 296 Anderson St., Hackensack, N. J., by S. H. Walker; G. Bartram Woodruff, 116 Cherry St., Elizabeth, N. J., by Dr. Chas. F. Jones; J. F. Shepner, 860 Broadway, New York, N. Y., by Robert J. Wilkin.

Eastern Division:—Shirley Harrington, 20 Sycamore St., Providence, R. I., by Fred C. Rexford; Arthur M. Cooke, 7 Summer St., Woonsocket, R. I., by Fred F. Reed; Ernest B. Daniels, 2nd Nat. Bank, Boston, Mass., by Bancroft L. Goodwin; Albert J. Oowler, 279 Bucklin St., Providence, R. I., by William A. Heath.

Members Transferred.

4663, Joseph E. Zdankiewicz, to Atlantic Division from Western Division.

5623, George M. Ludlow, to Central Division from Eastern Division.

Resignations.

Atlantic Division:—5280, George W. Randall, Bogota, N. J.; 6155, Victor D. Able, Philadelphia, Pa.; 5099, Thomas H. Baskerville, New York, N. Y.; 6374, Walter C. Grill, New York, N. Y.; 5861, Frank H. Goddard, Kingsbridge, N. Y.; 6546, Angus S. Macdonald, Jersey City, N. J.; 6429, Raymond C. Odell, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; 6317, Fred Bloempot, Flushing, L. I.

Central Division:—4939, Charles R. Edwards, Rome, N. Y.; 6516, Fred A. Isley, Syracuse, N. Y.

Eastern Division:—6904, John Haley, Dedham, Mass.

Western Division:—6597, Charles L. Engstrom, Peoria, Ill.; 6611, Herbert S. Inbusch, Milwaukee, Wis.

Resignations.

Atlantic Division:—6554, N. Wright Crowder, 4878, Hudson C. Burr, 6699, Alan S. Young, 6112, Frederick R. Taylor, 5925, Frederick C. Dunham, 6090, Franklin Gauntt.

Central Division:—6754, Morgan B. More, 6211, Lawrence V. Stevens, 6020, Harry C. Crawford, 6052, J. Langford Edwards, 6515, Wm. P. Flint, 6696, Fred R. Gildersleeve, 4917, Henry B. Selkirk, 6333, Roland O. Deubler, 5600, Arthur D. White.

Eastern Division:—3209, William F. Richards, 1656, F. H. Metcalf, 6670, George A. Baxter, 3691, Morton M. Holbrook, 6443, Clarence B. Phetteplace, 5832, Chester J. Pike, Jr., 4968, Richard C. Smith, 6363, Leroy B. Surrey, 5450, Wallace Wales.

Northern Division:—6797, W. Philip.

Western Division:—6406, Elmer D. Becker, 5250, George J. Cowan, 6767, Walter L. Mann, 6558, Hon. William Hector Maclean.

Deceased.

Atlantic Division:—1256, (Life No. 85), Irving V. Dorland, died Jan. 10, 1915. Applied for membership May 14, 1888. Was Commodore in 1894, the meet being held at Croton Point, Hudson River, and was well and favorably known to a large part of our membership. He will be greatly missed. 4194, Frank C. Hoyt, New York, N. Y., died in 1914.

Central Division:—1013, John S. Wardwell, Rome, N. Y., died June 25, 1914. Becoming a member in 1886 he remained a member up to the time of his death although not very active during the later years.



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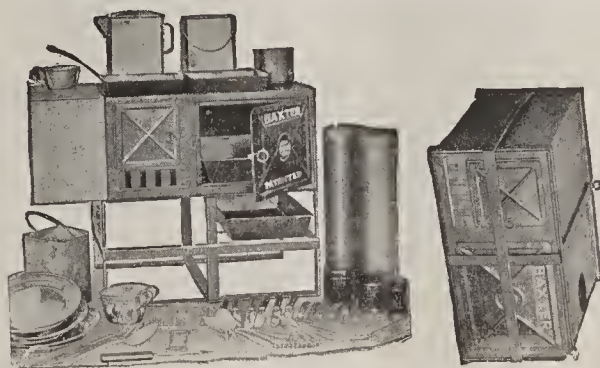
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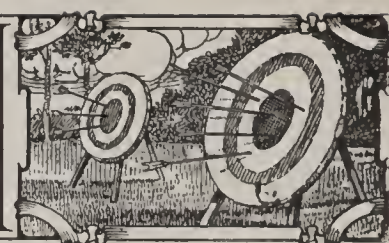
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ARCHERY



Forest and Stream is Official Organ of the National Archery Association

What A Good Bow Has Done And Will Do

By Will H. Thompson

THE press of duties has caused me to neglect for some days answering your recent favor, in which you request me to give my opinion as to the reasonableness of the four different tests you have contemplated applying to the Boy Scouts as measures of skill in archery, and I desire to answer as follows:

Number One.—Any boy with a pocket knife cutting a mere green sprout of any tree can make a *bow* that will shoot a distance of one hundred feet with fair precision; but no boy, unless he be a trained expert in the management of tools, can make an *arrow* that will shoot with fair precision at that distance, or practically at any distance. Any bow that is reasonably straight, will drive an arrow straight, but a good arrow is the most difficult thing to make in the world. So difficult, indeed, that the trained arrow makers of London and of Edinburgh, who have spent lifetimes in the making of arrows, have never yet been able to sell me a dozen out of which I could get six perfect arrows. Of course, the words "fair precision" will cover a multitude of sins. Almost any boy could make an arrow with which one could hit the side of a barn at one hundred feet. But a boy of fifteen, with a reasonably trained mind and handy with tools, should make an arrow that would fly sufficiently straight to keep on a four foot target at that distance.

Number Two.—With good arrows, a fifteen year old boy, with a year's training, should be able to make the score of three hundred and fifty with sixty shots.

Number Three.—A boy of fifteen with a year's practice and reasonably good arrows, should accomplish the feat of scoring three hundred with seventy-two arrows, using standard forty-eight inch target at fifty yards.

Number Four.—No boy of fifteen, nor man of any age, race, time, or with a record for previous condition of servitude, ever could perform or ever has performed the feat of shooting "so far and fast as to have six arrows in the air at once." Of course, the legend of Hiawatha furnishes such a supposed instance, but poets are not responsible, and we will let Longfellow off with only a slight reprimand. Seriously, after more than fifty years of the bow, and much experimentation, I have never been able to keep these arrows in the air at one time but have come so near it that I feel sure it might be done. I feel equally sure that no man ever has, ever will, or now can, keep four in the air at one time. The difficulty does not lie in the lack of power, in the bow, but the difficulty, amounting to an impossibility, of placing the arrows upon the string, drawing and loosing and replacing the second and third arrow upon the string. The

nocks of good arrows are made so narrow as to exactly fit upon the nocking place of the string, tight enough to bear the weight of the arrow without dropping off the string when pending perpendicularly, and the putting of an arrow upon the string, is a delicate and particular matter, which requires the archer to observe the nock and nocking point carefully. A very slight increase of speed might be secured by having large open



Mrs. Burton Payne Grey, Woman Champion of America.

nocks in the arrows, so that one could quickly *feel* the arrow on to the string, but the gain would not be sufficient to get an additional arrow (over three) into the air.

I feel like adding by way of postscript, that the bow is a much more powerful and reliable weapon than it is generally conceded to be, and, upon the other hand, has limitations that the poets and novelists reckon nothing of. The redoubtable Locksley (Robin Hood) never split the wand at one hundred paces, and never in-

tentionally split Hubert's shaft by aiming at the nock while the arrow was in the center of the target, nor did William Tell ever shoot the apple from his boy's head. Nor did Robin Hood ever shoot an arrow a quarter of a mile. Those legendary feats are pleasant to read of, especially in our boyhood days. They are like the story that the old lying by-stander always tells us archers when he wanders upon our shooting grounds about the wonderful shooting that he has seen done by the American Indians, nicking a penny out of a split stick every shot at one hundred yards. Yet no Indian ever lived who, with the weapons with which he was able to arm himself, could shoot one-half as well as the least skillful of our lady archers of the present day, not because he was an Indian, but because he had no two arrows that would shoot straight. I have tested their best many times, and never have found even a fair shot among them. On the other hand, the killing power of a good bow with a thoroughly well made arrow is far above the belief of the average person. An ordinary fifty pound yew or lancewood bow in the hands of a good archer, with a thoroughly well made arrow having a steel point an inch and a half in length by an inch in breadth, thin, needle pointed and razor edged, will drive such an arrow through an ox or a horse. Only last fall I paddled a canoe for Mr. Z. E. Jackson, of Atchison, Kansas, in northern British Columbia waters, and saw him with a fifty pound yew bow drive a much inferior arrow to the one I have described, though both shoulders of a deer, passing just in front of its heart, slicing into the aorta, and killing it almost instantly, the shot having been made from the delicate poise of a high seat across the gunnels of the canoe at the prow, diagonally upward to the mountain side at a distance of over sixty yards.

The historical stories of the polished steel mail of knights being cloven through and through by a cloth yard shaft, are no doubt true, and could be easily repeated by many strong archers of to-day.

ARCHERS, TAKE WARNING!

Though the season for real archery, and regular out door practice has not arrived, there are some things that we can do in order to be in good condition when we can get onto the range.

After a winter's rest, and in some cases real hibernation, our muscles are in no condition to do good shooting. About a month must pass before we can take up the sport where we left it in the fall. This is nothing new; nor is the advice which follows.

You have probably been resting all winter; but it is not too late to do yourself lots of good. Begin to-day; and every day do free, or light gymnastics. Keep a bow in your room and draw it once or twice daily, for ten or fifteen minutes. Rest as often as you wish to, use first one hand and then the other. You will not do this when

before the target, but some time it may be very convenient to be ambidextrous.

EDWARD B. WESTON.

TESTED ARROWS.

In the days of long ago our ancestors might have been able to take any old hand-made arrow and hit the mark at which they shot. They must have had an abnormal sense long since lost to mankind, which enabled them to forecast the individual eccentricities of each one of those crude shafts with which they were wont to bring down game or enemies at distances beyond the range of our modern target shooting. But nowadays, with fairly accurate arrows, machine turned and nicely balanced, it can't be done.

Confidence in his arrows is one of the chief assets of a skilled marksman. A rifleman would not keep a weapon that would not shoot regularly into a reasonably small target, when properly aimed. It would otherwise be discarded as worthless. If this system were applied to defective arrows, as they come to us from the maker or dealer, we should have to reject about two out of three.

When first made, it is possible that they are nearly alike in weight and point of balance; but careless handling in storage and transportation, together with the use of wood that is not sufficiently seasoned, leave them in such bad condition that an archer is very lucky if he can select eight arrows good enough for tournament use from an order of two dozen.

Many times I have heard archers say that, whatever the defects of their arrows might be, they would fly straighter than the archer could shoot them. In most cases I consider this to be very doubtful. It might be that an unknown defect in an arrow might offset an error in the shooter, and produce a good shot; but there are just as many chances that the opposite occurrence would result in a greater degree of inaccuracy. At the very best, the archer would be working under a very serious handicap if he knew the individual tendencies of each shaft and made due allowance for them.

It is a marvel to the writer that the archery supply manufacturers are able to produce arrows as good as they do, at the comparatively small price they receive.

There ought to be some extra grades of arrows made, that are specially built, inspected and tested. Most arrows could be improved both in the feathering and the fitting of the piles.

The test could be made by a competent archer or by a machine similar to the old time cross-bow. Some modification of this weapon could doubtless be made, which would give practically similar aim and loose at each shot. The makers could then guarantee any number of arrows which were sold in a set, from six up, to group on an average in a given sized circle at a certain range; the smaller the circle, the higher the price.

It would not only be cheaper in the end for the archer who is striving for accuracy; but it would encourage the manufacturer to put out a better grade of goods and give him proper return for the extra time spent in improving them.

If any firm could guarantee a full dozen arrows to group within the red at 60 yards, those arrows ought to be worth more than twice the price now obtained for un-tested goods.

NIK.

Killed his deer with LEFEVER 20-Gauge Shot Gun

While hunting Pheasants
near Hansrote, W. Va.
Mr. W. M. Kefauver
killed a deer with his

LEFEVER 20-Gauge Loaded with No. 5 Shot

"The deer was running toward me at an angle," he writes, "and at the first shot I broke its shoulder, knocking it down. With the second shot, killed it dead with a charge back of the head at a distance of *about 25 yards*."

"Also killed two turkeys and I was absolutely astounded at the remarkable shooting strength of your 20-gauge gun."

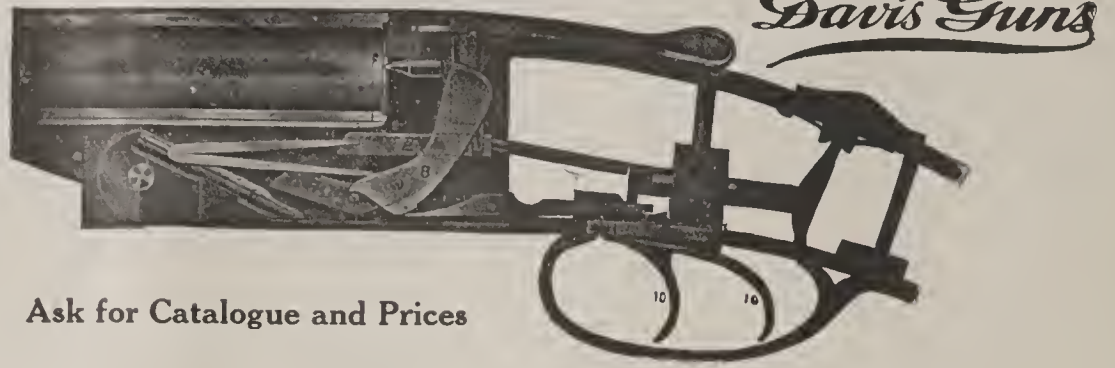
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Please mention "Forest and Stream."

WILD MALLARD DUCK

12 Eggs \$3.00

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WILLIAMSON, N. Y.

"HORNS vs. PEDICLES."

(Continued from page 144)

weighed the carcass for shipment at Clearfield, J. G. Lucas the baggagemaster and T. W. Weber the brakeman on the train which handled the deer out of Clearfield, all testified that the animal was a fawn, and that it had no horns, although they examined the head for them, but had what they called "bumps." Furthermore, although Mr. Harris and the accused guessed the weight as high as 100, the only person who really weighed the deer was the expressman at Clearfield, who testified that the scale weight was exactly 57 pounds, and his statement was not even questioned. The accused himself testified in part:

"I was appointed to be a watcher. I came to a place where in the snow I could see two deer had passed from the Game Preserve into the country which we intended to drive back toward the Game Preserve toward this road, and I concluded that it would be a good place for a watch, and I secluded myself behind a small oak tree on the side of the road."

Again he testifies:

"I was unable to see horns on this deer at the distance I was at, probably 75 yards away from this road coming directly toward me, and I could have killed this deer at that distance probably and I didn't shoot at it because I could see no horns on it, no antlers, but it came down closer to me and came out right opposite my stand, just across the Penfield Road, which is a narrow road, and stopped there a minute as all deer do before they cross an open place, and in that moment I saw on this deer's head horns, hard projecting organs on the head which it could use for defense or offense, and I thought this was a legal deer and I killed it."

Mr. Harris' claim that the Game Commission was prosecuting the accused to get square with some one, that if we did not convict him we would fail to convict any one and that all the other offenders under the law had gone free, is absurd. If Mr. Harris had taken the trouble to examine our books at Harrisburg he would have found that before, during and after this trial many penalties had been paid for killing just such deer as the one in dispute, some after conviction and others of their own accord, in accordance with law.

The Game Commissioners serve without salary or expenses, and neither they nor the officers who made the information in this case receive any share of the fines or costs so that there could be

no question of mercenary or vindictive motives, as Mr. Harris has implied.

It is the duty of the Game Commission to enforce the law for the protection of does and fawns, and its strict enforcement during the 8 years it has been on our statute books has been one of the great factors in bringing back our almost extinct deer, so that to-day in Pennsylvania we have more deer than we have ever had in the memory of the present generation, and this without the necessity of a single closed season, thus making history in game conservation.

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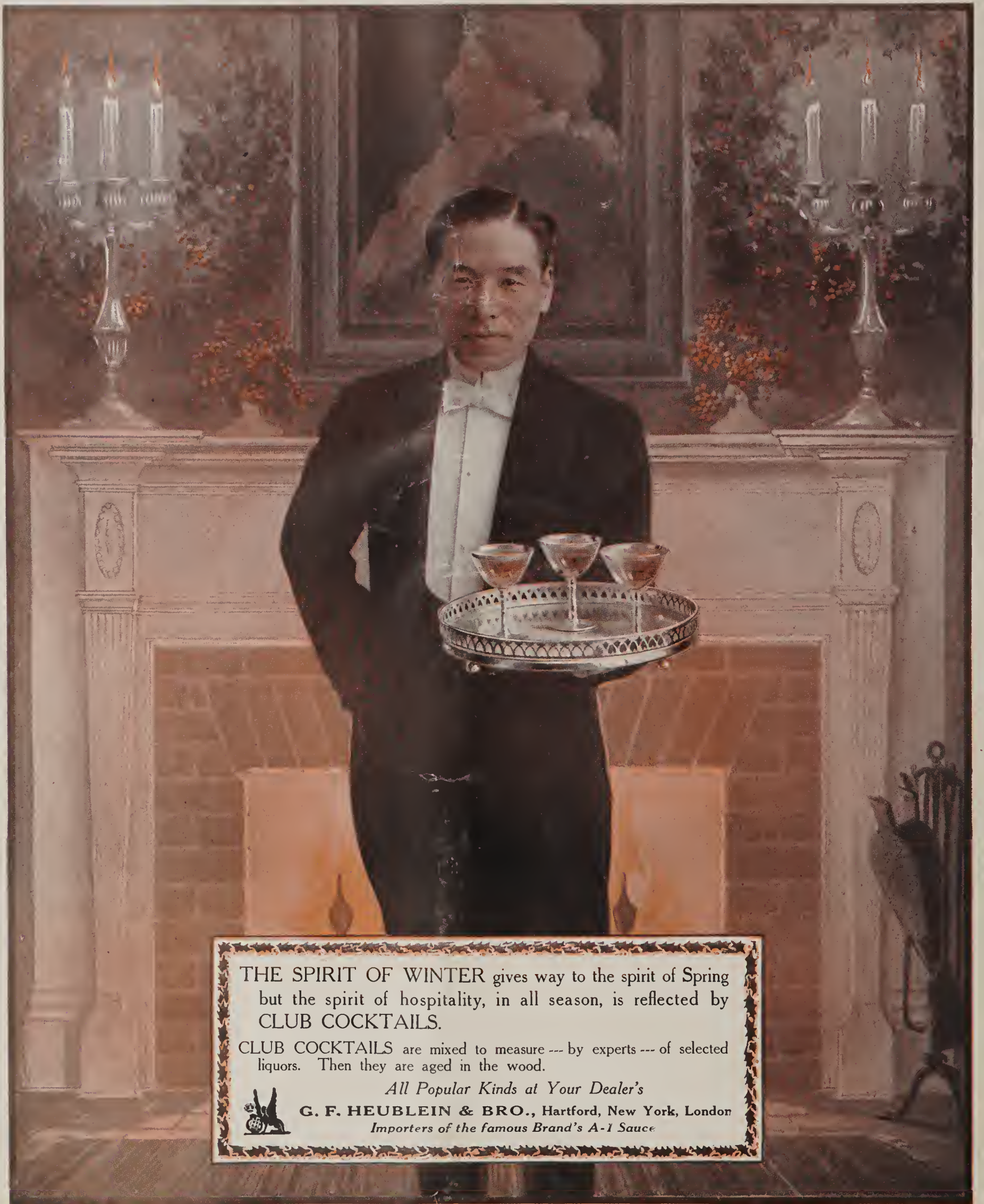
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Excellent brook and lake trout fishing and the ice will be out on opening day of season, April third.

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(Continued on page 253.)

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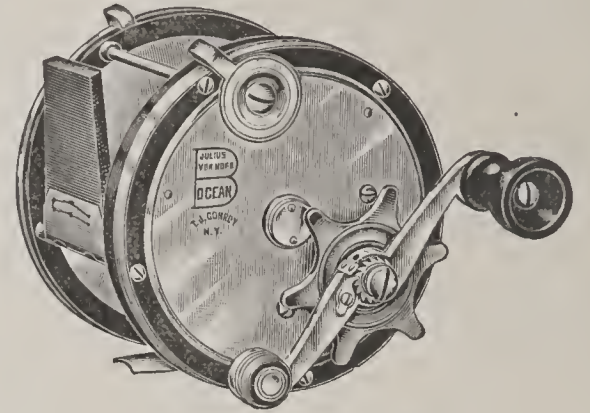
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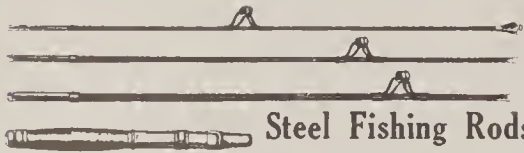
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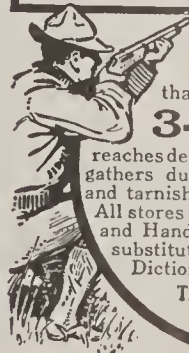
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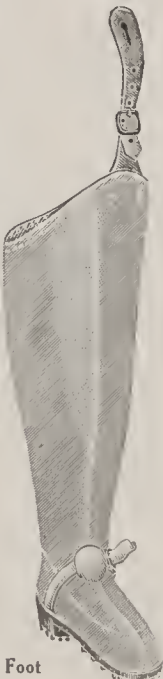
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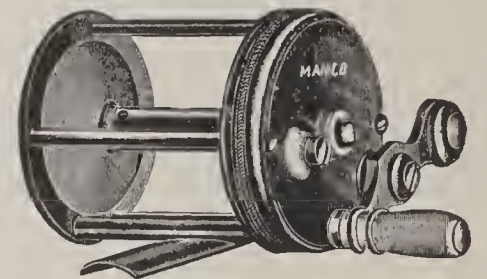
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VOL. LXXXIV

APRIL, 1915

No. 4

The Leaping, Fighting, Impetuous Ouananiche

Much Misinformation Prevails About him and the Beautiful Environment in Which he Lives—The Angler's Blue Ribbon Prize

By E. T. D. Chambers, Author of "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," etc.



FROM far above the Grand Falls of the Hamilton River and from the waters of its Ashuanipi branch in the interior of Labrador, came the skin of a fish, now in my possession, that unfolds a novel and interesting story to anglers and ichthyologists alike.

Mr. A. P. Low the late head of the Geological Survey of Canada brought it back with him to civilization, upon his return from his overland trip of 1894-95 to Ungava Bay. In its adipose fin, the fish whose skin it was, bore the badge of royalty among fishes—the evidence of kinship to the kingly family of the salmon. In its shapely beauty and brilliancy of coloring, from the deep bluish green of its back, through the various shades of its silvery sides, to the pure white of its under surface, and in the number and disposition of its fin rays, it scarcely differed from a grilse of equal size. But its habitat was above a cataract having a sheer fall of 300 feet, so that this fish could not possibly have been a salmon from the sea. The large number and the distinctness of the double X marks upon its sides, the large size of the eye and of the dark spots upon the gill covers, and the strength and thickness of that portion of the body adjoining the caudal fin, all stamp it a ouananiche or non-anadromous salmon.

Prior to Mr. Low's discovery of the ouananiche in many of the large rivers flowing into Ungava Bay, Hamilton Inlet and the Atlantic Ocean, its geographical distribution was popularly supposed to be confined to Lake St. John and its tributary waters. Now, its Canadian environment is known

to include the whole Labrador peninsula, excepting perhaps that part of its westerly slope drained into Hudson Bay; and the angler who would find it and fight it under the varying conditions in which it may be found, must traverse a vast region of mountain and lake and forest and stream, as practically unknown as the interior of Africa, save to the Montagnais and Nascapee Indians, whose hunting ground it is.

For countless ages, no doubt, the aboriginal Red Man, with his bone or stone-pointed spear, snatched from the rapid water in which the fish is found, the biggest specimens that came to the surface in the quest of insect food. "Wan-nan!" as we pronounce it—"There!" or "Look there!" or "There he is!"—they ejaculated, as the fish came to the top of the water, and "Wan-nan" thus came to signify the name of the fish. Its discovery by white men was first announced to the civilized world in 1647 by the Jesuit Father DeQuen, the first European to set foot upon the shores of Lake St. John. In its clear waters he found the fish and correctly classed it as a salmon, reporting his discovery to his Superior in Paris, in his "Relation" of that year.

The original French settlers in the land of the ouananiche did not confine themselves to the largest specimens when capturing the fish for food, for not having mainly to depend, like the Indian, upon the spear as a means of taking fish, they captured all sizes in their nets, and the Red Men used their diminutive terminology when describing the catch, calling it "wannan-iche" or little "wannan." But there is no "w" in the French language, its sound being represented by the letters "ou". Thus "Ouananiche" and not

"wannaniche" is the original written form of the fish's name as employed by those who first produced it on paper, and according to the inflexible law of priority in nomenclature, "ouananiche" it has remained, and is likely to remain, for it has now found a place in the new mammoth lexicon of the English language known as the Oxford Dictionary, at present in course of publication.

The ouananiche has been frequently treated, within the last quarter of a century, as a new fish, and some of the claims to its discovery are provocative of mirth. Science classes it—though not universally, it must be admitted—as the pure and original type of the ordinary *Salmo salar*—the well-known salmon of the North Atlantic Ocean and of the coastal streams of northeast America. The surmises of some anglers, on the other hand, in regard to its origin, are no less amusing than was Walton's respecting "the great trout that is near an ell long;" namely—"whether this were a salmon when he came into the fresh water, and his not returning into the sea hath altered him to another color or kind, I am not able to say."

To quite a number of ardent anglers the ouananiche has undoubtedly proved a new variety, and this fact, coupled, perhaps, with carelessness or meagre powers of observation and resultant haste in jumping to conclusions have led to the publication from time to time of a mass of erroneous information, not only in regard to the identity, the origin and the name of the fish, but also as respects its habits and geographical distribution, the alleged difficulty of its capture, and in fact upon almost every point of the subject upon which it is possible to err. Thus



On the Peribonca River, one of the feeders of Lake St. John, in the Ouananiche Country.

we are persistently told that the ouananiche is peculiar to Lake St. John and its tributary waters—that it is a landlocked salmon and a distinct variety from *Salmo salar*. On the other hand it has been perfectly well established for a score of years past that its habitat is co-extensive with the great Labrador peninsula, excepting only the latter's western slope. In 1804 and 1895, Mr. A. P. Low, already mentioned, found the ouananiche in the Koksoak river for a distance of nearly 200 miles below Lake Caniapsow and in the lake and river stretches of the upper part of the George river, which also empties into Ungava Bay. On the eastern watershed, the party frequently caught the same fish on both branches of the Hamilton river above the Grand Falls, and also in great Lake Michikamow at the head of the North West River. That it is not a landlocked salmon is patent to the most ordinary observer. In the Lake St. John waters, where it is best known to the majority of writers upon the subject, it has unobstructed access to the sea by way of the Saguenay river and the Lower St. Lawrence. The familiar story of the Lake St. John ouananiche shut out from the sea by some extraordinary upheaval of nature in the bed of the Saguenay is of course entirely apocryphal, for as I wrote in one of my books twenty years ago, "waters never yet flowed that smolt could not descend,

and it has still to be established that the Saguenay was ever dry."

But a few years ago, the angling for ouananiche was written of as a conflict between man and a dragonlike adversary which fought its captor more in air than in water, and with so much vigor and success that the strongest tackle manufactured was essential to its capture and that a good proportion of the rods brought to bear upon the fight were smashed by the angler's valiant combatant as if they were so many match splints. Sportsmen who set out a couple of decades ago to fish for ouananiche armed themselves for the fray as though they were bound for an attack upon the *Salmo salar* of coastal streams, and were frequently to be met, as occasional English or Canadian fishermen have been in later days, on the Grande Decharge or in the pools of the Metabetchouan River, casting with sixteen-foot, two-handed salmon or grilse rods, just as they do when fishing for thirty-pound salmon in the Moisie or the Ristigouche. Like that Hadendowah Arab the Fuzzy-Wuzzy of the Soudan, the Canadian ouananiche has been described somewhere by Col. Andrew Haggard as "An India-rubber idiot on the spree."

Much nonsense has been published from time to time about this really splendid game fish of the north, and anglers who have successfully

held the vaulting tarpon and the leaping salmon with rod and line, have more than once been disgusted beyond measure at the evident misrepresentation of those who have pictured the little salmon of Lake St. John as an inveterate smasher of fishing tackle. It is true that very little was known of the ouananiche until quite modern times, but recent investigation has brought to light many facts concerning the fish that were formerly veiled in obscurity.

The most accessible ouananiche waters are in the Grand Decharge of Lake St. John, but they do not contain the biggest fish. Many visit them annually to experience the sensation of shooting the rapids in the Indian canoes of birch bark. The sensation as the frail craft glides down a steep incline of smooth water, or dips into the hollow of a great sea, is thrilling in the extreme. Now it seems that the crest of a huge wave is about to break over the side of the canoe; the next instant the birch-bark is lifted sideways out of the hollow. Then again the bow is apparently upon the point of being submerged when the canoeman in front cuts off the head of the approaching breaker with his paddle. These experiences, amid the resistless impetuosity of the stream, are of a nature to quicken the pulsation of the heart and to hasten the coursing of the blood through the veins. Here and there are oily looking pools where the waters

are at rest, save for the heaving of their bosom after the storm of yonder passionate waterfall, and for the eddyings in circular motion of the larger patches of scum or foam over the surface of the pool.

Amid such surroundings we frequently cast our flies during a long-remembered visit, the Colonel and myself. The Colonel is an Englishman, and we had many American fishing neighbors, including a clever woman angler from New York who could give many of us points in raising the fish to our gay deceits of color and feather. Do what we would we could not approach the number of her rises. We cast all around her and changed our flies frequently, finally trying duplicates of those upon her own line, with which she supplied us from her own fly-book. Still she beat us all. Once she struck and hooked two fish at the same time. Then it was excitement, indeed! One up, one down, or perchance it might be both of them out of the water together, their shimmering sides glistening in the sun like flashes of silver. We all stopped fishing to see the outcome of the fight. The little three and a half ounce silver mounted, split-cane rod responded bravely to the demands made upon it, and never did its fair owner deign to lower the tip to relieve the strain, as one or other of the fish, or both of them together, dropped into the water from their many somersaults. Acting upon the theory that the rod could stand the same strain immediately after the leap of a fish that it stood before it, the dainty little fisherwoman yielded nothing but line to her pair of captive ouananiche, and after allowing them a pretty free rein for about twelve minutes, she suddenly turned the tables upon them and led them where she listed. The line was reeled up until the end of the leader almost touched the upper ring of the rod, and then not another inch was given them. When they still attempted to dive, with the same amount of fight that yet remained to them, they sometimes arched the rod until the whole tip was under water. Soon they were on their sides apparently exhausted.

The man in the bow of the canoe slipped the landing net under the lower fish, securing it safely, but missed the other. Quick as thought the angler had reached over her arm, and with the scissors which she held in her hand had snapped the leader just below the upper fish. The latter was a four-pound ouananiche, and aroused to new life and exertion by the sight of the net, gave another three minutes of exciting sport before it was again brought upon its side to the surface of the water. Then something happened for which we were totally unprepared. When one of the guides again took up the landing net to secure the prize, a sign from the angler made him lay it down again. Another minute was spent in thoroughly drowning the fish, and then as it was brought close up to the side of the canoe a dainty hand with a number of richly jewelled fingers quickly grasped the ouananiche in a tight hold around the tail, immediately in front of the caudal fin, and with a rapid movement of the arm the fish was lifted, or rather jerked from the water and safely landed in the bottom of the canoe. It was a capital act, and its execution was so sudden, so wholly unexpected that some seconds elapsed before the spectators could recover their astonishment sufficiently to applaud the tact and the success of the



On the route to Lac a-Jim, north of Lake St. John.

artistic fisherwoman. It was learned subsequently, that the young lady is a successful salmon angler, who has so great an abhorrence of the ordinary practice of gaffing large fish, that she has practised the killing of her own fish by first drowning them and then securing them by hand. She has thus succeeded in landing, by these simple means, a salmon nearly half as heavy as herself.

In the large patches of white foam, into which we cast our flies, there were thousands of natural insects which the ouananiche, hidden below were picking out of the scum, much as children might select the large, ripe berries out of a strawberry patch. Often they swam slowly around with their dorsal fins protruding from the water. One of our guides hooked one foul, the point and barb of the hook passing through the upper part of the back, a little in front of the tail. Then we had fun. First there came a series of leaps and dives and splashes upon the sur-

gave way. Presently, a high leap from the fish at the end of the line brought its run to an end. It was still several minutes, however, before it could be brought to the net, and once, in the course of its final leaps, it very narrowly escaped from landing in one of the other canoes.

One must be prepared for all sorts of adventures when trolling for ouananiche, and well do I recall, amid the islands of the Grand Descharge, hooking upon a small spoon, with a light cane rod, a huge pike, or American pickerel, of seventeen pounds.

But large and plentiful as are the ouananiche in the Metabetchouan river, and wild and beautiful beyond description as is the scenery of the Grand Descharge, the angler after sport and adventure of the most attractive kind will prefer to scale some of the mighty wild ouananiche rivers of the interior of Labrador. Take the Peribonca for instance, nearly three hundred miles from its mouth is Lake Manouan, containing ouananiche from five to eight pounds in weight. Several years ago I ascended the Peribonca for fifty miles, as far as Lake Tschotagama, and the trip occupied a week, nearly four days being required to ascend the stream. In that distance ten large waterfalls had to be portaged around; it was necessary to pole the canoe up furious rapids and to camp in bear-infested woods, more than a score of miles away from any human habitation. But the scenery was of the grandest and most magnificent description and the fishing in the pools below some of the falls was marvelously good. In Tschotagama it was wonderful. There it is no unusual experience to have a brace of ouananiche at the same time upon the rod, each five or six pounds in weight. There is a record of a 49 pound pike having been taken here on a troll. E. J. Myers of New York killed one that measured 52 inches in length and weighed 47 pounds, and the same angler has to his credit a pair of



Fifth Falls of the Mistassini, immediately below which is a famous Ouananiche pool.

face of the water as vivacious and brilliant as a display of fireworks. Finding that its skyward somersaults and aerial gymnastics were unable to shake it clear of the hook, the fish started off with as near the velocity of a torpedo as it could command, to leave trouble behind. The guide had handed me the rod before the ouananiche had started on its journey in the direction of the sea, and was now actively plying his paddle to enable us to overtake the fleeing fish, whose run was already depriving me of so much of my line that the reel was screeching as it

eight-pound ouananiche and a ten pound speckled trout from the waters of the same lake.

But it is quite unnecessary to go so far away from civilization to enjoy some ouananiche fishing in the early part of the season. In the end of May and the beginning of June, Indian or half-breed guides can be found at Roberval ready to convey the angler to fair fishing grounds in Lake St. John itself, where this much-discussed fish is usually to be found a short distance off the mouths of the Ouatichouaniche, the Ouatichouan or the Metabetchouan rivers.

A Problem That Bothers All of Us

What Are the Best Kind and Size of Flies to Use For Early Spring Fishing Under Varying Conditions?

By Charles Zibeon Southard, Author of "Trout Fly Fishing in America."

APRIL is here and the Trout Fly Fisherman's hour has arrived in many states and will shortly arrive in others! As anglers are now overhauling old flies and considering new ones, probably more so than any other article of their equipment, a few words in relation to them may prove of interest.

What are the best kind and size of flies to use? There is hardly a day at this time of the year that tackle dealers are not asked this question over and over again and in most cases their an-

swer is in the form of another question: What waters do you fish?

well qualified to suggest and advise the ordinary angler in the selection of flies for most waters. And this selection, as a rule, is a very fair one because it is nearly always based upon the flies that have proved successful in past seasons.

Almost every angler (save the novice or beginner) be he young or old, has some "favorite flies" which he will declare will catch trout when all others fail and this is based upon the fact that at some time or other an extraordinary catch has been made with them; and it is not always confined to a single instance by any means. With all due respect for the "favorite flies," their users

any water, unless he selected almost all of the well known and so called successful ones. The reason for this is that the anglers seldom agree upon the same flies even for use upon the same waters.

When the open season begins in the spring, the trout are just beginning to move about actively and seek the shallow water as the days grow warmer. It is at such times that the eyesight of these trout is the poorest and least keen, owing to the fact that they have been for a considerable length of time in deep, dark water and, in most cases, under ice. This condition has had its ef-



The Trout are Beginning to Move About Actively.

fect upon the sight of the trout, as the eyes have become accustomed to a subdued light, which has made them slow to resume their normal vision. As the trout are in the water, they always see any fly presented to them on the surface of the water, or a few inches under the surface, through the medium of the water. The distinctness with which they see any fly must necessarily depend

and the delightful sentiment for and memories of past angling days which the flies call to mind, I am nevertheless heretic enough to place but little real confidence in the theory of angler's "favorite flies."

On the "favorite fly" theory the novice or beginner at fly-fishing would be hard pushed indeed to make any reasonably good selection of flies for

The dealer, who has a large clientele, is usually

and the delightful sentiment for and memories of past angling days which the flies call to mind, I am nevertheless heretic enough to place but little real confidence in the theory of angler's "favorite flies."

upon both the water and weather conditions existing at the time the fly is displayed and, in addition, the coloration of the fly and its size.

Therefore, there are four factors that the angler must consider whenever fly-fishing for trout; namely, the condition of the water, the condition of the weather, the color of the fly and its size, in order that he may select one or more flies which can quickly be seen by the trout. In the early spring it will be found that on most waters larger rather than smaller flies will prove successful in the long run and, in fact, in the great majority of cases.

When the water is roily or discolored and the weather is rainy, cloudy or hazy, bright and light colored flies can best be seen by the trout. On the other hand, when the water is clear and the weather is clear and sunshiny, dark and medium colored flies will prove more attractive.

If white and black are classed as colors in fly coloration, then the White Miller is the typical light fly, the Black Gnat is the typical dark fly and the medium colored or neutral fly is best represented by the Hare's Ear or Wickham's Fancy.

Light-Colored Flies are those that have a decided lightish shade, and where white, light blue, light gray and light yellow predominate. Such as the Coachman, the Royal Coachman, Lady of the Lake, Reuben Wood, Yellow May, Dorset, Gray Drake, Deer Fly, Jenny Lind, Fern, Beaverkill, Gosling, and Blue Dun.

Medium-Colored Flies are those which are more neutral in shade, having no very marked leaning to either dark or light colors. Such as the Professor, Queen of the Water, Alder, Gray Hackle, Grizzly King, Light Cow Dung, August Dun, Hamlin, Lake Green, Brown Coughlan, Royal Governor, Aliee, Cinnamon and Marston's Fancy.

Dark-Colored Flies are those that have largely black, dark brown, dark green, red and indigo in their makeup and their general aspect is of a dark shade. Such as the Montreal, Cahill, Great Dun, Hawthorn, Furnace, Wasp, Carmen, Silver Gnat, Silver Doctor, Silver Spot, Governor, Dark Stone, Blue Bottle, Black June and Silver Horns.

For the wet-fly angler in the early spring flies tied on number 8 hooks are the best for "all round trout fishing" but on some few waters flies tied on number 10 hooks are a better size: and for use on most lakes and still water more success is often obtained with flies tied on number 6 hooks. I would not advise, on any waters, the use of flies smaller than number 10 or larger than number 6 and seldom will a number 10 fly prove as successful as the two larger sizes mentioned.

For dry-fly fishing flies tied on number 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13 hooks are the best, preferably the three larger sizes, although some dry-fly anglers prefer flies tied on number 14 and 16 hooks; but in the early spring the greater success will be had by the use of the larger sizes.

The wet-fly anglers should feel deeply indebted to their brothers, the dry-fly men, for developing the art of artificial fly making to such an extent that to-day many of the flies are real imitations of the natural flies found upon our trout waters.

While there are many trout waters (notably those of Maine, Canada and the West) where trout will not rise to a dry-fly if it is presented to them strictly according to the dry-fly man's code, yet they will accept that same fly if fished by a wet-fly angler upon and just under the sur-

face of the water and played as a wet-fly; and oftentimes the dry-fly will prove more successful under those conditions than many of the old patterns generally used by the wet-fly fisherman in those waters.

At no time during the open season for trout is it so difficult to make a proper selection of flies to meet the ever changing conditions governing fly-fishing as in the early spring or for the first three weeks of the season.

It is during this period that the "flood stage" of the streams greatly affects trout, creating in them a "state of unrest" which makes them shy and but "transient dwellers" in any place, because the swollen waters and changed conditions have driven them away from their customary habitat. Trout dislike unusual conditions; they, like people, seek to dwell in places that are to their liking and when such places are greatly disturbed or changed, from any cause whatsoever, they "roam" and are then poor risers to flies, either real or artificial.

This is one of the reason why the early spring fishing on streams is so uncertain and the right selection of flies so difficult to make with much likelihood of success, even when every little detail of the existing conditions are carefully observed. But it is just this uncertainty which makes the sport of angling so attractive and the pleasure is the greater, when good judgment, patience and perseverance in the application of the art of fly-fishing brings success to reward the angler's efforts.

"No living man can say," writes a well-known angler, "when upon unfamiliar waters, what fly will prove most alluring. The greater his experience the more tentative does he consider his first efforts.

"Every stream has its own peculiarities not only as to the most successful fly, but as to the habits of its trout as well."

Having given some reasons for using a certain kind and size of flies for early spring fishing, I will now give the names of some of the flies that find a resting place in my own fly-books when not in use and which have proved to be good flies for use on the streams, ponds and lakes of the New England and Middle States.

These flies are all to be had either snelled or eyed, just as the fancy dictates; but from an economical standpoint, if no other, it is preferable to use eyed flies for they will last longer and remain in better condition than snelled ones.

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| <p>Wet Flies.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> * Professor. * Brown Hackle. * Black Gnat. * Silver Spot. * Coachman. * Yellow May. Light Cow Dung. Grizzly King. Gray Hackle. Montreal. Light Tip Montreal Silver Doctor. Royal Coachman. White Miller. Beaverkill. March Brown. Queen of the water Blue Bottle. Abbey. Governor. | <p>Dry Flies.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> * Hare's Ear. * Greenwell's Glory * Pale Evening Dun. * Silver Sedge. * Hofland's Fancy. * Wickham's Fancy. Black Gnat. Coachman. White Miller. Red Ant. March Brown. Little Yellow May Blue Quill. Jenny Spinner. Whirling Dun. Welehman's Button Yellow Bumble. Soldier Palmer. Red Spinner. Iron Blue Dun. |
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*If the angler is limited to but a few different patterns those flies marked with a star make a very good and serviceable lot.

Remember that the greatest skill is shown by the angler who persuades the trout to rise to his

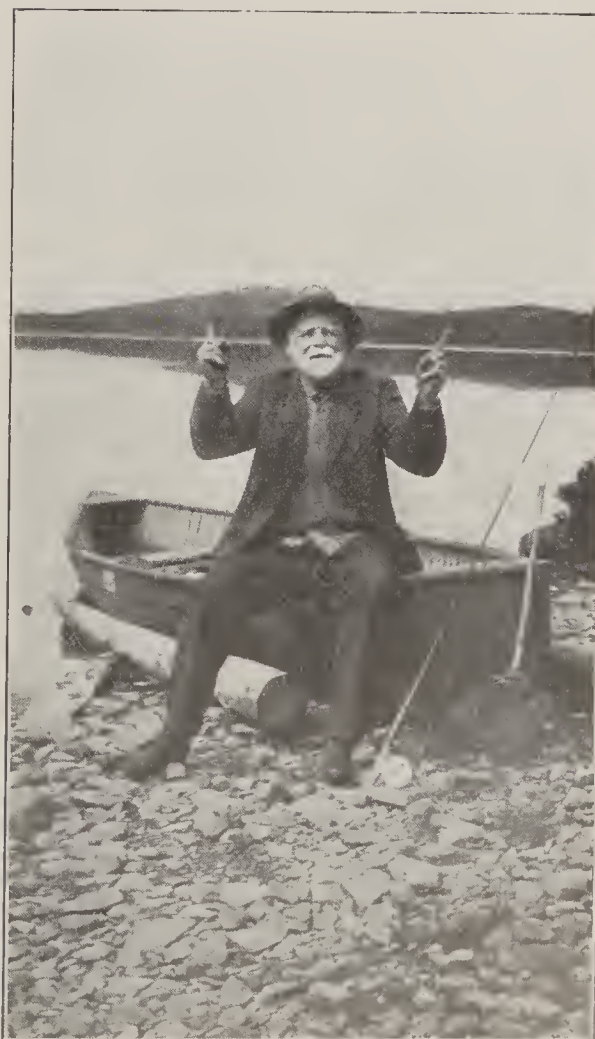
fly when they are not feeding or they are in a "state of unrest;" and it is then he experiences the greatest pleasure and satisfaction if success rewards him for he then knows his selection of flies, both as to kind and size, has been wisely made.

The saying, "Oh! He is a lucky fisherman!" is one that beginners as well as old-timers at fly-fishing would do well to discount as having no meaning nor significance for, after all, success in fly-fishing is not a question of luck. It is rather the result of judgment and knowledge in knowing how to select the proper fly for the particular occasion and then knowing how to place and play the fly so as to make it prove most attractive as well as acceptable to the trout.

It matters not at all what trout waters the angler fishes if he has the true and kindly spirit of Izaak Walton, the Master Angler of years ago; for then every stream and lake has its own peculiar and delightful charms in which the angler revels while angling, with either the wet or the dry-fly, to fathom their piscatorial secrets.

Of all sport, I know of none that seems to develop in the individual such a kindly spirit, such a full appreciation of all living things, and such an absorbing love for the many and varied charms of "the open" as fly-fishing.

May the season of 1915 prove a joy and pleasure alike to all anglers from the youngster, who fishes the small brooks with his "Alder Pole" and angle worm to "The Expert," who casts his all but perfect fly with the finest of split bamboo rods on the larger waters.



"So help me, he was——"

Fly Tackle Angling For The Commoner Fish

A Distinguished Authority Tells How to Enjoy the Best of Sport Near at Home—Sport at a Minimum of Time and Expense

By Dr. James A. Henshall, Author of "The Black Bass," "My Favorite Fishes," etc., etc.



IN the spring months the thoughts of anglers naturally turn to fishing, and as game-fishes in all public waters east of the Missouri River are becoming few and far between, more especially black bass and trout, it is well to consider the merits of other game fishes that are still available. And while these fishes are smaller and not so gamey as those mentioned, they are nevertheless worthy of the angler's attention.

More than thirty years ago I penned the following: "It is among the possibilities in this world of transitory things, that fly-fishing for the salmonids in the United States will in the near future be known only by tradition. It should, therefore, be a source of great consolation to the fly-fisher to know that there are now, and probably ever will be, in the streams and lakes of this broad land, percid game-fishes equally worth of his skill, which require only to be known to be properly appreciated."

The quality of gameness in a fish is best determined by the character of the tackle used. A brook trout on a striped bass rod, or a black bass on a tarpon rod, could not, in either case, exhibit its characteristic gameness, or afford any sport to the angler.

Excellent sport with these smaller fishes, however, is now rendered possible owing to the advent of the very light trout rod. It should not be considered beneath the dignity of an angler to cast the fly for a rock bass, a blue-gill or a croppie, with a three-ounce rod. Certainly it is just as sportsmanlike as to fish for six-inch brook trout in a meadow brook or a mountain rill.

The urban angler is now compelled to travel long distances, and at considerable expense, to find good salmon, black bass or sizable trout. It should, then, be some gratification to know that with very light tackle he can enjoy very good fly—or bait-fishing with the several species to be described.

As these fishes are of wide distribution, their local or vernacular names are numerous and differ considerably, often interchangeably. To identify them correctly it is necessary to give, in addition to the common names, the scientific names as well.

The rock bass (*Ambloplites rupestris*), is well-known in the Great Lake region and in the upper Mississippi valley, where it is called "rock bass," for as its Latin name implies, it is fond of rocky situations. But it also thrives in rather weedy ponds. In the middle west it is known as "red-eye" and "Goggle-eye."

It is a handsome fish, growing to a pound in streams and ponds and to two pounds in lakes. Although not as much esteemed in the Great Lake region as its merits demand, it is well thought of in the middle west as a pan fish. And it is not to be despised as a game-fish on a three or four-ounce rod. Its habit of curving its body to resist the strain of the rod is characteristic. Brown, red or gray hackles, on hooks 5 to 7, can be used successfully, allowing the fly to sink at each cast. For bait-fishing very small minnows are the best, but grub worms, crickets, and earth worms are all useful. On lakes the trolling spoon of very small size will prove attractive.

The Blue Gill (*Lepomis Pallidus*), is universally distributed in most waters east of the Rocky Mountains, except in the eastern states. In different sections it is known as blue-gill, blue bream, copper-nose bream, or just "brim." But wherever found and under whatever name, from Canada to Florida, it is much sought after as a game—or food-fish, and deservedly so.

It is the largest of the so-called "sunfishes," averaging a half-pound, but sometime growing to a pound, as in Florida. The angler in search of rare sport, where the usually-called game-fish are scarce, will make no mistake if he uses a three-ounce rod for the blue-gill. It will rise to most of the hackle flies, the coachman, the drakes and stone fly.

The Calico Bass (*Pomoxis sparoides*), ranges along the Great Lake basin and in the upper Mississippi valley, where it is abundant. It is variously known as northern croppie, strawberry bass, grass bass, etc. It is gregarious, and like all gregarious animals is rather shy, loving the covert of tall-growing aquatic weeds in rather deep water in ponds. In lakes it also frequents open water. While not very game, it will not disappoint the logical angler with a three-ounce rod. Its lack of gameness is compensated by its eagerness to take his fly or bait, as sometimes almost the entire school can be taken by careful work.

Almost any grayish fly, as gray coffin, gray drake, Henshall or coachman are usually successful, especially late in the afternoon. For bait-fishing use very small minnows, grubs, grasshoppers or cut bait, and on open water the smallest trolling spoon is called for.

The Croppie (*Pomoxis annularis*) is the southern form of this genus, and abounds in nearly all southern states. In Kentucky it is known as "newlight," and further south, along the Mississippi River it is "white perch" or "speckled perch," and in Louisiana is "sac-a-lac," meaning "bag of milk." It grows in southern lakes to

three pounds, and while an excellent panfish is not very gamey, easily sliding out of the water when hooked. It will furnish good sport, however, to the fly-fisher, using small grayish flies. The Henshall fly on number 6 to 8 hooks is a favorite fly in Kentucky. Other flies as recommended for the calico bass and also used for its southern congener.

The White Bass (*Roccus chrysops*), is a favorite gamefish, in the upper Mississippi Valley and along the Great Lakes, where it sometimes reaches three or four pounds. It also inhabits some of the tributaries of the lower Mississippi, especially St. Francis and White rivers in Arkansas.

It rises well to the fly, and is easily taken with bait. A fly-rod of three or four ounces is quite well adapted for this fine fish, and such flies as march brown, the drakes, the duns, and also the flies mentioned for the croppies, will answer as well for the white bass.

Small minnows and the trolling-spoon are successful on lakes and large ponds. In the southern states it is better known as "striped bass," where it does not grow so large as in northern waters.

The Yellow Bass (*Morone interrupta*), resembles very much, in general appearance, the white bass, except that the black horizontal stripes along its sides are not continuous, but broken or interrupted, as its Latin names implies. It might be considered the southern form of the two species, though belonging to a different genus. While it does not grow so large as the white bass it is fair game on a three-ounce rod, responding to sober-hued flies, as brown coffin, march brown, alder, and the various hackles. For bait-fishing, small minnows, catalpa worm, grubs and earth worms will all prove successful at times.

The Yellow Perch (*Perca flavescens*), is so well known in northern waters that it is only necessary to give it a brief notice. It is very abundant in the Great Lakes region, and is also found along the eastern coastwise streams as far south as North Carolina. It is gregarious, especially in the spring, near the breeding season and is easily captured with fly or bait.

In lakes and large ponds it reaches two pounds in weight, and gives fair sport with very light tackle. It rises freely to almost any brightly-colored fly, as red ibis, silver doctor, professor, polka, yellow Sally, etc. It will take any kind of bait that is used for other small fishes. In the winter it is taken through the ice in large quantities and finds a ready sale in the markets, as it is a pretty good panfish.

The Grandest Game Bird in America

Mysteries of Wild Turkey Hunting Told by an Expert for the Benefit of a Younger Generation

By Dick Swiveller.



It may be of no interest to the old-timer, but it will attract the attention of the younger generation of sportsmen if I speak briefly of the habits of the wild turkey and how to find and bag him. The wild turkey is the largest of all our

gallinaceous game. In years past it could be found in most all the states east of the Rocky Mountains. Now it is found in the southern parts of the country. They are plentiful in Texas and to be found in fair numbers in all the southern states. The abundance in any locality, however, depends on the supply of their favorite food, such as mast, small nuts, acorns and seeds. They are very fond of all kinds of grain; and in searching for it will at times approach very near houses and outbuildings, and can be seen at rare times running and feeding near fences in fields containing grain crops. They are decidedly the shyest and sharpest of game birds and most difficult to approach, and yet they are accredited with doing fool things. Two hunters were sleeping under a tall pine tree. One awoke and lay there musing. Presently he noticed a bunch on a limb; he reached for his gun and shot at the bunch and brought down a good sized gobbler. A man on horseback, riding within thirty feet of a rail fence near the woods, counted fourteen turkeys coming through a break in the fence. Possibly they mistook the man as part of the horse. It is needless to say that the man did not have a gun, and that if he went to the hole in the fence with a gun and watched, he could do so for years and never have another such chance to bag a turkey. The writer, one morning when quail shooting, in South Carolina, had his pointer dog point a turkey in the heavy broomsedge grass near a fence. The bird flushed as I stepped forward expecting a quail to flush. I was so surprised I almost forgot to shoot. The report of the gun sent half a dozen or more turkeys into the air, all out of range. Now those birds must have heard the dog and myself approach, as they lay covered with the thick dry grass; one of the "fool things" a turkey will do. The wild turkey pairs off in the Spring. This is a time they are successfully hunted, the gobblers only being killed, though many of the young birds are shot in early Fall. The weight of a full grown wild gobbler is from sixteen to twenty-five pounds; the weight of a hen turkey, full grown, runs from ten to fourteen pounds. Instances are on record of the capture of thirty to thirty-five-pound gobblers. The writer once saw a gobbler alleged to have weighed thirty-seven pounds undressed. The writer shot one that weighed twenty-two and a half pounds, undressed.

In October, in states as far north as Pennsyl-

vania, and in November in southern latitudes, the turkey is in fair condition, and the youngsters able to care for themselves. At this time the gobblers may be "called" within range of the gun. Experienced turkey hunters can imitate the call of the turkey that brings the birds together. The little instrument, the "caller" is made of wood or metal. Some call with the mouth alone. An old turkey hunter I used to hunt with could make a gobbler believe to the depths of his tender gizzard that some fair inamorata of a hen turkey was languishing to have him call around. He would bring that gobbler right out of his concealment and fairly up to the blind, all by a peculiar puckering of the lips, assisted by the tongue. It is very difficult to learn to call correctly either with a caller or with the mouth alone. One false note, no matter how slight, will send the birds in the air or run them to cover. It is very exciting sport to lay concealed in the thick woods and get an answer from a gobbler who thinks a hen turkey is calling for him. The call is repeated and answered, and after an interval of fifteen or twenty minutes the wooing, soothing call. Again the answer from the wooer; and this is repeated by the hunter if all has worked well, until the gobbler makes his appearance. His position may be too far away. In this event the caller must have the skill to make the call of the supposed hen turkey appear still far away and thus draw the gobbler up to the distance required to bag him. Sometimes two or more gobblers will answer. The chances then are that two or more will be bagged. They are very keen, always on the alert. The slightest alarming sound can be detected. I have thought they can see the wink of a human eye at fifty yards. It is a splendid sight to see a full grown gobbler step into view after being called up. To see his wary look, his stately and noiseless tread, head erect, his black and greenish plumage spreading into bronze, the whole giving a metallic luster. When alarmed these birds, though so large, can get on wing about as quick as a quail, and shooting them under such circumstances requires speedy handling of the gun. They are very tenacious of life and require large shot, No. 4 or even No. 2, propelled by 28 grains of bulk smokeless powder and a hard-hitting 12-gauge gun.

There are several ways of hunting and capturing the wild turkey, being governed by locality and surroundings. They are called as mentioned above, while another way is in the use of trained dogs to follow the scent, discover and scatter the flock. The hunter, then guided by the barking of the dog, goes to the spot where the birds scattered, builds a blind and calling is begun to bring the flock together, for it is their habit to want to go to the place where they scattered.

By this means two or three birds are secured to two guns. Again a spot is found in the woods, usually near a swampy place with tall trees and heavy brush in proximity. The turkeys roost in the trees, on the upper branches generally. The hunter builds a good blind and goes to it just before sunset and waits for the big birds to come in to roost, then shoots them from the trees. Another plan is to discover where a gang of turkeys "uses." This is found where the feed is good. Corn should be scattered around in various places, and those places visited every day to see if the bait has been taken. Having become assured that the gang is coming every morning (they begin feeding at day-break) for the bait, then construct a blind, which is made simply of brush and limbs, but bear in mind it must not have a new or made-up appearance; no bright green wood or butts should show. Use dead brush, brown and old branches and sticks, and so constructed as to be closed on all sides, and roomy enough to accommodate one or more shooters in a sitting position. It should be open at the top, and open places enough on all sides to push the gun through. As soon as the blind is built, scatter the corn in front of it fifteen or twenty yards away. The turkeys will soon take **this trail**. Bait again in the afternoon and be in the blind long before daylight next morning, still as an owl, and await the coming of the grand turkeys. Just as the mantle of night is lifting and the rosy hue in the east is more pronounced, you will probably see them coming, two, three, four, seven, ten or you may count a dozen or more. An exciting moment. On they come, feeding, and at last reaching the place where the corn is thickest, which brings them within range. Now if you have not an attack of "buck-ague," select a bird, kill him and instantly put your second barrel to a bird on the wing without waiting to see if the first shot was effective. This method of taking the wild turkey is probably as fair and satisfactory as any.

I must confess, that in my experience in shooting most all varieties of our game birds, the question of "meat" has little to do with the sport, but when turkey shooting, the thought of this fine game bird on the table is a prominent factor in the desire to bring him to bag. I don't know but we may as well take him in any way we can get him which includes a slice from his tender bosom that has been browned by proper cooking—or a second joint if you please. The individual who has yet to taste for the first time wild turkey will experience a sensation of rapture beside which his first canvasback duck celery fed is a mere everyday affair at table, provided always that the turkey is properly treated in the kitchen and served with all the honors to which he is entitled.

Color Photography for the Sportsman

How you can Keep the Glories of Woodland Tints and Shades Before you Always—A Fascinating Recreation

By R. A. Worstall.



THE camera has become a necessary adjunct to every sportsman's equipment. Whether he be a trout fisherman, wading the shallow streams, or a big game hunter, trailing the moose and caribou along the ridges; whether his sport leads him far afield, or whether his ramblings be near home, nine times out of ten he will have a camera slung over his shoulder, or stuck in his pocket. And often during the long winter evenings that mark the interim for most outdoor recreations, he will turn to the pictures taken on his sporting pilgrimages. "This picture" he will say, as you pore over his album with him, "doesn't begin to do the subject justice. You should have seen the blaze of color in those October woods, with the green of the spruces for a background, and the blue sky and fleecy clouds reflected in the water. I'd give a lot for a picture of it just as it looked then."

What would you give, to-day, for a picture true in color of that great trout you caught last summer, with its blue and crimson spots, and the iridescent golden armor over all? Or for that hardwood ridge, a blaze of reds and yellows and oranges, where you downed your moose last fall? Or for that gorgeous sunset the last night in camp? Lost opportunities these, but there is no reason why, if you are willing to take half the trouble and devote a fraction of the effort you put into your fishing and shooting, you should allow such pictures to escape you again. For all these subjects can be taken in their true colors, and the results will repay you a hundred fold for the trouble.

This is not the place for a discussion of the theory and development of color photography. Those interested can obtain, through their photographic dealer, books treating on these subjects. We are concerned here only with a consideration of the necessary equipment and manipulations involved in making color transparencies. For successful color prints on paper are still a thing of the future. But if you will make your color transparencies in lantern slide size, and throw them, enlarged, upon a screen, or if you make and view them as stereoscopes, you will, I am sure, be so satisfied with the results that you will not ask for paper prints.

In taking color pictures, any ordinary plate camera, or any film camera which can be fitted with a ground glass focusing back and plate holders, will serve. It is of course true, in this as in all branches of photography, that the better the lens the better results you are apt to get, but an expensive anastigmat is not absolutely necessary. A special ray filter to fit over your lens, and a meter for judging the exposure, are necessary.

The whole cost of adapting an ordinary roll film camera to color plate work need not exceed five dollars.

The Autochrome process is probably the most widely used in this country, for making color

transparencies. The Lumiere Autochromes are made in France and their process of manufacture is briefly as follows: Wheat starch is sifted until circular grains of uniform, microscopic size result. Batches of these are dyed, with transpar-



What Would You Give for a Picture Like this in Colors?

ent dyes, the three primary colors: red, green, and blue-violet—and mixed in correct proportions. A glass plate with an adhesive coating is sprinkled with this mixture, and the surplus shaken off. The interstices which remain are filled with fine carbon black. The coating is then rolled, and covered with a waterproof varnish. Upon this is spread a very thin film of an orthochromatic collodion emulsion. Autochromes come packed four in a box, box of four in lantern slide size costing \$1.20. The film is very delicate and great care must be exercised in handling the plates. The box must be opened either in an absolutely dark room, or in one faintly lighted by a low candle power light fully screened by the "Virida" papers sold for the purpose. In any case, as the emulsion is sensitive to all colors, the less light of any sort one has, the better. Each plate is packed with the film side in contact with a black cardboard, and the two are loaded into the plate holders together. The glass side of the plate, which, contrary to the practice with ordinary plates, faces the lens, must be wiped gently with a soft cloth to remove dust.

Having your plate holders loaded, slip over the lens the special ray filter sold for Autochrome work. No other filter will answer. The object of this filter is to cut off the too actinic blue-violet rays, and to equalize the light, and the necessary shade of filter for this plate has been accurately determined by the makers. The ground glass in the focusing back must be reversed, that is the ground side faced out to compensate for the reversal of the plate in the holder.

Before making an exposure it is absolutely necessary to test the light. Color plates, for reasons which it is not necessary to go into here, have very narrow latitude in exposure, and unless the exposure is right the colors will not be true. The Watkins Bee Meter for Color Plates is cheap and efficient. With each meter comes a booklet giving full instructions, plate speeds, etc. Having tested the light in accordance with these instructions, and having ascertained the correct exposure, follow this absolutely, regardless of what your opinions may be as to its accuracy. The meter is far more accurate than the judgment any photographer, however skilled, can form from the image on the ground glass. The Watkins plate speed for Autochromes is 3, about eighty times slower than an ordinary plate.

Having made the exposure the next step is development, and the Lumiere booklets give full and complete directions for this. It is best, at any rate until you have become proficient to follow these directions closely. The plate is developed in the dark, or with a very feeble Virida light, for about two minutes, rinsed a few seconds, then put into a "reversing bath" and brought out to full light. Reversing requires three or four minutes, after which the plate is rinsed again, re-developed, rinsed half a minute, and set aside to dry. When dry, it may be varnished, and a protecting cover of clear glass is bound over it. The whole process of making a complete Autochrome does not require more than thirty minutes, and is simplicity itself.

"What," some will say, "lug around a lot of heavy fragile glass plates on a hard trip in the woods?" Well, why not? When you go out after big game, do you depend on a light target pistol, rather than be bothered by the weight of an effective gun? Color pictures are the big game of



Your Guides Would Like to Have this as a Remembrance of Their Race.

photography. If you are content with the small game, stick to the roll film camera. But it is safe to assert that the great majority of us, when we go to the woods, lug along, cheerfully enough, many times the weight of two dozen color plates, in the shape of tackle boxes, repair kits, etc., seldom if ever to use them. You will not stick at a few pounds extra weight in your outfit when once you have learned what beautiful effects you can secure only by color plates. For nearly every time it is the color in the landscape, not the composition, that inspires the picture, and the color blind plate or film yields prints that are disappointing. By all means take a dozen or two color plates with you, but before you go practice with them enough so that you can use them properly.

A color plate process which is rapidly gaining converts is the Paget. The Paget color plates are made in England, and, unlike the Autochromes, the taking screen is on a separate plate from the sensitive emulsion. The latter is a panchromatic one, sensitive to all colors. The taking screen consists of the same primary colors as that of the Autochrome, but in a microscopic, geometrical design, and this taking screen may be used over and over again. The film side of the taking screen is placed in contact with the film of the negative, and the plate holders for Paget color plates must be fitted with good springs, to maintain close contact of the screen and plate. A special ray filter is required. The ground glass of the focusing back is reversed, just as for Autochromes. In calculating the exposure, the Paget booklet gives twelve as the Watkins speed. It has been my experience, and that of several others, that eight is nearer right. From this it is evident that the Paget color plate is more than twice as fast as the Autochrome. After making the exposure, the taking screen is placed to one side for further use, and the negative developed according to the printed instructions enclosed with the plates. This negative is fixed and washed in the usual way, and from it is made a lantern slide transparency on a Paget Transparency plate. The completed slide is brought in contact with a viewing screen, having the same geometrical design, and in the same colors, as the taking screen.

When the two are registered exactly, the colors are true, and the two are then firmly bound together.

Each process has its advantages. A color picture by the Autochrome process can be completed much more rapidly than by the Paget. The Autochrome, having the same taking and viewing screen, shows no parallax effect by indirect light, while the Paget must be viewed by direct light. And the Autochrome costs a little less than a completed Paget. But in my estimation, the advantages of the Paget process far outweigh the disadvantages. In the first place, the Paget plates being faster, permit of shorter exposures. True, the Autochromes may be supersensitized, but not every amateur would care to attempt this. The Paget plates have far better keeping qualities, and more latitude in exposure. The final color transparencies are much more brilliant and stand the heat of the projection lantern much better than the Autochrome. The cost of failure in exposure is much less in the case of the Paget, as it is confined to the cost of the negative. The Paget process is duplicating, that is as many color transparencies as one likes may be made from the same negative, while but one Autochrome results from each exposure. And finally, the Paget color negative makes contact prints and enlargements in any medium one chooses. The quality of the prints made from these negatives will be a revelation to one who has not used panchromatic plates and ray filters.

Whatever color plates you take on your next outing, I strongly advise that before starting each box be sealed in a moisture proof tin box, fastened with adhesive tape. Do not leave Autochromes long in plate holders. Paget plates will stand more of this sort of abuse. When the plates have been exposed, unload the plate holders at night, under blankets, with no light of any sort, and reload at the same time. Carefully pack the exposed plates in the same wrappings, and boxes they came in, and seal again in the tins. And develop them at the very first opportunity.

When one takes up this delightful recreation of color photography, he finds it, as he becomes more skilled, a most interesting sport in itself.

Who Owns The Game?

By Ernest Schaeffle, Executive Secretary, California Fish and Game Commission.

DISSATISFACTION over the control and use of wild game is probably as widespread in the United States as it ever was in Europe, where we point whenever we want to show a horrible example of selfishness and injustice to the masses.

And, misunderstanding, as to the real trouble, is apparently as widespread as the dissatisfaction. No two people seem able to agree as to the cause of the universal complaint, the blame being usually placed upon the "game laws." Was ever an institution or program so generally misunderstood as those compromise statutes, usually ineffective, intended to preserve the country's wild life!

The writer of this article makes no claim to wisdom; but a peculiarly intimate acquaintance of many years with game and fish, "game laws," so-called "poachers" and the general public has given him some knowledge of natural conditions and those unnatural conditions brought about by advancing civilization, and he feels capable of explaining and clearing up some of the existing dissatisfaction and misunderstanding.

We must recognize the fact that in the United States, and in most foreign countries, land is subject to private ownership. Of course in every country large areas are collectively owned, or owned by the "government," the "crown" or by free cities and by states; but, with the possible exception of Russia, the private holding system obtains and is pretty generally regarded as being just and wise. We have the system in this country as an inheritance from our British predecessors in occupancy, who, in turn, had it from the Romans.

Along with the private land ownership system, however, has gone a somewhat conflicting system of public ownership in wild game and fish. That conflict should arise as a result of the dual system was inevitable; but that much of the present day discontent comes from it may not have occurred even to careful students. Let us state the case concretely, and see if it does not immediately become clearer and more convincing.

About ten per cent. (more or less) of the population owns the land that is not publicly owned. The remaining ninety per cent. owns no land and has no rights to or upon any "land" except public waters and highways, public parks, reservations, etc.

The wild life belongs to the "people," by which we always mean the hundred per cent. whether they own land or not.

Now, the ninety per cent., being people—the same as the ten per cent.—like to ramble about on holidays and Sundays and to hunt and fish. But—and right here the trouble begins—the minority own the farms and the streams and lake beds and borders, and quite naturally object to trespassing and keep or put invaders out.

All the while, mind you, the game and fish belong to the general public, and the general public knows it and curses a system of laws that keeps it away from them and in the practical possession of the landholder.

The fact that a tract of land is used by a "gun club" or "preserve," whether by virtue of

ownership or mere lease, is invariably sufficient to irritate the local public. For some reason the prejudice against a farmer who closes his place against public hunting is nothing compared to the ill feeling entertained for a club (or even individual) who keeps a place as a "preserve." It seems also that, mingled with resentment at being denied a privilege, is to be found a rapidly growing belief that the public has a right to go on private land so long as the purpose is the pursuit and taking of "community property," and so long as no actual damage is done to the landholder's own possessions.

It is, of course, outside the purpose of this article to discuss the question of land ownership and trespass; but no argument over the ownership of game and the public rights in it can be engaged in without going smash against those questions. And, what is more disquieting, it seems certain that the present trouble between the hunters and fishermen and those who control the game and fish will continue and increase. What the outcome will be no one can foresee; but it is hard to even imagine that a people wedded to the idea of private ownership in land and in the unrestricted use of it, as well as to the idea of a divine right to protection in such ownership and use, would stand for the general "trespass" that would be needed to bring about the end desired by the public.

That private ownership means careful and often complete protection to wild species is not always accepted by the public as sufficient excuse for the system. Too often sentiment seems to favor utter extinction of what can not be freely and universally enjoyed. This sentiment is, possibly, weak and hysterical, besides being a menace to animals that have the same right to existence and comfort that man himself claims.

The future may prove the viciousness of such feeling by developing some different scheme of holding land, under which every one will have real ownership in such wild life as may be spared by the present ruthless generation. I say present generation advisedly, for it is evident that another twenty-five years will see the practical extermination of every desirable wild species in North America, unless the present slaughter is checked. Some doubting Thomas may say, "That can't be true, for in Great Britain, with her forty-five millions of people, they have been slaughtering for centuries, and still there's plenty of game." Another doubter will say, "Why, just establish public game preserves, like those they have in Oklahoma, and everybody can have game." And even another will say, "All they (note the they) need to do is to start farms everywhere and raise pheasants and wild ducks and deer, etc." Just for fun I am going to show the fallacy of all three arguments—partly because they're all fallacious and dangerous, but largely because they have been given wide circulation by irresponsible and dishonest agencies and are accepted, more or less, by the public.

The first argument is advanced by superficial thinkers. It is true that there is still wild game in Great Britain; but it exists because millions

and millions of pounds are spent freely by sportsmen and landholders in fencing and draining building of roads, trails and telephone lines; in the wholesale poisoning and trapping of predatory birds and animals; in the rearing, liberating and "training" of millions of birds; in the feeding, watering, sheltering and even doctoring of wild deer, grouse and partridges, and in the continuous patrol against "poachers" by a body of "keepers" nearly as large as the regular army of the United States.

Further than this, the kill of game in Great Britain is not to be gauged by either area or population, for out of forty-five millions of people, less than sixty-eight thousand do all the hunting, and the number is decreasing. There are now over one hundred and sixty thousand hunters in California and the number is increasing by leaps and bounds.

As to argument number two—that about public preserves. We have them—have had them for years—and will have more and larger ones. But if the entire state were one preserve it would not raise the game that the public wants. Furthermore, not all varieties would breed in the state; most species of wildfowl breed only in more northern latitudes. What we must realize is that game must be treated like any other crop, saving each year enough seed for the next season's planting, with something over as a safeguard against bad weather, epidemics, etc.

And now we come to the last argument, which, of the three, sounds the best to many enthusiasts. The answer is that the game farms and preserves cost money, even in England, where families have owned the same tract of land until its value has been forgotten or is no longer appreciated, and where labor is dirt cheap. I have been told (by one of them) that capable gamekeepers work in England for \$6.00 a month "and found." The same man would demand from \$40.00 to \$60.00 a month here and would refuse to work as hard or as long. But the great trouble is that successful game preserves and farms are almost an impossibility because of the public's determination to pursue and kill "wild" game, even on private holdings. It is true that every hunter does not "poach" and it is also true that some preserve owners are able to protect their property; but a great many hunters will hunt wherever the shooting is good, and the average farmer or preserve owner gets laughed out of court whenever he attempts the prosecution of a trespasser. Some preserve owners have given up the courts and rely upon the shotgun, which is a favorite plan in Europe. Obviously the plan fails here, and what is worse, carries the whole scheme of things into increasing disrepute.

And now, lest the reader quit with the feeling that the situation is utterly hopeless, I will venture—a prophecy, shall we call it? It is my strong belief, based upon the knowledge gained through experience and investigation, that the American public at last realizes the value of wild life and the terrible necessity of protecting the pitiful remnant left. I believe also, that we will, if we find that the tinkering of the past and of the present has resulted in nothing but a sense of false security, and if compromise measures are not soon found, close down on all killing, whether for commerce or for sport.

Report California Game Commission.

Pacific Salmon in New England Lakes

Successful Transplanting of the Lordly Chinook Means an Era of Real Salmon Fishing to Anglers of Limited Time or Moderate Means

By George H. Graham, Massachusetts State Game Commission.

No more interesting experiment has ever been carried on in the line of fish culture than what has been done in the past ten years with the Pacific salmon known as "Chinook" in some of our New England lakes.

The splendid record that has come from Lake Sunapee, N. H., and more recently what has been the result of planting these fish in Lake Quinsigamond in the city of Worcester, Mass., attracts the attention of fish culturists and anglers all over the country. Knowing what had been the results of planting these salmon in Lake Sunapee and believing that equally good results could be obtained in the old Bay State the Commissioners on Fisheries and Game began to look around to see where to try the experiment. They found in Lake Quinsigamond what they considered an ideal lake; it has a large area of deep water and is very cold in places. It has a large amount of food for the salmon to feed upon in the shape of landlocked smelts which seemed to be increasing at an enormous rate.

The lake was screened at the outlet so as to prevent the young fish from going down stream and when the fish were planted they were good sized fish from four to six inches long. Ten thousand of these fish were planted during the fall of 1912 and during July of 1914

or within about twenty months from the time they were hatched, over 600 salmon were caught by the anglers ranging from one and one-half to five pounds each.

These fish were caught both trolling and still fishing with live bait, and as there has been no limit on salmon in Massachusetts one man caught over twenty fish in one day.

These eggs were furnished by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries and were secured from the Columbia River in Oregon. They are larger than the eastern salmon eggs, being about the size and color of our half ripe currants. They are eyed out in one of the Government hatcheries before they are shipped east. The eggs are carefully spread out on a tray that is covered with cotton cloth and then covered over with thick wet moss; these trays are fastened together and then placed in the center of a large box and packed in firm with shavings and ice. They are shipped by express with directions for having new ice put in at certain stations in order to have the eggs remain at a certain temperature until they reach their destination.

The salmon that were planted in Lake Quinsigamond were kept in the hatchery until they were from four to six inches long, and when they were planted they were well able to care for themselves. This lake, like so many others in our New England states, was well stocked with pickerel and perch and there were so many

of these fish that doubt was freely expressed that the salmon would all be eaten up before they had a chance to grow.

But such was not the case, as the results have shown. The Massachusetts Commissioners



Samples of Transplanted Chinooks.

were so well pleased with the experiment that they stocked five other lakes during November, 1914 and at the present time they have 100,000 Chinook salmon eggs hatching to be planted during 1915.

When it becomes known that certain lakes and ponds that are now alive with pickerel and perch can be transformed into salmon waters and that good salmon fishing can thereby be placed in reach of the man who has a limited amount of time and money to spend, the demand from the sportsmen to stock our waters with these salmon will be quite large in every state.

The acme of all fishing is salmon fishing and it is a sport that has been enjoyed by only a very few people during the past fifty years. In recent years, one in order to secure any sport of this kind had to have a fat pocketbook and lots of leisure time. In the early history of New



A Real Catch of Pacific Salmon in a Massachusetts Lake.

England, most of the large rivers were noted as salmon rivers and the salmon ascended the rivers every year to lay their spawn in fresh water but since the rivers have been dammed to make power, the fish have been unable to ascend and it was only a few years after the dams were built when our salmon were all gone.

Since the salmon stopped running up the rivers very few people have had a chance to get them and there are but a few lakes and streams in all New England where salmon can be taken to-day. So scarce have these fish become that many men spend large sums of money each year to go to lakes in Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. It is no wonder then that much interest has been displayed by sportsmen all over the country in the experiments that have been carried on with the Pacific salmon known as Chinook salmon, in our lakes of New England.

Since 1873 the Government has been experimenting with these fish but not until they were introduced into Lake Sunapee was the work successful. Millions of them have been planted with very little success.

It is possible that the many years of failure by the Government were due principally to two causes: First, the fish were planted in lakes and ponds that were not properly screened and, second, most of these were planted when small.

Year after year the results were the same and instead of going to the bottom of the trouble the same plan was carried out by the Government. Small fish were planted in lakes without screens and the fish allowed to run down stream, never to return. After these salmon were well established in Lake Sunapee the Government made a faint attempt to study their habits when raised in fresh water but their efforts were never finished and they know very little to-day as to the habits of these beautiful fish when confined to



Two Massachusetts Products.

fresh water. They do not know whether or not these fish will spawn, or whether they spawn in the fall or spring. It is known that in France they have been kept in confinement for many generations and that they do reproduce. After going to the expense of introducing them and getting them well established in Lake Sunapee it would seem that those in charge of the Govern-

ment work should use some endeavor to get all the information possible.

It is the plan of the Massachusetts Commissioners to study these salmon as much as possible and try to learn more as to their habits when they are confined to fresh water. It is believed by many fish culturists that these fish will reproduce under certain conditions in fresh water and by careful observation it may be possible to determine this question and to learn much more in regard to their habits.

There has never been a fish introduced into our eastern waters that has appealed to our sportsmen as much as has this species of salmon and when it is known that the Government is in a position to furnish millions of these eggs from the fall run of Chinook salmon without injury to the commercial interests and by taking eggs that will not be otherwise used it is no wonder that our people are interested in having the eggs sent to New England. No activity of the Bureau of Fisheries has been more successful from the angler's point of view than has the work done with these salmon.

Thousands of anglers have been going from Massachusetts to the other states north of us to secure salmon fishing but with our own lakes and ponds stocked with these fish it will make a large amount of money kept here at home each year. It will also mean that the fishermen will build camps and bungalows around our lakes and will increase our taxable property.

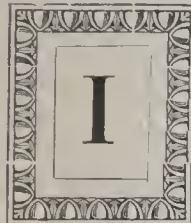
If these salmon are to be introduced we must first have a body of clear cold water with a screen at the outlet to keep the fish from going out. Smelt should be planted to serve as food for the salmon as it will be readily seen that a fish that grows four to five pounds in less than two years consumes an immense amount of food. The fish should not be liberated until late in the fall when they are four to five inches long.



Bill and The "Red Bird"

Gorgeous of Plumage and Awesome of Decoration it Yet Proved That the Mind of Man is Weightier Than a Ten Pound Bass

By Tenderfoot.



I was toward the end of an extremely dry August when I was invited to join my old friend Bill who had been camping for several days on the Chickahominy River, in the tide water section of Virginia.

He was out after the large-mouthed black bass which make these waters well worth the angler's time. Bill had been fishing for four days, when I joined him, and had got but one rise during this time. I suppose I must concede that he is a fair bait caster and knows the habits and feeding grounds of these bass as well as any man in the country, but, with all the tricks he could conjure to entice the wily moss backs from their cool loafing places under the lily pads and old "laps," nothing had proved successful. Only one rise in four days—think of that! And Bill was not a loafer either; he always put both head and hand into his work, no matter what it might be.

So, when I reached his big tent, pitched near Captain Tom's vegetable garden, I found him in anything but exuberant spirits. He was, however, hard at work on something, and after settling my duffle in the tent and changing to soft shirt and "sneakers," I went over to him, where he had established his workshop, under a big red oak, and inquired as to "what kind of hicky-doddle he might be making?" He informed me that he was manufacturing "a bait that 'cordin' to my dope ought to git 'em." It seemed that Bill had lost the day previous the only red surface lure he possessed—the only lure which had brought a rise—and although he didn't "hang much faith on reds," yet he was going to "take the tip and make me a reddish floater." He had found an old, dry, well seasoned, fence post of red cedar, and split from its heart a rectangular block, about 4½ inches long. He had about finished the rough torpedo-shaping of the block with a jack knife, when I arrived on the scene and must volunteer as first assistant and consulting engineer. We had no tools except our jack knives, a pair of small pliers and a key-hole saw, but substitutes were found quickly. I located a discarded "bait" bottle up the shore and broke this into convenient size pieces for scraping down the block to proper symmetry and smoothness. While I was engaged in this, Bill had found a piece of old wire and "diamond pointed" a short straight piece to be used as a drill.

After much sweating and strong language we finally finished boring the hole through the center of the block lengthwise, for the wire axis on which the head turns.

The aluminum wings for the head seemed to stump him at first, but soon the top of a tomato can was fashioned into the standard wing pattern and the burred edges smoothed off on a stone.

Next, we sawed the torpedo through at the big end, and there was the head and body separate and ready for assembling. The tin wings were tacked on to the head with cigar-box brads; the axis passed through the hole, and the eyes turned up at the head and tail ends for the swivel and gang hooks respectively.

The hooks and screw eyes for the side gangs were taken from an old white bait, which I happened to have in my box, and quickly attached to the new work of art. The lure was now finished and we must hasten to try it out. Bill attached it to his line and, after casting a few times from shore, we both decided that the head worked beautifully on the retrieve and that nothing more could be asked of it. "This is a bird," says Bill, "a regular red bird" and we christened it "Red Bird" on the spot.

As the heat of the day was now about over, we decided to go up the river to an old sunken wharf where the big ones usually lay. So we hurried to embark in Bill's skiff with all our angling paraphernalia.

On the way up the river to the "good place," we must pass much apparently good feeding ground near the lily pads; so I agreed to do the paddling after we reached the old wharf, if Bill would paddle for me to cast on the way up. He agreed to this arrangement and we started.

I used my favorites; the Blue Nose floater, Yellow Kid, and a white floater, but nary a rise did your humble author get. The old Blue Nose would rise gracefully and land within a foot of some cluster of pads, with no cuss-producing back-lash to mar the cast, but to no avail. Then the Yellow Kid would go scouting into the very center of some little piece of open water far back among the lilies and be retrieved—sometimes steadily and again with intermittent jerks only to end with the same result each time. When I occasionally glanced at Bill I found a set grin on his ugly countenance and this finally grew monotonous. I asked him if he had any suggestions to make. Did he desire to criticise either my method of casting or my selection of spots in which to cast? He only grinned a bit wider and kept silent. Finally I laid my rod aside and asked him to change places with me, if he "wanted me to paddle the — boat."

"A'right," says Bill. "Guess you aint goin' to make much time with Mr. Bass up among them pads. I fished all this water over 'bout ten times durin' the last few days and come to the conclusion that bass just must be around them lily pads, 'ceptin' they aint. No, sir!" said he, "bass is just like people; when the weather gits hot they want to leave home and go somewhere it's cooler and more comfortable."

We changed places in the boat and I began to paddle.

"Hit 'er up till we get about castin' distance

and a half from the wharf, and then work all the way around slowly like," Bill remarked, as he started in to fasten the "Red Bird" on more securely and make a few preliminary casts.

We soon arrived at the spot selected and I began paddling slowly around the long sunken wharf.

After a while I remarked as how "you could cast your head off and never get a rise this hot weather."

"Don't know but what you're right," he replied, "but I am goin' to give this here Red Bird a fly or two more any how."

I was paddling along slowly, alternating the paddle strokes with slaps at mosquitoes which were holding high carnival on the back of my neck.

Bill was gracefully soaring the Red Bird first over hand and then under hand, with his flat trajectory, as he called it, and we were arguing as to whether too much "splash" of the lure attracted or frightened a bass, when—splush! "Strike," yells Bill, "got him comin'; he'll weigh 'bout three pounds!" Then later, "by golly, watch him go, will yer; aint he a devil though! Say, I got some fish here, boy, you know that?" and many other remarks of a like nature which were accompanied by a great deal of chuckling and child-like exclamations—all of this much to my disgust, for I hold that the strict silence of an angler, while playing his fish, is a true hall mark of the genuine article.

Well, after much manipulation and conversation, the bass was finally netted very skillfully by your humble servant, and found to weigh just 2½ pounds—but nothing to go crazy over, as I remarked to Bill. I have never been able to understand why a grown man should lose his mind about one small fool bass, but they do; and one might suppose the "wealth of the Indies" lay at their feet, from the ecstasy exhibited by some.

I sort of figured that this was an idiot bass which had escaped from the bass asylum, and never once thought that the performance would soon be repeated; but strange things happen in this life. About ten minutes later, while I was paddling along sub-consciously, watching a muskrat swim across the bow of the boat, and ruminating over the perversity of bass in general, there came an explosion which sounded like a mixture of the tongues of Babel, with pure English expletives thrown in not too sparsely.

"A whale," gurgles Bill, "a great big man-eater, Boy!"

"Great Guns From Halifax, the biggest bass in the world, and I missed. Did you see him rise?"

I replied, in a dignified way, that I had seen nothing, but if he didn't quit trying to upset the boat and scaring all the fish for miles around,

I'd put the boat ashore and get out. I asked him also "what'd yer miss 'im fer?"

He only glared—opened his mouth—and glared again; and I thought if looks could kill I'd sure be a dead one.

I had stopped paddling and we were sitting there scowling at each other like two loving tom-cats.

"Well," I said, and drawled it out very long and in my most sarcastic intonation, "are you going to fish any more, or just sit there an' feast on my beauty?"

A snort was the only reply, as he stood up again and braced his feet in the bottom of the boat. (I forgot to say that at the climax of his outburst he suddenly sat down and nearly capsized the boat.) "You'll oblige me," said he, "by not paddling another lick till I can cover this water carefully, and, maybe, in spite of a green sour-balled boatman, I can make that bass rise again."

I laid the paddle across the gunwales, with a nonchalant air, and filled my pipe, or rather started to fill it, for ere I could tamp the cut-plug home to my own particular satisfaction, the Red Bird had sailed forth on its mission, and a swirl! a splash! was the answer, as it struck the water near the spot where the bass had previously risen.

"Hold him," I yelled, "don't give him any slack; don't blame me if he gets off!"

"Shut up," he replied, as, with set lips, he began to reel in; but reel in he couldn't. The line went out with a rush and the handle of the reel hit Bill's off thumb, I am sure, from what he said.

Finally, by thumbing the reel, and some very tight line work, he managed to check the run and started to retrieve, only to have to repeat the performance time after time.

At this point please allow me to digress, for a moment or two, in order to express my great irritation at this extreme tight line angling. It affords me, as it must afford all true anglers, exquisite pleasure to see just the proper tautness of line on a played fish; it being, to my mind, the essence of short-rod-angling, for, in this type of angling, one has but little help from the spring of the rod to aid him in the playing. But, for that matter, I am free to confess, confidentially, that I approved of but few moves made by my friend in handling his fish and I am sure I could have improved on most of them. This, however, I have never suggested to Bill; for why dampen the ardor of a good sort of fisherman, by disclosing to him the fine differences between fishing and angling? I really believe that he thinks, to this day, that he handled that bass in a masterly way. Perhaps he even allows himself to hold the opinion that I could have done no better. Mortals are certainly queer creatures, aren't they?

Well, to resume. The only remark thrown out by Bill, during all this time, was to the effect that I "would please keep the boat in open water and not turn it round and round like a confounded top." This to me! who was aiding him materially by my dexterous handling of the boat.

Each time the fish jumped clear of the water, Bill would groan. Each time the bass took a fresh lease on life and sprinted for deep water, Bill would mutter, and I could hear such words as "old line; pretty rotten I guess; got to be mighty kerful." It seemed to me that Bill was

paving the way to an excellent set of excuses, in case the fish got away.

After what seemed an hour, the bass was brought alongside, an apparently dying fish, and I proceeded to net him after the most approved style. Suddenly, however, the brute woke up just as I was raising the net under him and hit the frame so hard with his tail that I thought he'd smash it. Then, quick as a flash, away went Mr. Bass and the ziz-z-z-z-z-z of the reel could not be drowned even by the broadside of wrath which Bill turned loose over that peaceful stream.

Interspersed among the bursts of sulphur, I could catch occasionally such words as "Greenhorn," "Dub," "Old Woman," but I have never known precisely to whom he referred. I'll ask any man this question: How in the name of Jehosaphat could I know that the blamed bass was going to try and break my landing net? I am no reader of overgrown bass' minds. I don't get paid to do that kind of work.

Well, as I was saying, away went the bass and away went the line, but this time the work of retrieving the Big 'Un was less arduous and soon he was alongside again—the crucial moment had again arrived for both the bass and me.

"Don't be uneasy Bill," says I, "he's as good as in the boat this time;" and I looked up with a bright and confident smile on my face. This quickly vanished, however, when I saw his countenance—I actually feared for his life. The sweat stood out in deep rivulets; the lips were compressed in a deadly line; the face was furrowed with wrinkles; and the eyes were positively glassy in their horrible stare.

"Bill," I exclaimed, "Bill, old boy, are you ill?"

A violent struggle seemed to be taking place within him; he appeared to be on the verge of apoplexy, as he strove to speak. Finally the words began to come forth.

"I swear," said he in a thick voice, "by the great guns of Halifax, that if this fish gets away, I'll thump the living lights out o' yer and dump yer overboard."

That was all he said—no more—and, as Bill is six two and I am but little better than five two, I eased the net under that bass with all the science and care I could muster; and, as he was led over it slowly, towed along on his side like a shingle, I brought the net up skillfully and stiff-heeled the brute into the boat at Bill's feet.

That fisherman got a strangle hold on the poor bass' gills and throttled out the little life remaining in the poor old fellow; all the while talking and gibbing away like his ancestors, the long tailed apes. As the fish gave a last expiring flutter and lay still, Bill let out a yell that scared the captain of a sloop, half mile away, nearly to death; and caused old Captain Tom to wonder if the Pamumkey Indians had risen against the whites. This war whoop seemed to act as a safety valve, for, then, as the bright sun comes out through the clouds after a long bad spell, came the most beautiful smile o'er my companion's countenance—a smile the angels would envy.

"Boy," says he, "boy, I have killed the old he-one of 'em all and the Red Bird did it! I am going to patent that bait in all the civilized countries of the world; yes sir! I'll be rich."

"Here, weigh him quick before he shrinks!" The bass weighed a fraction over ten pounds

—some bass for Bill and the Red Bird to take, I claim, but then of course I helped them considerably, as you must allow—but for the love of Mike never intimate this to Bill if you ever meet him; at any rate not unless you are a block away and near some convenient corner.

I spent two days making Red Birds, and Bill ordered a special lot of red cedar from Santo Domingo and stayed away from his office nearly all the following winter, making Red Birds of every conceivable size and shape; but never from that day to this have we got a single rise to Red Bird.

I have come to the conclusion that bass are very much like "the ladies" and I agree with Mr. R. Kipling:

"You never can tell till you've tried 'em and then you 're like to be wrong."

I remember another time, when Bill and I were down at Captain Tom's, a bass jumped up and—but that's too long to start now; maybe some time I'll tell you about it.

DOES THE BACK CAST STRAIGHTEN?

Yonkers, N. Y., Feb. 10th, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Months ago I ventured to address an inquiry to one of our prominent sportsman's magazines, concerning the "straightening out" of the line on the back cast. The communication was prompted by just then having read once more in the pages of the author of one of the new dry-fly books, this same reference as of yore, regarding waiting for the line to "straighten out behind" before beginning the forward cast.

I offered the suggestion that perhaps instantaneous photographs would show that mayhap that line did not straighten out till after the forward cast was begun, basing this upon what I had seen of actual use of the line by experts, while fishing, and in such a light that made every inch of the line clear to the observer. Further, I inquired if any such photos had ever been made.

For one reason or another my letter was ignored; whether or not the inquiry was considered too absurd for serious consideration I cannot say.

The whole matter was brought back to my mind last evening while reading Samuel G. Camp's excellent little book on "The Fine Art of Fishing." If I knew nothing about Mr. Camp's book save this reference, I would say that he wrote as a man who knew whereof he spoke. Here is the passage:

"I have suggested waiting for the line to straighten out behind the caster on the back cast that is, before beginning the forward cast. Instantaneous photographs of expert casters, however, show that in actual practice the line does not entirely straighten out in the rear before the forward cast is started; that, in fact, there is a considerable loop at the end of the line which straightens out just after the caster begins the forward cast. The theory of this is quite plain. If, when casting a rather long line, you wait until the line becomes quite straight behind you, you wait just long enough for the line to lose its life. The forward cast then, should be started when the line, having passed to the rear of the caster, just begins to pull appreciably on the rod. On the other hand, do not start the forward cast too quickly, because this is liable to snap off the end fly."

Sincere congratulations to Mr. Camp.

GEO. PARKER HOLDEN.



SERMONS IN STONES; BOOKS IN BABBLING BROOKS.
The Professor is Wondering Whether His Namesake in the Book Will Do the Trick.

W. P. M. 1901

Some Weedless Hooks and Others

Tried and Tested Contrivances That Have Helped The Bait Fishermen

By Robert Page Lincoln.

DURING my fishing in the autumn of 1914 I had some very pleasant experiences in all lines of the sport, and then again I had some experiences that certainly were not for the best. I remember one time in special—a warm, fine day when the bass were in the shallows and around the channel of the lake, where it connects with another member, and I had rise after rise to my artificials, and yet they did not stick on the hooks, though time and time again I set the barbs, firm and seemingly perfect, but

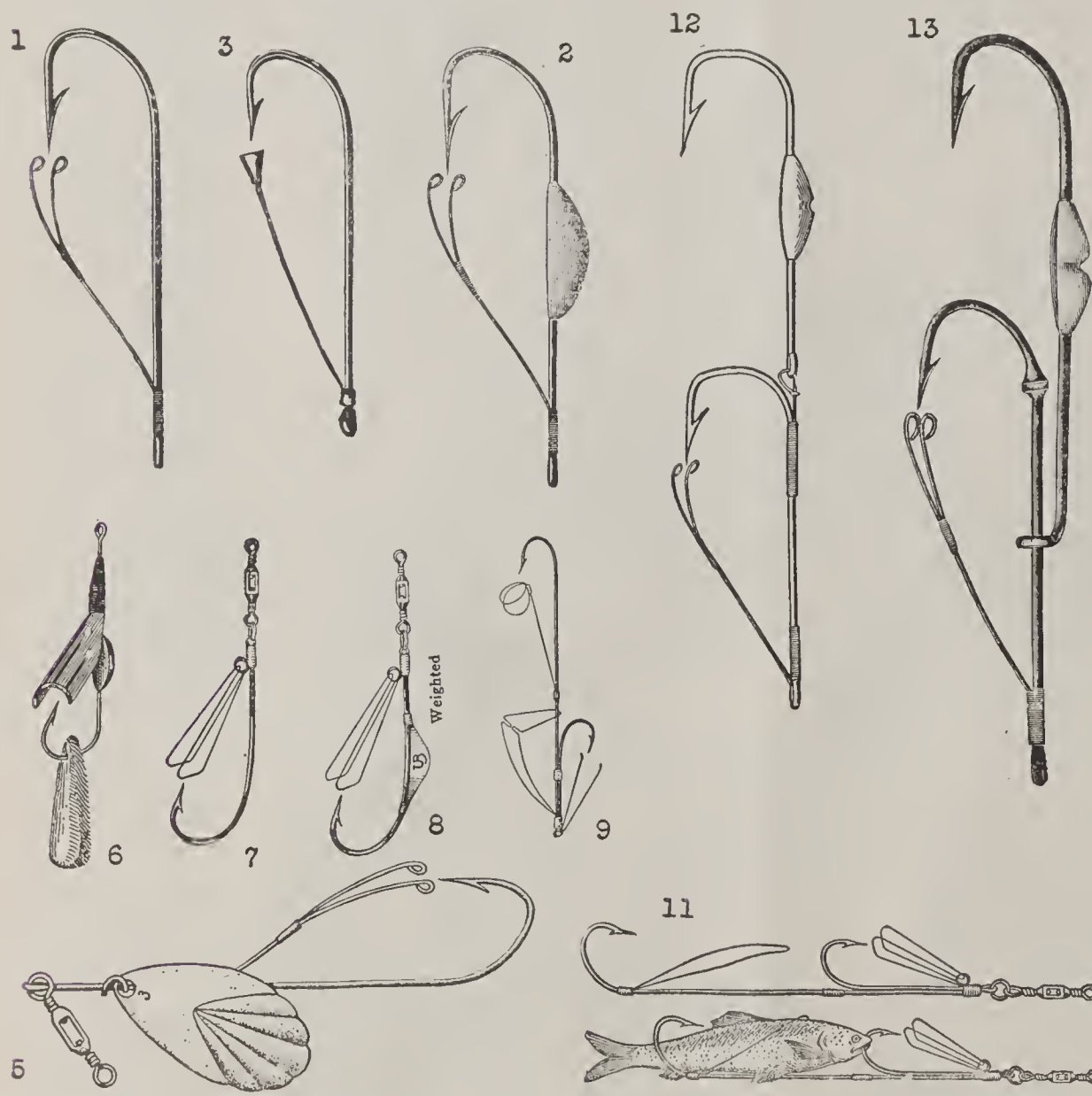
the point I wish to bring out in regard to weedless hooks, used as they are with live bait, frogs or minnows. I once met a disgusted fisherman; he rowed by, and asking him what luck he had had he said that it had been very poor; that he had any number on but that they would shake off. I asked to see the contrivance he was using. The reason was plain enough. His hook was so blunt that I could not, by pressure upon it with my finger tip, make any impression whatever. He was surprised at his thoughtlessness,

also a reason why you did not get those fish last summer.

If one is a live bait enthusiast, the selection of just the right sort of a weedless hook for the insertion of a frog upon same, is a mighty interesting proposition. For years I have tried out various kinds; some have been found wanting, and others have been eminently just right. A weedless hook should be just what it signifies. It should be so protected that it can be trolled through the thickest of weeds without adhering to same. But there are weedless hooks that do not do this. They will, though provided with an apparent safeguard, catch on the weeds. One of the first weedless hooks that I used was one having a single wire that ran up to the point of the hook, something as you will see in Figure 3. It had a very bright little silver knob on the end of it. It looked very cunning, and dangerous. But the fact of the matter was that the wire was too firm in place. If struck it would not press down; and the fish would get away. After losing many fish I took that weedless hook, and like the knight in King Arthur legend, I flung it, like another gyrating Excalibur, into the watery distance. I used a hook without a weed guard during the rest of that trip.

Figure 1 is a very good exemplification of a good weedless hook. The wire is not high-tensioned; it will readily press down at touch of the clamping black-bass mouth. Figure 2 is the same variety of hook, weighed with a bit of lead. Now there is a point about hooks that may have good points, then again not—this matter of leaded hooks. Ordinarily, for average bass casting in more or less shallow water I have found a leaded hook to be an abomination. I do not believe in certain hallucinations surrounding the word "luck," but, nevertheless, I have always had poor luck with a leaded hook. But of course they have their good points in this: When fishing in deep water, when, naturally, the hook and bait must be sunken to an appreciable depth, then the weighted hook comes in for especial mention. Figure 5, a Jamison spoon, is a very good production. I am very enthusiastic about these weedless hooks, with spoon attachment. In the first place one wants to lure his fish to it. In this manner, by the use of such a spoon he employs two irresistible systems; first, the live frog in itself; second, the twirling spoon with its penetrating glitter. One should always have a variety of spoons, weedless hooks, and common weedless hooks on hand. One always likes a change now and then. A brass, or copper spoon, and a silver, or nickled spoon are things to conjure with. Note on Figure 5 the swivel attachment. This is a good thing. Mark this well!

A swivel attachment has this advantage. It



they would come off. Inspection of my hooks revealed that they were very blunt; in fact, so blunt that hitting an ordinarily hard spot they would not drive through. Instantly picking up the tackle box file I filed them to suit and making my next cast, caught an old monster that I had had on three separate times, and who yet determined to put an end to my bait. The filing of the hooks did the deed. Now there is just

and fishing later, after having filed his hooks, he got his bass every time. Before, setting the hook, he had made no hold at all. Now this is not just exactly thoughtlessness either. I only learned of it a few years ago. I never go out now without having all my hooks sharpened to razor edge keenness and if an old lunger hits that bait anywhere near firm, up he comes. Pursuing the above intimation perhaps for you there is

does not twist and kink the line; second, it keeps the frog up, natural, in the water. It is therefore, at all times, desirable that you should employ the swivel, unless your hooks, in the very nature of their makeup, get around this inconvenience.

Figure 6 is the now famous weedless porker, and if you have not tried this hook with your pork rind you have missed a great deal of sport for the Porker is undeniably a winner. You may cast this bait into the thick weeds and the pads and it will come out without a weed adhering. Point number one scored. Its weed guard is ingenious to say the least. This guard is made of rubber, and underneath a wire spring holds it up. The fish hits it, and the easy give of the guard assures of the fish getting a good hold. Instantly the rubber and spring fly into place and double protection is given. Figures 7 and 8 are the well-known U-B production. Their guards are exceptionally good, and they have an easy give; never high tensioned. Figure 8 is weighted to use for deeper fishing. You will note on these the well known swivel attachment—a good thing, as I have already noted. Figure 9 portrays the harness hook, a very good hook in that, first, it keeps the frog consistently alive; second, by the very nature of its makeup it protects the hooks from the weeds. It is a very good hook and may be cast up into the northern moss and the lily-pads without its becoming annexed to same. Figure 11 shows double hook combination, for use when fishing with minnows and it a very good hook indeed, and with two hooks to its credit the chances of making a capture is greatly increased. Figures 12 and 13 are Jamison hooks; both of them are well protected against the weeds. Figure 12 shows the slide system; very good, in that if your bait is small the back hook may be shoved down to its right length. Both these hooks are weighted and may be used well enough for deep fishing.

The value of pork rind as a bass attraction has long since been advocated. This pork rind may be purchased ready cut; or the angler may cut it himself. Part of the rind is left on, and it is cut in the shape of a frog, more or less. Simply speaking this is hooked on at the head and cast like a live frog. Strips, or bits of red flannel make an added attraction, used with the rind. The weedless porker is one of the best hooks for the purpose.

BEAR COMES DOWN SUSQUEHANNA ON LOG.

Hagerstown, Md.—A large black bear came down the Susquehanna River last week riding a log about three hundred yards from shore. He was seen by two employes of the Mantz's planing mills, near Selisgrove, Pa. They thought at first it was a man but they distinguished the features of bruin, when they got out their field glasses.

The bear had some difficulty staying on the log. When a big cake of ice shoved up from the water and threatened to dislodge him, the men on the bank could see him strike viciously with his paw. Tossed by the churning waters, the bear was thrown from his foothold, but clung to the log with his front claws.

It was rumored that the brute was stranded on Hoover's or Byers' Island.

J. G. HAGER.

Rules For Dry Fly Fishing

A Few Directions Not Absolutely Guaranteed, But Which May Be of Assistance

DRY fly fishing in America will never reach the popularity it has achieved in England, for the reason particularly that "wet fly" fishing on this side of the ocean is satisfactory enough to suit the ordinary man, and also because the conditions here otherwise are not those prevailing abroad. But dry fly fishing is more than a fad, and since it represents the acme of angling skill, it will have many devotees.

Reduced to a few words, dry fly fishing is not a mystery, nor is it difficult to achieve as an art if one will follow a few elementary rules. The rules are legion, but a few are all that will be found necessary. Here are a few hints, compiled mostly from English sources, but they will answer American purposes, except that the upstream and downstream fishing theory will not hold good as much in the United States and Canada, because there are no rapid dry fly streams in England. However, the first English rule is as follows:

1—Never start to practice dry fly fishing down stream—you have all the ground to go over again when you start to fish up stream, and fish up stream you must if you wish to become a successful manipulator of the "floaters." 2—With the heavier line you will be surprised at first the extra amount of casting power you have—do not overdo it; let the rod do its work, and be it your business to direct and control the line. After a while you will find that your arm, the rod and line, and your eye work in unison; next you will discover that you have no thought for rod or line and only eyes for the fly and the fish—now you are getting on! but you are not an expert until you can, as it were feel the fly at the end of your cast and put it in front of a fish in such a manner that even an epicurean trout cannot refuse it. 3—Always pick the line very carefully off the water, or you will scare the fish equally as much as though you had made a splash when casting. 4—To dry the fly (and always dry it well) whisk it through the air a few times, i. e., make a few false casts; in this pro-

cess be as careful as though you were really making a cast, it is grand practice. 5—Never let the fly alight upon the water until you are sure that it will settle down where intended! rather make another cast. 6—After a cast the line should extend itself straight out in front of you, but in the event of the reel line coiling or being drawn beneath the surface study it not; so long as the fly floats in the right direction let well alone. 7—Let the fly float well over and behind the fish before picking it off the water for a fresh cast; very frequently a fish will let the fly pass him, and then ultimately turn around and ravenously rush at it. 8—Beyond all, when you go a dry fishing "study to be quiet."

Always watch the current; and cast in such a manner that the reel line causes as little drag upon the fly as possible, really it ought not to cause any drag; rest assured that if the artificial does not float down with the current in a like manner to the natural fly you have a poor chance of creeling a wary trout.

Briefly, then, the art of dry fly fishing is to present a fly that floats—and floats perfectly—to the notice of a rising fish in such a manner that it is mistaken for the natural *ephemera* which is hatching out, and in the result is accepted as such by the fish. To lure *Fontinalis* successfully after this manner it is necessary that the angler should have skill; be very observant; have the patience of Job, and, beyond all, be properly equipped for the task.

As to equipment our British brethren would be scandalized if an angler attempted to use his ordinary wet fly outfit for dry fly angling. Still we in the United States are not so prone to go to the matter of certain dress for certain sporting occasions, and with a little change in tackle or lines, anybody can apply the ordinary fly outfit to dry fly angling. Go to some good exclusive tackle house advertising in *Forest and Stream* tell them what you want, and they will fix you up in a new and interesting sport without asking you much for all that you require.



In the Land of Little Sticks

Three Level Headed Young Men Spent a Year in the Barren Land Country Without a Single Discomfort—It's All in Knowing How



HAT the ordinary level-headed man can visit the far-off places of earth and come back safely after having enjoyed himself, and suffered few if any privations is not a new theory, although one which in practice

too often breaks down because of lack of knowledge or preparedness, or even unexpected bad luck. So seldom is it that men undergo experiences in the real wilds without attendant privation and danger that we have almost gotten to the point of expecting or insisting on the tales of harrowing 'scapes by flood and field, when the explorers, amateur or otherwise, get back to civilization and tell us all about it. But that it is not impossible to take long trips, to stay away from civilization a year or more, and come back safely, is shown in one of the pleasantest stories of adventures written during the past year or more, describing the journey of three young men through the Barren Land of Canada, and to the Arctic Ocean and back. (Lands Forlorn; A Story of an Expedition to Hearne's Coppermine River, by Geo. M. Douglas; G. P. Putnam's Sons, 300 pp. Price \$4.00.)

George Douglas, a young Canadian engineer, who writes of the journey, was accompanied by Lieut. Lionel Douglas, another Canadian and by August Sandberg, a Swedish chemist and metallurgist. The object of the expedition was to investigate rumors of great copper deposits among the mountains in the far north, which rumors have been current for much more than a century and stories of which are given in every account by earlier explorers through that country. Mr. Douglas says little or nothing of this feature of the expedition, but tells rather of the interesting parts of the trip from the

sportsman's and naturalist's standpoint. The party went into the Barren Land country by the usual route from Edmonton, freighting their outfit to Athabasca Lake, taking the long and thrilling trip down the Athabasca to Fort McMurray, thence by Hudson Bay steamer up the Slave River, across Great Slave Lake and up the

magnificent Mackenzie River for hundreds of miles until they reached Fort Norman, a Hudson Bay post almost within the Arctic circle and which lies at the junction of the Great Bear River and the Mackenzie about one hundred miles west of Great Bear Lake.

This journey has been described a number of times before, but it is one that few people have yet taken, but one which opens up a prospect of magnificent lakes and rivers that some day will be better known. The Douglas party went fully outfitted, staying in the Great Bear country through the winter season and it is set forth in the story that their supplies weighed three and a half tons. They were very fortunate at Fort Norman in negotiating for a big boat or scow which had been towed to that far-off place loaded down with experimental farming machinery for government purposes and in this boat they started out on July 8, accompanied by eight or ten Indians hired for the purpose and towed the boat and two additional canoes up Great Bear River until Great Bear Lake was reached.

Here they dismissed the Indians, with the exception of one man and his family, who accompanied them, and by the use of sails made the rest of the hundred or two hundred mile journey along one side of Great Bear Lake, until they landed at the mouth of the Dease River, which empties into one of the north bays of Great Bear Lake.

At this point they erected for themselves a comfortable log cabin which they used as a winter base, making several preliminary trips before they had thoroughly settled down to the long sub-Arctic winter season. Even in this far-off place, they were not altogether out of touch with civilization, for they were joined by a rather interesting English character, one Hornby, who was doing some trade with the far-north Indians and Esquim-



THE "ATHABASCA BRIGADE."

Tons of Freight are Taken Far Into the North Country by This Method of Hudson Bay Transport.



Messrs. George and Lionel Douglas, August Sandberg and Father Rouvier.

eaux, and by Father Rouvier, an Oblat mission priest who was in charge of that far-off territory for the church.

The experiences of the party, their daily life and hunts and the more serious expeditions which took them all over the sub-Arctic country form a fascinating tale. They did not suffer; on the contrary, they with their fellow-companions, Hornby and Father Rouvier, led the life of refined white men during the long dreary winter, and it is not beside the mark to say that they had, as Colonel Roosevelt would put it, "a bully time."

The hunting was good; fish could be had at all times even through the ice and though the temperature dropped as low as 59 degrees below zero as a minimum, and was down below thirty many times, Mr. Douglas expresses himself that the climate in winter is rather a placid one.

He writes interestingly of the coming and going of occasional Indian bands—they were small bands and it is only repeating what many other explorers have told us about the Indians starving while the white man lives in comfort, because he looks after himself. They met on the Coppermine River and at different points,



"Main Street" Fort Norman.

While the expedition was not primarily for hunting purposes, the party was never without an abundant supply of caribou meat and large fish were always obtainable.

Speaking of his return to Fort Norman, the author says:

"How woefully disappointed we were in our welcome we have seen; the first inhabitants we met at this post had greeted us by turning their backs. Worse, far worse, was to follow. Instead of being hospitably entertained at the factor's house, it was the factor who came to our camp and was hospitably entertained by us; we could even produce a bottle of cognac to celebrate the occasion!

"It is true that we had failed to conform to the convention requiring that the explorer should come to the first post ragged and half starved, eating his moccasins and mits. So it was really our fault in both cases, and we only got the proper punishment that in some shape or other is inevitably meted out to all offenders against convention. And our good friend, Mr. Leon Gaudet,



Ruins of Fort Confidence—Barren Lands.



Eskimo Shooting Ptarmigan With Bow and Arrow.

was as heartily welcome to us as doubtless we would have been to him had our condition been properly miserable.

"Our stay at Fort Norman proved much longer than we had anticipated. The first fortnight after our arrival passed pleasantly enough; the weather was invariably fine and warm, our camp was comfortably situated and commanded a lovely view; the last four months had been fairly strenuous work and the rest was welcome enough. Then we had a chance to observe the life at a fur trading post under its usual conditions instead of at the times of abnormal activity attending the arrival of the steamer, the only occasions on which we had seen them hitherto.

"Little enough indeed went on; our own life at Hodgson Point in winter time was scarcely less devoid of incident. We became better acquainted with Father Ducot of the Mission, and with Mr. Hodgson, two men of great experience in the North who had many interesting things to tell us.

"The Fathers showed us around their church with justifiable pride; it was profusely decorated inside with paintings on the wood of the structure, the result of incredible care and pains.

"Once in a while a party of Indians would come in and pitch their tepee on the beach, and after getting a few things in trade, would go off to hunt again.

"The trading store was like a small, rather badly stocked country store. The quality of the goods carried was generally excellent, a feature of the Hudson Bay Co.'s fur trading stores that deserves the highest praise. Everything was very expensive but not unduly so, considering the difficulties and distance of transport, and the high quality of the goods; in this respect Fort Norman would probably compare very favorably with the towns on the Yukon.

"When trading they allowed only one Indian in the store at a time; if more than one was allowed to enter the others would give so much advice that the negotiations would never come to a conclusion. Their behavior in the store was exactly like that of uncertain children. I watched an Indian select six 'skins' worth of stuff



START OF THE RADFORD EXPEDITION FROM FORT NORMAN.

This Picture is Interesting as Showing the Ill-fated Radford Party Leaving—Radford is in Bow and Street in Stern—The Big York Boat Contains Government Experimental Farm Property.

one day. He was fairly dazzled and confused with such wealth to choose from. He took a little tea and little tobacco, then came a long mental struggle between a black ostrich feather and a blue leather peaked cap. The ostrich feather finally carried the day and he took it away in triumph. Truly 'the first spiritual want of a barbarous man is decoration, as indeed we still see among the barbarous classes in civilized countries.'

"A party of Montagnais Indians turned up at the post one day from some far eastern tributary of the Mackenzie. They had killed a number of moose and with the skins for cover and saplings for a frame they had built a large boat and journeyed down the river bringing in the meat. Some of it was dry, and some fresh, or green would be a better term, unless for choice and

truth one, said simply rotten. The boat showed great ingenuity in design and construction, and was really a thoroughly serviceable craft.

"As soon as they had disposed of their meat, they crossed the river and struck by some overland trail back to their hunting grounds on the eastern slope of the Rockies. They sold their boat to the factor of the northern trading company, who broke it up for the skins."

The observations on natural history are not extensive, but then the expedition was not for that purpose. The author talks interestingly of the different animals and other wild life. The party did not meet the annual caribou migration, which has been told about in *Forest and Stream* several times. He speaks very highly of Hanbury, the notes of whose earlier trip have also been published in these columns. All through the book it can be noted clearly that the charm of the Barren Land was getting more and more into the blood of the party. Every individual, every expedition passing into this far northern land, has written in the same strain.

The Barren Land is barren only in name, for during the summer season it is really a paradise of wild flowers and resembles more the prairie land of the south.

A mighty interesting trip this little Canadian party had and one which, as the facilities for getting into the country increase, and as its charm is better known, will be duplicated by many outdoor men in the future. It is to be hoped that those whose time and means permit such excursions will not participate in nor sanction the game slaughter which once marked the crossing by white men of the western sections of our own country. Already the trade in musk-ox skins is becoming too heavy, polar bears are being wiped off the face of the earth and in supplying the extreme northern bands of Indians and Eskimos with modern firearms, more harm than good will come to these people, for they will kill as long as trade offers, and trade, be it said with reluctant truth, has opened doors that reach to the extreme limit of human habitation.

The Crankiness of the Bark Canoe

It Isn't Half as Dangerous as Imagined, Providing You Follow a Few Directions—Keep Your Head Level and the Canoe Will Also Stay Straight

By "Tippecanoe."



YOU probably have often admired the skill with which your guide handled a canoe, and marveled how easy it seemed to be for him to keep the shaky boat upright while performing apparently difficult stunts with it. But your guide was not performing stunts to show off for your benefit, nor was he doing anything dangerous. He had grown so accustomed to his work that instinctively he had learned the secret of balance, just as a man learns to ride a bicycle; his body responded to every impulse of gravitation—the gravitation process being nothing more or less than the law which sends you into the water if you are not careful.

It may take the occasional canoe user and the ordinary woods tourist years to acquire what is second nature to the guide, but the novice can learn the secret easily if he will only keep in mind the few almost intuitive rules about canoe handling.

It may take the occasional canoe user and the noticed that when the guide shifts his position in the canoe, or when he prepares to stand up or step out, he always begins by laying the paddle across the gunwales on either side and exerts an even pressure on both sides of the canoe with his hands, while he pulls himself to his feet. This is about the only secret in the whole operation, for he maintains an equal disposition of weight on both sides. Once on his feet, the matter is different, but you also have noted probably that he either keeps his paddle in the water or if he is poling he is always ready to support himself by holding the ironshod end of the pole on the bottom.

Never stand up in a canoe unless you are thoroughly familiar with the act of balancing. It is better to sit on the bottom, and even then it is safer to keep your hands inside and not outside the canoe. This applies more particularly to the average bark canoe. Most of the canvas canoes are built to stay straight with the paddler or the idler at either end sitting on the cane seats which are built on a level with the gunwales. But if everybody followed the usual pictured summer resort style, as shown in illustrations of a white-flanneled young man directing a canoe from one end, while his best girl, sitting high up at the other end, plays the mandolin to cheer him on his way, or mayhap is leaning far over one side pulling water lilies, we would have more canoe accidents than are recorded every season, and heaven knows we have too many now, arising through ignorance and carelessness.

A canoe is as safe as a scow if you know how to handle it and it is so easy to learn that accidents ninety-nine times out of a hundred are inexcusable. There ought to be some sort of law

to hold the ignorant canoe paddler responsible for the accidents he causes, just as there is or should be, a law against pointing firearms or attempting to run automobiles without training.

In fishing from a canoe, unless the latter be a large one, it is always best to sit on the bottom and safer, of course, to remember that in handling a fish, you are not standing on dry land. The whole secret is to keep the balance as near a center line from the bow to the stern as possible. How simple it sounds to say this, but how few people remember it.

Another thing that seems startling until one grows rather accustomed to the novelty of the fact, is that many of the best canoemen in the world cannot swim. Hundreds of men in the lumber country who do stunts in running logs through rapids and down rivers and lakes, are unable to swim a stroke, and it is these same men as a rule who are experts in canoeing. It is well before trusting your life or that of members of your family to guides to ascertain whether they are at home in the water as well as out of it. The chances are nine hundred and ninety-nine in one thousand that they will not upset the canoe for they do know their business, but it does not harm at least to learn in advance whether in case an upset does occur, the guide will be of assistance or only an added danger.

I remember a few years since, going over rather suddenly in a canoe while fishing with a guide, a huge musky having made a most unexpected and disconcerting move at the end of the line. The accident was not serious, or at least I did not think so, but when I came to the top of the water I found the guide with the whitest face that could be shown under his coat of tan and smoke, hanging to the side of the canoe, his eyes having the look of one facing eternity. I swam around and threw a few floating things into the submerged canoe and we kicked it ashore. The guide was trembling so much when he struck terra firma that he could scarcely stand. I thought for a moment that he was afraid that his long record of good service might have been marred by the fact that he had drowned a "sport," and remarked to him that he need not exhibit so much concern, for I was able to swim. "Yes, I know you can," he said, "but I can't."

The poor fellow was really in great danger and added to this he was also afraid that I was in the same boat, or rather out of the same boat, and that we both were doomed to go to the bottom. Why these north country men in so many cases cannot swim I do not know. Probably the weather conditions are against them, and the opportunity is not always present, but of one thing I am certain—no man ought to take any party into the woods or rather on the water in anything like the craft used in hunting and fish-

ing expeditions, unless he can swim. Perhaps if people refused to hire guides who cannot swim, more of them would learn how.

Another thing that the novice wants to learn as early as possible and which knowledge it is more pleasant to acquire without a wetting, is how to step out of a canoe. Do not lift one foot from the canoe until the other foot is planted solidly on terra firma. Otherwise you are apt to give an imitation of a "Colossus bestriding" act that may be perfect in its way, but anything but pleasant to you. Do not imagine that you can spring like a bounding gazelle from a tottering canoe to dry land and get away with it, unless you have practiced the feat a long time. So far from being admired for your gazelle-like agility you are apt to furnish an illustration of a gazelle being changed miraculously into one of the hippopotamus family coming ashore. Also, this is not only not nice so far as you are concerned—it is dangerous for the guides, for many an honest guide has sustained serious injury from the strain of trying to keep from laughing while he hauls his too confident and impetuous passenger and boss out of the water.

In stepping into a canoe the same rule applies as in getting out of it. You are safe as long as you keep the hands gripping either side, kneeling or stooping as low as possible, but the guide usually steadies the craft by holding one end of it while you dispose yourself and your belongings comfortably.

You will often see guides making running jumps into canoes and out of them, but this is simply to excite admiration. I have seen them myself stand on their heads in a floating canoe but there is nothing practical in such navigation nor is there any reason why you should learn it unless you are training for the circus.

If your canoe does upset, what then? It usually goes over like lightning and bobs up about as quickly. Also as a rule it stays in the spot where it goes over, merely drifting with the wind. Keep your wits about you. If you can swim, the danger is not overly great, but do not try to crawl into the canoe by grabbing the sides. You will simply roll it over again and push it away from you. Work your way in the water to either end of the canoe. If you are somewhat expert you can, by a sudden flip, throw most of the water out of it and then can spring in over the end. But assuming that you are not expert enough to do this, and assuming also that you cannot swim, the only thing is to hang on to the canoe near one end, keeping as much of your body submerged as possible—for as is well known, the weight of the body under water is almost negligible—and kick for the nearest shore. As long as you hold to the canoe and keep your body under water you will not drown. If you have a companion with you the same rule

applies. The ordinary canoe will support three or four people hanging to it, but an upset accident, particularly when it concerns people who cannot swim, is a mighty unpleasant thing and there is no getting away from the fact that it is also a mighty dangerous experience.

Perhaps the advice is not worth much, for canoes usually upset before the occupant knows what is going to happen, but if you can remember in going over to hold on to the craft by one of the thwarts or the side, so much the better. You will not have to swim to the boat after the spill is over.

Canoe accidents are many times made more serious from the fact that novices are inclined to wear the fancy footwear sold to people going into the woods. Heavy, high-laced knee-boots, either for men or women, may be all right in tramping through the woods, although to tell the truth the writer could never see the advantage of carrying around from six to ten pounds of excess leather on the feet at any time, but it is a certainty that such footwear is not for the canoe. The heavy soles damage the canoe to begin with, and once afloat in the water, these boots are a decided drawback and even a danger. If you do happen to be wearing them and have been lucky enough to grab an upset canoe, try to kick them off or get them off in any way, for they are a great drag in swimming.

The ideal canoe shoe is the moccasin or canvas rubber-soled sneakers worn over a thick stocking or sock. Your feet may get a little wet once in a while, but if you have a portage to make after a long canoe paddle, you can slip off your heavy boots when you get in the canoe and resume them when you land again. As it is, many an old timer excites a smile occasionally from those who do not know the reason why, for doing most of his canoe work in his stocking feet. Such a man may be laughed at, but he has the satisfaction of realizing that he is stripped for the fray, so to speak.

What I have written above with reference to

upsets, etc., applies to lake canoeing. What to do when the canoe goes over in roaring white water river rapid cannot be presented in the form of written advice, except to say that should such an accident befall you, above all things else,

canoe is to peel off and upset the thing while trying out experiments. This is all right if you will benefit from what you learn, but the usual result is to make the ordinary man careless and the victim of many an otherwise avoidable acci-



Stripped for White Water.

hang to your canoe like grim death to one of our colored brethren, and do not let go unless you happen to strike bottom where you can stand up, or can gain the shore with certainty. The canoe usually comes through the rapids still floating and if your breath has not been knocked out of your body or if the rocks have not battered you, you will be better off than to let go and endeavor to shift for yourself. An accident or two will teach you the value of tying as many loose things to the canoe as possible, and if you have ever crawled out on shore shivering and soaked, you will perceive without further reminder the advantage of having a waterproof match-box with you.

Some people advise that the way to master a

dent in the future. I have always gone on the theory that the canoe is to be watched like a skittish horse and then if the darned thing does get away with me, I can console myself thinking that it was because of no neglect, carelessness or inattention.

Only foolish parents send children out in a canoe when the kids cannot swim, or will let them have anything to do with such a boat until they have had preliminary training. This applies to adults as well as juveniles. The person who can swim has little to fear on inland waters—and as a matter of fact such people are the only kind who should trust themselves in small craft on the water.

The Imported Pheasant and Native Birds

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Does the introduced pheasant drive out our native game birds? I have talked with many gunners in eastern Massachusetts, and I find that most of them think the pheasant does drive out our native birds, but there seems to be very little direct evidence to prove whether this is so or not.

I have been much afield at all seasons for the last twenty years, collecting specimens in natural history, and my own observations seem to point to the fact that our native game birds were very slightly, or not at all, affected by the introduction of the pheasant.

The ruffed grouse and bob-white were diminishing very rapidly before the pheasant was liberated in this state and I do not think the rate of their decrease has been any greater since the pheasant came. Gunners seem to think that the ruffed grouse has suffered the most from the presence of the pheasant. The males of both these species are well known to be very pugnacious, and undoubtedly they will fight more or less when they meet. But that does not neces-

sarily prove that the grouse are driven out of the territory as the result of these battles, even though they are the smaller of the two.

If the grouse were plentiful in a locality when the pheasants were put out, and in a short time it was found that the grouse had almost entirely disappeared, while the pheasants had taken their places, it might seem probable that there were some good reasons for the hunters' arguments.

But although I personally know of plenty of localities where the grouse have decreased or disappeared within a comparatively few years, these localities are not now and never have been much frequented by the pheasants, although the latter are very common in cultivated districts nearby. I do not think they have invaded the grouse covers in numbers worthy of notice.

Although on general principles I am opposed to the importation and liberation of wild birds from foreign countries, as it has a strong tendency to upset the balance of nature, I feel that the pheasants are an unqualified success in Massachusetts. In the open season of 1914 about nine thousand were killed in this State.

This meant recreation for the people, desirable food for the table, and a good increase in business for the sporting goods dealers, dog breeders and trainers, transportation companies, and for many other people who profited either directly or indirectly from the additional number of shooters who were attracted to the woods and fields when the State game commissioners declared the first open season we have had since the pheasants became numerous enough to arouse much enthusiasm among the hunters. Some of our newspapers published many very foolish remarks about slaughtering the pheasants, but the birds proved to be well able to take care of themselves, and enough are left to restock our covers.

If any of the *Forest and Stream* readers have direct proof that the pheasants drive out the grouse, let us hear from them, for conditions in other parts of the country may be much different from what they are here.

Perhaps it will not be out of place to call attention to the fact that the pheasants we have in New England are frequently erroneously called "Mongolian Pheasants." No true Mongolian Pheasants are found running at large in this country. The bird which we have is really the Chinese Pheasant, (*Phasianus torquatus*).

HORACE O. GREEN, Stoneham, Mass.

An Angler's Contemplations

Just a Quiet Isaak Walton Like Little Sermon on Things You Ought to Know, Remember and Practice

By Ladd Plumley.



ASIDE from the use of the "dry fly," and used with dry fly or wet, there are sure methods for catching trout not understood by our sloshy and far-bug-chucking friends. He who really desires fried trout for supper should enter upon his pleasant task as if he were sneaking a Big Horn in the Rockies. If necessary, he should make his approach to the pools upon his knees; and there are smaller streams near our cities where that devotional attitude will bring its sure reward. When near the margin of the water the kneeling angler should take advantage of every cover; a clump of dock is fine and so is a baby spruce. The long cast over a smooth pool has its place but never when a pool is approached from the bank, and some pools have to be fished from the bank. The fly should be dropped, not smashed upon the surface, and a big fish may make a rush of thirty feet to see what is the food that has fluttered downward.

Of course, stooping and sneaking when actually wading a stream is not practicable. But it is profitably practicable to move here and there over the rocks with the very minimum of disturbance and crunching of hobnailed waders.

In these days of educated trout no fly fisherman should fish down the water, even on the riffles. And it is in the riffles that the up-stream, silent, short-line mode will take the largest trout. There is a tremendous advantage in this for the "cub" angler. To cast a long line may take many years of training, but almost any one can see to it that his feet move silently and that his fly drops softly.

There are many reasons why fishing up the water, against the current, is far more creelful than the more easy mode of traveling with the stream. Trout are not supposed to have eyes in their tails, although they sometimes act as if they did. And as they lie with their heads up stream it seems certain that they are less disturbed if the angler stalks them from their rear. Then, too, any sand or dirt dislodged by the fisherman's feet drift over the water that has already been fished. But as most of our trout river have rocky bottoms there can be slight advantage in this particular. What really counts in the upstream approach is that the angler is less conspicuous and makes less commotion when approaching from below than above.

Except for the pools, most American trout streams make constant and abrupt drops. And with some of our smaller streams there are a succession of little cataracts at the tail of each pool. Here the upstream angler has everything in his favor. He clammers up the watercourse, sometimes not lifting the half of his body above the next casting water. It is as if he were con-

stantly on his knees along a more level waterway. And in fishing riffles, on our larger streams, the same holds true, if not in so marked a degree as in streams of more abrupt descent.

But there is a far more important advantage in upstream fishing that, so far as I am aware, has not before been put in printer's ink. This is that sound travels with the current of a stream more easily than against. We know that trout are very sensitive to any shock within the water, as well as sensitive in a less degree, perhaps, to disturbances on the banks. It is as if they really did have ears under every portion of their skins. It is evident, therefore, that they do hear and are frightened by shocks given to the bottom near them. And as shocks are conveyed with the cur-



Home Practice is a Good Thing.

rent more easily than against it, the upstream fisherman has this great advantage in his approach added to the others that have been mentioned.

A quiet and inconspicuous approach is what we of the craft of the wand are always attempting. In some cases this is difficult, but whether difficult or not this care will add immensely to our chances. To say that it is difficult is only another way of saying that our craft is a difficult craft. If it were not, it would not possess for us its magical enchantment. For myself I can say that a world without fly fishing would be a far less interesting world than it is and that if fly fishing were as easy as it is difficult I should seek another sport.

A small spring run slips into the Beaverkill River near the village of Craigie Claire. Obstructed by a natural dam, the brook expands into a long and rather deepish pool, the banks dense with undergrowth and the willows making arches overhead. The really convenient way to fish the

place would be to let down a fly from a balloon. However, without a balloon the thing can be achieved.

You cannot fish the water from its tail, because the tail is a very weedy and encumbered tail; so you do the sneak act from above. You slip into a narrow path, where the rod must be poked ahead of you with some nicety of precision. When you gain the waterside it hardly seems possible to drop bait. As to a fly? Well, if you descend into the pool without sending ahead of you those horrible wavelets of water we all know, you may be surprised. Before you take to the water, however, keep on your knees and try an experiment. But wait without a motion for at least five minutes, and five minutes is a long time to keep in one position. The pay, however, may be large.

When the five minutes are over, gently swing your rod under the branches so that the fly will flutter to the surface within ten feet of you. Almost surely there will come a curl on the water, as from a miniature submarine, as something surges out from under the opposite bank and rushes toward you. And you will have him on—a heavy brown trout. Whether you ever gloat over him before the admiring tennis girls at your boarding-house depends on several hundred things. But you will have proved that the sneak act will bring results—if it be only a snapped leader and a heart-breaking departed giant.

You need not trouble yourself to wait another five minutes, or a century, and try again. Whether you made the first submarine surger your very own or not, that dodge will not work twice. So you slip into the water as gently as would a muskrat. And you will find that the over-hanging trees and the fringing brush give you a narrow casting avenue in the middle of the placid waterway. Of course you will be "hung up" pretty frequently and you must use every kind of gymnastic dexterity, but if you have any kind of luck and never make even one careless slosh, you will pull yourself out of the upper end of the leaf-reflecting trail with three or four heavy-weights to your credit and perhaps a dozen or so smaller sleeksides. And you'll admit that the fellow who has traveled from the amateur to taking fish under these conditions has traveled a good long ways.

Our craft is a craft where silent feet are the feet of the fishy smelling, and a lowly demeanor at the waterside meets with many a finny reward. Those who after a quiet approach drop a snowflake fly, be the line ever so short, will eat trout for breakfast and invite their friends to share. Upstream fishing whether with wet or dry fly, if the angler covers his hobnails with caps of mufflement and stoops humbly low at the pools of difficulty, brings a heavy creel at nightfall, with, it maybe, from the sloshers of carelessness: "Well, old boy, you surely did rake 'em. Now somehow I didn't hit the right fly all day!"



The Rainbow of the Ocean

By E. A. Donnelly.

THE Rainbow of the Ocean, or the sea trout, either of these names sound better to the ear than the common name of Weakfish. A game fish that is followed closer by anglers than any other of the so-called salt water game variety—a fish of many whims, fanciful as a bride-to-be, and a fish that you can always depend on not to be where you think it is. So when you have your mind set on a good day's fishing—wind, tide and weather conditions made to order, plenty of bait, good tackle, fine boat and a guide that knows the ground conditions as well as you know the carpet or rugs in your own home—that's the day, not a fish, not a strike. "Don't it beat the cars," the old guide will say. "Now only yesterday three of us had as nice a catch as you ever saw."

The trout in his pool under the dark shelter of some overhanging branch, letting past all kinds of delicate morsels, has nothing on his salt water brother for doing the same thing when he so desires.

This may seem strange to many, but it is a fact nevertheless. It is possible that just the moment you lay down your rod for a bite or to light a pipe, zizz goes the reel, and he is gone. Pull in, bait all over and try again. Now, look! there is one, and another over here—zizz, goes someone's reel. Be quick, make as little noise as possible; let excitement lend you speed. That's it!—take him easy! Don't lean over the boat so far; now, in with him; fine! Look at him now. All the color combinations of a summer's setting sun mixed on nature's palette, follow one another in quick succession. He sure befits the name of rainbow.

In angling for these game and tender mouthed fish a certain amount of skill is required that you can acquire only by experience. In the end, experience is a very wise but costly teacher.

The first and most essential point—drive this home—the very best tackle that you can possibly afford. The next is good bait and plenty of it; better to have to throw it away, after catching your fish than to go short when everyone else is catching fish.

Baits that bring good results are shrimp, plenty of them; blood worm, and crab. Fishing from shore or pier, crab or blood worm is best; as shrimp fly off the hook in casting. From a boat try blood worm; tip off with shrimp, or crab tipped off, the same way. If either do not take, try chum. A handful of shrimp thrown from the bow of your boat so as to drift by you often brings good results. Fish quietly, letting your anchor down easily and pulling it up in the same manner; make as little noise as possible. It may

not affect your fishing, but you don't know; so be on the safe side.

If two or more are fishing from a boat one can try bottom and one top, and if more in the boat one can try a few turns of the reel off bottom to find out how the fish are feeding. The minute they bite, use chum to hold them and then make hay while the sun shines.

The word "weakfish" does not mean what it says, for the only thing weak about this game fish is his mouth and that cannot truly be called weak, judging from the strike you get, even in the smallest of these fish. There is a great difference between the words tender and weak. The first expresses to a nicety the condition of the thin skin on each side of the jaw bones of a weakfish. This tears very easily and a heavy return from a strike often tears the hook clear of the jaws. Of course if your fish gullets the bait you have him as secure as if he were tied with a two inch hawser.

When he strikes be quick and take your line away from him fast, till he straightens out the kinks. Play him then, and you will soon acquire the much sought skill and be able to fish with the best of the weakfish anglers.

WHAT IS "BLOW-LINE" FISHING?

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Can you describe for me what is meant by "blow-line" fishing which seems to be popular abroad?

CURIOUS.

Blow-line fishing for trout is an adaptation of dry fly fishing with the use of natural flies. It is used for the most part on Irish lakes. The method is about as follows: When you have reached the lake or "loch" where you are to fish, you secure as many natural "drakes," "daddy long legs," "stone flies" or "blue bottles" as some bare-legged future New York alderman can be induced to chase down and catch for you; then you hire someone to take you out in a boat to the spot where trout are supposed to hide. You rig up your trout rod, draw some yards of line from it, hold the rod in an upright position and let the wind blow the line out straight as far as it will go—six yards or more if possible. As soon as the light line is fairly extended, the top of the rod is lowered, and the "drake" alights on the surface of the "lough" as lightly as thistle-down. Not long is it allowed to dance upon the wavelets. There is the unmistakable rise of a trout, and the fly disappears; very gently is the line tightened—it is suicidal and quite unnecessary to strike a trout when fishing with extremely delicate tackle; the angler need merely tighten on the fish—there is a rush, a plunge,

and soon you are busy playing a grand specimen of the Irish lake trout. The tackle used is extremely light, but the rod as a rule is a long one in order to give the wind a chance at the line. The angler is supposed to fish as "fine" as he dares, and a long leader is essential. The blow-line angler is sometimes very successful, and heavy catches are often reported.

SPRING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Henderson, N. C., Feb. 23, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have read Theodore Gordon's interesting letters and have had the pleasure of hearing from him direct, also Louis Rhead and Ladd Plumley, etc., and have pretty well digested what they say. I have talked with others and have thoroughly mixed all together with fairly good results. I have learned to tie my own flies, and they kill trout!

I fish up stream (and I think this best) and down stream and across stream—according to wind and time and weather, etc., and the sun. I have found I can get the larger fish in upstream fishing; but there are pools one can't get the flies to—the likely place—from below, nor yet from either side. When I come to such a pool I get above and cover it well by casting across stream from me—the sun being opposite—and let my flies float down, drawing them the while across current with a twitching motion, as an insect struggling to swim across. It is a deadly method if well done and gets the big ones too.

I hold the line of course in my left hand, and as I gently raise the rod with my right, I take in line with my left, thus at all times having full control and ready for a strike.

Soon all nature will be aflame on Green River—azalias, white and orange and yellow in color, and each with an odor all its own—and the kalmias, then the rhododendron. Ferns from the coarsest to the delicate maiden hair, pinks and many other flowers, and evergreens, all nearby the beautiful little river and down to the water's edge—and big timber too, deciduous and conifer.

The call to go down there and try out some of my newly tied flies will soon come. Usually my first trip I try to keep out of the water, only casting in such places that I can get room for the back cast—but I can't keep to this. I usually wind up with a wetting, sometimes only knee deep or it may be "all over." Many a ducking I have had, and this reminds me of a couple of anglers fishing a stream in the Sapphire country. There was a stream with little pockets and at the bottom of all a fine large pool. One of the anglers stopped to fish the pockets while the other, unobserved by his friend, passed on down to the pool. After covering the pockets thoroughly he turned round and saw his friend quietly casting over the pool—but how did he get there so quickly? Evidently, he could as easily reach the spot his friend was casting from, as he had, so he began and very quickly did he slide to its bottom, rod, basket and all. On getting out, and

to his friend, he found him completely convulsed with laughter and moreover, just as wet as he. He had arrived by the same route and with like results. Both were alike and each had a hearty laugh at the expense of his friend—and a good ducking.

What would fly fishing be if it were all "plain sailing?" If we knew before hand the luck that would attend us, much would be lost.

ERNEST L. EWBANK.

P. S. By the way—The monthly is great.

MORE FISHING AND HUNTING FOR SPORTSMEN IN PROVINCES OF QUEBEC.

The Government of Quebec has arranged to concede and throw open to all sportsmen and tourists the territory formerly leased to the Philemore, Sagamo, and Camp Fire of America Fish and Game Clubs. This will enable many who heretofore could not fish and hunt on these limits to do so and build camps for their own use if so desired. On the line of the Q. & L. St. John Ry., the Batiscan River from Pearl Lake or the Bakery "Flag Station" offers an ideal canoe and fishing trip. This river is open for fishing, also a large tract of the Jacques Cartier reserve nearby Beaudet is open for hunting only. North of the Summit most all the land west of the railway track is now open for hunting, and a little further, nearby Quaquamaxis, Commissioners Lake, Saint Andre and Lake Bouchette, there are hundreds of miles of open country adjoining the railway line where good fishing and hunting can be had in season.

RULES FOR SURF CASTING TOURNAMENT.

Jersey City, N. J., March 17, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

At a recent meeting of the Asbury Park Fishing Club, the following motion was carried:

"That a committee of three be appointed to work up with the different fishing clubs, a uniform set of rules covering surf casting tournaments held by the various clubs."

In line therewith the following surf fishing clubs have signified their willingness to join in the movement by naming committees to cooperate: Midland Beach Fishing Club, Belmar Fishing Club and Ocean City Fishing Club.

The hearty response above leads the committee to invite, through the columns of your valuable paper, other surf fishing clubs to join in the movement by opening correspondence with their chairman, Mr. Elvin C. Burtis, Hotel Marlborough, Asbury Park, N. J.

The purpose of the movement is to make an official place for 3 and 4 ounce casting weights in American tournaments and to broaden surf casting rules as laid down by the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, which at present prescribe the "V" shaped court and the 2½ oz. weight to the exclusion of all others.

The 2½ oz. lead of the Association dates back to the days when surf anglers used no lead at all in their casts. To-day the majority of surf fishermen pursue the sport where sinkers are necessary, the most popular being the 3 and 4 oz.

The "V" shaped court is good but not sufficient. There are other good courts.

An invitation has been extended to the National Association to enter the conference, to listen to the presentation of the case, (which is a movement from the outside) and to consider

the question of so modifying their rules as to bring them into line with the developments of surf fishing which have taken place within the last twenty years.

While there may be some disposition to act independently of the Association it is to be hoped that wise counsels will prevail and the matter presented so strongly that the 3 and 4 ounce leads of to-day's angler may take their rightful place by the side of the 2½ oz. casting weight of the pioneer; and that the straight lane representing the conditions which the angler meets when several are casting for a "cut," and the open field representing the broad ocean, shall come to their own.

R. H. CORSON.

HIGH HONOR FOR WM. MILLS & SON.

Uncle Sam always knows what he is about in making selection of the best things for his own use. This statement is strikingly confirmed in the announcement that the United States Government has selected the firm of William Mills & Son, 21 Park Place, New York, to furnish the Bureau of Fisheries Exhibit of Angling Apparatus at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. This is the "blue ribbon" order of the year, and was awarded only after careful investigation and tests. If you visit the "Fair" do not fail to drop around to the Bureau of Fisheries exhibit, and look at the most complete collection of angling tools, kits and appliances ever shown in the world.

The exhibit comprises over eighty outfits, for every kind of game fish angling. It consists of four large show cases, each with 132 sq. ft. of display space. It occupies practically one entire wing of one section of the United States Fisheries Bureau space in the Food Products Building.

Different outfits for the same general type of angling are shown together and are divided into the following general headings:

Outfits for Trout Fly Angling—for Dry Fly.

Outfits for Trout Fly Angling—for small fish.

Outfits for Fly Angling—for large Trout, Bass and Ouananiche.

Outfits for Salmon Angling—both Fly and Trolling.

Outfits for Bait Casting and general Bait Angling.

Outfits for Salt Water Angling.

The outfits for Fly Angling include rods ranging from 6 ft. long—31-32 ounce in weight (the lightest weight rod ever made) for small trout, to 11 ft. long 10½ ounces in weight, for Pacific Coast Steelhead and Rainbows, Black Bass and Ouananiche.

The outfits for Bait Casting and general Angling show rods from a 5¼ ft. 4 ounce "Single Stick" to a 9 ft. 14 ounce Muscallonge Trolling Rod.

The outfits for Salmon Angling include rods 13 to 18 ft. in length for Fly, and from 6½ to 9 ft. in length for trolling.

The outfits for Salt water work show rods ranging from a 6 ft. 6 ounce "3-6 Catalina Single piece" to the extra heavy 7 1-16 ft. 37 ounce Tarpon Rod.

Besides the rods, there are shown reels, lines, leaders, hooks, flies, casting and trolling baits, fly tackle and leader books and boxes, net rings, waders and a general line of accessories—the equal of which is not to be found in many

Tackle stores anywhere in the world (this exhibit being the largest and most complete ever shown anywhere).

The collection of outfits for Dry Fly Angling is particularly complete. It shows not only rods of the latest American Dry Fly type, but rods such as are used in England for this type of Angling. The reels, lines and leaders shown are the latest approved English types and American adaptations of same, while the flies shown comprise not only a general line of regular American and English patterns but also include a line of the celebrated F. M. Halford "Nature Series" patterns and Skues' patterns together with the American "Nature Series" patterns worked out by Louis Rhead, and the patterns recommended by G. M. L. La Branche in his "Dry Fly and Fast Water."

Practically every article shown in this exhibit was taken right out of stock—there being only two items in the entire Exhibit that had to be made for it.

Naturally most of the rods shown are the celebrated H. L. Leonard make, but there are numerous specimens of the medium and low priced rods made by William Mills & Son—such as their "Mills Standard Hand Made," "Manco," "Peerless" and "Tuscarora" grades.

ICE FISHING FOR TROUT.

Albany, March 18, 1915.

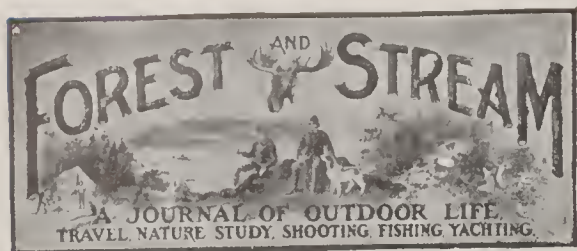
Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Some time ago, as your excellent index will show, I advocated further protection for fish in inland waters by dividing the state into temperature zones so that the various species would be safeguarded while spawning. This suggestion was the result of considerable study and was in direct opposition to the so-called "uniform" law idea which the conservation commission has accepted as gospel. My plan already is recognized as embodying the correct principle by the manner in which Long Island is set apart in the law, which is solely on account of the difference in temperature of the water there. The same principle would give us a temperate zone running through the middle of the state and a cold zone taking in the mountain streams and the great spring lakes like Lake George, and would protect fish in a scientific manner.

The latest argument in favor of the temperature zone plan is given now by the unwilling conservation commission indirectly. For the first time in the history of the state fishing for trout through the ice has been legalized. By an official order the commission says: "It is hereby ordered that all persons may take trout and lake trout through the ice by angling in any of the lakes or ponds of the state during the open season of 1915 for said species as established by the conservation law." The beautiful "uniform" law as it now stands opens the season for trout on the first Saturday in April and for lakers on April 1, on which early dates most of the waters of Northern New York, at least, are covered with ice. Moreover the law says specifically and has for many years that there shall be no fishing through the ice in waters inhabited by trout, except in very few specific instances where politics have enabled legislators to aid in depleting the inland waters of their home counties by out-of-season fishing.

What anglers will think of the new "conservation" plan for their favorite fish remains to be seen.

JOHN D. WHISH.



Legislation by Commission

ARE legislatures to be relied upon for proper game legislation? Those who have fought the fight for the laws we now have and have taken their places in the most advanced trenches of the firing line to protect laws won in previous skirmishes, are coming to the conclusion that the average state legislature will never be able to give us game legislation of the right kind. An interesting experiment in the direction of reform is to be attempted when the New York State Constitutional Convention meets this month. Hon. Edward G. Whitaker, Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, a friend of conservation and a man who has thoroughly at heart the better principles of outdoor sportsmanship, has drawn an amendment to the constitution which he will submit for adoption and which calls for the creation of a fish and game commission of three members with full authority to enact game and fish laws.

Averaging the situation, it is probably true that while the same number of fool proposals and good ones would be suggested to the commission as to the legislature a lesser number of dangerous or useless regulations would slip through, and on the other hand, the opportunities of getting good legislation would be increased.

One prerogative which the average member of a legislature can never permit himself to ignore is the introduction of game or fish bills. He may not know the difference between a wild deer and a calf, and the natural history of our fauna may be a closed book to him, but this is no deterrent. If he does not possess the originality to think up some scheme for monkeying with the game laws, he can of a surety count on the assistance of constituents not better posted, and the result is to be read in the hodge-podge of to-day. Mr. Whitaker's plan as published on another page possesses the advantage of directness; it is also designed to concentrate authority and with a proper series of appointments, enhances the probability of intelligent results.

A Natural Game Preserve

IT seems incredible that an area of the earth's surface comprising nearly four thousand miles should have disappeared from the charts of geographers for nearly three centuries, but if the explorations of the Sir William Mackenzie expedition to Hudson Bay are correct in detail, that amount of land will have to be placed on the charts again. The old cartographers, shortly after the discovery of Hudson Bay by Hendrick Hudson, mapped a number of large islands in the Bay, but as these islands were never seen in later years, they were removed from charts. Robert J. Flaherty, F. R. G. S., in charge of the Mackenzie expedition, now reports that he has rediscovered these islands and that they are of considerable extent.

The one on which his party landed was upward of one hundred miles in length and the next one

about sixty miles long. The whole area he estimates at more than four thousand square miles in extent, with a complete length north and south of nearly four hundred miles. Looking from the hill-tops of the main island, over sweeps of valley and hills, the impression was of highly cultivated areas, due to the luxuriant moss and grass that covered the surface. Should it turn out that these new islands are as large as reported, what a fine natural preserve for the caribou and perhaps also for the musk-ox they would prove! The Mackenzie expedition speak of seeing many superficial lakes scattered over the islands, around which swans and other wild fowl were breeding. The Dominion of Canada could not do better than to set aside this newly discovered area for the purpose mentioned—if indeed it is of the extent now estimated.

A Wilderness Canoe Test

ASO called Novelty Cruising Contest formed one of the Regatta events at the Sugar Island meet of the A. C. A. last August, this contest met with great favor and proved to be a feature not only interesting to the spectators but of real value to the canoeist. It has since been suggested that this event be made a regular part of future A. C. A. Regattas.

A cruising contest is not a test of speed or strength—in fact it is not a race at all, but rather a practical demonstration of the cruising canoeist's ability to care for himself and his outfit in the open. Such a contest is won on points which are determined by the way contestants do things on a real cruise.

Duffle to be packed in pack basket, pack sack or made up into any form of practical and neat pack, suitable for woods travel.

We hope that a large number of the cruising canoeists who attend the A. C. A. meet next August will enter this contest. There is nothing particularly hard about it, as the details of cruising, such as making camp and carry are the very pleasure of a cruise to the real cruiser.

Another "Dont" For The Angler

MANY anglers with an honest desire not only to keep within the limits of the law, but within the limits of their immediate necessities, make a practice of unhooking and putting back into the water all the surplus fish they are lucky enough to capture. But how few anglers realize that even though their intentions may be of the best and certainly most sportsmanlike, the fish they put back into the water are doomed to disease and death unless handled with thoroughly wet hands?

Never touch a fish with your hand, unless the latter be wet. The fish maintains its healthfulness by a protective covering of moist slime or mucous and once this is removed and the fish returned to water, the exposed portions are attacked by parasites, the result being usually that within a week or ten days and often sooner, a "bloom" disease is started that kills the unhappy victim.

As a rule anglers are too careless anyway in handling fish that they intend returning to the water. It is not necessary to grab the fish by the sides or the gills, squeezing him while he struggles, as the hook can be removed nine times out of ten without lifting the fish from the angler's net and without touching him at all. If

a fish swallows the hook there is not much use putting him back into the water as by the time the hook is taken from the throat or stomach, too much damage has been done.

In this connection it is to be said that anglers are often too free in the midst of their good luck in taking even surplus fish from the water. The sport may be fine, the opportunity one seldom meets with frequently, but even so it is best to be moderate. If you have enough fish for your needs or if you have caught all the law says you ought to have, stop and give someone else a chance in the future.

Game Fishing Near Home

WE of the angling fraternity are learning things these days. Think of being able, in a thickly settled state like Massachusetts, at the small expense of a nickel for a trolley ride, and the largest expense one can afford in the way of tackle, to have the opportunity of battling with the lordly salmon—a sport heretofore reserved for the brother angler, opulent of means and leisure, who himself has been forced to travel on long and expensive journeys to gain his heart's desire. Yet State Commissioner Graham of Massachusetts tells the angling world in this issue of *Forest and Stream* how it is possible for any state or any community to make the salmon a common habitat of local waters. There is no miracle about it; the only essential is the application of a little good common sense, science and energy.

Still another distinguished authority, Dr. James Henshall, points out in this same issue how all the thrills, anxieties and triumphs of the trout angler may be duplicated by the man who will go after the common fishes of streams and lakes with proper fly tackle. It is admitted that most men who go into the woods are actuated by the call of the wilderness rather than by any desire to take life. The latter is an incidental necessity; the other spirit is higher and better. But not every man can answer the call that leads him far from home; the majority of us are slaves to commerce or professions. Still it should be the privilege and within the province even of those tied closest to the daily grind to enjoy an occasional little fishing excursion and return with something in the way of results worth while. If the "stay-at-home" or "kept-at-home" angler will but exercise his citizenship in seeing that good laws are made and enforced, he can have real fishing for game fish at his door. The wonder is that he has not long ago realized this and insisted upon it.

"The Ice Is Out"

WHAT a thrill the information contained in these magic words will bring to many men this month and next. The message will be flashed over long forest reaches by means of telephone and telegraph; it will be carried to outposts of civilization through faintly defined trails or across regions where no trails exist; it will be received by wearied city dwellers who will at once forget the cares of office and hasten their departure for scenes of fishing delights. The message will mean that spring is here, that the long grip of winter is broken and that on far northern lakes blue waters are sparkling again in the sun, waiting for the return of the angler.

A Page of Personals From Forest and Stream's Friends

FROM THE FOUNDER OF FOREST AND STREAM.

Washington, D. C., March 13, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

This is my eighty-first anniversary. It seems to me that *Forest and Stream's* change of dress at the beginning of the New Year was apropos. "Times are not as they used to be." When *Forest and Stream* was started it was introduced to its readers as the opener of a new country (represented as a terra incognita on Mitchell's School Atlas) and handed out in piecemeal and not in volume, bulk and book. West of the Mississippi River, plains and prairies were dotted with army posts, buffaloes, trappers, and breech clout Indians, and no civilization. Nowadays we have it offered to society and tourists by rail and autos; peopled from longitude to latitude with a remarkable growing population, crowded with sky scrapers, traversed by water courses, subways, tunnels and canals, and presented by photos, camera and periscope, in a panorama of landscape and birdseye views.

All this, as seen by younger generations can only be repeated and printed over and over again. Daily newspapers are just an everlasting treadmill and a continuous sensation. Monthly issues are frequent enough, outside of war news and death dealing.

CHAS. HALLOCK.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM VOL. 1, NO. 1.

1 Pierrepont Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

March 15, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have been a subscriber ever since the paper started. How many other original subscribers have you?

JOHN J. PIERREPONT.

[The "Old Guard" of *Forest and Stream* is still a numerous as well as a goodly company and we hope soon to be able to publish the list of original subscribers still on the books. Probably no other paper in the country can boast of so many readers of so many continuous years' standing, and certainly none can show a more distinguished, intelligent or happier lot of men—and women too—than comprised in the "Old Guard" of *Forest and Stream*.—Ed.]

A READER FOR 35 YEARS.

Durhamville, Oneida Co., N. Y., Feb. 27, '15.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Enclosed find money order for one dollar—you know what it is for. When I read your notice of change of *Forest and Stream* from weekly to monthly, I felt some despondent as I did not fancy the idea of losing my most welcome week end visitor.

When I received the January number and saw the many good things you had in store for us I was glad of the change—as it was the best sporting monthly I ever saw or read at that time and thought it was impossible to improve it.

When the February number arrived I was more than pleased and greatly surprised at the good things you had in it for your readers. It was an improvement on January number. Every article very interesting and "gilt edge."

You certainly have them all stopped and I know if the sportsmen of the country at large knew the good things in store for them the dollars would come in to you thick and fast.

I have read *Forest and Stream* for the past 35 years—it has followed me through many states and I have always found it both interesting and instructive to all classes that love outdoor life. I have always found its advertisements reliable and honest in fact. I got the best strain of fox hound that ever followed sly Reynard, from an adv. in *Forest and Stream*.

You are at the top and always have been and before any other can pass you they will have to build a much longer ladder than they have at present.

Let the good work go on.

M. K. STRATTON.

BEGINNING THE NEXT 40 YEARS.

E. Wareham, Mass., March 8, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Having completed 40 years commencing with Vol. 2, I am sending you my dollar to begin on the next forty.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

ITS RECORD IS SOUND.

Indianapolis, Ind., March 16, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Along with many other of your older subscribers I want to congratulate you on the change to a monthly. I like the idea, and believe it will bring you a greatly increased circulation, due to the reduced price. Your labors in behalf of the conservation of fish and game in this country date back many years, something you have reason to be proud of, for undoubtedly you have changed the opinion of many sportsmen who are inclined to be selfish. What I like about *Forest and Stream* is the stand it takes when it comes to vital questions affecting the preservation of fish and game as is proposed in the enforcement of the migratory bird law by the Federal Government. Your stand on that question stamps you as a friend of the wild life of this country. I hope you will get a large increase in your circulation in Indiana. It is a State that needs education. With your help and that of other magazines in the same field we hope some day to put Indiana in the class where it rightfully belongs.

GEO. N. MANSFIELD, President Indiana Fish, Game and Forest League.

A WORD FROM KANSAS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I enclose \$1.00 for subscription to *Forest and Stream*.

The Kansas sportsmen are compelled now by Uncle Sam to take care of their hunting wants through theory, not by practice.

Some day your Uncle Samuel may be glad to have some of the red blooded people who have been raised on the smell of gunpowder to help him fight his battles for him, while the milksop will cling to the radiator and the theory that it is not proper to shoot in National defense.

THOS. G. O'DONNELL.

IT IS SECOND TO NONE.

Wyomissing, Pa., March 11, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Yesterday while waiting on a train in Norristown, Pa., I happened to see your magazine at the news stand. I purchased it, looked it over, and I must say it appealed to me very much, and if this March edition is a sample of what you are going to send out each and every month you can count on selling at least one more copy.

I read practically all of the magazines pertaining to out-door life, and I am frank in telling you that *Forest and Stream* is second to none.

B. L. LORD.

A SOURCE OF ENJOYMENT.

Saginaw, Mich., March 12, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I congratulate you on the first copy of the *Forest and Stream* received from you since my new subscription. I am delighted with it and know it will be a source of enjoyment during the year.

GEO. GRANT, JR.

MONTHLY WILL GET MORE ATTENTION.

Baltimore, Md., March 14, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Let me say that the changing of *Forest and Stream* from a weekly to a monthly magazine is the best thing possible, the way I look at it. As a weekly paper it really came too often; one had hardly time to read one number before another was out. So that one got behind and lost the reading of many good things. I feel sure that as a monthly your circulation will greatly increase, besides it will be seen more on the newsstands. I hope you will keep up the same standard and that you will enjoy success in the change to a monthly.

CARROLL HAINES.

FROM THE OFFICE WINDOW.

Up from the litter on his desk

His wearied eyes a moment turn

To stark steel cubes and buttressed piles,

And asphalt that the sun's rays burn;

But in his gaze there dwells a dream

Far from the steel girt thundering pile.

And he is back, a boy again.

In realms where boyhood's fancies smile.

The azure sea that was the sky;

The floating islands, fleecy white;

The purling stream where fishes lurked;

The drowsing woods, the emerald height;

The moments freighted with such joy

As only untried youth may know,

And all his world his own to hold

Fresh in the fleeting morning glow.

Within the watching eyes there fades

Dream of the vanished heart's desire,

As bleak gray ashes, comfortless,

Cloak the warm glow of dying fire;

The city's pulses tireless beat;

The city roars and thrums and teems;

His world again has gripped his throat,

His world that has no time for dreams.

—OLIN L. LYMAN, in *N. Y. Sun*.



Some Old-Time Rifles and Rifle Shooting

By Will H. Thompson.

IN *Forest and Stream* of March 28, 1914, under the above title, "Back Number," gave us a very interesting account of some old-time Southern match shooting with the small-bore, muzzle loading flint-lock rifle. Born, as I was, in North Georgia, in 1848, and having grown to manhood there, it may be that "Back Number's" appreciation of the fine old weapon appealed more strongly to me than to most of your readers.

I knew the old flint-lock rifle well. No more accurate weapon was ever bored. The last one I owned, which my brother Maurice named "Hornet," was as nearly a perfect rifle as skill could at that time create. The octagon barrel was forty-four inches long, deeply rifled, slightly "drawn" or choked for an inch at the muzzle, so that a "starting-stick" of about six inches in length was necessary to be used to force the closely patched bullet down for a few inches until the slender hickory ramrod could bear the strain of pushing the bullet home.

This rifle, in old Southern parlance, "ran one hundred and eighty-six to the pound," which means that out of a pound of bar lead could be moulded one hundred and eighty-six bullets. The fine "birdseye maple" stock ran full to the muzzle; the "drop" was three and one-half inches, the grip very slender and delicately hand carved. The deeply concave butt that rested against the shoulder was plated with silver, and an engraved silver "grease-box" was set into the right cheek of the stock. The bore of this gun was so small that it was necessary to wipe it out at every second shot.

The weapon was so heavy and the charge so light that there was absolutely no perceptible recoil.

The "hair-trigger" was a combination of two triggers, a straight one in front and a curved one an inch to the rear. Before shooting the rifleman "set" the triggers by pulling the rear one until a slight "click" announced that the "dog" had caught in the shallow notch. Then the slender hammer, clasping in its jaws the keen-edged flint, was drawn back until another "click" betrayed that all was ready. The slightest, softest touch upon the front trigger discharged the piece. Much of the extreme accuracy of these rifles was due to the delicacy of the trigger mechanism. The clumsy parts of the "pan" of the old flint-lock musket give no idea of the graceful mechanism of the same parts of a fine old rifle.

The pan proper, which held the ignition powder,

was small, and, when the cover was shut down, the steel surface facing the flint sloped slightly backward, so that in striking it the flint chafed the front of the steel "facing," and, by the force of the blow, threw it back exposing the pan, into which a shower of sparks was dashed, and the discharge followed.

"Back Number" speaks of the use of "round" balls in these rifles, probably in contradiction to the long, sharp-pointed balls used in modern rifle cartridges. The old-time rifle bullets were neither



Will H. Thompson.

"round" nor of the "pencil" shape of the modern ball.

Each rifle had its own "bullet-moulds" into which enough melted lead was poured to fill the mould. The lead cooled almost instantly, when the mould was opened, the bullet dropped out, the "neck" of surplus lead that had filled the entrance to the mould, was cut off close to the bullet, which was then slightly oblong, a trifle longer than wide, with a small flat spot at the base where the neck had been cut off. This "neck" was always turned down in loading.

The process in loading "Hornet" was invariably as follows: The butt of the gun was set against the ground to the left at such distance as to bring the muzzle to about the level of the top of the rifleman's breast bone; a charge of very fine grained rifle-powder was poured from the powder

horn into a small buck-horn "charger," attached by a slender leather thong to the point of the horn, and from the charger poured into the muzzle of the rifle. A small square of unbleached cotton cloth, or "Osnaburg," was spread across the muzzle and a bullet was set upon this, neck down, and pressed into the bore of the gun until the top of the bullet sank below the level of the muzzle. Then the left hand gathered up the outside cloth and the right hand drew a sharp knife blade across the muzzle severing the cloth and leaving the bullet beautifully "patched." The starting stick was then held against the bullet with the left hand while the right, holding the gun at about the balancing point, drove the outer end of the stick against a tree, stone or other firm object, with just force enough at two or three efforts to sink the bullet four or five inches. The stick was then withdrawn, put in the bullet-pouch, and the long, slender ramrod drawn from the thimbles beneath the barrel. With this the bullet was slowly, by short impulses, pushed firmly home upon the powder. The ramrod was returned to the thimbles, and "Hornet" was ready for the final touch. This was, to be thrown across the left arm, the pan opened, filled with powder from the horn, and the pan closed.

All match shooting was done "off-hand," usually at one hundred yards, but sometimes at sixty yards. Most of the small-bore rifles were "sighted" for sixty yards, and an allowance of about one and one-half inches in elevation had to be made at one hundred yards.

One accustomed to using a percussion gun found difficulty with the slower action of the flint-lock. The distinct "chick-floo-bank"—marking the blow of the flint on the steel—the flash of the powder in the pan—and the report of the gun, unsettled the aim of the novice and spoiled the shot. Curiously enough, many fine shots attributed to this delayed fire, the extreme effectiveness of the flint-lock. Mr. Silas Wells, the greatest off-hand rifleman I ever knew, explained the theory in this way: "With the cap-lock gun you know that the touch upon the trigger and the report of the gun are simultaneous, and you are apt to quit your aim as the trigger is pressed, but in the case of the flint-lock you know that a period of waiting on the aim is necessary while the slower discharge proceeds. Consequently the affirmative action of keeping on the aim is maintained until after the bullet has gone." Years of experience with both styles of rifle have stiffened my faith in Wells' contention.

In shooting with the long-bow there is a maxim that admits of no dispute that "after the string is loosed the bow must be held in the same position until the arrow strikes the mark." Not that the flight of the arrow can possibly be aided or marred after it has passed the bow, but because there is always a tendency at the loose of the string to feel that the shot is made, and to unsteady the bow-hand before the arrow has wholly passed the bow. This dwelling upon the aim—the calm, prolonged fixidity of attention enforced

by the slow action of the flint-lock, had much to do with building the fadeless fame of the old-time rifleman.

In "Back Number's" interesting article, before referred to, the matches appear to have been shot at circular marks. It may be, however, that a three inch circle was drawn upon a three inch square paper or pasteboard target, as was the case in all the matches I ever witnessed. In every instance the square paper was tacked upon a blackened board; a round hole a half inch in diameter was cut in the center of the paper, and from the bottom of this hole to the bottom of the paper an acute-angle-triangle was cut out of the paper leaving the target to look like the diagram "A."

The habit of the rifleman was to begin the aim at the bottom of the black triangle, slowly lift the gun until the sights were trained upon the round hole in the center of the mark, softly press the front trigger, and steadily dwell upon the aim until the bullet was through the board.

I have attended many such matches in Northern Georgia and witnessed the triumphs of Wells, Taliferro, DuBose, and "Bud" Ellis, and other less famous riflemen, and have seen even better targets made than the excellent ones described by "Back Number," but, of course, I have never had the pleasure of meeting the rifleman who "could put five consecutive shots into a cap-box lid, off-hand at one hundred yards" as the average liar has dinned into my ears for half a century; nor have I ever seen the fellow who "could put three balls into the same bullet-hole, off-hand at forty yards," which the same unmitigated liar has seen done a hundred times." Every rifleman has met him. He is the same old fraud who haunts the archery field and tells of the wonderful shooting he has seen the Indians do with the bow, knocking a penny out of a split stick at sixty yards, and keeping six arrows in the air at a time! The wonder is that no one has broken his neck.

A GAME LAW WITH TEETH.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

We have got a game law at last and a law with teeth. I don't mean that we have not had one of a kind for several years but it had no teeth for it was nobody's business to enforce it.

The new law provides for a game commission, shortens the season on everything, limits the quail bag to 15 per day, and ducks to 25, prohibits the use of nets between March 1 and June 15 and after that requires a \$25 license to use a net. And it gives the Game Commission control over the whole thing, so it will not depend upon a country justice and constable to prosecute their neighbors. I wrote you about one man slaughtering 800 robins on the roost in one night. There was a state law against killing song birds but it was as dead as Pharaoh's laws because the local officials would not enforce it.

But E. V. Visart, the U. S. Game Inspector, under the Migratory Bird Act, went down there and made 500 arrests in that section under the state law. Just how many will be convicted under the charges by the country justices cannot be told, but it has thrown a scare into the souls of the bird hunters. Now we will have game wardens independent of the local people and there is likely to be something doing in the line of game preservation. The law is not perfect but it is so far ahead of anything ever passed before that we feel we have gained a great victory.

J. M. ROSE.

RECORD GOAT HEADS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am sending you a photograph of two goat heads with measurements of their horns. I am of the opinion taking all measurements in consideration they are the record heads of this specie, Rocky Mountain Goat.

"Billy" goat; length of horn, left $10\frac{3}{4}$ in.; right $10\frac{1}{2}$ in., with small piece broke on tip; base 6 in., spread 6 in. "Nanny" goat, length 10 in.; base $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; spread, $7\frac{1}{2}$ in.

In Rowland Ward's book the world's rec-



Two Record Goat Heads.

ord head is given—Goat, length $11\frac{1}{2}$ in.; base, $4\frac{3}{4}$ in.

It seems to me $10\frac{3}{4}$ in. with a base of 6 in. ought to be the record head as for a "Nanny" goat. I don't know of any as large as the photo of one I am sending you.

W. P. BASCOM, Box 128, Mackay, Idaho.

FIRST NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON GAME BREEDING AND PRESERVING.

Game conservation received enthusiastic impetus at the first meeting of the National conference held at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, on March 1. A representative gathering of game experts presented papers and led discussions on the most practical way to bring to perfection the gentle art of conservation and protection of the sportsman's future bag, the nation's feathered decorations and insect destroyers. The meeting began at nine on Monday morning, continued throughout the day and wound up with a feast for the inner man at seven in the evening. As usual the ultra protectionist was in evidence but many valuable suggestions were made that will take care of the covers and give the sportsman a chance for a fair kill. As a direct result of the meeting, which was fathered by the American Game Protective and Propagation Association, as usual in front

in such matters, the following resolution was reported:

The Resolutions Committee, after recommending that the Board of Directors of the American Game Protective Association be requested to organize the conference into a permanent department of that organization, urging that an annual meeting be held, outlined a set of ten principles as the underlying basis for the proposed department. These hold in part that all insectivorous birds should be protected at all times, except those clearly recognized as of the game species and those condemned by the Biological Survey; that protective laws should be so framed as to effect a reasonable annual increase in game birds; that sanctuaries for wild life should be established and that forests, fish and game should be regulated by state and Federal commissions; that game breeding should be encouraged by permitting the sale of such hand-reared and semi-domestic game at any season of the year as has been properly killed and tagged; that the sale of all but hand-reared game should be prohibited; that widespread information should be given both by state and private associations, designed to increase the protection and propagation of the most adaptable game birds and meat-giving animals; that license money paid by hunters should be strictly segregated; that Congress should give adequate support to the United States Bureau of Biological Survey.

ANIMALS IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Butte, Mont., Mar. 15.—Visitors to the Yellowstone National Park next season will enjoy the privilege of bathing in a natural hot water plunge 100 feet long and 50 feet wide, which is under construction at the Upper Geyser Basin, together with five private plunges, 5 by 10 feet each. In the report of Col. Lloyd M. Brett, acting superintendent of the park, which has just been issued, the number of elk in the herd in Wonderland is given as 35,209 head. Last year permits were granted to ship 782 elk from the park, but owing to the unusually open weather only 99 animals were captured and shipped. The elk found natural food in abundance and were not tempted by the hay displayed by their would-be captors.

The report goes on to state that shipping wild elk considerable distances under winter conditions is no longer an experiment, but that the fact is well established that the animals can be shipped with but little greater percentage of loss than ordinary range cattle. The expense of capturing and loading elk on the trains is estimated at \$5 per head, or \$15 apiece when the animals are crated for shipment by express.

No Accurate Census.

Of the other animals in the park the report says:

"No accurate census has been taken of the wild buffalo which roam the confines of the park. They are believed to be slowly increasing. In the tame herd of buffalo there are 96 males and 97 females.

"Gray wolves have been seen in considerable numbers, traveling in packs of 10 or less. Efforts have been made to kill them, but thus far none have been taken inside the park. "Moose are frequently seen."

Travel in the park last year was lighter than for some seasons past. The total number of visitors was 20,250. Of this number 9,875 came in via the Yellowstone gateway and 8,929 via the Gardiner entrance.



In the Land of Little Rain

Where the Mountain Sheep are, With Protection, Holding Their Own

By F. H. Ober, Assistant Commissioner, Fish and Game Commission of California.

INYO County, Cal., has an area of 10,204 square miles; its surface is largely mountainous, interspersed with large valleys, of which the Owens Valley is the largest, being over one hundred miles long and about seventeen miles wide at Bishop City, and varying in width as one goes south from four to ten miles. The Sierras here being impassable by wagon, the valley is reached from the north or south only, from California points, with the exception of four fair packtrails which lead across the Sierras.

The altitude of Owens Valley ranges from 3,620 feet at Keeler, the southern point, to 4,148 feet at Bishop, in the north; Mount Whitney, the highest peak in the United States, is within Inyo's borders, and many slightly less high neighboring summits afford scenic views scarcely less grand. We also have Death Valley, one of the lowest depressions in the world, at one point 430 feet below sea level. On each side of this wonderful Death Valley mountains rise to an altitude of from 8,000 to 10,000 feet, and within its bleak wastes desolation reigns supreme; a temperature of 120 degrees, and even higher, is not rare here. Naturally, in view of the foregoing facts, there is a tremendous amount of misunderstanding concerning this region, people generally accepting the sole functions of the valley as that of Creation's morgue; but it may be truthfully said that almost in its very heart springs of pure cold water are to be found, small tracts of land are now under cultivation, and more are sure to become so in the years to come. Similar conditions exist in the desolate valleys of Pannamint, Saline, Cow Horn and Eureka, these being continuations of Death Valley, lying to the north and west, and all being located in Inyo County.

Writers of note have frequently referred to Inyo County as a "sportsman's paradise," and that the Sierra Nevadas, particularly their frontage west of the Owens Valley, are, from a scenic standpoint, unsurpassed by any portion of the globe.

Mountain sheep are very plentiful in Inyo County, especially in the southeastern portion where the Nelson or desert sheep makes his home; their increase within the past five years has been truly wonderful, due to the fact that each year has brought forth an abundance of rain, with its consequence of plenteous feed in the particular habitat where these sheep abound, and to the further fact that very little if any mineral prospecting has been done, which certainly acts as a disturbance and cause of much loss of life to the sheep.

That which is, perhaps, the largest herd of

mountain sheep in Inyo County, may be found around and near Homestake Canyon, on the eastern slope of the White Mountains about twenty miles east of Independence. This herd numbers upward of one hundred and fifty head, but they have been observed, however, in separate bunches, eventually reuniting. Homestake Canyon is their watering place during the summer months.

East of Homestake Canyon, and across Saline Valley twenty miles to Hot Springs, and around Sand Springs and Last Chance Mountain, mountain sheep may be found everywhere; also on Ubehebe Mountain, lying east of Saline Valley, mountain sheep are very abundant, and south of Ubehebe Mountain for one hundred miles; all through the Funeral, Argus, Pannamint and Slate ranges of mountains, they abound. They are most numerous, however, in Inyo County, in the above named mountains, and in and around "Windgate Pass" and the Sheep Mountain country, and on the western slope of Tin Mountain northeast of Ubehebe Mountain.

Directly east of Big Pine, about thirty miles, there is a very beautiful herd, the writer, on

several occasions having seen as many as sixty at one time, and thirty-eight and forty at others; very reliable reports reach me concerning their splendid increase each year.

The Nelson or desert sheep vary in color at different seasons, ranging from a pale gray in summer to a pale blue in winter. Desert sheep frequent the most remote and precipitous and barren mountains imaginable, using for their shade and resting place the faces of perpendicular cliffs. Their food consists chiefly of the tender shoots of growing brush and their favorite dessert is the most delicate ferns and flowers.

In the Sierras running through Inyo County there are three herds of mountain sheep, and these are a distinct and much larger variety than the desert sheep. People generally are not aware of the existence of these sheep from the fact that tourists seldom see them, as they are found high up in cloudland and above the localities frequented by man. The largest herd known in the Sierras can be found northeast of Independence and about ten miles away; the writer has observed this herd upon many occasions, and their number is in the near neighborhood of eighty-five to ninety, sixty-five having been counted at one time this last winter at the base of the mountains touching the valley, and within a stone's throw of an automobile road, thus refuting the popular notion that mountain sheep do not change their altitude regardless of weather conditions.

The herd next in size may be found about twenty-five miles west of Bishop City, on Mount Tom, and numbers about forty or fifty head; they



A Sign of Spring—Young Bear Cubs are Tractable Pets—for awhile.

follow the snow line in winter, and, as a matter of fact come very close to the little farming community of Round Valley.

The next largest herd make their home in the neighborhood of the South Fork of Big Pine Creek, and from there on over to the rough Birch Creek and Mount Credo country; this herd consisted of about thirty head when last seen by the writer.

Of all the game animals in California the mountain sheep stand in a class by themselves; nature has provided for their welfare in many ways, having provided them with a telescopic vision and a telephonic hearing. While bold and seemingly reckless in their rock and cliff climbing, they are quick to calculate, always on the alert, and their judgment is free from error; they are very robust and strong limbed, yet very active withal, and are capable of feats of great endurance and in many ways most astonishing. Notwithstanding what many people have written and said, a mountain sheep can not and never did leap from any great height and alight upon its horns. The fact that the desert sheep are rarely found with unbroken horns is due to their using them in seasons of drouth, for prying amid the rocks and boulders in search of a certain succulent and watery bulb, called by the Indians "Sequaya," and which serves the sheep as a thirst-quencher until the springs are replenished and flow again; while in the Sierras, on the other hand, where water is plentiful, the horns are nearly always perfect to the very tips. When sheep are once pursued or fired upon, however, they can dash down an appalling declivity, touching a crevice here and there, and land in perfect safety and condition, where to the observer it would seem certain to be killed. For one to fully and really appreciate mountain sheep, they should be seen in their native home amid the grandeur of the treeless slopes, far above timber line, in the Inyo section of the grand old Sierra Nevadas.

The people of this county are duly grateful and appreciative of the splendid results achieved for them through the efforts of the State Fish and Game Commission. There is not a living stream within its borders to-day that does not teem with either rainbow, Eastern brook, cutthroat, Loch Leven or golden trout; at least fifty mountain lakes, previously barren of life, now hold millions of large Loch Leven and Eastern brook trout, and the bagging of a five-pounder of either of these high class table varieties has long since ceased to be rare enough to cause a comment, and is commonplace. The commission has well stocked seven streams in this county with trout, streams to which the fin of a fish was previously unknown, and has added to this section an asset in the way of an attraction to outside people, and in actual food value, beyond the possibility of computation or of estimation. The Chinese or ringneck pheasant, introduced into this section by the commission, has also adapted himself to his new environment and is thriving and multiplying rapidly.



Beaver in the James River

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have read with much pleasure a number of articles published in the last two or three numbers of *Forest and Stream* on the beaver.

I had an occasion to be fishing in the James River about fourteen years ago for genuine small mouth black bass, and had as my companion Mr. Richard Clarke, a very good fisherman and huntsman as well. As we generally fished in the eddies behind rocks, in the swiftest of streams and as paddling or pulling oars up these streams is impossible, we used a square head and stern boat, and propelled it with a sixteen foot pole to get to the best fishing places. On pushing up a very difficult stream we came to a small island with a sand bank and willow trees. As the water eddied behind this

known to be in James River for fifty years and nobody had ever caught one yet, and that I was throwing my time and labor away.

I found a track and a partly barked small sycamore and at once set one of my traps as per directions, and set the other five on sand bars, and small islands in the neighborhood. The next morning I was up the river bright and early and on going the rounds found three rats for my trouble and pains but not disheartened I set the rat traps, smeared a little more bait on the same sticks over the beaver traps and proceeded home.

The next day I induced a friend to accompany me and after poling the boat up the stream we came in sight of the first beaver trap set and could tell from the bank and sand that had been dug up that I had something large. In pulling



Work of the Beaver.

island and was about eight feet deep we concluded to try for bass, and on running the boat on the sand I got out to cast. As I did so I noticed a track in the sand which looked as if made by a bear or some other large animal; on calling Dick's attention to it he told me it must be a beaver track although he as well as myself had to confess we had never seen one before, but had often heard there was a family or colony of beaver in this river, they having made a dam between two islands about one-half mile below where we were. I told him that I was going to get some traps and catch one of these beaver and he remarked to me that this colony had been

up the chain, I had the first beaver I had ever laid my eyes on. He weighed 67 pounds. That winter I caught 89 rats, one otter, three mink, and seven beavers, one of the last named weighing 27 pounds, alive. I kept him in a barrel for two months, feeding him with sweet potatoes, peach limbs, sycamore, willow and sweet gum. He became so tame I could fondle him like a dog and often would put him out in the yard. I afterward sold him to Robert D. Carson, superintendent of the Philadelphia Zoo for \$40 and no doubt he is there now.

T. PETER HOWLE.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 9, 1915.



Live Notes From The Field

Being Reports From Our Local Correspondents

PRAIRIE CHICKENS IN COLORADO.

Sterling, Colo., March 9, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Find enclosed subscription to my favorite magazine, also price of five of your books.

At one time I contributed to your magazine but as years roll on my time is now taken and I can hardly get time to read. I am getting the books for my two boys whom I want to bring up to love outdoor things as I have always loved them. I want to tell you of the following, which I call very encouraging news to a sportsman. Three years ago there were scarcely one dozen prairie chicken along this, the Platte river—that is along the stream within this country. But there were a number, perhaps 300 over at Haxton which is thirty miles from here. Two years ago I noticed in the month of April ten pairs of chickens in the sand hills along the river while making a trip of eighteen miles.

Last season in September, there were, I would judge, 2,000 chickens in the sand hills and about 200 were killed, while this winter I have seen along the river several flocks of from one to two hundred each and from now on we will have splendid chicken shooting here. The reason for this is the ideal cover for hatching that the sand hills afford and the protection given by our game laws and the migration of the birds from the Haxton Country. It is simply an ideal country for them and they are multiplying rapidly. The Haxton country is also more plentifully stocked with them than formerly. I regard this as very encouraging when we hear of so many counties being shot out. Also, I might mention that our two new irrigation reservoirs have stocked themselves with ring perch and last summer I caught them there weighing as much as two pounds each. The reservoirs have been built four years and the fish have come from a reservoir sixty miles up the river. We planted 7,000 young bass in one of them two years ago which are doing well also.

J. H. KELLOGG, M.D.

MOOSE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Permit me through the medium of *Forest and Stream* to make a few brief remarks in reference to the moose hunting grounds of the eastern counties of this Province; especially Pictou and Guysborough counties. My object in doing so is simply to offer a little advice to some of

the sportsmen who visit this Province in pursuit of moose or caribou.

Of late years the non-resident hunter seems to have given the preference to the western grounds and abandoned the denser and more promising areas of the eastern forests. I believe this to be a delusion, and that they have been lured away by men of local or mercenary interest.

Allow me to inform you that there are no better moose hunting grounds to be found in this Province than in Pictou or Guysborough. Take as a sample the splendid areas of forests all about the Liscombe River to the sea. Pictou County is also not behind its neighboring county for game, but from its proximity to the populated commercial and mining areas is greatly disturbed during the open season for moose, and consequently the big game are driven into Guysborough County.

Last season two fine heads were brought into this town. Any experienced guide will tell you that unusually large bull tracks are occasionally seen which prove that the monarch of the forests still holds his own here in spite of the axe, the mine and the rifle.

With regard to the topography of these counties there are towns and villages within reasonable distance of the grounds, probably twenty-five or thirty miles. Good guides are found here by making application previous to the opening of the season. There are white and Indian guides; some of them excellent "callers."

Licenses may be obtained by application to J. A. Knight, Esq., Chief Game Commissioner, Halifax, N. S.

A. PRITCHARD, Game Commissioner, New Glasgow, N. S.

COMMISSION TO MAKE GAME LAWS.

Supreme Court, Chambers St., New York.

February 27, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

As you may perhaps know, I tried for some years to get from the Legislature a comprehensive, conservative, sensible and enforceable system of game laws. From actual experience I became convinced years ago that to procure such a system directly from the Legislature is hopeless. I have therefore prepared the enclosed tentative amendment to the constitution to be submitted to the constitutional convention in April next. Will you kindly publish it in your paper and invite discussion and suggestions—so far it has met approval.

E. G. WHITAKER.

Mr. Whitaker's proposed amendment follows:

Fish and Game Commission.

There is hereby created a Fish and Game Commission: It shall consist of three members who shall be appointed by the Governor by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. The term of each commissioner shall be five years and the salary of each commissioner shall be fixed by the legislature. Not more than two of the commissioners shall be appointed from the same political party.

The Commission shall be charged with the protection and propagation of wild animals, fish, shell-fish and birds.

The Commission shall have full and exclusive power to enact, repeal and amend laws prohibiting or regulating the killing of wild animals, wild birds, the taking and catching of fish and shell-fish and prescribe penalties and punishment for violations thereof and the periods of time within which wild animals, wild birds and fish may be had in possession, sold or transported. All such laws shall require the approval of the Governor.

The Commission shall also possess the incidental powers requisite to the exercise of the powers hereby granted.

Every law passed by the Commission shall be numbered and have an appropriate title expressing succinctly the purposes of the law. All laws passed by the Commission shall be duly certified and filed with the Secretary of State between the first day of January and the first day of March in each year and shall take effect on the first day of April following. Such laws shall be printed and published by the Secretary of State in the same manner that laws passed by the legislature are printed and published.

The Commission shall have power to appoint and at pleasure remove a secretary and such number of clerks, wardens, fish culturists and assistants as the legislature may authorize, whose salaries shall be fixed by the legislature.

All fees for licenses and all fines and penalties collected for violation of the laws passed by the Commission shall be paid to the State Treasurer.

As soon as the Commission shall have been appointed and qualified, it shall make a complete set of laws and certify and file the same with the Secretary of State, and such laws when approved by the Governor shall be filed before February 1, and take effect the first day of April succeeding and on said first day of April all laws then in force relating to the propagation of fish and game or the protection of wild animals, birds, game, fish and shell-fish, or the killing of such wild animals, birds, game and fish, the transportation or possession thereof shall be repealed.

The legislature shall pass such laws as may be necessary to carry the provisions of this section into effect.

Any member of the Commission may be removed from office by the Governor for cause, an opportunity having been given him to be heard in his defense.

NEW NEPIGON REGION OPEN.

Fishermen, hunters and outdoor lovers who like to get into virgin territory, but who still desire the comparative comforts of civilization, will be glad to know that a great new country extending north of Lake Superior to James Bay will be opened for travel this spring, summer and fall. Messrs. King and Armstrong of Jack Fish, Ontario, write *Forest and Stream* that this country is especially adapted to speckled trout fishing and has numerous rivers that teem with trout, and which have not yet been fished by outside sportsmen.

There are two transcontinental railroads running by the heads of these rivers, and excellent canoe trips can be made from one to the other with the best fishing en route, and with very little portaging to make; the speckled trout average in weight in these rivers from four to seven pounds, and the sportsman will be fishing virgin waters in any of these places.

Everything except personal equipment is furnished for a certain rate per day, and either Mr. Armstrong or Mr. King accompanies each party to see that satisfaction is given them in everything. There are camps on Lake Nepigon and a motor boat service which enables sportsmen with their families to take a two weeks' trip around this lake, fishing the many big rivers and streams that flow into it. Sportsmen who bring their families will be provided with a low rate per week or per day, everything furnished.

These places can be reached direct by through trains on either the Canadian Northern, Grand Trunk or Canadian Pacific Ry., thus enabling sportsmen to reach the fishing rivers by one railroad, fishing the river down to the other railroad, returning home by a different route, and not covering the same country twice.

For big game hunting, the Lac Seul regions have been opened. This lake is 100 miles long. Sportsmen can leave the train and step into a motor boat and take from ten to thirty days' trip around this lake, with a guaranteed chance at moose, caribou, deer, geese, ducks, grouse, and as for fishing, there are muskalonge, pickerel, pike and lake trout. There are no portages to be made on this route. It affords an ideal trip for ladies, although it is in new country.

F. C. Armstrong has operated a chain of hunting camps near this region for the last five years and there never has been a sportsman at his hunting camps who returned home dissatisfied or without a chance to get game.

HE CATCHES 'EM ALIVE.

In all the annals of huntsmen nothing so remarkable has ever been recorded as the hitherto unheralded feat of Emil Friesz of East St. Louis. Mr. Friesz went out the other day and brought back eighteen rabbits without firing a shot—without so much as carrying a gun. He did it with his hands, his bare hands, caught them in the

deep snow, that abounds in the vicinity of East St. Louis. It is reported that M. Friesz did not even wear gloves when he turned this trick. Fleet of foot and nimble is the rabbit, but not so fleet as to escape the wily Frenchman, who, unarmed, captured the white-tailed host. Mr. Friesz is now called "catch-'em-alive Emil."

AUTOMATIC PISTOL SHOOTING.

The baby gun, otherwise known as the automatic has been put into book form by Walter Winans, who a few years ago brought out a treatise, the best yet done, entitled *Hints on Revolver Shooting*. This work had a wide sale and seems to have called forth the present volume. An usual Mr. Winans holds a brief for the Smith and Wesson revolver and agrees with all revolver men that the automatic is too "uncertain" for handling by any one but an expert in gun matters. The only excuse for this sneak weapon is the fact that it easily may be concealed, thus making it a handy killer for the gun toter and illicit gun handlers. The author recommends the Colt automatic as adopted by the United States Government, which is the man's size variety. The book contains much general information on revolver and pistol handling, with a chapter on stage tricks in shooting, dueling and some other things of interest but not importance. G. P. Putnam's Sons are the publishers and the price one dollar.

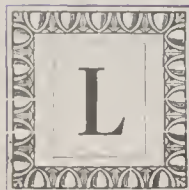


On the North Shore of Superior.

The Outboard Motor in the Wilderness

Its Handiness is Making it Popular in Far Away Places—A Few Hints From One Who Has Tested it Out

By "Old Camper."



LIKE all old timers, wedded through years of association to the canoe and paddle, I once regarded the outboard motor as a fad for schoolboys and romantic young people who idle about lake resorts, and more than once around the camp-fire, we were wont to refer contemptuously to such contraptions as "tea kettles" and laughed at the idea that they would ever prove practical, to say nothing of being labor-saving. In those days it was felt that the man who did not half kill himself every twenty-four hours, packing a canoe over a portage or bucking it against a head wind, did not deserve the title of outdoor experience.

But times have changed. The outboard motor is still used by the schoolboy and the romantic young summer couples at fashionable resorts. It is also being used more and more in the wilderness, far from civilization and far from the center of John D's distillate known popularly as "gas," or "juice."

Olive Logan once wrote a book entitled "Ten Miles from a Lemon" meaning by this a distance far from civilized conveniences. A book now might be written "One Hundred Miles from Gasoline," for that would typify real wilderness. I do not know how far the outboard motor has penetrated the wilds. I have taken one myself pretty much up to the headwaters of the Ottawa, and I know of one or more that are doing service around Hudson Bay Posts in that country. Frequently I have seen them hanging over the side of the double-nosed bateaux of the lumbermen, snorting away and propelling considerable cargo, and I have even watched them towing a goodly bunch of logs across a lake.

In a word, the outboard motor can be used as far in the wilderness as you can keep it supplied with gasoline, and if through convenient arrangements you can have a quantity of the necessary fuel shipped in on the snow in the winter, you can have a lot of fun the next summer, pottering around big lakes and running the nose of your boat to the very end of long deep bays that nobody else has penetrated before you.

So far as the question of an outboard motor and a canoe built to accommodate it is concerned, the whole problem centers around the length of the portages and the character of the water which you meet on the way. Of course an outboard motor is not made to run in shallow white water rapids, although it can do it, but where a succession of long or big lakes without rapids is to be encountered, the carrying of a 60 pound motor is not an obstacle, for you can split it into two pieces for this purpose. The transportation of gasoline in cans is a matter which everybody must decide for himself. One advantage is that if you intend returning by the same route you can

lug quite a lot of gasoline part of the way and cache some of it along the route to be picked up coming back.

What if someone stumbles across the "gas" and steals it? Well, they do not do such things in the North County and even if a stray Indian, under the impression that he had found an Eden of unlimited high wines, as represented in the cans, did take a drink of it, he certainly would not repeat the dose. At any rate, if you do get stuck the canoe will bring you through and paddling is not a lost art, even though it is becoming unpopular and unnecessary.

But, the reader may ask: What if your engine busts? Well if she does, she does, and that is the only answer, but I have noticed that the breaking down of these little motors, or their refusal to work, usually begins with the "monkeying" curiosity that stirs the amateur to look inside at the works, just as the small boy breaks his watch by trying to see the wheels go round. The manufacturers of the motors usually send them out in perfect order and if one will keep his hands off the carburetor and does not start to screwing valves or doing anything else of that sort, the motor will give him good service.

If you have any curiosity as to the "innards" of these machines, satisfy it before you go into the woods, or better yet, get some good mechanic to show you the whys and wherefores and the secret of operation. The best mechanic I ever knew—he was a celebrated inventor at that—told me once that the secret of running machinery successfully was to let it alone as long as it worked right, and this applies to the outboard motor. A little study and instruction before taking the motor into the woods and the carrying of a few simple parts are generally all that is needed to venture far from civilization with one and get back successfully. Some people may bring up the point that storage batteries play out. They do, but in these days of built-in magnetos that fear need no longer be entertained.

As to fishing possibilities, the outboard motor is ideal. It can be held down to slow trolling speed and more water can be covered in one day through its use than in half a week under ordinary conditions. In common with many people I once entertained the conviction that the purring of the motor and the whirl of the propeller would frighten fish. I have caught half a dozen big lake trout in the late fall going around a rocky little island in a Canadian lake, from a light boat equipped with an outboard motor, passing over the same spot repeatedly and taking some of the big fellows less than twenty feet from the propeller, which seems to show that the fish were not afraid to snap at the lure as it passed over them.

In a club to which I belong, in upper Canada, we have five or six of the motors attached to

boats. The best fishing spot on our main lake is just at a place where the shores narrow to something over one hundred feet and this spot is passed over more frequently by the members going and returning on trips up and down the lake than any other. There is just as good fishing in these narrows as ever. The bass may have been educated to the sight and sound of a propeller, but I do not recall that they ever stopped striking, motor or no motor.

Again it has been argued that the noise of the outboard motor will frighten game. So it will; so will the passing of any boat if the game is in sight. But with the motor properly muffled, the sound does not amount to much and I have never had evidence that game had been scared away from the shores of any lake because boats going up and down were self-propelled instead of rowed or paddled.

The satisfaction of being able to cover twenty, thirty or forty miles on an average day's fishing or exploring trip and then having lots of time on your hands, and the luxury of sitting idle and having a chance to enjoy the scenery, instead of looking up once in a while to wipe sweat out of your straining eyes, or relieving a half-broken back and aching arms by stopping occasionally, while the cussed headwind blows your canoe out of its course, or on a rocky shore, must be experienced to be appreciated. I know that in our club we used to count it a pretty good day's journey to paddle ten miles up the lake, fish a while or visit another lake and return. Now we run that far in a motor canoe and get back at lunch time if we desire. It costs something to keep a supply of gasoline many miles from civilization, but the expense is nothing compared to the saving in labor and the saving in extra guides.

I have often wondered why some of the venturesome spirits who are contemplating long trips—into the Barren Land country of Canada, for instance—do not take the outboard motor as a means of getting over a lot of territory at little expense and less trouble than contained in the proposition now. One can have all the gasoline necessary sent by usual boat and river transportation through to Great Slave Lake or even Hudson Bay River steamer to Great Bear Lake, and once that was done, the rest would be easy. The man who does this will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is in a position to travel around and over big lakes that as yet have been only partly and imperfectly explored and he can do it in comfort and peace.

The thing works out almost mathematically. Two 150 pound Indians with still another 150 pounds or so of grub and outfit for a month's trip means nearly 500 pounds in all. Against this we can put a 60 pound outboard motor and not over 150 pounds of gasoline and get more

effective results, and travel twice as far. Some will say that you will miss the sociability and novelty of traveling with two untutored and unspoiled specimens of Lo, but, gentle reader, has it ever been your experience—I will not say pleasure—to have for companions two or more Hudson Bay country Crees, Dog Ribs, or Yellow Knives? They require more fuel to keep their "bilers" going than the little humming "teapot" at the end of your boat and there are other inconveniences not to be mentioned here.

As yet the question of fixing this new style motor into canoes has not been altogether satisfactorily settled, and I believe myself that a frail bark canoe is not best suited to the purpose. The stronger canvas covered boat is all right when properly equipped with a well through which to stick the propeller shaft, and one Canadian company—the Chestnut Canoe people of Fredericton, New Brunswick—have very nearly solved the problem by building a canoe with a square stern over which the motor can be adjusted.

In conclusion, if you can arrange to keep a supply of gasoline as far as you want to go, either by sending it ahead or taking it with you, the motor will carry you as long as the gasoline lasts. Otherwise, to start on a trip without a sufficient supply to get you in and back is about as sensible as starting on a horseback trip over the desert without taking food or water with you or knowing where you are to get either or both on the journey.

One convenience of the fuel supply problem of the outboard motor is that you mix your gasoline with a little lubricating oil before shipping it to your supply point. There is no oiling necessary other than supplied by the mixture running through the machine, and a little common sense in being careful in straining the gasoline through a chamois cloth when loading up the tank means perfect combustion and operation. How much gasoline the ordinary motor consumes depends somewhat on the skill and knowledge of the operator. Certainly anyone ought always to be able to get twenty miles out of a gallon, and frequently this record is very much surpassed.

NEWARK FLY AND BAIT CASTING DATES.

Newark, N. J., March 16, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Following are the dates and events of the 1915 bait and fly casting contests, Newark Bait and Fly Casting Club, to be held at the club platform Wequahic Lake, Newark, N. J. Visitors always welcome.

April 24 and July 17—Distance ½ oz. bait, accuracy ½ oz. bait, distance fly unlimited rod, accuracy, wet fly.

May 22 and Aug. 14—Fishermans distance bait, fishermans accuracy bait, distance fly, 5 oz. rods, dry fly accuracy, 5 oz. rods.

June 19 and Oct. 2—Distance ¼ oz. bait, accuracy ¼ oz. bait, roll fly, accuracy and delicacy fly, 5 oz. rods.

Inter-State Tournament on Sept. 11th. Event 1. Distance bait, ½ oz. 2. Distance fly, unlimited rod. 3. Distance fly, 5 oz. rods. 4. Accuracy bait, ½ oz. 5. Delicacy and accuracy fly, 6. Distance bait ¼ oz. First event called at 9 a. m.

All contests under rules and regulations of the National Association of Scientific Angling clubs.

First event in all club contests to be called promptly at 2:30 p. m. First event Inter-State Tournament called at 9 a. m.

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LITERARY.

A very handy, complete and valuable work "Field Book of American Trees and Shrubs," has just been issued by G. P. Putman's Sons, New York. The author is F. Schuyler Mathews, well known for his other works, among them being "The Field Book of American Wild Flowers," "Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music," "Familiar Life of Field and Forest," "Familiar Features of the Roadside," etc. The book consist of about 475 pages, giving a concise description of the character and color of species common throughout the United States., together with maps showing their general distribution. There are numerous reproductions of water-color, crayon, and pen-and-ink studies from nature

by the author. Altogether the book is one which ought to command a wide sale, for it fills a real need. The price is \$2.50.

THIRTEEN YEAR OLD BOY GETS FOREST AND STREAM CUP.

Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The *Forest and Stream* cup consigned to the Tuxedo Club, has been awarded to Willis R. Betts, Jr., a thirteen year old enthusiastic angler of Tuxedo for recording in the contest the largest small-mouth black bass of the season taken in Tuxedo waters. Its weight was 4 lbs., 3 ozs.

W. M. KEIL.

Death of General Anderson

His Work Largely Responsible for the Yellowstone Park of To-day

By G. B. G.

Brigadier General George S. Anderson, U. S. A., retired, died on Sunday, March 7, at the University Club, New York, where he had lived since his retirement in 1912.

Gen. Anderson was born in Bernardsville, New Jersey, September 30, 1849. He received his appointment to the Military Academy from New Jersey in 1867 and graduated in 1871. He was assigned as Second Lieutenant, to the Sixth Cavalry, and was sent on frontier duty to Ft. Hays, Kansas, and during the next twenty years



The late Gen. Geo. S. Anderson.

saw service on the plains and did much Indian fighting.

In 1877 he was detailed as Assistant Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy at West Point, but in 1881 was ordered back to

Arizona, and from there to Colorado. He received his promotion to a captaincy in 1885.

In 1891 he became superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, and accomplished much for its protection. Under his superintendency poaching in the Park became a hardship and numbers of violators of the regulations were captured, among them the famous Howell—taken in a blinding snow storm as he was skinning one of half a dozen buffalo that lay about him.

At the opening of the Spanish War, Gen. Anderson was offered an appointment as Inspector-General of Volunteers, with the rank of Major, but declined it, preferring to remain with his old regiment, which, however, did not reach the front. He became Major in 1899, and a little later was sent to the Philippines as Colonel of the Thirtieth United States Volunteers. His men were enlisted largely from Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and were giants in stature and marvels of endurance, and their appearance and work in the field struck terror to the hearts of the Filipinos, whom they so untiringly pursued.

Gen. Anderson was made Lieutenant-Colonel in 1901, and Colonel in 1903. In 1906 he had command of the First Cavalry and in 1908 went to the Ninth Cavalry. In 1906 he became a member of the General Staff, and served at Governor's Island, New York, as Chief of Staff of the Eastern Division until 1911, when in March he was appointed Brigadier-General. He was in command of the Department of Visayas in the Philippines when his application for retirement was granted in 1912, after 45 years of service.

Gen. Anderson was a splendid soldier and a delightful man. He did not know fear, was quick to adapt himself to any situation that arose, and possessed enormous strength and tremendous vitality. He had a great enthusiasm for the Yellowstone Park, worked untiringly for its protection and improvement, and made what is probably the best collection of Yellowstone Park literature that is in existence.

Besides the work that he did in administering



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the Park—in keeping out evildoers and making protection popular among the neighboring inhabitants—Gen. Anderson kept the friends of the Park in the east advised of the dangers that threatened it, and thus enabled them to secure in Washington sympathy that was helpful to the reservation. He was one of that very small group—now grown still smaller—who during several strenuous years carried on a determined fight to protect the Yellowstone Park from being exploited by people whose only wish was to make money out of it.

An unusual incident that happened to him during his command in the Park suggests one phase of the man's character.

He was being driven from the Falls Hotel toward the Hayden Valley when unexpectedly the ambulance came upon an old black bear with two cubs, close to the road. The cubs hastily scrambled up a small tree, and the mother disappeared in the bushes. Gen. Anderson stopped the ambulance, and, while the driver tied up the mules, felt about in the bottom of the vehicle

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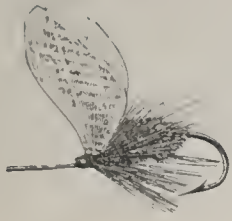
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and brought forth an empty sack which had held grain for the animals. He told the driver to climb the tree and throw down the bear cubs. As they came down one after another, Gen. Anderson seized each cub and thrust it into the sack, which he tied up. Meantime the mother bear had made her appearance, and was advancing threateningly with fierce growlings and gnashings of teeth. As she drew nearer she made a charge on Captain Anderson, who, picking up from the ground a small dead branch, rushed to meet her. The bear—her hair erect—snapped her teeth together and chattered in fury, as she came on, but long before the two came together, her heart failed her and she turned tail in hurried flight. She watched the wagon for some time, but did not again approach it. These cubs Gen. Anderson reared, and long had in a small enclosure near his quarters at what is now Ft. Yellowstone.

One of the best articles ever written on the preservation of the Yellowstone Park is found in the volume "Hunting in Many Lands," one of the earlier books of the Boone and Crockett Club.

Gen. Anderson never married. Few men had so wide a circle of acquaintances as he; few men are so generally beloved by their associates. With the stature of a giant and the bearing of a soldier, he had the simplicity, the directness and the heart of a little child. His death leaves a vacancy that cannot be filled.

THE HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGE IN CONNECTICUT.

Meriden, Conn., Mar. 18, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

It may be of interest to the sportsmen of other sections to know the result of the importation of the gray partridge of Europe into Connecticut.

During the years 1909 and 1910 several thousands of these Hungarian partridges, as they are commonly called, were liberated by the Game Commission in various parts of the State. Many sportsmen looked upon the venture with dissatisfaction, because of the belief that the birds would not stand a severe winter, or ever become acclimatized; and for several years it did look doubtful.

Now the Hungarian partridge is breeding well in this section of the State, the largest setting

brought to my attention being of twenty-three eggs. This nest was singularly placed, being hidden in tall grass at the base of a telegraph pole within ten feet of the public highway. Of this setting, twenty-one eggs hatched, and a farmer living near by states that both old birds made a savage attack upon a dog that happened to come too close to the little travelers in the grass.

When first released these partridge kept within brush-covered country, probably for protection, but now they seem to prefer a life in the open meadows and cornfields, and differ little, if any, in general habits from the Bob White.

When distributing grain, after a heavy snow storm in late February, 1914, I found one cover of eight and another of three birds assembled on wind-swept knolls from which the snow was beginning to vanish under the warm rays of the sun. This winter a local farmer reports a flock of seventeen coming up close to the farm house

to secure food. As long as weed seed may be gathered from the ground, or the sumach and similar food supplies be not covered with ice and snow, the Hungarian partridge will not die of starvation, and it is proving a useful bird on the farm, both winter and summer.

As a game bird, what more does the sportsman want? In October, when the leaves are yet too thick for good ruffed grouse hunting, and the quail too small, it is a great satisfaction to have a try at the Hungarian partridge in the open meadows. The birds rise with a speed almost equaling that of the grouse, and spread out well; but they make a long flight and generally manage to alight together in patches of deep grass, clusters of alder or in a cornfield. After the hunt there is the satisfaction of good sized birds of delicious flavor, which is far preferable to larger game that requires an onion to control its strength.

L. W. SMITH.



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Forest and Stream is Official Organ of the American Canoe Association.

CANOE RACES ON THE HARLEM.

A meeting of the New York Rowing Association was held at the New York Athletic Club on the evening of Tuesday, March 9, in which delegation the American Canoe Association was invited to state their views on a regatta to be held on Decoration Day on the Harlem River. The proposition was favorably received and a committee was appointed to take up the details of the arrangements.

As this is the first time that canoe races have been held in conjunction with rowing events under the auspices of the Associated Rowing Clubs of the Atlantic Division, this innovation promises to arouse considerable interest and will be effective toward increasing the popularity of canoeing in and around New York.

Canoeing as a racing sport has been unknown on the Harlem River as no races have even taken place there. The events contemplated include one man single, one man double, tandem single, tandem double, and club fours both single and double—and it is the intention to alternate the rowing events with canoe races, thereby keeping a continued interesting program which is expected to please the large concourse expected on that occasion. The results of this feature are looked forward to with considerable interest by the canoeing fraternity of the Atlantic Division.

ANNUAL DINNER OF ATLANTIC DIVISION.

The annual dinner of the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A. was held at Healey's, corner 66th St., and Columbus Ave., New York, on February 20. One hundred and thirty-five members and guests sat down and enjoyed the banquet which was served in the Jungle Room, and was voted one of the most successful social affairs ever offered by the Atlantic Division.

The addresses of the speakers were therefore in perfect accord with the occasion, and when the first speaker, W. P. Stephens, A. C. A., No. 32, of the New York Canoe Club, addressed the members on "Early Days of Canoeing," he held the respectful and appreciative attention of his audience, who showed by their applause that his words had struck the right key.

H. Lansing Quick of the Yonkers Canoe Club, one of the successful defenders of the International Sailing Trophy in the years gone by, spoke on "The Joys of Canoeing" and outlined the plans for the season 1915. In the course of his address he spoke feelingly on the loss through sudden death of former Commodore of the A. C. A., Irving V. Dorland, A. C. A., 1256, and paid a high tribute to our deceased friend and guide of former days. Geo. P. Douglas spoke on racing, and changes for sails and sailing races contemplated for the coming season.

The principal speaker of the evening was then introduced by Percy F. Hogan, who acted as toastmaster and whose clever remarks were highly enjoyed by the audience, and for an hour and thirty minutes Capt. Anthony Frala the explorer entertained the assembly with an intensely in-

teresting description of his trip of exploration through Brazil as a member of Col. Roosevelt's expedition to the "River of Doubt," and his subsequent experiences when he headed a division of this expedition and explored the Papagaios River and continued down the Rio Madeira and Amazon River to Manaus. His lecture was profusely illustrated by stereopticon and moving picture views and the tribute he paid to the American Canoe as against the cumbersome native dugout elicited the keenest appreciative applause.

The dinner was excellent and arrangements perfect. Vice-Commodore F. Edward Ahrens can point with pride to this most successful of all recent dinners. The dinner committee consisted of Edmund Vom Steeg, Jr., chairman, Frank S. Burnett, Harry W. Fleischmann, A. Roger Hart, Thomas B. Latham, Harold V. MacIntyre, Wm. P. Schoonmaker.

CLEMENS SCHROEDER, Purser.

A WILDERNESS CONTEST.

One of the features which will attract much more interest than the ordinary canoe race is what might be called a "Wilderness canoe contest" which will form part of the program of the next meet of the American Canoe Association at Sugar Island in August. Particulars of the contest are given in this department and are also referred to in another portion of *Forest and Stream*. Briefly, the contest is designed to make the canoeist show how much at home he is in the woods, how neat he is and with what dexterity he can take care not only of himself, but his entire outfit. Some people imagine that the modern day canoeist is simply a fancy paddler in or near city waters. The wilderness

canoe contest will bring home the fact that he really is one of *Forest and Stream's* "brethren of the woods."

There will be a handsome prize offered for this event, probably a silver shield—a prize, however, well worth an effort.

To begin with, each man's outfit must consist of the essentials necessary for cruising in the wilderness and we are to assume that the contestants are making an extended cruise. The conditions at Sugar Island are ideal for such a contest.

The contest starts off with the loading of canoes, and the points are given by the judges on the following things:

The way packs are made up; way canoe is loaded; paddle around the Island to designated carrying place; unloading of canoes; selection of camp site; making camp; building fire enough to boil pot of water; neat and trim appearance of camp; breaking camp; making portage; again loading canoe and paddle home.

The outfit of each contestant should consist of canoe, three paddles, tent, blanket, poncho, axe, cook pot, frying pan, coffee pot, plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon.

Now all you cruisers, old and young, come up to old Sugar Island next August, enter this contest and show the racing men that the quiet, shy canoe cruiser can pull some interesting stunts as well as they.

A. F. SAUNDERS, Chairman Regatta Committee, A. C. A.

[*Forest and Stream* will be pleased to add a trophy of its own to the winner of the above contest.—Ed.]

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Central Division:—J. Lucien Gravel, 28 Johnson Pk., Buffalo, N. Y., Joseph D. Kahn, 320 Hudson St., Buffalo, N. Y., and Jos. V. Bachmann, 351 E. Eagle St., Buffalo, N. Y., all by C. A. Spaulding; Vincent O'Connell, 20 Irving Place, Buffalo, N. Y., and Charles A. Wall, Jr., 306 Hudson St., Buffalo, N. Y., both by C. A. Spaulding; George H. Warwick, 107 Onondaga Ave., Syracuse, N. Y., by Francis Hall.

Eastern Division:—Clarence L. Reed, 111 Ridge St., Fall River, Mass., by Charles A. MacDonald; Earle M. Marston, 30 Greenville St., Roxbury, Mass., by Benj. F. DeCosta; Edward L. Singsen, 100 Greenwood Ave., Rumford, R. I., by Wm. A. Heath.

Western Division:—A. Herbert Packer, 7112 Lafayette Ave., Chicago, Ill., by John B. Bergeson; Geo. H. Blake, Byron, Ill., by H. L. Boynton; Henry Earl Taylor, 7446 Dante Ave., Chicago, Ill., by John B. Bergeson.


Resignations.

Atlantic Division:—6604, Harry I. Wood; 6116, Edward Baker.

Central Division:—5440, Ralph H. Watson; 5486, William I. Reich.

Eastern Division:—6622, George H. Holland; 6397, Emil P. Schmidt; 5351, Edward L. Dummer; 6931, Raymond T. Mills; 6393, Leo Weise; 6088, Augustus K. Worcester; 6935, Carl Lawson; 6920, Harold S. Randlett.

Western Division:—6287, Henry C. Mueller; 6576, Irving M. Western; 6144, Chauncey Cole; 6992, Charles V. Abresch.



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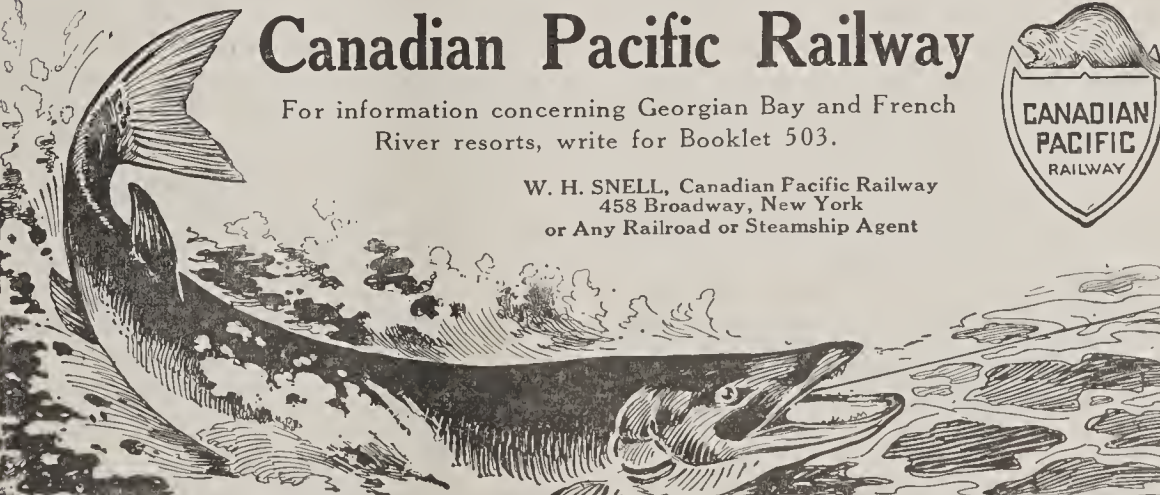
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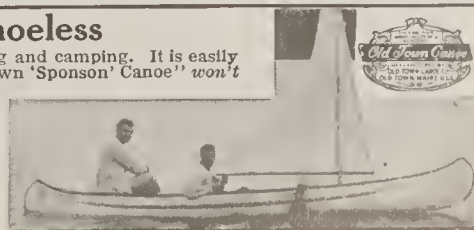
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The American Indian Language

By R. J. Fraser.



THE Indian language is a perfect one—it cannot be altered to be improved upon." Thus spoke Pere Richard, Jesuit missionary to the Ojibways of Lake Superior. We were seated in the cabin of the "Missionary," the little auxiliary sailboat in which the Father patrolled the shores of the lake, visiting and ministering to the scattered members of his dark-skinned flock. "But one would suppose, Father, that during the many years and generations in which the two races, Indian and white, have intermingled and intermarried, the native tongue would have been greatly affected by the other, and have suffered many changes. We presume the Indian to have been an illiterate person until he came under the influence of the white race, and that the teaching of your predecessors and yourself would have introduced a new and improved method—a more scientific and modern one—of construction of their language."

"You are wrong there, very wrong," replied the missionary. "In spite of the intimate knowledge which we have gained through several centuries of intercourse between our northern Indians and the white man, our people still have many false ideas about the former. Canadians in general are very ignorant regarding the noble language of the American Red Man.

"The American Indian, notwithstanding his long connection and intimacy with the whites has been generally considered as coming under the head of a class of untutored savages. A study of his language dispels such illusions and leads one to raise him from this degrading desig-

nation to his rank among our species. His mental powers are of a far higher order than is commonly supposed.

"Of all the Indian tribes perhaps the Algonquins and the Iroquois have been to us the most interesting—certainly so from a historical viewpoint. The former race stood out in relief as one of the most conspicuous among the many nations of northern America. From their great numbers and subdivisions as well as the large extent of territory which they at one time ruled and inhabited, they derived a paramount distinction. Because of their long intercourse with our race, commercially and otherwise, they ought to have a strong hold on our affections. Theirs, the 'Algic' tongue, is the mother tongue of a great many of the northern tribes. The Montagnais of Quebec, the Ottawas, Pottawatomies, Ojibways and Chippewas, the great Cree family, the Chippewyans, and others, all speak dialects which are derived from the Algonquin language.

"No Indian dialects present more similitude than the Santeux, or Otchipwe dialect, which is the correct name of the language of the Canadian Ojibways and Chippewas, and the Cree language. This latter dialect is the one spoken by the Indians and half breeds of Manitoba and Keewatin. The Otchipwe, which is nothing else (with but few variations) than the Algonquin tongue, forms one of the daughters of the great Algic family. Otchipwe harangues were heard, in olden times, on the borders of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi rivers, on the shores of Lake Superior and Hudson Bay, and even as far west as the immense plains of the Red River and the Saskatchewan. The names of rivers, lakes and of

divers places are still in use to attest, in future times, to the existence of these languages, and reclaim their rights of just possession."

Henry R. Schoolcraft, a prominent student of Indianology, said: "The true history of the Indian tribes and their international relations, must rest, as a basis, upon the light obtained from their languages."

Bishop Baraga, an Oblate missionary to the Chippewas, published in 1885, a grammar and dictionary of that (or more correctly, the Otchipwe) language. He claimed that fifteen thousand natives, scattered about the shores of Lake Superior, and the surrounding inland tracts, spoke this tongue. Several other tribes spoke the same tongue with very little alterations.

"He who can understand Otchipwe," he wrote, "can readily converse with Indians of these other tribes, and besides, quickly gain a speaking knowledge of the dialects of several others."

"It is a perfect language," repeated Father Richard. "That is why it has not been altered. It is a natural one; as Hebrew, Greek, and Latin are natural languages, differing from French and English which are artificial ones.

"Why," he continued, "I have manuscripts written in the Otchipwe tongue three hundred years ago, and the language is that of to-day. The Indian learns to read and write it quite readily, in the native characters, of course. Unfortunately the Indians are dying off so rapidly that the language is fast disappearing. There are not now so many true bloods left, and the half-breeds, though speaking their own tongue fluently, prefer the French or English.

"The Indian's language again is a natural one because he has never been taught it. He has really acquired it. It is, in its largest sense, a matter of progressive and systematic learning from childhood up to the age of maturity. He arrives at this latter age without any artificial helps, but instead, by a natural, necessary progressive development. Here, now, he has his stock of materials, his nouns and descriptive ad-

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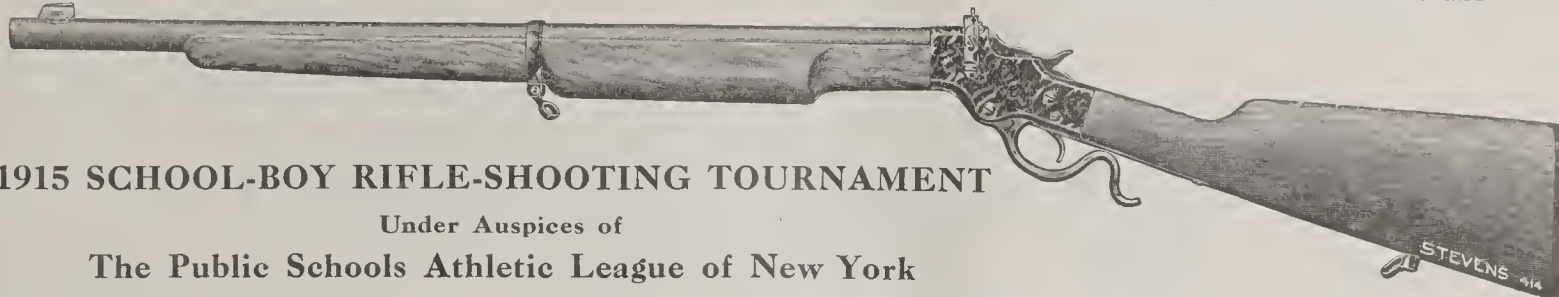
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jectives, with which to form his figurative expressions. These are to the native personal and peculiar. Not every Indian is an orator, and it has been no uncommon thing to see a distinguished chief employ some more gifted tribesman to deliver his flowery harangues."

"Why, then, does a white man find it so difficult to master the Indian tongue?"

"Well, as I've already stated several times, this, the Indian language, is perfect in its own way, and has many beauties not to be found in our modern languages. But it is a language of verbs. In a word, the whole structure of the Algonquian language, and the Huron and Iroquois dialects as well, depends upon the verb. It is the supreme chief of the language and draws into its magical circle all the other parts of speech, and makes them act, move, suffer and even exist in the manner, and in such situations as are pleasing to it. This is the great characteristic that distinguishes the Indian language from our own and other European ones—the peculiar structure and powers of their verb.

"In fact, the whole fabric of the language is of a peculiar form, as compared with European ones. The Indian groups and arranges his ideas to suit himself; we, who speak the modern languages, are confined within the rules of syntax. In the native tongue long expressions in French and English are often shortened; short ones are lengthened. Still, it is a system complete in its mechanism, and has proven quite adequate to the natives' needs. The Indian may often be in want of a name, yet he is never left in a quandary—he simply defines or describes the object. Thus his language has become a descriptive one. It is also, most abundant in specific or

concrete terms, but lacking in abstract or general words. Thus, for instance, for the varieties, sexes, and ages of a single animal there are a multitude of terms, but no general word for the animal."

The abundance of lengthy, flowery descriptives is peculiar and common to all the dialects of the American Indians, while barren of terms for the particular designation of natural objects. Until one has acquired the art of embellishing the substance of his speech with a multitude of natural descriptives he is far from being a master of the language. A council was being held by one of the Crees for the purpose of discussing the relative merits of Government treaty money and of land script, which was soon for the first time, to be distributed to the members of the tribe. A script buyer and a missionary were both present and each in turn addressed the assembled Indians. The former advocated the acceptance of the script by all who were entitled to receive it; the latter exhorted all to become treaty Indians. Although the missionary had a little Cree blood in his veins, and for over twenty years had been a diligent student of the language, his opponent had still the advantage. He was half-breed and since childhood had spent most of his life among the Crees of Keewatin and the west. He spoke to the Indians in their native idioms with all the forceful eloquence of the deliberate Cree. Time after time he repeated his arguments, yet never in the same words, calling into use an apparently inexhaustible fund of flowery descriptive phrases. The result of the contest was, that the majority of his hearers, heretofore staunchly loyal to the missionary fell to the other's unsound ideas—

swept away by the speaker's fluent interpretation of the beautiful natural metaphors of the Cree tongue.

The Iroquois tongue, as spoken by the Six Nations and some of the neighboring tribes, presents more difficulties to the student than any of the Algonquian dialects.

It is a branch of the Huron language and Europeans have ever found it hard to learn. Grammarians tell us that it is not so much because of the mental processes which the language expresses, as the inherent difficulties of inflection and articulation. A remarkable peculiarity that separates the language of the Iroquois stock from their Algonquian neighbors and the western tribes, is the absence of labial consonants from their dialects. A writer once said that it is this feature of the Iroquois tongue that permits the native to talk perfectly with his pipe between his teeth.

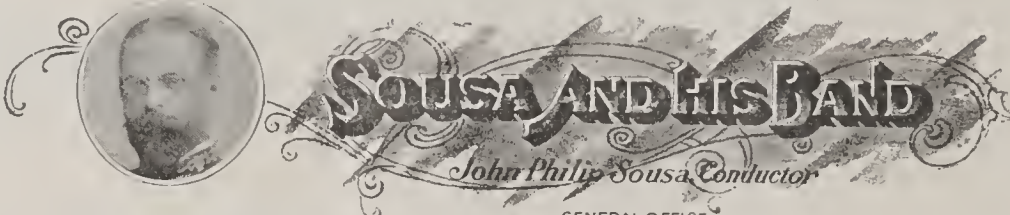
"Some have absurdly stated," said Father Richard, "that the Indian is often obliged to gesticulate in order to make himself understood by his fellows. That is untrue—absurdly so. Why, the Red Man, even in his most uncivilized state, could always give expression to his thoughts with precision and fluency. This he could do, too, in the dark, or otherwise, when gesticulation would be useless.

"No, the Indian language is a faithful interpreter of the understanding and of the heart. Gesticulation is quite foreign to their speech. Most of the dialect, like the Otchipwe, gave a languid manner of expression, quite in harmony with the cautious Indian character.

"The Eskimo tongue agrees somewhat in form, (Continued on page 256)

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Forest and Stream is an Honorary Member of the Interstate Association for the Promotion of Trapshooting.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

I sympathize with those trap shooters who were stung at the roof shoot at the recent "Sportsmen's Show." The consensus of opinion among those who took part was that "they'll never go there any more." I hope the unfortunates realize that *Forest and Stream* had nothing whatever to do with the shoot, other than to offer a silver cup—and we haven't found out yet, who won it.

J. H. Hendrickson won the "Long Island Residents Shoot" at Neponsit. He smeared the ambient atmosphere with the dust of 85 rocks.

The National Amateur championship to be pulled at Travers Island on April 30 and May 1, shows indications of being the biggest yet held. This shoot is open to any amateur. Application should be made to G. J. Corbett, New York Athletic Club, Pelham Manor, N. Y.

Because of the tremendous increase in advertising in this issue we are obliged to be stingy in the amount of trap news. Our advertisers insist on increasing their copy and a lot of new ones have found it almost impossible to do without us. It looks like we would have to add another form to the paper to keep in all the news and accept all the advertising that is coming along. You trapshooters interested in motors, fishing tackle and the like can help me a lot by patronizing advertisers in *Forest and Stream*—it will help us to keep on making the paper better.

Officer! He's out again, is B. Elssesser, who made Atlantic City famous. Here's a note he wafts in about the Westy Hogans:

Since their 1915 tournament has just been registered by The Interstate Association, the Westy Hogans are planning an extensive publicity campaign into every part of the country. A meeting of the Tournament Committee will be called in the near future and the program for the big event in Atlantic City, during the week beginning September 13, will be discussed. The dates of the shoot are September 15, 16 and 17. True to Westy Hogan tradition, the members of this famous organization, will have many surprises for their numerous friends and it is confidently predicted that all Westy Hogan attendance records will be smashed at the 1915 tournament. A better shoot than the one last year was never held anywhere. It will be a hard matter to excel it this year, but the Westy Hogans intend to attempt it.

Sentiment still exists in Missouri. Gus Ichtenberg, secretary, Daniel Boone Gun Club writes: Success to Fred Gilbert, Du Pont Co. and *Forest and Stream*. For our share—thanks.

The big shoot of the middle west will be pulled when the Iowa State shoot will be held under the auspices of the Cerro Gordo Gun Club, at Mason City, June 15 and 17. Last year 127 crackers bought tickets to this shoot—this year, 50 more will be there. Date up.

Speaking of Fred Gilbert. He has been shooting a Parker Gun since 1899. He now has four from which he has shot 400,000 shots and the guns are as good as new. No wonder Fred likes his Parker.

The Utica Sportsmen's Association, Inc., was organized Saturday, leading business and professional men being members. The club will obtain a site to carry on its activities. The officers elected were: George L. Brayton, president; Dr. F. T. Simmons, vice-president; Jerome DeBee, secretary; W. E. Corfield, assistant secretary; John G. Tritton, treasurer, and John J. O'Neil, field captain. The club will affiliate with the New York State Sportsmen's Association.

The men at the meeting were: George L. Brayton, R. S. Green, Charles A. Nelson, George F. Murray, J. H. Horrocks, Tom L. Davidson, W. R. Owens, Dr. F. T. Simmons, George E. Fuller, E. C. Richards, Dr. F. DeLong, J. J. O'Neil, F. D. Curtis of Oriskany Falls, W. T. Cantwell,

(An advertisement by E. F. Slear)

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Corfield, A. J. Ackert. Ossining Gun Club has been awarded a registered shoot May 19th. In addition to the regular events, a handsome cup will be offered for the championship of West Chester County. Particulars from C. G. Blandford, Captain. W. G. BEECROFT.



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REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

- April 2.—Meriden, Conn., Meriden Gun Club, G. R. Gibson, secretary.
- April 7.—Concordia, Kans.—Blue Ribbon Gun Club, J. F. Caldwell, secretary.
- April 7.—Ogden, Utah., Utah State Sportsmen's Association Tournament, A. R. Bain, secretary.
- April 7 and 8.—Dresden, Canada, Dresden Gun Club, Geo. B. Perry, manager. (Old Policy.)
- April 10 and 11.—Newman, Cal., Newman Blue Rock Club, E. R. Dixon, secretary.
- April 12.—Modesto, Cal., Owl Rod and Gun Club, Henry Garrison, secretary.
- April 15.—Exeter, Nebr., Exeter Gun Club, J. B. Klotz, president.
- April 15.—Atglen, Pa., Atglen Gun Club, Lloyd R. Lewis, Manager. (Old Policy.)
- April 19, 20 and 21.—McAlester, Okla., Oklahoma State Tournament, under the auspices of the McAlester Gun Club, J. P. Gay, Secretary.
- April 19.—Lawrence, Mass., Lawrence Fish and Game Protective Association, I. M. Archibald, Secretary.
- April 20.—Pitcairn, Pa., Western Penna. Trap Shooters' League Tournament, Edna E. Lautenslager, corresponding secretary.
- April 21 and 22.—Holmesburg Jct., Pa., Keystone Shooting League, G. F. Hamlin, Manager. (Old Policy.)
- April 21 and 22.—Shelbyville, Ill., Central Ills Trap Shooters' League Tournament, Dr. Guy C. Fraker, secretary.
- April 22.—Fairmont, W. Va., Fairmont Gun Club, E. H. Taylor, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- April 22.—Syracuse, N. Y., Messina Springs Gun Club, W. E. Hookway, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- April 22.—Johnstown, Pa., Central Penna. Trap Shooters' League, Tournament, Jack Waltz, secretary.
- April 22.—Maysville, Ky., Mason County Gun Club, Wm. H. Hall, field captain.
- April 22.—Ridgefield, Conn., Ridgefield Rod and Gun Club, Cyrus A. Cornen, vice-president.
- April 26 and 27.—Portland, Ore., Oregon State Tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club, J. A. Addleman, secretary.
- April 27.—Springfield, O., Central Ohio Trap Shooters' League Tournament, Harry C. Downey, secretary.
- April 27 and 28.—Grundy Center, Ia., Grundy Center Gun Club, F. U. Callaway, secretary.
- April 28.—Rochester, N. Y., Riverside Gun Club, Harry Harrison, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- April 28.—Larned, Kans., Pawnee Gun Club, C. D. Blount, secretary.
- April 28.—W. Frankfort, Ills., W. Frankfort Gun Club, R. C. Raines, Secretary. (Old Policy.)

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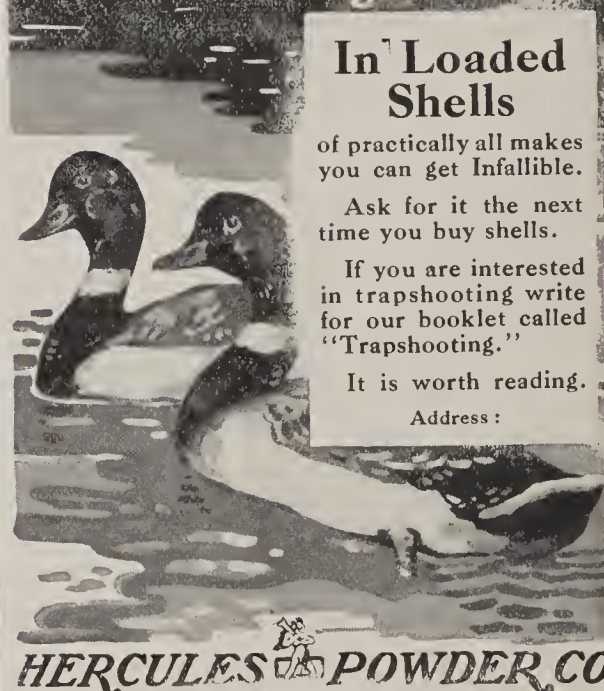


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- May 4.—Lawrence, Kans., Lawrence Gun Club, G. W. Butler, secretary.
- May 4 and 5.—Eagle Grove, Ia., Eagle Grove Gun Club, A. L. Yearous, secretary.
- May 4 and 5.—Moberly, Mo., Moberly Gun Club, J. A. Melton, secretary.
- May 5.—Springville, Utah, Utah State Sportsmen's Assn., Tournament, A. R. Bain, secretary.
- May 5.—Hicksville, Ohio, Hicksville Gun Club, C. E. Maxwell, secretary.
- May 5.—Red Lion, Pa., Red Lion Gun Club, Bernard Elsesser, manager.
- May 5.—Peru, Ind., Peru Gun Club, G. W. Wagner, secretary.
- May 6.—Toledo, Ohio, Toledo Power Boat Gun Club, J. W. Taylor, secretary.
- May 7.—Sac City, Iowa, Sac City Gun Club, W. F. Weary, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- May 7.—Garden City, Kans., Garden City Gun Club, Frank Schulman, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- May 7 and 8.—Chappell, Nebr., Chappell Gun Club, J. R. Wertz, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- May 8.—South Bend, Ind., St. Joe Valley Gun Club, C. J. Morris, secretary.
- May 8.—Chester, Pa., Chester Blue Rock Club, A. L. Armstrong, secretary.
- May 10 and 11.—Omaha, Nebr., Omaha Gun Club, R. D. Vaught, secretary.
- May 11 and 12.—Waterloo, Iowa, Waterloo Gun Club, L. W. Witry, secretary.
- May 11.—Milan, Mo., Milan Gun Club, N. A. Mewmaw, president.
- May 11.—Dayton, Ohio, Riverdale Gun Club, Wm. J. Seifried, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- May 11 and 12.—Indianapolis, Ind., Indianapolis Gun Club, G. R. Waite, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- May 12.—Brownsville, Pa., Western Penna. Trap Shooters' League Tournament, Edna E. Lautenslager, corresponding secretary.
- May 12.—Las Animas, Colo., "T. B." Trap and Gun Club, Lieut. Stephen W. Wallace, secretary.
- May 12.—Charlottesville, Va., Charlottesville and University Gun Club, G. L. Bruffey, president.
- May 12.—Ithaca, N. Y., Lakeside Gun Club, C. S. Wilson, president.
- May 12.—Shelton, Nebr., Shelton Gun Club, E. D. Taylor, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- May 12 and 13.—Pratt, Kans., Kansas State Tournament, under the auspices of the Pratt Gun Club, Chas. Cooper, secretary.
- May 12 and 13.—Montpelier, Vt., Montpelier Gun Club, G. E. Megrath, president.
- May 14.—Pueblo, Colo., Pueblo Gun Club, F. S. Rainey, president.
- May 14.—Freeport, Ills., Freeport Gun Club, C. L. Bossmeyer, secretary.
- May 14.—Arnolds Park, Ia., Arnolds Park Gun Club, L. Hinshaw, President. (Old Policy.)
- May 15.—Paducah, Ky., Paducah Target Club, C. E. Purcell, manager.
- May 15.—New Haven, Conn., New Haven Gun Club, Inc., P. B. Keenan, president.
- May 15.—Slackwood, N. J., Slackwood Gun Club, W. J. Jones, secretary.
- May 17.—Salem, Ore., Capital City Rod and Gun Club, Mark Siddall, secretary.
- May 18.—Durant, Ia., Durant Gun Club, Hugo Boldt, secretary.
- May 18.—Elkins, W. Va., Elkins Gun Club, Jno. Graham, president.
- May 18.—Medford, Okla., Medford Gun Club, I. V. Hardy, secretary.
- May 18.—Marthasville, Mo., Daniel Boone Gun Club, Gus. Lichtenberg, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- May 18.—Logansport, Ind., Logansport Gun Club, D. C. Rogers, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- May 18, 19 and 20.—North Platte, Nebr., Nebraska State Tournament, under the auspices of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club, J. C. Den, secretary.
- May 18 and 19.—Seattle, Wash., Washington State Tournament, under the auspices of the Seattle Trap Shooters Assn., Hugh Fleming, secretary.

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- May 19.—Ossining, N. Y., Ossining Gun Club, Amos Bedell, Secretary.
- May 19.—Tiffin, Ohio, Seneca Gun Club, A. T. Wiley, secretary.
- May 19, 20 and 21.—Milton, Pa., Pennsylvania State Tournament, under the auspices of the Milton Sportsmen's Association, F. A. Godcharles, corresponding secretary.
- May 19 and 20.—Jacksonville, Ills., Central Ills. Trap Shooters' League Tournament, F. P. Vickery, secretary.
- May 19 and 20.—Hugo, Okla., Hugo Gun Club, R. U. Fletcher, secretary.
- May 20.—Alexandria, S. D., Alexandria Gun Club, M. J. Maney, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- May 20.—Battle Creek, Mich., Battle Creek Gun Club, R. G. Bock, manager.
- May 20.—Camden, N. J., Camden Shooting Assn., W. H. Kling, secretary.
- May 20.—Darlington, Wisc., Darlington Gun Club, R. E. Orton, manager.
- May 20.—Hampton, Ia., Hampton Gun Club, M. A. Harrison, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- May 20 and 21.—Pipestone, Minn.—Pipestone Gun Club, Alfred Peterson, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- May 21 and 22.—Laramie, Wyo., Gem City Gun Club, Max Weick, secretary.
- May 22.—Claymont, Del., Claymont Trapshooting Club, Wm. G. Robelen, Manager.
- May 22.—Concord, S. I., N. Y., Robin Hood Gun Club, Geo. Conelley, secretary.
- May 22.—Niles, Ohio., Mahoning Valley Gun Club, Jos. Rummell, manager.
- May 24.—Gananoque, Canada., Thousand Islands Gun Club, C. A. Lewis, secretary. (Old Policy.)
- May 24.—Utica, Ills., Starved Rock Gun Club, Howard F. Doan, President. (Old Policy.)
- May 25.—Caldwell, Kans., Caldwell Gun Club, John F. Ryland, secretary.
- May 25.—Circleville, O., Central Ohio Trap Shooters' League, Tournament, Harry C. Downey, secretary.
- May 25.—Boonville, Mo., Boonville Gun Club, C. H. Ploger, secretary.
- May 25 and 26.—Ft. Dodge, Ia., Ft. Dodge Gun Club, Jos. Kautzky, secretary.
- May 26 and 27.—Hotchkiss, Colo., Delta County Gun Club, Nick Powell and R. A. King, managers.



A New Kind of Advertisement

(We receive so many letters from men who have been shooting LEFEVER GUNS during the past thirty years, that we believe brother sportsmen should read some of them.)

Gentlemen:—

"I do not feel just like closing this without a word of well deserved praise of your guns. This little gun—6½ lb. 16-gauge F with Ejector—I bought, I think, in '98. In all those years it has been my one shot gun. I am fond of hunting and have used it for everything from jack snipe to Canada geese, with all kinds of loads and under all conditions. It was specially ordered of you to shoot close and hard, and does.

"Before buying it I had used most of the best made American and some foreign guns and bought it because of the system of boring and moderate cost and have never seen a gun of any gauge that would do cleaner work when held right, and that with any size of shot from eights to double B's.

"But what I really had in mind when I began this was this: I have not had this gun fully dismantled until to-day for some years, and yet I find that the wearing parts show hardly any wear, practically none, after over fifteen years of use, much more than is usually required of a gun, firing thousands of shells and being on hunting trips galore. I really was surprised to find it apparently 'as good as new' in every way. It has been a good missionary for you and made several converts who bought. I expect this is an old story to you, but just the same you are entitled to the thanks of such as I, who enjoy and value a good gun."

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Port Angeles, Wash.

January 25, 1915.



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May 27.—Muncie, Ind., Magic City Gun Club, H. R. Spickerman, president.
May 27.—Gilman, Ills., Gilman Gun Club, G. H. Reitz, secretary.
May 27.—Ebensburg, Pa., Central Penna. Trap Shooters' League Tournament, Jack Waltz, secretary.
May 27.—Chesapeake City, Md., Chesapeake City Gun Club, R. H. Rees, president.
May 28.—Monroe, La., Monroe Gun Club, J. T. Austin, president.
May 28.—Iowa City, Iowa, Iowa City Gun Club, C. Bothell, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
May 28 and 29.—Wilmington, Del., Delaware State Tournament, under the auspices of the Du Pont Trapshooting Club, W. A. Joslyn, Secretary.
May 29.—Allentown, Penna., North End Rod and

Gun Club, C. T. Hausman, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
May 29.—Aberdeen, S. D., Aberdeen Gun Club, H. S. Williams, secretary.
May 29.—Canton, O., Crawford and Deal Gun Club, G. C. Hiner, president.
May 29 and 30.—Salt Lake City, Utah, Utah State Tournament, under the auspices of the Utah State Sportsmen's Assn., A. R. Bain, secretary.
May 29, 30 and 31.—San Jose, Ca., San Jose Blue Rock Club, O. N. Ford, secretary.
May 31 and June 1.—Coffstown, N. H., New Hampshire State Tournament, under the auspices of the Coffstown Gun Club, J. H. Mendell, president.
May 31.—West Fairview, Pa., West Fairview Gun Club, W. N. Hawbaker, secretary.



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- May 31.—Watertown, Wisc., Watertown Gun Club, A. G. Keel, secretary.
- May 31.—Buffalo, N. Y., Buffalo Audubon Club, H. C. Utz, acting-secretary.
- May 31.—Latoria, Ky., Latoria Gun Club, H. S. Connely, secretary.
- May 31.—Clinton, Mass., Clinton Gun Club, Wm. J. Tedford, secretary.
- May 31.—Syracuse, N. Y., Onondaga Gun Club, H. V. Fellows, secretary.
- May 31.—Olyphant, Penna., Olyphant Rod and Gun Club, Ernest Symons, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- June 1.—Bay City, Mich., Bay City Gun Club, C. A. Galbraith, manager.
- June 1 and 2.—Maquoketa, Ia., Maquoketa Gun Club, E. L. Hinckley, secretary.
- June 1, 2 and 3.—Mitchell, S. D., South Dakota State Tournament, under the auspices of the Mitchell Gun Club, A. F. Scharumber, president.
- June 2, 3 and 4.—Cincinnati, O., Ohio State Tournament, under the auspices of the Cincinnati Gun Club, R. F. Davies, secretary.
- June 2 and 3.—Cushing, Okla., Cushing Gun Club, Jno. Honea, secretary.
- June 3, 4 and 5.—Newark, N. J., New Jersey State Tournament, under the auspices of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Assn., Chas. T. Day, secretary.
- June 4.—Mt. Morris, Ills., Mt. Morris Gun Club, Dr. C. J. Price, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- June 4.—Manchester, Iowa, Manchester Gun Club, F. M. Hamblin, Manager. (Old Policy.)
- June 4.—La Crosse, Wisc., La Crosse Gun Club, C. F. Sutor, secretary.
- June 4 and 5.—Nashville, Tenn., Tennessee State Tournament, under the auspices of the State Fair Gun Club, Jno. H. Noel, vice-president.
- June 5.—Philadelphia, Pa., Fox Gun Club, M. P. Howland, secretary.
- June 5.—Worcester, Mass., Worcester Sportsmen's Club, Jay Clark, Jr., secretary.
- June 5.—Perham, Minn., Big Pine Rod and Gun Club, G. R. Kapler, president.
- June 5.—Hornell, N. Y., Hornell Rod and Gun Club, F. J. Pierce, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- June 7, 8 and 9.—Portland, Ore., Sportsmen's Assn. of the Northwest Tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club, J. A. Addleman, secretary.
- June 8.—Lisbon, N. Dak., Lisbon Gun Club, Chas. Ulmer, Secretary.
- June 8.—McKeesport, Pa., Western Penna. Trap Shooters' League Tournament, Edna E. Lautenslager, corresponding secretary.
- June 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Ottawa, Canada, Dominion of Canada Trap Shooters' Association Tournament, C. H. Rogers, secretary. (Old Policy.)
- June 8, 9 and 10.—Rochester, N. Y., New York State Tournament, under the auspices of the Rochester Gun Club, G. J. Tuckett, president.
- June 8, 9 and 10.—Baltimore, Md., Maryland State Tournament, under the auspices of the Maryland State Sportsmen's Assn., H. L. Worthington, secretary.
- June 8, 9 and 10.—Sioux City, Ia., Soo Gun Club, W. F. Duncan, secretary.
- June 9 and 10.—Alexander, Ills., Central Ills. Trap Shooters' League Tournament, Jno. Snyder, secretary.
- June 9 and 10.—Pine Bluff, Ark., Pine Bluff Gun Club, W. H. Deaver, secretary.
- June 10.—Campbell, Mo., Campbell Gun Club, D. H. Dixon, manager.
- June 10 and 11.—Denison, Texas., Twin City Gun Club, G. Spencer, manager.
- June 11.—Terre Haute, Ind., Ft. Harrison Gun Club, Albert Einecke, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- June 11.—Clarence, Pa., Mountain Gun Club, C. H. Watson, Secretary.
- June 11, 12 and 13.—Wabasha, Minn., Minnesota State Tournament, under the auspices of the Wabasha Gun Club, W. R. Chamberlain, president.
- June 12.—White Plains, N. Y., White Plains Gun Club, T. A. Davis, Secretary.
- June 12.—E. St. Louis, Ills., Alta Sita Gun Club, J. W. Coulter, president.
- June 12.—Reading, Pa., South End Gun Club, H. Melchior, president.

- June 12.—Chicago, Ills., Chicago Gun Club, L. D. Bell, secretary.
- June 13, 14 and 15.—Boise, Ida., Idaho State Tournament, under the auspices of the Boise Gun Club, E. F. Walton, manager.
- June 14.—Amarillo, Texas, Amarillo Gun Club, S. B. Vaughan, manager.
- June 15.—Capron, Ills., Capron Gun Club, A. A. Mulligan, secretary.
- June 15.—Winchester, Va., Winchester Gun Club, A. Seabright, secretary.
- June 15, 16 and 17.—Pittsburgh, Pa., Herron Hill Gun Club, E. E. Lautenslager, Assistant-Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- June 15, 16 and 17.—Mason City, Ia., Iowa State Tournament, under the auspices of the Cerro Gordo Gun Club, H. B. Madson, secretary.
- June 16.—Hooper, Nebr., Hooper Gun Club, E. A. Reetz, secretary.
- June 16.—Claypool, Ind., Claypool Gun Club, H. D. Forney, secretary.
- June 16 and 17.—Randolph, Vt., Vermont State Tournament, under the auspices of the Randolph Gun Club, F. O. Copeland, secretary.
- June 17.—Catawissa, Pa., Catawissa Rod and Gun Club, P. R. Burger, Treasurer. (Old Policy.)
- June 17.—Ashtabula, Ohio, Ashtabula Sportsmen's Club, F. M. Bowles, secretary.
- June 17 and 18.—Grand Forks, N. D., Grand Forks Gun Club, H. L. Wood, president.
- June 18.—Huntington, W. Va., Huntington Gun Club, A. C. Martin, secretary.
- June 18.—Billings, Mont., Billings Rod and Gun Club, W. K. Moore, president.
- June 18.—Waynesboro, Va., Waynesboro Gun Club, S. T. Day, secretary.
- June 18.—Brauerd, Minn., Riverside Gun Club, G. E. Trent, Jr., secretary.
- June 10.—Lansdale, Pa., Lansdale Gun Club, L. L. Swartz, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- June 10.—Washington, D. C., Analostan Gun Club, Miles Taylor, secretary.
- June 21, 22 and 23.—Lewistown, Mont., Montana State Tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Rod and Gun Club, A. H. Stephenson, Secretary.
- June 22.—Pringhar, Iowa, Pringhar Gun Club, C. E. Summy, Secretary.
- June 22.—Shelbyville, Ky., Shelbyville Gun Club, C. Banto, president.
- June 22.—Forest, Ohio, Central Ohio Trap

- Shooters' League Tournament, H. C. Downey, secretary.
- June 22.—Brazil, Ind., Brazil Rod and Gun Club, O. Pursell, secretary.
- June 22, 23 and 24.—Kankakee, Ills., Illinois State Tournament, under the auspices of the Kankakee Gun Club, E. F. Radeke, secretary.
- June 22 and 23.—Mandan, N. D., Mandan Gun Club, C. E. Edquest, secretary.
- June 23.—Caro, Mich., Caro Sportsmen's Association, F. W. Bowles, secretary.
- June 23.—Staunton, Va., Staunton Gun Club, L. W. Puffenbarger, president.
- June 23.—Sleepy Eye, Minn., Sleepy Eye Rod & Gun Club, R. A. Brust, secretary.
- June 24.—Clifton Forge, Va., Clifton Forge Gun Club, J. R. Payne, Jr., Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- June 24.—Lewistown, Pa., Central Penna. Trap Shooters' League Tournament, Jack Waltz, secretary.
- June 24.—Decorah, Ia., Decorah Rod and Gun Club, H. H. Thomas, secretary.
- June 24 and 25.—Louisville, Ky., Kentucky State Tournament, under the auspices of the Louisville Gun Club, Z. C. Offutt, president.
- June 25.—Belle Plaine, Ia., Belle Plaine Gun Club, C. A. Sweet, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- June 25 and 26.—Hartford, Conn., Hartford Gun Club, W. R. Newsome, president.
- June 28, 29 and 30.—Dickinson, N. D., North Dakota State Tournament, under the auspices of the Dickinson Gun Club, Frank Ray, secretary.
- June 20.—Algona, Iowa, Algona Gun Club, C. E. Lampright, secretary.
- June 20, 30, July 1 and 2.—Cedar Point, O., the Indians, D. H. Eaton, secretary.
- June 30.—Lake View, Iowa, Denison Beach Gun Club, Geo. Anen, President. (Old Policy.)
- July 1 and 2.—Vancouver, Canada, Vancouver Gun Club, C. A. Porter, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- July 1, 2 and 3.—Venice, Cal., Los Angeles Gun Club, Fred H. Teeple, secretary.
- July 1, 2 and 3.—Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada, Canadian Indians, W. T. Ely, High Scribe. (Old Policy.)
- July 2 and 3.—Harrisburg, Pa., Harrisburg Sportsmen's Association, L. B. Worden, Vice-President. (Old Policy.)
- July 2 and 3.—Luverne, Minn., Luverne Gun Club, H. C. Tibbetts, Secretary. (Old Policy.)

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July 3.—Camp Logan, Ills., Illinois State Rifle Club, J. V. Climin, manager.

July 4 and 5.—Detroit, Mich., Detroit Pastime Gun Club, A. M. Parker, manager.

July 5.—Syracuse, N. Y., Hunters Club, Perry J. Nickerson, Secretary. (Old Policy.)

July 5.—Roanoke, Va., Roanoke Gun Club, W. S. Jones, Secretary. (Old Policy.)

July 5.—O'Fallon, Ills., O'Fallon Gun Club, P. S. Galloway, Secretary.

July 5.—Eureka, Cal., Eureka Blue Rock Club, H. A. Hine, president.

July 5.—Wellington, Mass., Paleface Shooting Assn., W. F. Clarke, president.

July 5.—Sunrise, Wyo., Sunrise Gun Club, H. S. Hill, secretary.

July 5.—Holbrook, Ariz., Holbrook Gun Club, J. S. Hulet, secretary.

July 5.—Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Saratoga Gun Club, J. M. Corey, secretary.

July 6 and 7.—Vicksburg, Miss., Mississippi State Tournament, under the auspices of the Hill City Gun Club, J. J. Bradford, secretary.

July 7.—Kansas City, Mo., Blue River Target Club, Geo. Nicolai, secretary.

July 7 and 8.—Jonesboro, Ark., Jonesboro Gun Club, W. G. Nash, secretary.

July 8.—Jersey Shore, Pa., Jersey Shore Gun Club, Henry Myers, Secretary. (Old Policy.)

July 10.—Chehalis, Wash., Chehalis Rod and Gun Club, W. S. Short, secretary.

July 10.—Havre de Grace, Md., Havre de Grace Gun Club, E. C. Wells, secretary.

July 12.—Rawlins, Wyo., Rawlins Rod and Gun Club, H. Brietenstein, secretary.

July 14.—Peru, Indiana, Peru Gun Club, G. W. Wagner, secretary. (Old Policy.)

July 14.—Canonsburg, Pa., Western Penna. Trap Shooters' League Tournament, Edna E. Lautenslager, corresponding secretary.

July 15.—Shullsburg, Wisc., Shullsburg Gun Club, J. M. Lehr, Manager. (Old Policy.)

July 15.—Fulda, Minn., Fulda Gun Club, H. W. Converse, secretary.

July 15 and 16.—Princeton, Ills., White Flyer Gun Club, C. R. Trimble, Secretary. (Old Policy.)

July 16.—Sheldon, Iowa, Sheldon Gun Club, G. E. Caple, secretary.

July 16.—Roseau, Minn., Roseau Gun Club, Carl von Rohr, secretary.

July 17.—Danbury, Conn., Pahquioque Rod and Gun Club, E. H. Bailey, secretary.

July 19, 20, 21 and 22.—Tacoma, Wash., Pacific Indians, F. C. Riehl, secretary.

July 19 and 20.—Natchez, Miss., Gaillard Sporting Club, E. S. Enochs, secretary.

July 20.—Warsaw, Ind., Warsaw Gun Club, J. S. Campfield, Secretary. (Old Policy.)

July 20.—Wapakoneta, Ohio, Central Ohio Trap Shooters' League Tournament, H. C. Downey, secretary.

July 21.—Owosso, Mich., Owosso Gun Club, F. J. Douglass, secretary.

July 21 and 22.—Decatur, Ills., Central Ills. Trap Shooters' League Tournament, R. du Fay, Montgomery, secretary.

July 22.—Canandaigua, N. Y., Canandaigua Sportsman Club, A. M. Johnston, Secretary. (Old Policy.)

July 22.—Patton, Pa., Central Penna. Trap Shooters League Tournament, Jack Waltz, secretary.

July 22.—Portage, Wis., Portage Gun Club, Wm. J. Raup, secretary.

July 23.—Hazleton, Pa., Hazel Mountain Gun Club, R. L. Klotz, Manager. (Old Policy.)

July 24.—Phillipsburg, N. J., Alert Gun Club, Edw. F. Markley, Manager. (Old Policy.)

July 27.—Gallipolis, Ohio., Gallipolis Gun Club, C. B. Stevers, Secretary.

July 27.—Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Wilkes-Barre Rod and Gun Club, W. H. Kreitz, secretary.

July 27 and 28.—Paragould, Ark., Paragould Gun Club, G. W. Stedman, secretary.

July 29 and 30.—Du Bois, Pa., Du Bois Gun Club, E. W. Kelly, Secretary.

July 31.—Laconia, N. H., Laconia Gun Club, P. M. Kling, manager.

July 31.—Louisville, Ky., Gander Gun Club, E. Pragoff, secretary.

July 31.—Front Royal, Va., Front Royal Gun Club, E. S. West, secretary.

August 3.—Bunceton, Mo., Bunceton Gun Club, J. R. Judy, Secretary. (Old Policy.)

August 3 and 4.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Spirit Lake Gun Club, E. C. Hinshaw, secretary.

August 4.—Harrisburg, Ills., Harrisburg Gun Club, W. T. Hawkins, secretary.

August 4 and 5.—Saginaw, Mich., Michigan State Tournament, under the auspices of the Saginaw Canoe Club, T. A. Saylor, president.

August 4 and 5.—Lock Haven, Pa., Lock Haven Gun Club, C. A. Jobson, Secretary. (Old Policy.)

August 6.—Binghamton, N. Y., Binghamton Rod and Gun Club, Sidney T. Clark, President. (Old Policy.)

August 6 and 7.—Minneapolis Minn Minneapolis Athletic Rod and Gun Club, Z. H. Austin, president.

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August 7.—Asbury Park, N. J., Asbury Park Gun Club, I. R. Taylor, president.

August 7 and 8.—Milwaukee, Wisc., Wisconsin State Tournament, under the auspices of the Badger Gun Club, Edw. F. Leidel, Secretary.

August 10.—Medford, Ore., Medford Gun Club, Dr. E. R. Seely, president.

August 10.—London, Ohio, Central Ohio Trap Shooters League Tournament, H. C. Downey, secretary.

August 10, 11 and 13.—Little Rock, Ark., Arkansas State Tournament, under the auspices of the Little Rock Gun Club, G. W. Clements, secretary.

August 11.—Batavia, N. Y., Holland Gun Club, C. W. Gardiner, secretary.

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- August 11 and 12.—Bloomington, Ills., Central Illinois Trap Shooters' League Tournament, Dr. C. A. McDermid, secretary.
- August 12.—Janesville, Wisc., Janesville Gun Club, H. W. McNamara, treasurer.
- August 12.—Cumberland, Md., Cumberland Gun Club, J. P. Roman, president.
- August 12.—Ford City, Pa.—Western Penna. Trap Shooters' League Tournament, Edna E. Lautenslager, corresponding secretary.
- August 12, 13 and 14.—St. Louis, Mo., Missouri State Tournament, under the auspices of the Missouri Athletic Association Gun Club, Louis Ebert, secretary.
- August 13.—Estherville, Ia., Estherville Gun Club, G. H. Anderson, Manager. (Old Policy.)
- August 14.—Holmesburg, Jct., Pa., Independent Gun Club, C. H. Newcomb, secretary.
- August 18.—Red Hook, N. Y., Red Hook Gun Club, J. W. Bain, president.
- August 24.—Newtown, Mo., Newtown Gun Club, H. P. Thomas, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- August 25 and 26.—Sioux Falls, S. D., Sioux Falls Gun Club, Herbert Abbott, secretary.
- August 26.—Altoona, Pa., Central Penna. Trap Shooters' League Tournament, Jack Waltz, secretary.
- August 28.—Syracuse, N. Y., Hunters Club, P. J. Nickerson, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- September 3.—Tipton, Ind., Tipton Gun Club, R. K. Snook, president.
- September 4.—Louisville, Ky., Louisville Gun Club, Z. C. Offut, President. (Old Policy.)
- September 6.—Milton, Penna., Milton Sportsmen's Association, Frederic A. Godcharles, Manager. (Old Policy.)
- September 6.—Wisner, Nebr., Wisner Gun Club, F. F. Wigmer, secretary.
- September 6.—St. Louis, Mo., St. Louis Trap Shooters Assn., Louis Ebert, secretary.
- September 6.—Ogdensburg, N. Y., Ogdensburg Shooting Assn., J. M. Morley, secretary.
- September 6.—Oklahoma City, Okla., Capital Gun Club, J. W. Keating, secretary.
- September 6 and 7.—St. Louis, Mo., Afro-American Trap Shooters' League, T. H. Cohron, secretary.
- September 8.—Pittsburgh, Pa., Western Penna. Trap Shooters League Tournament, Edna E. Lautenslager, corresponding secretary.
- September 9.—Cullison, Kans., Cullison Gun Club, G. I. Toews, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
- September 14, 15 and 16.—Atlantic City, N. J., Westy Hogans, Bernard Elsesser, secretary.
- September 15 and 16.—Lincoln, Ills., Central Ills. Trap Shooters' League, Tournament. W. E. Smith, secretary.
- September 19 and 20.—Houston, Texas, Interurban Gun Club, L. O. Sumbardo, secretary.

NEW SMALL BORE STEVENS.

Following on the heels of the popularity of the 20 and 28 gauge shotguns there has been a marked increase in demand for even smaller gauges, particularly since the introduction of the .410 gauge loaded shell. Heretofore lack of suitable ammunition has prevented the general use of these guns, but at present at least two American ammunition makers are manufacturing .410 gauge paper shells of excellent quality and cheaper than ammunition in this gauge was to be had in the past. There are now some 20,000 of these extra small bore shotguns sold annually in this country.

Two new arms in the market are the Stevens .410 and 44 gauge single barrel shotguns, the .410 gauge being furnished with 26 or 30-inch barrel, and the 44 with 26-inch barrel only. These guns are extra light, weighing only about 4½ lbs. each, the light weight being secured by skillful design and by making all parts of a size proportionate to the small bore. They have case-hardened frame, walnut stock and rubber-butt plate; the barrel and lug are in one piece forged from a solid bar of steel. Price with plain extractor is \$5.50, with automatic ejector, \$6.00.

These guns have aroused much lively interest and are being called for from all parts of the country. The ammunition is now well distributed, so that the prospective purchaser need have no fear that he may not be able to get all the shells he needs.



1. Reflector focuses light at any angle.
2. Exclusive patent device in base permits instant attachment anywhere—to chair, door, piano, desk, table, gun locker, writing machine, score sheet.
3. Universal joint permits turning light in any direction.
4. Also, silk cord on reel in base allows lamp to be used anywhere within ten-foot radius of electric socket.

This Portable, \$2.00 Electric Lamp

Puts the Light Where You Need It

The adjustable reflector focuses a clear, strong, mellow light exactly where needed. Keeps eyes in the shade, avoiding all strain. You can hang it above a writing-desk, clamp it to a bed rod, place it flat on a table, and direct the light at any angle. Try it; make clear thinking and hard reading easier. Carry it with you in your grip: It is compact; takes little room.

This is a Sportsman's Opportunity Presented by Sportsmen—No Risk.

If your retailer does not carry it send us his name and we will send you the lamp through him. Or send us \$2.00 direct, and we will send you the lamp beautifully finished in satin brass, for ten days' trial, parcel post prepaid.

If for any reason you wish to return it at the end of that period, we will refund your money without question.

You can use this lamp wherever there is an electric light current—in your home, or in your office. And is it not worth many times \$2.00 to save your eyes from strain caused by poor or ill-directed light? The price of the Leindorf light puts it within reach of every Forest and Stream reader. Write now to the

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Try a 20-bore PARKER Gun if you wish to truly enjoy shooting. They are light, handy, and powerful shooting little guns. Just the thing for ladies' use, and for those who wish the maximum of pleasure in shooting, coupled with the minimum weight to be carried afield.



(Send for Free Booklet About Small Bore Guns)

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.
NEW YORK SALES ROOMS, 32 WARREN STREET

A NOTE OR TWO OF INTEREST TO YOU.

The spring list of "odd and second-hand guns" has just been issued by Schoverling, Daly and Gales. It contains some rare bargains. Among others listed are Charles Daly, Saucer, Parker, L. C. Smith, Belgian breech loaders and Flobert rifles. Free upon request.

Spratts Trophy for the best brace in 1914 shows, was won by G. W. Quintard's, Ridgeway Kennels, with Ch. Matford Vic—Ch. Raby Dazzler. Ridgeway Corker and Cromwell Cheeky. The trophy was valued at fifty dollars.

THE OUTBOARD MOTOR AS AN ACCESSORY TO FISHER AND CAMPER.

A comprehensive article showing the fisherman, both game and drop angler, the many features of the outboard motor that make it invaluable to

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Ask for the Garments at all leading Sporting Goods Stores

BIRD, JONES & KENYON, 7 Hickory St., Utica, N.Y.



him as well as to the camper, will appear in the May issue. This article was announced for April but unavoidably was delayed.

HANDICAP COMMITTEE G. A. H.

Pittsburgh, Pa., February 13, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

We will thank you to announce in the trap department of *Forest and Stream* that the committee which will allot handicaps to entrants in the coming Grand American Handicap is made up as follows:

O. P. Goode, chairman, Chicago, Illinois; Harrison Kennicott, Evanston, Illinois; C. D. Coburn, Mechanicsburg; Ohio; J. F. Wulf, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; J. K. Warren, Birmingham, Alabama.

We feel confident that our expectations of this committee will be realized.

The Interstate Association
E. REED SHANER, Secretary.

GILBERTIAN MATINEES.

Words by Sir Ballistic—Staged by Du Pont.

April will practically end the trap season among yacht and country clubs but will open the season among strictly trap shooting clubs, excepting the few larger clubs that shoot all season. March was filled with important shoots, notably those given in honor of Fred Gilbert, who celebrated his twentieth year as a professional shooter. In that time this popular scatter gun man has done wonderful cracking, further along in this department are shown his records. The big event for Fred was an all day shoot pulled at Dupont Trap Shooting Club, followed by a dinner, some feed, at Dupont Hotel in Wilmington. Not content with the popping of the day, a merry fusillade of corks and pulling of innumerable jokes, reminiscences—and some Joe Millers, wound up the day and began another. The whole affair was given in true Dupontian style. Right here, having told something about an old trap shooter, it will interest thousands of aerosaucer destroyers to hear of the youngest to join the ranks, this is Charles G. Blandford, Jr., of Ossining, N. Y. This lad was born January 28 at the husky heft of 8¾ pounds, to "POP" Blandford, one of the most popular men that toes the score. Health and success to the lad. C. G.'s other two sons, aged 18 and 20, are 80 per cent. shooters. Some of the winners among 500 clubs holding Gilbert shoots were: West End Gun Club, C. D. Coleman, 96; Independent Gun Club, Howard Wilson, 98; Chester Blue Rock Gun Club, H. E. Thyng, 98; Bloomfield Gun Club, F. Baldwin,

91; Springfield Gun Club, Harry Fisher, J. Tracey and Powell tied on 95; Oxford Gun Club, Dr. Ewing, 97; Analostan Gun Club, Miles Taylor, 87; Lehigh Outing Club, 84 per cent; La Crosse Gun Club, A. J. Roberge, 100; Cerro Gordo Gun Club, Monplasure and McGowan tied at 86; Riverside Gun Club A. F. MacLachlan, 90; Daniel Boone Gun Club, 93; Beloit Gun Club, Geo. Vosberg, 93; Herron Hill Gun Club, B. Conrad, with 94, after a shoot off with J. E. Penrod; Independent Gun Club, J. Maurer, after a shoot off with J. Heil, 80—23x25; Thornburg Gun Club, R. T. Donaldson, 95; Youghioghny Gun Club, F. D. Smith, 94. Mr. Gilbert's records, as far as obtainable, are:

Year.	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.
1895	Averages not compiled.		
1896	Averages not compiled.		
1897	3,290	3,056	92.90
1898	3,060	2,742	89.60
1899	2,875	2,700	93.90
1900	3,700	3,585	94.60
1901	4,285	4,015	92.70*
1902	7,800	7,406	94.90*
1903	9,205	8,655	94.20*
1904	17,015	16,179	95.08*
1905	17,845	17,065	95.06*
1906	Sick all year—did not shoot.		
1907	9,195	8,817	95.80*
1908	10,945	10,402	95.03
1909	12,630	12,079	95.63
1910	2,000	1,896	94.80**
1911	2,100	1,995	95.00**
1912	4,600	4,413	95.93
1913	5,940	5,615	94.53
1914	3,800	3,517	92.55

*Indicates high average winner for year. Mr. Gilbert won this honor six consecutive years, eliminating 1906 when he did not shoot, a feat never before or since accomplished by any shooter, amateur or professional.

**The averages those years were figured only on targets shot at in Interstate Association tournaments.

KANSAS DECISION IS NOT FINAL.

In view of the fact that there is evidence that not only the public, but, in many instances the press of the country also, is under the impression that the decision just rendered by Judge John C. Pollock of the Federal District Court at Topeka, Kansas, in which he holds the federal law for the protection of migratory birds to be unconstitutional, is the final adjudication on that statute, the following statement correcting this erroneous impression has been issued by President John B. Burnham of the American Game Protective Association:

"Conservationists need feel no alarm over the Kansas decision. The Supreme Court of the United States now has before it on appeal a case

from Arkansas in which the constitutionality of the law will be finally passed upon. That case lacks certain important elements, favorable to the sustaining of the law, which the Kansas case, which will be incorporated with it, will provide. In a sense, then, Judge Pollock's decision is a welcome one to those who are working to avert the destruction of the wild life of the country.

"The Kansas decision is the third that has been rendered by federal judges on the law. In Arkansas, Judge Jacob C. Trieber on May 23, 1914 held the measure unconstitutional, while in South Dakota, Judge J. D. Elliot on April 18, 1914 held it constitutional. It is to be remembered that the law is in full force and effect and will doubtless be vigorously enforced by the United States Bureau of Biological Survey every where in the United States, with the exception of the jurisdictions of Judges Trieber and Pollock.

"The solicitor general of the United States has asked the Supreme Court for an early consideration for the test case as is possible but it may be that it will not be reached before next fall. We are hoping to have it passed upon this spring."

NEARLY HALF A MILLION TRAP SHOOTERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

A revised Gun Club map of the United States just issued by the Du Pont Powder Company, showing the location of towns containing organized clubs, gives the total number of clubs up to November 15, 1914, as 3,221. It is estimated that the average membership of these clubs is fifty, making a total of 161,950 trapshooters belonging to clubs that shoot regularly.

There are probably still more trapshooters not members of organized clubs, mostly in farming sections.

The increased popularity of the hand trap tends to swell the number of unorganized trapshooters.

The total of all classes is estimated at 400,000, probably more actual participants than can be found in any other American sport.

Trapshooting is undoubtedly growing rapidly and enthusiasts predict that the next annual map will show more than 4,000 clubs and that in 1915 the total number of trapshooters will grow to 500,000.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS INCREASING IN NORTH DAKOTA.

Galesburg, N. D., March 22, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Herewith is my check, renewing my sub. to the grand old paper, which in its monthly form is far better than ever.

We have had a very fine winter here; there has not been a single heavy storm all winter. Prairie chickens have wintered finely, and there are a great many of them about here at least. It is no uncommon sight to see 75 to 100 in any cornfield, and in one barn-yard a couple of miles from this town, one can see as many as that right in the yard among the tame fowl and the cattle, and it is certainly a pleasant sight, far pleasanter than to see that many dead birds. If we have a good hatching season it is probable that the shooting in North Dakota next fall will be beyond compare. All indications are for an early spring. The snow is about all gone and the weather is mild and sunshiny. I hope you will prosper in the new form as much and more than you did in the old.

J. P. WHITTEMORE.

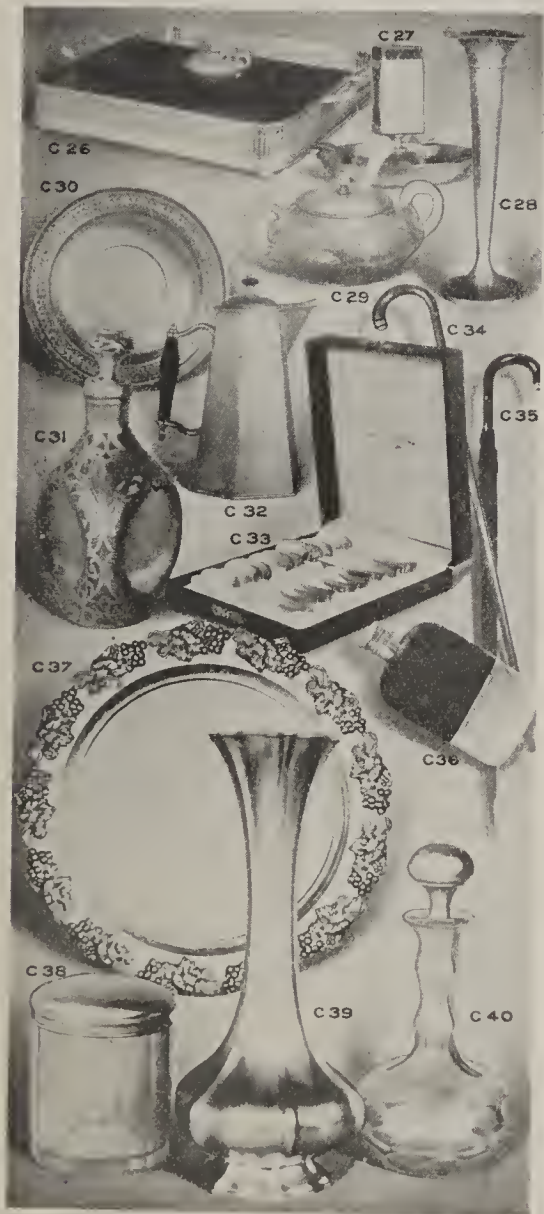
RAINBOW TROUT SEASON IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Linville Falls, N. C., March 23, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The rainbow trout season in Linville River will open as usual May 1. The river is in the best condition it has been for several years. Several high "tides" last fall washed the mud out of it that had been deposited by erosion of fields and roads from rains during the summer and it is now once more the crystal mountain stream, the natural home of the rainbow trout. The river has been well stocked from a nurse stream, a small tributary, and, the fishing this season should be of the best, especially during May and early June. The stream is well protected, both naturally from its roughness in its deep and picturesque canyon, and from being patrolled for fifteen miles, all owned by one man. There is no speculation in it, no profit derived from the fishing and no hotel proposition connected with it. The small fees collected from visitors go to pay for protection and stocking. Visiting anglers may be taken care of here in several boarding houses, but this is not a fashionable resort. Attractive as any mountain region in America from May till November, it yet enjoys all the beauty of the wild. In other words, it is not "developed" in the sense of being a commercial resort. Linville Falls station, on the C. C. & O. Ry., six miles down the mountain, 1,800 feet below, is the nearest railway station.

F. W. BICKNELL.



Interstate Association Trophies.

"Warning No. 2"

Warning No. 1 is for the nimrod who goes home with the farmers' geese in his hunting coat.

Warning No. 2 is for the benefit of you, Mr. "Trapshooter," who goes home with the goose eggs in your scores, which you should eliminate by using one of "Bill Miller's" ventilated sighting ribs on your single barrel gun, for the following good reasons, viz.:

It positively prevents blurring of front sight, caused by radiation from a hot barrel, and enables a clear view of object aimed at.

The top being concaved and finely matted its full length, gives a distinct alignment of your barrel, or in other words a similar effect to a telescopic sight.

Prevents undershooting on rising targets (which is about 98% of all targets thrown) by providing for proper muzzle elevation without completely covering the target from view, or raising your eye at breech (a good cause for cross firing).

It does not mar the appearance of your gun in any manner, and can be removed at a moment's notice, which however you will not do or permit after giving it a fair trial.

Being machined out of a solid bar of steel, is very light (about 3 oz.) and strong, and made throughout in a first class manner, and finished in a dead black.

And most important of all, it has been thoroughly tried out and successfully used by a large number of shooters (one a state champion,) who have so greatly increased their scores that they would not be without it. "ASK THEM."—I'll tell you who they are.

And the price is such that you are losing money by not using it, which one day's trial at a tournament will prove.

If You Want to Shoot at a 98% Clip

Write for Information to

W. W. MILLER, Shillington, Pa.

Holland Telescopic Steel Fishing Rods

Better Than Ever

32 Different Styles

Guaranteed against defective material or workmanship.

Made of highest grade of Steel Tubing, Carbonized, Hardened, and Tempered by expert workmen.

Made in different lengths, from 3 1/2 to 10 feet.

Each section of Tubing submitted to severe bending Tests which practically eliminate defects.

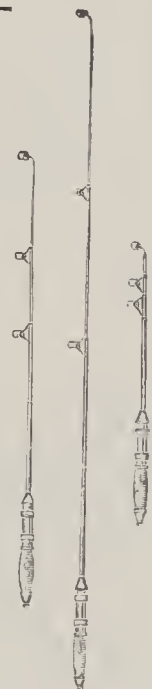
Each joint fitted with Automatic Spring Locking Device permitting Rod to be telescoped instantly down to from 30 to 15 1/2 inches, according to style of Rod.

Finished in two coats of beautiful Olive green enamel, each coat baked on separately.

Finely Nickel-Plated, All Brass Reversible Handles with Cork Grip.

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HAVE A REAL VACATION with a BLUE BIRD MOTOR BOAT

Start right now to plan a "motor boat summer" for yourself and the family. In a few short weeks every lake and river in the country will be calling the man who has a tiny spark of the sportsman in him.

There will be endless opportunities for camping expeditions, picnics, fishing parties and daily expeditions up that shady cove where nature always seems at her best.

Of course, your blood tingles when you think of it. But—make no mistake—you must have a boat of your own—and a good one.

"Blue Bird" MOTOR BOATS

have solved the summer problem for thousands of healthy, "out-door" families.

These boats—exquisite in line and appointment—are made over moulds of highest grade Louisiana Cypress.

The wood work in decks and coaming are of best selected oak, the boats are very handsomely varnished and trimmed with the best "sun and water-proof varnish," and the hulls are finished in either blue or white paint. The engine is the Detroit two-cycle reversible—can be run slow or fast—has only three moving parts, STARTS WITHOUT CRANKING, uses very little fuel and is so simple that a child can handle it.

All models are now in stock—16, 18 or 20-footers. Send your order at once. Every boat and engine is fully guaranteed and subject to thorough test and inspection before shipment.

Agents Wanted Everywhere

Ask for Demonstrator Agent's Offer. Big reduction for first Blue Bird sold in any locality—World renowned Belle Isle and Hudson River canoes can also be handled in connection with the Blue Bird motor boats. If interested in canoes please specify in your inquiry and we will send you our New 1915 Dream Book of Canoes. Write to-day for 1915 Book of Blue Birds. A postal will bring it. All boating problems solved by us. None too small, none too big.

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Canoes, \$20 Up



OUR ARCHERY CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Some two years ago, in writing of what should constitute the national archery championship, a noted archer said that the man who was the winner of the American round "was champion of his specialty only" and at once tacitly concluded that the winner of the York round was the logical archery champion for the year.

Is long distance shooting not also a specialty? Have our records proven that proficiency in the York round is a guarantee of accuracy at the shorter distances!

An examination of the records of our archers leads us to a most decided negative conclusion. In fact the reverse conclusion that efficiency at the shorter distances is a guarantee of accuracy in long distance shooting is quite as justifiable. Neither conclusion is upheld by our records.

Experience points to the fact that long and short distance shooting require separate and independent training and that proficiency at one distance does not presuppose the same degree of accomplishment at the other. We have analogous examples in every similar form of athletics. A wonderful 100 yard sprinter is generally a poor miler, and conversely. If the winner of the American round is champion of "his specialty only," so also is the winner of the York round. When then was the logic in proclaiming the winner of the York round as the National Champion?

This method of procedure was even more ridiculous than our point system of scoring to decide the winner of a round, the idiocy of which was so well illustrated in our recent Eastern Tournament.

The ancient history of the point system of scoring has never been explained to me. I doubt whether any American archer can cast much light on the subject. It was adopted by England and we failed to revolutionize the method. In England only the double York is shot to determine the championship. Therefore we concluded to do the same. The summation of the American and the York rounds, as adopted last summer, is a far more equitable arrangement for American conditions.

Archery has always had a hard row to hoe. Shortly after the Civil War the sport was quite popular. The spirit of the war was still in evidence and archery was a harmless and beneficial antidote. Now our primeval instincts are more dormant. A remedy for this sad apathy was suggested in my previous article. Let us continue.

Local June and October tournaments would add the missing incentive necessary to increase our membership in the various clubs and urge the present members to a greater activity.

How can we make the National Tournament more popular? What additional incentive can be offered to increase the attendance! The answer is by increasing the number of prizes to three for each event. It is perhaps a sad state of affairs when archers must be tempted by additional prizes, but such is human nature and our archers follow the general rule of humanity.

Many of our beginners learn to shoot fairly well at the shorter distances, but develop slowly

at the York round. Their chances for the National Championship is utterly nil. Naturally they say: "Oh, what's the use," and remain at home.

We have boxing and wrestling championships for every conceivable weight, and running championships for every distance from 100 yards to 26 miles. Why not follow this general custom, found wise from experience, and have a short distance, a middle distance and a long distance archery championship? The National Champion would be that person the sum of whose scores in these three events would be the highest. He might not hold any of the three championships but would be the best balanced archer of the lot. He would not be "champion of his specialty only."

Three prizes in each of these three events and the four championships would add a great incentive to the average archer and increase the popularity and attendance at the National Tournament. These prizes would be of a higher ethical type, make a more definite appeal and be more beneficial for the good of the sport than the handicap prizes now offered. In giving prizes positive attainment only should be considered and pure unadulterated luck eliminated.



Interstate Association Trophies

The winning of the handicap medals is purely a matter of chance. When it comes right down to brass tacks there is no more sense in giving an archer a medal for the greatest improvement in his second round than there would be in imposing a fine for shooting like a miserable dub, far below his ability, in the first round, save that the handicap medal would add an incentive to better work and prevent an archer from giving up hope.

We now have a definite promise of two pages in our revised *Forest and Stream*, provided we are able to furnish the necessary literature. Let us therefore thresh out these matters in print with the hope that some definite and beneficial conclusions and subsequent action will result.

"TOX."

ARCHERY IN WARFARE.

We think of the bow and arrow as medieval weapons of war abandoned by the nations of Europe four or five centuries ago; the bowmen of Crey are the last of any prominence in English history. Yet it is only one hundred years since soldiers fought with the bow and arrow in European wars, and that too, on the fields of southern Belgium where the present war began.

It was in 1813 when all Europe was armed against Napoleon. Every one of the allied nations brought every possible resource of men and means to further this end. Among them was Russia. To the war she sent soldiers from the newly conquered tribes that dwelt upon the steppes of Asia; Bokharans and Turkomans and Tartars and other half savage peoples. Many of these regiments were armed with bows and arrows.

Jomini, the military historian, speaks of a great number of these who fought side by side with the Prussians in eastern Germany and in Belgium, and he says that these bowmen held their own against the French infantry. Their aim he says, was surprisingly good, and they could shoot an arrow with effect almost as far as a musket ball was effective—but in those days that was not much more than a hundred yards.

To-day we are reading of a mild revival of archery in connection with the present war, isolated cases, it is true, but archery just the same,

Best Grade Cedar Canoe
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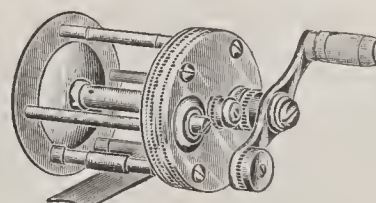
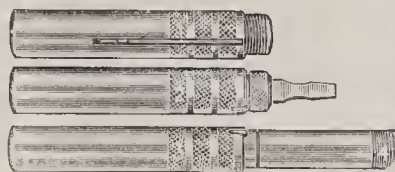
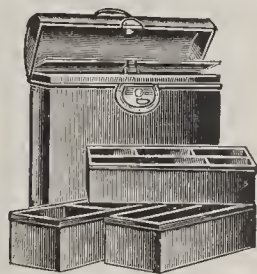
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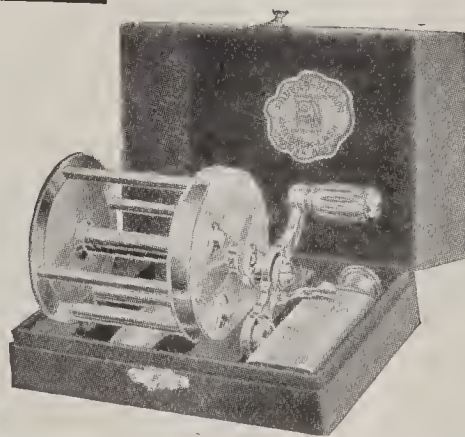
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earned their reputation for superiority by giving years of satisfactory service proving that a good article is worth its price. Our aim is not cheapness but Perfection. In ten years Meek reels have won four times as many International Trophies as any other reel and twice as many as all other reels combined. For sale by all first-class dealers. If your dealer will not supply you write us. Catalog E free.

B. F. MEEK & SONS, Inc., Manufacturers of Meek and Blue Grass Reels
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Anti-Back-Lash Casting Reel
NO WIRES TO FRAY THE LINE

makes casting a real pleasure for beginners as well as experts. It cannot break or get out of order, and requires no adjustment. Automatic Thumblers, attached to the flange of the spool enclosed within the reel, free from all dirt and possibility of damage, thumb the reel mechanically, retarding the spool as the bait slows down.

This reel is made of best German Silver, satin finish, has genuine Scarlet Agate Jewels, balanced crank, fluted Pyralin Amber Handle, with Phosphor Bronze Bearing, and adjustable front sliding click and drag.

This reel will hold from 60 to 100 yards according to size of line used. Price, **\$7.50** (Fully guaranteed against defects of all kinds for all time.)

If your dealer does not carry this reel, we will send it postage prepaid on receipt of price.

The Enterprise Mfg., Dept. No. 21 **Akron, Ohio**

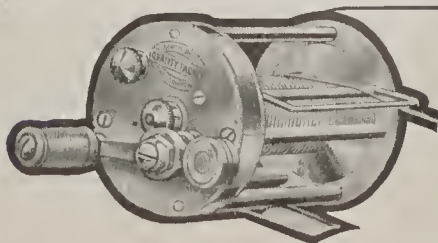
THE ROD OF QUALITY

This phrase is a trade-mark based on sound facts, and is substantiated by all anglers who have put the rod to actual hard test.

My hand made, split-bamboo rod bears my name and behind this stamp of my approval and supervision stands many years' accumulation of experience and reputation—and I'm not fearing the loss of this by heartily and conscientiously recommending the rod to you.

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Manufacturers of Quality Tackle for Bait-Casting.

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and Lion Hounds, also Airedale Terriers. All dogs
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highly illustrated, interesting and instructive catalogue
for ten cents in stamps or coin.

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Cures mange or eczema, and kills fleas. \$.50 and \$1.00
sizes sent to any address by parcels post.
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and a careful study of the question almost con-
vinces one that if opportunities can be had for
the introduction of this most ancient weapon in
this, the greatest war the world has ever known,
that the last of archery has not been heard of.

Arrows by the thousands have been dropped
from the clouds with terrible effect, and the
common everyday arrow so well known to arch-
ers has been used repeatedly within the last
month or two, as silent messengers carrying in-
formation across the border, and if report speaks
truly even death in one instance, one man being
pierced through the throat.

JAMES DUFF.

FISHING IN A FOG.

By O. W. Smith.

As a rule I am not a lover of either rainy
or cloudy days for trout fishing, not so much
because I find the fish less willing to rise under
such conditions—for every angler knows that
trout are simply voracious when a gentle rain
roughens the surface of much-fished pools—but
because I somehow feel that the speckled
beauties should be lured only in perfect weather.
The poetry of angling rather than mere angling
makes me a devotee of Father Izaak's gentle art.
In spring, when the air is lambent, the mating
birds fair crazed with the joy of life, the early
flowers—violets and hepaticas—peep shyly up at
one, and the insects hover just above the water,
tempting the speckled fish to gymnastic stunts,
then trout fishing is at its best. No, I prefer to
fish when Nature smiles, yet I am not above
casting a fly in all sorts of weather, just for the
sake of the experience and knowledge gained.

We were camping on Thunder River, that
Wisconsin stream so often fished by me in years
gone by, still loved and fished occasionally. The
time of the year was August, a hot and rainless
month it was too. The stream was low and the
trout exceedingly shy. One morning, waking just
as the first light began to filter through the can-
vas roof, I was conscious of a dampness, an un-
wonted chill in the air. My first thought was of
rain, but upon looking through the open door of
the tent I discovered that all the world was
wrapped in a thick, impenetrable fog. My first
impulse was to snuggle down under the blankets
for another nap, but the second, and the one I
acted upon, was to investigate the angling possi-
bilities of the stream when concealed by Nature's
clinging cerements. So I sallied forth clad as for
rain, hip boots breviated, rubber slicker, and cap
provided with protecting cape, for I knew that
the water-soaked grass and trees would drench
me more thoroughly than would actual rain. It
was a strange, new world in which I found my-
self, all but the very nearest objects being shut
out by the clinging white vapor, those trees and
stumps ghostly surroundings. Descending from
the highland upon which our camp was situated,
I found the fog more dense and impenetrable in
the narrow valley through which the little stream
meandered. Though mid-August, I found the
moisture-laden atmosphere quite chilling, and
had it not been for my desire to know whether or
not trout were feeding I would have even then
returned to the warm blankets. Suddenly the
stream yawned before me: so unexpected was its

FOR SALE!

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E. J. BERRIGAN, Manager

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For Sale—Fifteen Pointers and Setters, guar-
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are all bred from the most fashionable strains
of both bench show and field trial winners, and
are all bench show winners themselves.
Will be sold cheap to immediate buyers. For
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OORANG AIREDALE PUPS for sale. Vigorous young-
sters bred from true sporting stock that are unequalled
as water dogs, retrievers and hunters of all kinds of
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will climb a tree or go to earth and fight anything from
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hunting instinct bred in the bone. Having an iron con-
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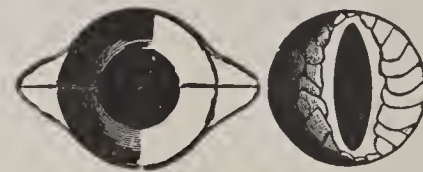
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BROTHER—Accidentally discovered, pleasant tasting
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Please mention "Forest and Stream."

Pheasants, Quail, Wild Turkeys, Wild Ducks,
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Deer, Buffaloes, Silver Foxes, Beaver, Otter,
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Ornamental animals and birds of all species
and eggs for hatching. Complete lists and
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All Classes of Sailing Yachts and Motor Boats
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J. L. FOSTER

Orcas, Washington

appearance that I found myself grasping at a bunch of golden rod to prevent a header into the water which I could not see but could hear chuckling away below me.

I selected a large fly, I have forgotten just what particular one but I remember it was brightly colored and flamboyant, and sent it fluttering out into the fog and mystery. Where or how it hit the water of course I had no means of knowing,

but the feel of the rod told me that it was dancing away somewhere below me. I waited for what seemed an unreasonable period of time but there was no response, neither did I hear sound of leaping fish anywhere. So I cast again and again, up and down, where I imagined the current might set in toward either bank. At last satisfied that I would have to seek another location I felt my way along the bank, the shoulder-high grass now and then slapping me in the face with clammy fingers. All at once I came to a sharp bend in the stream and I recognized the place. Instantly there flashed before my mind a vision of the pool as I had seen it smiling beneath the rays of the sun some eighteen hours earlier. Yonder was a great log lodged against a redish-green stone about which the water curled and snarled. I could hear it growling away, its voice sounding strange and eerie coming from beneath the fog. Back yonder, where the current dashed against the far bank, was a deep pool mined out by years of constant activity. I knew that there were fish and good ones lying about the snag and in the pool. That the pool under the bank sheltered one good fish I knew full well, for I had caught a glimpse of him once or twice, a seldom fish, while lesser members of the tribe hung about the outskirts. You know what I mean. When a big trout pre-empts a pool, the smaller fish forsake the deep water but still linger in the locality. I knew if the big trout lay under the bank, the smaller fish would be found in the neighborhood of the snag, and vice versa. So I sent my fly out where I thought the current sucked down under the out-reaching bank, then in the direction of the log. Once for a fraction of a second I thought I had hooked a fish, but instead I had struck the log and my fly remained hard and fast. Then I tried other flies, but all to no purpose. The fish were not rising.

I set down stream on a journey of discovery, casting here and there, trusting to memory somewhat but to luck more. Once or twice I thought I heard an indistinct splash of rising fish but could not be sure. Then I noticed that the fog was thinning, becoming less dense and clinging, so I turned my footsteps back up stream, in due time reaching the pool where I had left my fly clinging to the snag. Still I could not see the water, but looking straight up above me there was a golden glow which indicated that the sun was fighting a winning battle with the mist. As my flies had all proven unattractive I searched my pockets for a bait. Not a worm did I have, but my tin "hopper coop" contained the dried remains of a grasshopper. It I worked upon a hook and cast out into the fog. Instantly it was seized, and instinctively I knew that I was fast to the big trout. How that fish struggled! No two trout fight exactly alike but that fish used every tactic that any member of the family ever resorted to in an hour of great need. Slowly and more slowly did he rush and I knew that he was tiring, so I unlimbered my landing net preparatory to the last act. The fog was beginning to drift, to sway back and forth with a ghostly motion inspired by a rising wind. For a brief fraction of a second I caught a glimpse of the water and my ripping line. Then I saw the line strike the side of the brown log and the fog settled again. I was fast. Talk about tragedy! I knew just what had happened. The fish had darted under the log and crossed the line. I also knew that ex-

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Beware of Imitations!

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FOR SALE—Fine Sterling Tandem, "built like a watch," drop frame in front. Excellent condition. Nothing like it built nowadays; a great chance for any lover of wheeling. Address C. D. Irwin, 50 Willard Road, Brookline, Mass.

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THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, B. C.—Hunting, fishing and camping parties (all saddle and pack horse trips).

Bear hunting in Spring, fishing and mountain climbing in Summer. Big game hunting in Fall, everything furnished. Rates \$15.00 per day each.

H. G. LOW, Guide, Galena, via Golden, B. C.

RANDALL BEAGLES—The hunting beagles of the Adirondacks where the big white hare makes merry the chase. We have some beauties—all ages, sizes, sex or color. Twenty puppies, by field-trial parents. Sent on approval—YOU are the judge. Big new free catalog tells all. Come to the kennels and we'll have a hunt together. I'll use you right if you will let me. Randall Beagles, North Creek, N. Y.

BROOK TROUT—"A good trout stream without any trout is like the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out."

Why not stock your streams? Get together with your friends and do it. We have the trout—a world of them—fingerlings of all sizes, for sale. No care is necessary on your part. Put them in a running brook or spring pond, and they will do the rest. Our latest advanced methods, in conjunction with our pure water supply, gives us strong, vigorous trout, in the best possible physical condition. For particulars and prices address

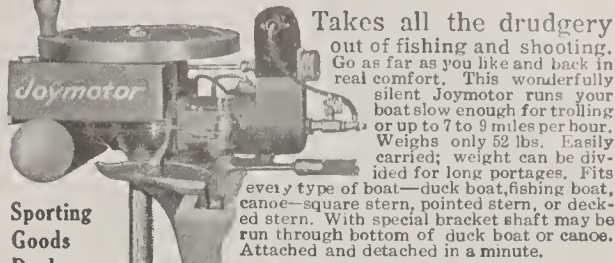
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Two hundred dollars buys 3-roomed, brick chimney camp, automobile barn, 1½ acres cleared land, on shore of trout brook in Maine. Details, Ulysses Hunt, Strong, Me.

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Sporting Goods Dealers Write for Agency

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Go as far as you like and back in real comfort. This wonderfully silent Joymotor runs your boat slow enough for trolling, or up to 7 to 9 miles per hour. Weighs only 52 lbs. Easily carried; weight can be divided for long portages. Fits every type of boat—duck boat, fishing boat, canoe—square stern, pointed stern, or decked stern. With special bracket shaft may be run through bottom of duck boat or canoe. Attached and detached in a minute.

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makes Joymotor easiest controlled motor ever made. Just move steering tiller to right or left and Joymotor stops your boat within a few feet and backs it up without reversing the engine. No more danger of accidents. No drifting or paddling to shore or dock. Joymotor does all the work for you. Simple, efficient. Trouble-proof. A child can run it. You just move the tiller and Joymotor controls your boat at all times. A rudder would be useless. Study this picture.

High tension magneto, real carburetor, no pump hose to get tangled up, real bearings, complete oiling system. Built to enjoy—that's Joymotor.

Write now for catalog giving full details and life size picture of Joymotor—"built to enjoy."

Write a postal now.

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This picture shows position of steering tiller and propeller when slowing down or backing. Compare position of propeller with the large picture.

\$54.75
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Rowboat Motor

SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY—YOU SAVE THE DEALER'S PROFIT. As light as the lightest, as strong as the strongest, with many exclusive refinements. Drives rowboat 8 miles an hour, or slow enough to troll. Instantly attachable—instantly removable.

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SENT ON 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

PERFECTION Sleeping Bag

with Pneumatic Mattress

the most satisfactory camp bed made. Can be used anywhere and when deflated occupies little space.

SLEEP OUT OF DOORS

No sleep is more healthful or restful than sleep in the open, provided your bed is right. Perfection Sleeping Bags fill every requirement.

Ask for Catalogue of our guaranteed Mattresses for home, camp, yacht and automobile use.

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"SURFMANS" CASTING LINES
SURF AND TUNA RODS
(Hand Made.)

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TROUT—BAIT—AND—SURF

We respectfully solicit your patronage
and would be pleased to have you call and
inspect our tackle department.

Fishing trips laid out and proper tackle
advised for fishing in the different sections
of the United States and Canada.

Inquiries by mail given prompt and
careful attention.

hausted as he was, if firmly hooked he would not be able to break away, so I laid down my rod and sprinted down the bank, my destination being a log which spanned the stream some half a mile or so away.

As I neared the pool the fog opened for an instant and I saw a man in a red sweater just unhooking my trout, and such a trout! On the distant bank my rod, the rod that had conquered

the "ads" of things to sell always of first class goods and reliable houses.

I wish you all the luck in the world.

EDWARD C. NEAL.

INTERSTATE TOURNAMENTS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Please announce to the readers of *Forest and Stream* that the sixteenth Grand American Handi-



SIR ROGER de COVERLY AND PEG O' MY HEART.

Winners at the Westminster Kennel Club Show, 1915. Owned by Dr. H. M. Beck, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

the fish, lay impotent and helpless. I paused, struck dumb with anger and astonishment. There have been a few times in my life when I have found words inadequate and that was one of them. Anger and exhaustion shocked me, but finally I managed to gurgle, "Hey, you!" For a single instant I saw my fish in the hands of that red-sweatered thief, then the fog shut down once more. Through the thick gloom came the echo of mocking laughter, and the thud of pounding feet. What I said I do not remember and it is just as well that I do not, for it would hardly bear repetition. I plunged about in the fog but to no purpose. When next the mist lifted I was alone in the little valley, and Thunder Mountain smiled ironically. When next I fish in a fog I am going to carry a gun, and—

ALWAYS CLEAN AND GOOD.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have been a subscriber for *Forest and Stream* since. I don't know when, before 1890 I think—in '85 or thereabouts—and I figure that I shall be as long as I can read it or get some one to read it to me. I think I miss it once a week, but it is a better paper once a month. I don't see how you can get so much in it. I read it all.

I have got all of the "Uncle Lisha" series of books in my library and the story in the March number is good, for I can remember some of the old "Whippin' the Cat" men who used to live or work in Tuftonboro, N. H. where I was born. Most of my life has been spent in Boston, but I am New Hampshire born anyhow.

The paper is always clean, always good and

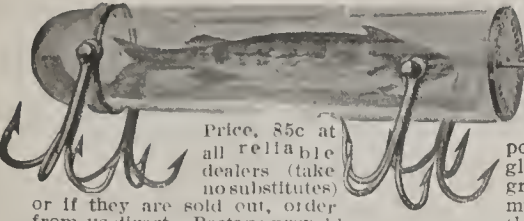
cap Tournament will be held in Grand Park, Chicago, Illinois, on August 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, 1915, under the auspices of the Chicago Association of Trap Shooters. There will be \$3,500 added money and the winner of first place in the Grand American Handicap will be guaranteed \$500 and a trophy; the winner of second place will be guaranteed \$400 and a trophy; the winner of third place will be guaranteed \$300 and a trophy; the winner of fourth place will be guaranteed \$200 and a trophy, and the winner of fifth place will be guaranteed \$100 and a trophy. Numerous other trophies will also be awarded.

Also announce that the tenth Southern Handicap Tournament will be held at Memphis, Tennessee, on May 11, 12 and 13, 1915, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club. There will be \$1,000 added money and the winner of first place will be guaranteed \$100 and a trophy; the winner of second place will be guaranteed \$75 and a trophy, and the winner of third place will be guaranteed \$50 and a trophy. Several other trophies will also be awarded.

The tenth Western Handicap Tournament will be held at St. Louis, Missouri, on June 15, 16 and 17, 1915, under the auspices of the Missouri Athletic Association Gun Club. There will be \$1,000 added money and the winner of first place in the Western Handicap will be guaranteed \$100 and a trophy; the winner of second place will be guaranteed \$75 and a trophy, and the winner of third place will be guaranteed \$50 and a trophy. Several other trophies will also be awarded.

THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION,
Elmer E. Shaner, Treasurer and Manager.

FISHERMEN! A Wonderful New Fish Catching Bait
—Use One Live Minnow All Day




This is the new, live minnow bait that is making such a great record for itself—that is the talk of the country. Excels all other artificial bait. Strong, clear, magnifying glass tube, housing a live minnow. Wonderful power of attracting fish lies in fact that, when in water, the glass apparently disappears, leaving minnow clearly visible and greatly magnified. Minnow has fresh water; stays alive; never mutilated; can be used all day. Experienced fishermen tell us that it is the most wonderful bait they have ever used.

Price, 85c at all reliable dealers (take no substitutes) or if they are sold out, order from us direct. Postage prepaid

DETROIT GLASS MINNOW TUBE CO.
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EXCELSIOR BELT SAFE--Absolutely Water-proof
Indispensable to the BATHER to put your Eyeglasses, Jewelry, Bathhouse Key in before going into the water.
EVERY CANOEIST, FISHERMAN, HUNTER, ETC.



Should have one. Will keep your Matches, Cigarettes, Tobacco, Money, Jewelry Water-Proof, Dust-Proof Burglar-Proof. Small and compact, made of Brass, Nickel Plated, Gun Metal or Oxidized, and furnished complete with fancy canvas belt. Sent anywhere on receipt of \$1.00.

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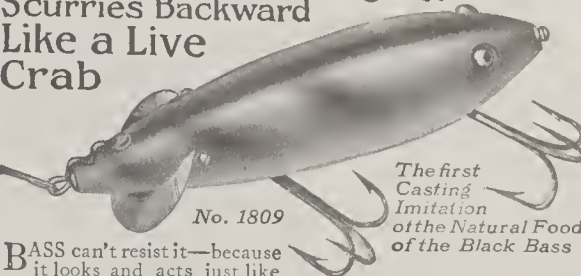


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Ask Your Dealer And Hear Him Say, "Swastika Lines From Ashaway."

ASHAWAY LINE & TWINE MANUFACTURING CO.
Ashaway, R. I., U. S. A.

Heddon's Genuine **Dowagiac Crab Wiggler**
Scurries Backward Like a Live Crab



The first Casting Imitation of the Natural Food of the Black Bass

No. 1809

BASS can't resist it—because it looks and acts just like their favorite food, the crab or crawfish. Accurately colored in the wonderful Heddon Porcelain Enamel, guaranteed not to crack, peel or flake. Just the right weight and balance for casting. Floats when at rest, but dives and zigzags backward when reeled in. Hooks held in the patented "Dowagiac" sockets, so they can't foul each other or mar enamel—and they get the fish. Variable line fastening governs depth and action. You need this "Crab Wiggler" in your tackle box. It's a winner. Also in other Heddon colorings at same price

85c

IT'S A YEAR OF WIGGLERS



More wiggling, diving baits will be used this year than any other style—chiefly Dowagiac "Wigglers," of course, because of their reputation and many advantages—non-cracking enamel, variable line fastening, "Dowagiac" hook sockets, and superior workmanship. Dowagiac Minnow "Wigglers," deep water style (No. 1600) and shallow water style (No. 1700) sell at 75c in various colorings.

ART CATALOG. A book you'll prize. Shows all Heddon tackle in colors, including the famous Jim Heddon's Casting Rods. Full of practical advice on expert casting and more successful fishing. A postal brings this book FREE.

James Heddon's Sons, Box 17, Dowagiac, Mich. (Pronounce it "Doe-wah-jia-c")

Wise Fishermen Now KNOW That

JULIAN'S BAIT
The Liquid Lure For "Everything Wearing Fins" Is "The Best Bait for Fishing Since Fishing First Began."

"SOME EVIDENCE," PRICE ONE DOLLAR

If you want to "make good" when fly casting, bait casting, trolling, or still fishing, use "Julian's Bait" according to directions.

GEO. W. JULIAN
Albany Building BOSTON, MASS.
Same address for the last fifteen successive years.

Prize Winner at the Seattle Exposition

The Booster Bait

Use with your favorite hook

A Substitute for

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J. G. HENZEL
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Sample Bait by Mail, 15c.

Attracts Fish by its Taste, Smell and Color

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Waterman PORTO

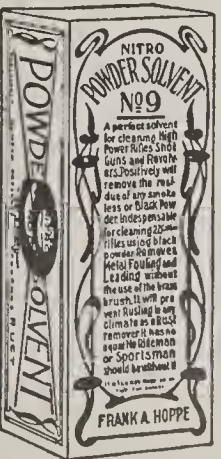


1915 Model has reversing propeller, high tension magneto and unrestricted speed control. 3 H. P. Weight 65 lbs. Sold direct from factory to you. freight paid. Original outboard motor—tenth year—30,000 in use. Guaranteed for life. Fits any shape stern. Has automobile carburetor; removable bearings; solid bronze skeg protecting 10 1/2 x 16 in. propeller. Steers by rudder from any part of the boat. Water cooled exhaust manifold; noiseless under water exhaust; spun copper water jacket. Demand these essentials. If you want your money's worth. Write today for free book, showing both outboard and inboard engines. Our prices will surprise you.

WATERMAN 267 Mt. Elliott Ave.
MOTOR CO., Detroit, Mich.

Makes Any Boat A Motor Boat

USED BY UNCLE SAM'S EXPERT RIFLEMEN
HOPPE'S NITRO POWDER SOLVENT NO. 9
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For Cleaning High Power (Springfield) Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers and Fire Arms of All Kinds



A compound that will remove the residue of any high power powder, including Black Powder. It will prevent Rusting and Pitting in any climate. This compound will neutralize any residue, loosen metal fouling and leading that may be left in the barrel after cleaning. The only Solvent that will remove Rust, Metal Fouling and Leading. For cleaning .22 cal. Rifles and Revolvers, and keeping them in good condition, it has no equal. No. 9 is endorsed by the most prominent riflemen of America. Used by U. S. Rifle Teams, and at Buenos Ayres, Argentine.

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Horseback Camping Trips

in the Great Southwest. Navajo Indian Reservation, Canyon de Chelly, Monumental Valley in Arizona.

Natural Bridges, Goose Necks of the San Juan and the wonderful land-sculpture in Southern Utah. Indian Pueblos and Prehistoric Ruins.

Bookings now made for Season of 1915.

FOREST and STREAM
22 Thames St. NEW YORK

30 Days FREE TRIAL

and freight prepaid on the new 1915 "RANGER" bicycle. Write at once and get our big catalog and special offers before buying.

Marvelous improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1915 price offers. You cannot afford to buy without getting our latest propositions. WRITE TODAY.

Boys, be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our liberal terms on a sample to introduce the new "RANGER."

Tires, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line half usual prices. Auto. and Motorcycle Supplies.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. S339, CHICAGO



You are reading "Forest and Stream" and enjoying it. Why not furnish some of your friends who may not be acquainted with the good things in this issue, an hour or two of similar enjoyment? If you will take the trouble to send us the names of any of your circle of acquaintances, we will see that they are supplied with a sample copy with your compliments.

UNMATCHED SPEED Extra Power—No Vibration

Speed that runs away from any other rowboat motor—power to carry heavier loads—no vibration to shake the boat or mar the pleasure of riding.

2 CYLINDER KOBAN Rowboat Motor

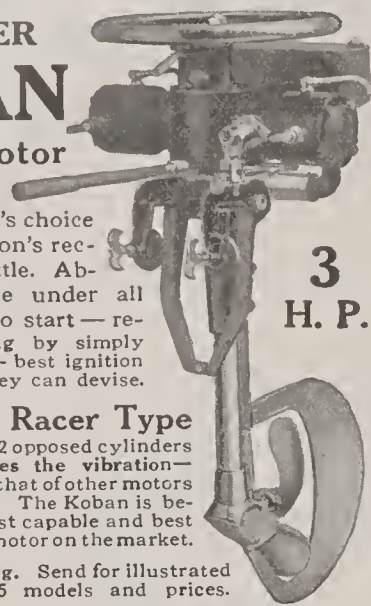
The 2-cylinder Koban is the wise man's choice this year. Last season's records proved its mettle. Absolutely dependable under all conditions—easy to start—reverses while running by simply pressing the button—best ignition outfit brains and money can devise.

2 Cylinders — Racer Type

The Koban Motor has 2 opposed cylinders—that's what removes the vibration—3 H.P.—nearly double that of other motors—speed line propeller. The Koban is beyond question the most capable and best constructed rowboat motor on the market.

Write for 1915 Catalog. Send for illustrated catalog showing 1915 models and prices.

Koban Mfg. Co. 229 South Water St. **Milwaukee**



**3
H. P.**



POMMER —It's the Boat for Specially designed Detachable Motors by naval architects for detachable motor use. Faster, steadier, roomier, more economical than any ordinary rowboat. Has U-shaped stern, so bow won't rise out of water. New "Horseshoe" Rear Seat, twice as roomy as ordinary style. Spray Guards to protect passengers. Boat built extra strong. Brass screw fastened. *Catalog Free.*
Pommer Boat Building Co., Wharf 68 Milwaukee, Wis.

GAME FISH FOR STOCKING.

RAINBOW TROUT

are well adapted to Eastern waters. Try stocking with some of the nice yearlings or fry from our hatchery, and you will be pleased with the results.

PLYMOUTH ROCK TROUT COMPANY

Colburn C. Wood, Supt., Plymouth, Mass.

Small-Mouth Black Bass

We have the only establishment dealing in young small-mouth black bass commercially in the United States. Vigorous young bass in various sizes, ranging from advanced fry to 3 and 4 inch fingerlings for stocking purposes.

Waramaug Small-Mouth Black Bass Hatchery.
Correspondence invited. Send for Circulars. Address **HENRY W. BEAMAN** - New Preston, Conn.

Brook Trout of all ages for stocking brooks and lakes. Brook trout eggs in any quantity. Warranted delivered anywhere in fine condition. Correspondence solicited.

THE PLYMOUTH ROCK TROUT CO.
Plymouth, Mass.

Brook Eyed Eggs for Sale

N. F. HOXIE,
TROUT, R. F. D., PLYMOUTH, MASS.

MACKENZIE'S CAMPS

Located on the Famous So. West Miramichi River. Atlantic Salmon, Brook and Sea Trout Fly Fishing. Over 100 miles' Canoe Trip with no carries. Moose, Caribou, Deer, Bear and Partridge Hunting from September 15th to November 30th.

MURDOCK MACKENZIE

Sparkle, New Brunswick **CANADA**
Telegraph Address, Bristol, N. B.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN LANGUAGE.

(Continued from page 239.)

in leading peculiarities of grammar, with the Algonquin languages. These two, often called Mother tongues, may be inferred to belong to the same high generic family. Again, fundamental analogies with European tongues which pervade and form the basis of the Algic system show clearly an affinity between the languages of the two continents."

Many authorities agree on the theory that the ancestors of the American Indians are of Asiatic origin having crossed over to this continent by way of the Behring Straits. As evidence of a former intimate connection between the two lands by way of this northern passage, Father Richard told an interesting story. A good many years ago, a Jesuit missionary, who had been stationed among the western Indian tribes, was ordered to Tartary. There he met a squaw whose language he understood almost perfectly. She told him that some years previous to the time of his visit, she had been carried away captive from America by a band of Tartars, and that these people used to periodically raid the coasts of northern Alaska.

To-day, the Jesuit missionaries in Alaska minister to the Indians on both sides of the Straits, crossing and recrossing, in winter time, with dog teams on the ice. They have found that the two divisions speak the same tongues.

"Thus, you see, the study of the Indian language leads us deep enough into the history of nations to establish an intimate relationship between the primitive inhabitants of the Old and New Worlds. This alone should be incentive and reward to the student of Indianology."

Gradually the old priest, as he delved deeper into the beauties of this, his pet study, became more and more imbued with the spirit of his subject.

"But," he continued, "we have an interest in these Indian dialects that rises above mere literary curiosity. The Indian names now permanently attached to our cities, lakes, and rivers should have a peculiar interest to us all. Throughout all generations their language will continue to be spoken in our geographical terms. No one can turn to the lake, or river, or stream, to which the original lords of the land have bequeathed a name, without confessing that the Indian has perpetuated himself by a monument more eloquent and more imperishable than could be erected by mere human hands.

"Although obliged to disappear before the white man, the former savage has compelled his invader to adopt and preserve these denominations. The descendants of the Indians have kept, with great fidelity the names of their ancient localities, and have bestowed them upon our villages and cities, as they have successively appeared. It is but a fit tribute to our Indian predecessors to record the baptismal names of our rivers, lakes and streams, and also of their ancient sites."

In a list of the lakes of the United States, published in 1885 for the Fisheries Commission, two hundred and eighty-five bear Indian names. A larger proportion is shown in our rivers and streams. In a list of the principal rivers, flowing into the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, but excluding those of the St. Lawrence basin, seven hundred and twenty-four have Indian names. If we added to these the Indian names of the St. Lawrence Valley, those attached to the waters of the Great Lakes, the Saskatchewan, the numer-



"PRIMIER" MALLARD Reg. U. S. Pat. Office
DOWN BILL—DOWN
on your side—a bunch of Mallards. They look just like our decoy's. They'll sure stool.

BILL

There's no excuse for missing those birds. They hated to leave their wooden brothers. I've never seen 'em decoy so confidently before. The Mason Decoys bring 'em every time. Send for catalog. We have a replica of every bird that decoys.

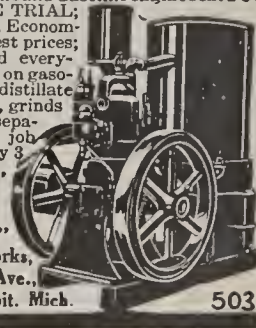
MASON'S DECOY FACTORY
459 Brooklyn Ave. **DETROIT, MICH.**

ous other great northern and northwestern watersheds, and the lakes and streams of the Pacific coast, the list might easily be doubled.

One must bear in mind that these have all not the true pronunciation, but have been disfigured by the early voyagers and trappers, who by mispronunciation destroyed and rendered them incomprehensible, in spite of the reclamation work of Indianologists who were anxious to preserve the true pronunciation.

RUN THIS ENGINE for 30 DAYS FREE

Detroit Kerosene and Gasoline engines sent YOU on 30 days FREE TRIAL; guaranteed 10 years. Economical horse power, lowest prices; farmer agents wanted everywhere. Engine operates on gasoline, kerosene, alcohol, distillate or naphtha. Saws wood, grinds feed, churns, pumps, separates, makes light any job around the farm. Only 3 moving parts, no cams, gears, sprockets, etc. Send for "Common Sense Power Book."
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Detroit, Mich. **503**



One Minute Camera

for making "Postal Card" photographs right "on the spot" all ready to mail. Everything done INSIDE the camera without fuss or muss in ONE MINUTE. Magazine built INSIDE camera holds 50 Prepared Postal cards at a time—Always ready. For fishermen and all vacationists, this is the most wonderful camera the world has ever known. The pictures are PERMANENT.

Complete outfit comes to you for \$5.00 (50c. extra by Parcel Post). Descriptive Folder and sample photographs for two cent stamp.

GEORGE W. JULIAN
Sole Propr. & Mfr. of "Julian's Balt"
Albany Building **BOSTON, MASS.**
Same Address For Fifteen Successive Years.

SWEET ROWBOAT MOTOR 4 H.P.
Fastest—most dependable
best built—4 H.P.—reversible
—fits any boat. Float feed carburetor—battery or mag. Sold only direct from factory. Write for free catalog and owners' letters. 30 Day Special Price.
SWEET MFG. COMPANY
457 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

LAKESIDE INN AND COTTAGES

For the disciple of the rod there is no equal to this place. Landlocked Salmon and Trout right here—not miles away. Table and accommodations unsurpassed. Rates for the moderate purse. Booklet upon application.

AVERILL LAKES (Essex Co.) VERMONT

Born 1820
—Still going strong.



Nervous Gentleman: "ONE TAKES A LOT OF RISKS WHEN TRAVELLING NOWADAYS."

Experienced Traveller: "OF COURSE, THERE ALWAYS WILL BE RISKS, BUT THEY HAVE BEEN ENORMOUSLY REDUCED BY THAT 'JOHNNIE WALKER' NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE."

This wonderful tamper-proof bottle ensures that what is poured out is what the distillers put in. The excellence of "Johnnie Walker" Red Label whisky requires the protection which this non-refillable bottle gives.

Fully convinced that the without-a-rival quality of "Johnnie Walker" only requires to be more widely known to be more widely appreciated, we shall continue to anticipate big increases sufficiently ahead to always ensure Red Label to be over 10 years old.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Agents:—WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, 1158 Broadway, NEW YORK.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

Williams'



Luxuries for the Toilet



By applying an experience of three-quarters of a century in making Shaving Soaps and other Toilet Preparations, by placing purity of materials and care in manufacture above every other consideration,

by recognizing the user's convenience in the form of the article and the style of the package, and

by adding to highest quality a certain refinement and delicacy,

The J. B. Williams Company has taken a complete line of household necessities and put them in the luxury class.

Ask for each at your drug store by the name—Williams

Send 4 cents in stamps for a miniature trial package of any one of the articles shown in this advertisement.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A Glastonbury, Conn.



Camping and Outfitting Number!

May, 1915

Ten Cents a Copy

FOREST AND STREAM

For More Than Forty
Years *the* Recognized Sportsmen's
Authority in America



AMONG CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ISSUE:

Raymond S. Spears
Robert Page Lincoln
Switch Reel
Dr. George W. Field

Will H. Thompson
Livingston Jones
Raynal Bolling
"Old Camper"

A Gun Club in Your Suitcase



THAT'S THE

DU PONT

HAND TRAP

It will give you all the facilities of a regular Gun Club wherever you may be. Ashore or afloat, it's fascinating sport to shoot at "clays" thrown from a

DU PONT

HAND TRAP

You'll find it's not just plain trapshooting. There is an added element of uncertainty to Hand Trap shooting that makes it just about as exciting as field shooting. The Hand Trap will throw seventy yards straight-aways, overheads, "Jack-Rabbits," "curvers" and "skimmers" an almost endless variety of targets. You're "some shooter" if you can hit half of them.

The Hand Trap weighs but six pounds and folds up to fit in your suitcase with targets and shells. If your dealer can't supply you, we will deliver postpaid for \$4.00

*WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLETS ABOUT TRAPSHOOTING
AND USE OF HAND TRAP. ADDRESS DEPT. 3-5*

DU PONT POWDER CO.

ROOM 530, DU PONT BLDG.
WILMINGTON, DEL.

ESTABLISHED 1802



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Big Game Fish of the Sea

Mr. Angler, fond of game fishing, you should spend the summer

Tuna Fishing off the Coast of Nova Scotia

You probably read in Forest and Stream Mr. Myer's story of last season's catches. If you didn't read it let me send you copy of the issues in which the story appeared—It will convince you.

The Leaping Tuna

is abundant here, I would suggest booking early—write for booklet or refer to Editor of Forest and Stream.

TUNA INN, Great Island

Port Medway, Nova Scotia

LONG VIEW

(in the Adirondacks) Long Lake, N. Y. Open May 1st to December 1st. A country abounding in game. In season the best deer hunting in the Adirondacks. When you write to W. F. Emerson, Prop., for reservation (rates are \$14.00 to \$20.00 per week), ask about bass fishing under Buttermilk Falls, and your chances of securing Forest and Stream's Silver Trophy, which is here. Boating, bathing, motor boating, tennis, mountain climbing and every other holiday enjoyment at Long View.

Excellent brook and lake trout fishing and the ice will be out on opening day of season, April third.

TO LET SEASON 1915

SALMON POOLS AND LODGE

On the Restigouche River

Apply to H. R.

Care of FOREST and STREAM

CANADA'S FAVORITE RESORT Inch Arran House

Every facility for indoor and outdoor recreation. Boating, bathing, fishing unsurpassed. Rates \$10 to \$15 a week.

DALHOUSIE NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA

NEWFOUNDLAND

This great wild island offers health and sport to all; its streams abound with salmon and trout; whilst great bands of caribou wander through the forests and over the open marshes and barrens. I am located right in the center of this sportsman's paradise and can arrange your trip. Apply J. R. Whitaker, The Bungalow, Grand Lake, Newfoundland.

NORWAY

Anglo-Norwegian Fishermens Association RIVERS TO LET

Owing to the War the Two best Salmon Rivers, viz., Forsjord Beat of the Vefsen and the Alten River, and the best Sea Trout River Elvegaard—also several other excellent Salmon Rivers and Beats.

Early application should be made for full particulars to COLONEL A. VENABLES KYRKE, Hon. Sec., CHARD, Somerset, England

NEW SPRUCE CABIN INN

Where You CAN Catch Trout

We wish to announce the opening of New Spruce Cabin Inn, Wednesday, April 14th. Trout season opens April 15th and promises to be the best season we have had for trout fishing for a number of years.

The many trout streams surrounding Spruce Cabin Inn have all been restocked with thousands of brook trout—7 to 12 inches in length presenting an unparalleled opportunity, in fact the best ever offered trout fishermen in Pennsylvania.

Yourself and friends are cordially invited to be present.

Yours very truly, W. J. & M. D. PRICE
Canadensis, P. O. - - MONROE CO., PENNA.
Cresco Station - - - - Lackawanna R. R.

Come to New Brunswick

for

Rest, Scenery, Fishing and Shooting

unsurpassed hotels and boarding houses to meet all purses—a delightful trip by boat or rail of wonderful educational value.

THE RUN DOWN MAN OR WOMAN

will find this country a nature tonic unsurpassed, with pastimes ideal.

Trout, Salmon, large and gamy. Moose, caribou, deer and small game.

Let us send you our illustrated booklets or tell us what you want and we will find it for you.

The New Brunswick Tourists Association
Dept. D., ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, CAN.

Granliden Hotel

LAKE SUNAPEE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

At the gateway of the White Mountains. An Ideal Tour. Salmon, bass and trout fishing as good, if not the best in New England. Write for circular, W. W. Brown.

Excellent cuisine, unsurpassed service—Forest and Stream trophy is in competition here.

HOTEL ASPINWALL, Lenox, Massachusetts, under same management.

TO the Fisherman, Canoeist and Camper ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK, ONTARIO'S

2,500,000-acre Forest and Game Preserve, offers a virgin Lakeland of 2,000 lakes and streams comparatively unfished. Rare opportunities for live game photography. 2,000 feet elevation Immune from Hay Fever Highest and Coolest Resort in Ontario

HOTEL ALGONQUIN

at Joe Lake Station is the Starting Point of the direct canoe routes North and South through the Park.

The hotel affords every requisite and comfort for guests within easy reach of fine Trout and Bass fishing. Complete Outfitting and Provisioning Store. Canoe and Boat Livery. Guides procured. Six hours from Ottawa, eight from Toronto. Pullman service.

Season—June 25th to September 25th.

A few fishing parties will be taken in May and June.

Information and booklet of
L. E. MERRELL, 500 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Bear Mountain Camp

J. M. BALDERSON, Proprietor

Beautiful Cranberry, the largest of the Adirondack lakes, offers brook trout in abundance. A five pounder would almost fill that creel, eh? Well there is many a five pounder taken in old Cranberry.

Best of food, finest of spring water and rates so reasonable that you had better write for particulars quick! P. O. address, Wanakena, N. Y. Forest and Stream cup might be won here if a 5½ pound trout is landed. Ask Mr. Balderson.

PLACES FOR SPORTSMAN TOURIST, (Continued)

By Water or Rail

Trout ½ to 3 pounds. Bass large and gamy. Brook, stream or lake fishing. Everything modern man or woman requires. Fare is \$2.85 from New York City—Table and service unsurpassed.

MOUNTAIN LAKE HOTEL
Cook's Falls, N. Y.

Undespoiled by Crowds

Spend your outing where nature's solitudes have been, as yet, little disturbed by man. Good fishing and hunting. Private lake for use of patrons. Also stream fishing. Good eats, such as "mother used to make." New maple sugar and syrup of our own manufacture for sale.

Address, **FOREST HOME, Harrisville, N. Y.**

Maine, Where the Fish Are

Why go way off into the wilderness when you can get near home, **AS GOOD FISHING** as is to be found anywhere in the world—

Trout, Salmon, Bass

Every convenience for the Sportsmen and his family.—Rates, table, accommodations to satisfy the most particular.

CUNLIFFE & MALLETT
Sporting Camps
Fort Kent, Maine

SALT WATER ANGLERS

Try your luck for a Forest and Stream Silver Cup on the big fish taken in salt water during season 1915. The one deep sea fishing place of Mt. Desert. Every convenience for sportsman and recreationist—special attention to family parties. Terms reasonable.

STANLEY HOUSE

E. BENSON STANLEY, Proprietor
Manset, Maine

Spencer Lake Camp

W. H. BEAN, Proprietor

In the heart of America's best fishing, **FLY FISHING** for **SQUARE TAIL TROUT** and trolling for **Lake Trout** unsurpassed. Single cabins, fine table, conveniently reached.

GERARD, Somerset Co., Maine

COLD SPRING CAMP

C. M. Quimby, in the Green Mountains

This advertisement wouldn't hold a reduced photo of one salmon caught here. Trout are marvelous in size and activeness. Within a stone's throw of the best fishing in Quebec and New Hampshire. The Booklet will convince you.

Averill, Vermont

"North and East Pond Camps"

Two Upper Famous Belgrade Lakes
Large and comfortable cabins, with and without bath. Fly and bait fishing phenomenal—40 to 100 bass per day. Trout streams nearby. Our own gardens, two automobiles, excellent roads, and only 78 miles east of Portland, or 5 hours from Boston. Write for new descriptive booklet.

E. W. CLEMENT, Prop., Oakland, Maine

BEST SPRING FISHING IN MAINE

Is found in Attean Lake from May 10 until July 15. Fishing begins right at the Camp Wharf. Particulars and booklet.

RUEL E. HOLDEN, Attean Camp, Jackman, Me.

LAKE COBBOSSECONTEE

for good fishing. Come to the Lake House. Lake is eleven miles long and three miles wide. Hotel for fifty guests, two bath rooms, hot and cold water. Write for booklet. **J. W. Emery, Lake House, Manchester, Maine.**

Bass—Salmon—Trout

Three in one at Mt. Livermore Estate, Holderness, N. H., on Squam Lake. **H. B. Brown, manager.** For those who don't care to fish—boating, bowling, billiards, motoring, tennis and bathing. **Forest and Stream** cup here. Write for booklet. Best of food. Rates reasonable. "The automobile and resort center of New Hampshire."

THE PROSPECT

On beautiful Lake Bomoseen, Castleton, Vt., in the Green Mountains, the largest and most attractive of all the picturesque lakes in Vermont; superb climate. A two hour catch of small mouth bass by **W. A. Lee, Troy, N. Y.**, amounted to 30½ lbs. of these gamy fish. **Forest and Stream** trophy here. Rates reasonable. Cottages for those who prefer them to hotel. "The Prospect" will open June 2nd. Write for booklet. **Horace B. Ellis, Prop.**

BEST TROUT FISHING IN CANADA

Sportsmen:
We have cleaned out the portages, and fished the pools on the many virgin rivers that flow into Hudson Bay. And also have a complete motor boat service on Lake Nipigon.

We want you to come and let us guide you personal, direct to the best Trout fishing in Canada. Two trans-continental railroads pass through this virgin wilderness, and will place you right at the river you wish to fish. We furnish everything, and will guarantee to place you where you can get Speckled trout from 3 to 6 pounds. Special low family rates provided for Lake Nipigon. For Moose, Caribou, Deer and Bear try the Lac Seul regions. Correspondence solicited. Write **King and Armstrong, Jack Fish, Ont.**

THE QUEEN'S ROYAL

WINNETT & THOMPSON, Props.

Excellent bass fishing. Here is every entertainment man or woman may look forward to during vacation.

Niagara on the Lake, CANADA

FISHING PRESERVED FOR YOU

The finest fishing in Canada is reserved for guests of this, Canada's greatest hotel. The **Forest and Stream** trophy is offered here—Come early.

LE NOUVEAU CHATEAU SAGUENAY
CHICOUTIMI, P. Q.

LAURENTIDE HOUSE, COTTAGES AND CAMPS

LAKE EDWARD, P. Q., Canada

Finest trout fishing in Canada. An ideal virgin territory of twelve hundred square miles, hundreds of lakes and rivers, moose, bear, caribou, partridge and duck hunting in the fall. Send for map, booklet and rates.

THE PINES, DIGBY, NOVA SCOTIA

New ownership. New management. On the shore of Digby Basin, at the foot of Beaman's Mountain. Wide verandas, ample grounds, rooms with bath, singly or en suite. **Deep Sea, Lake and Stream** fishing. Rates low. Write for booklet.

G. R. McNEILL, Proprietor

Pine Cone Camp

Where a fifty-pound "Musky" is a regular event—Bass are gamy and plentiful. "A place where no sportsman ever is disappointed."

Rates moderate—attractions extensive. Attractive booklet on request.

THOMAS BROS., DORSET, MINN.

NEW INLET HOUSE

In Heart of Adirondacks

On inlet to Cranberry Lake abounding in trout and bass fishing. Unsurpassed cuisine, comfortable beds, good guides.

Address **MR. & MRS. L. F. MOORE**
WANAKENA, N. Y.

There's Good Trout Fishing

to be had in the near vicinity of the

STEVENS HOUSE
ADIRONDACKS

while hunting can be enjoyed without the necessity of a long trip. The **Lake Placid** golf links are on the hotel grounds.

Boat houses on two lakes, grand orchestral concerts, dancing, all recreations, completely equipped garage.

THE SPORTSMEN'S PARADISE

Send for Booklet

THE STEVENS HOTEL CO. LAKE PLACID, N. Y.

BUCKWOOD INN

In the Delaware Water Gap

At SHAWNEE, on the DELAWARE RIVER, PA.

A modern Hotel in a beautiful region, having the best 18 hole golf course in Pennsylvania. Fishing, Boating, Music—all in a park of ten thousand acres.

Open May 29th for the season.

T. EDMUND KRUMBHOLZ

Winter, The Kirkwood, Camden, S. C.

NEW YORK OFFICE
23 WEST 42nd STREET

PHONE, BRYANT 370

THE MARKET PLACE

This department offers the small advertiser an exceptional opportunity to get in touch with live prospects. Numerous interesting items are here offered for sale and exchange. If you have anything to sell or exchange or are in the market for something and do not know where to find it, place your advertisement herein at nominal cost of two cents a word—small investment, big opportunity—cash must accompany your order as the low charge for this space precludes expense of bookkeeping. June forms close May fifteenth. Cash enclosed with orders at our risk.

DECOYS

CANADA WILD GESE, SWANS AND WILD MALLARDS, etc.—Mated breeding pairs. Buy now to breed this season. Whealton Game Preserve, Chincoteague, Virginia.

WILD MALLARD DECOY DUCKS—Eggs for hatching \$1.25 per 12. Birds \$1.50 each. Birds and eggs from my yards are guaranteed. Raise some decoys this summer for your fall hunting trips. Easy to raise and an ornament to your premises. Order now before it is too late. E. G. Showers, Onalaska, Wis.

CANADA WILD GESE—BUY NOW TO BREED THIS SPRING—Young pairs, right age to train for decoys, \$8. Mated, breeding pairs of trained decoys, \$15. Wild black mallards and English decoy ducks, \$4.50 the pair, also offer swans and other ornamental waterfowl. Whealton Game Preserve, Chincoteague Island, Va.

BOUND VOLUMES FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

WANTED—Subscriber is very desirous of obtaining one copy Nessmuk's "Woodcraft," communicate with Frithjof Sanderson, 1975 Cropsey Avenue, Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DUCK SHOOTING AND HUNTING SKETCHES—Beautifully printed and interesting book, 25 colored plates, 25 half-tones. Price \$2.00 postpaid. Send for booklet. W. C. Hazelton, 408 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

FOR SALE—Violin, Jacobus Stiner, maker; fine condition; elegant tone. Price \$250.00, worth double the money. Fred. H. Buttuson, Westport, Conn.

EXCHANGE—Setter, for 25-20, 32-20, Rifle or Bait Casting rod of equal value. Raymond R. Humphrys, Covington, Va.

EXCHANGE—An Eaton-Glover engraving machine, cost \$98, in first-class order; for a 16 or 12 gauge gun, single trigger preferred. M. N. Fowler, Summerville, Pennsylvania.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Graphophone, Stevens 22, Winchester 25-20, Colts, Police positive 32-cal., 12 vol. set Radford's Construction, etc. Prefer camera, opera glasses, field glasses, telescope. Would pay cash difference. H. L. Thomas, Stuart, Nebr.

FOR SALE—Parker 10 ga., with slip rifle barrel, 40-50, hammer, old-style action; cost \$100, price \$45, or will trade for high-grade 12 or 16-ga. single trigger. W. S. Maxey, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

STAMPS, 100, ALL DIFFERENT, FREE—Postage 2 cents. Mention paper. Quaker Stamp Co., Toledo, O.

BARGAINS IN MOTORCYCLES—Fine twin Indian, \$110; twin Harley-D, \$125; single H-D, \$68; new marine glasses, \$12; Fox hammerless, \$18; Flanders, \$70; single Indian, \$75. Stamp. Lee Howell, Jr., 217 Chestnut, Evansville, Ind.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—For double automatic ejector, special Marlin trap gun, model 24, full pistol grip, 32-in. barrel, practically new. Thos. J. Lawler, East Troy, Wis.

A CLEARING HOUSE FOR SPORTSMEN—Tell us what you want and we will sell same to you either new or used and will accept any used sporting goods in part payment. Stamp for list. Sporting Goods Exchange, Fall River, Mass.

EXCHANGE—Remington 10-ga. hammer, 32-in., four-blade Damascus, full choked, finely checkered, pistol grip, engraved locks; cost \$80. Want—12-ga. hammerless. F. W. Ashenurst, Little Falls, N. Y.

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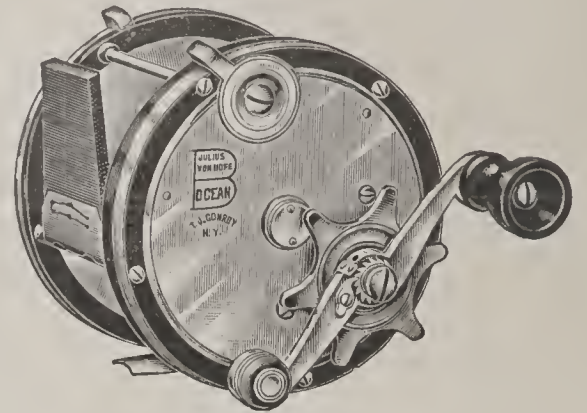
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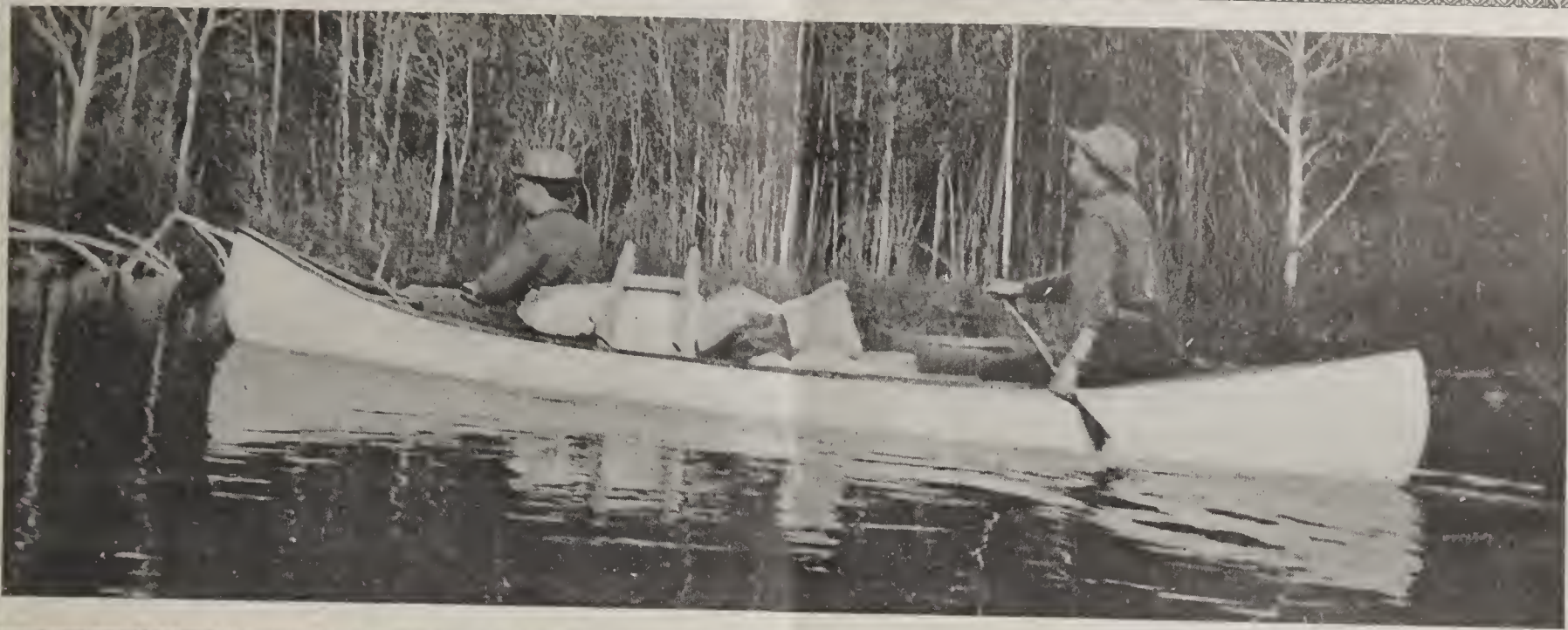
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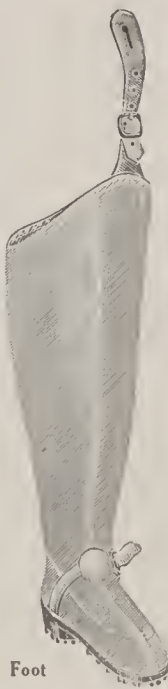
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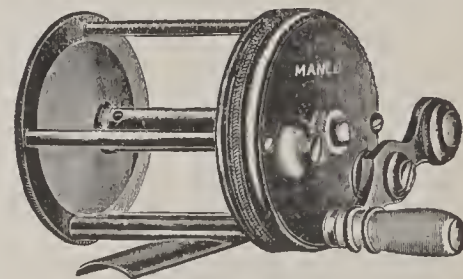
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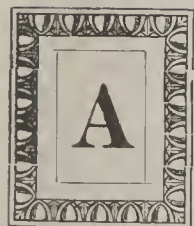
No. 5

Across The Heart of Newfoundland

Story of A Journey Through a Fish and Game Region at the Front Door of Civilization But Hitherto Unexplored

Narrative of a Trip by Raynal C. Bolling and Livingston E. Jones From the Journal of the Former.

FOREST AND STREAM regards this story as one of the most interesting and important of the year. How few people realize that portions of Newfoundland, the "Ancient Colony" are still unexplored and unmapped! The young men who made the trip described herewith, were for twenty-six days as much out of civilization as though they had been in Central Africa. They were the first to cross Newfoundland along the route described, and they discovered quite a number of new lakes and found much new hunting ground. The story of their adventures will run through several issues of this paper.



TRIP into the bush never really begins until hard-soled shoes and white collars have been laid away in the trunk. It was a bright August morning when the S. S. Bruce of the Reid-Newfoundland Co. brought us to Port aux Basques, which is named from the Basque fishermen who used to put in for water and harbor. The steamer that we had expected would take us to the mouth of Little River on the south coast was reported two days late, and as our time was limited, we spent the morning trying to find a power-boat large enough to take us and our two men, John Gillett and Will Allen, together with equipment, along the ninety odd miles of rocky coast. There were but three boats we could find, and after a regular Spanish-American negotiation with each of the owners from whom it was impossible to get a definite answer, we were much discouraged until Bolling proposed that we take the railroad to Badger, and from there, work south across the island, instead of following our previous plan of working north from the mouth of Little River.

The men were pleased because we were at least to start in a country that they knew, Gillett having driven the lower Exploits River.

A freight train was about to start, and with the kind assistance of Mr. Mosdell, the agent of the railway company, we were able to stow our duffle in a box car, lash two 18-ft. canoes on top, get aboard the caboose and we were off.

Leaving Port aux Basques, the road runs along the top of cliffs seventy-five feet above the ocean, the surf breaking on a narrow sand beach directly under the train. Soon the rails leave the shore, and the freight jumps and jerks over the sprucewooded hills. When the engine needs water, we stop on a trestle over a small stream and pump through a hose into the tender. At one of the stations, a bag of crackers and a bottle of pickles were purchased, which, with some tea boiled on the stove in the car, made our supper, as all the provisions were locked in the freight car ahead. Wrapped in our blankets, we spent the first night on the floor of the car. The constant motion of the train made the floor seem less hard than if it were motionless. The following night, about 6 o'clock, we reached Badger, 300 miles from Port aux Basques, and unloaded our outfit in the rain on the railway embankment, arranged its several hundred odd pounds in canoes and pushed up stream a short distance from the little village, looking for a place to camp.

The tents, to assert their independence, leaked

in half a dozen places all night and kept us shifting about for the dry spots. Breakfast was cooked in a heavy drizzle, and, after getting all of our stuff aboard, we started up the Exploits, which is a big smooth river sweeping down hill, about 300 yards wide, with fast current, but the boulders had all been blasted out for log driving. We soon found that the paddles were of no avail, and that only the pole would drive the canoes. For lunch, we stopped in an old lumber camp to keep out of the wet, and while there, saw a caribou doe swim and wade across the river to our landing, from where she bounded off into the woods. After lunch, we worked up stream about eleven miles, and pitched the tents at an old river driver's camp above some falls that were about thirty feet high where the river comes over a sharp, slaty ledge.

So far as we could learn, no one had ever made a trip through the center of the Island from north to south just east of Victoria River. Those to whom we talked said that we could not do it and would be lost, but we replied that as long as we had food, we were not lost. Some years before, two men had attempted the trip in winter with dog teams on the snow. They were finally rescued, but not until they had eaten their dogs and were barely gotten out alive. Sir John Millais had been well up into the country



eastward of Meelpaeg Lake, which we came into from the west, but we knew of no one who had crossed the more than 200 miles in the center of the Island where we planned to go through. Our men were keen to tackle the country, and we felt it would make a better vacation than the usual autumn hunt. We also had dreams of some big heads in the undisturbed country.

The next morning, the air fairly sparkled, the blue sky broken by drifting clouds. It was nine o'clock before we got into the canoes as all hands were not yet accustomed to the many chores that are necessary in breaking camp. The half a gale of head wind from the west and heavy current made progress slow and together with a number of bad rips, it was 12:30 before we reached the mouth of Noel Paul's Brook, coming in from the south, where we had lunch. This is a fine broad stream, but so shallow that the boats had to be waded. Bolling and I took our rifles and walked along the top of the high bank while the men worked the boats up stream, part of the time wading and part of the time under the pole. We saw lots of open country and red fox. About 4:30, the stream or river became very rough, and we came down into it to help with the canoes. The current was strong rather than heavy, the water from six inches to waist deep, the bottom full of holes and covered with large, round and very slippery stones.

Canvas sneakers or moccasins, having soft soles, are not satisfactory for this work. The feet are pinched and stubbed among the large rocks. A stiff sole with holes in the uppers to



let the water out is the best rig. Camped at the first falls, which was a small one over broken ledges and about three miles above the mouth of the brook where we had lunch. Waiting for us at the falls, was old John Paul, a Micmac Indian, and his sixteen-year old son, who had been sent to this place by the Lumber Company to accompany us as fire warden until we got off their land. He was said to know more about the country than anyone, and was therefore a welcome addition.

At sunset, Bolling and I had a fine bath in the smooth rain-filled rock pools on the ledges where the water had been warmed by the sun. The pools were about the size of bath tubs, and there being half a dozen of them, we enjoyed a rare luxury of soaping in one tub and rinsing in another.

The following morning gorgeous. To lighten the canoes, which had to be poled up rather stiff rapids, Bolling and I traveled ashore, first across a smooth barren, but soon the timber beginning, we found the best going along the edge of the stream. Part of the way there was a good game trail, and we saw a doe that was not at all afraid until we were within a few yards of her, when she trotted off, and just as we stopped for the night, saw a stag of 24 or 25 points.

Rain began before daylight, and we had breakfast in a downpour. Were off at nine, and in an hour, reached the falls. "Carried around." Some heavy water for next three-quarters of a mile to a second falls. Here we were able to drag the canoes up a turbulent sort of sluiceway among the boulders. Once above this bad water, we struck Noel Paul's Steady, a beautiful waterway like a long and narrow lake, with scarcely any current, but flowing strong and smooth where it narrowed.

The rain had ceased, and we had lunch on a pretty point looking up the Steady. Seeing a large stag on a point opposite, Bolling tried to get a look at him through the glasses to see just how big a head he had, but before he could do this, the stag went into the alders. After the down-pour of rain all morning, it was a gorgeous afternoon, paddling up the nine or ten miles of Steady, the western sky like pearl against gray clouds. A strong current developed at the upper end of the Steady and a bit of bad water. Rounding a bend, we came upon a high falls with very heavy water that the old Indian, John Paul, did not know was there. In this series of falls there was a drop of more than one hundred feet in a quarter of a mile.

The next morning, we were hard at work cutting out a short half-mile portage on the southerly side of the falls. Packed the outfit over and had a short stretch of stillwater, when we came to another small falls over which the boats had to be dragged. Short stretches of smooth water and several rips, but nothing bad. Just as we were stopping for lunch, Bolling saw a stag of 24 points on the opposite shore a hundred yards or so ahead, and as I had never shot a caribou, he insisted that I should go over and get him. He was feeding in and out of the edge of the alders, and allowed John and me to get within fifty yards. It was like shooting a cow in a barn-yard. The liver we ate at lunch as it was less tough than the rest of the meat, from being so fresh. At this stage of the journey, we had such entire faith in our food supply



that the addition of fresh meat was merely an incident and not an event of much importance as it would have been later. We put most of the meat, including the horns, in the canoes.

After lunch, a continuation of rather hard work with pole and paddle until 4:30, when we came through some pretty bad rapids, rounded a bend and found another big falls above which was a gorge half a mile long, filled with very heavy rapids. As our Indian, who was said to know more about the country than anyone else, had never heard of these falls and we were no doubt beyond the land claimed by the Lumber Company, we were well into the country and only a few days' journey from the watershed, on the other side of which we hoped to find streams running south through which to work our way to the coast. Working up to the head of the gorge, one of the men climbed a tree and reported the country ahead as fairly flat, which was interpreted as a good sign.

The following morning was cloudy, but no rain. Crossing just below these falls, we unloaded the canoes, carried the stuff about one hundred yards and lifted the canoes up over the edge of the falls. Tow lines, sixty feet long, were attached to the bow of each canoe, the loads securely stowed and all hands set to work to drag them up through the gorge, down which the water was rushing in a stream 200 feet wide and mostly white. The sides of the gorge in many places were perpendicular rock twenty-five feet high; sometimes a ledge of a few inches in width would enable us, with the aid of





setting pole, to crawl along the face of the rock, or if this was not possible, to climb through or over the thick evergreen brush on the top of the cliff. The tow lines of the canoes had to be kept on the face of the cliffs with often two men working the line and the other two with poles on shore opposite the boat. It was pretty risky work as we were in and out of the hard rushing water, nearly waist deep, all the way. Lots of chance to lose a canoe and outfit.

At the head of the gorge where the stillwater began, the Indian and his boy turned back, having left their canoe at the foot of the falls, and I think they were sorry to leave us as they would have enjoyed the new country. The Indian's canoe was only fifteen or sixteen feet long, and it was a perfect delight to watch the old man and his young son climb up through white water, the youngster standing up in the bow with a short pole, driving first on one side of the boat and then on the other, his whole body in every shove. Then, when the going was a little stiffer, the old Indian, crouched in the stern, would jab down his pole, and hand over hand, reach up to the end of it until he was erect, and then with the weight of man and boy on the poles, the canoe would raise a bit and shoot forward over the rushing water.

Going through half a mile of stillwater, we came into a small lake three-quarters of a mile long. Here a brook coming in from the south looked as if it might head into the country where we wished to go. We now believe it was about opposite Maelpaeg Lake to which we afterward came. But the brook was a small one



and came rattling down over the stones and was too near to the falls to seem right from the map, which we subsequently found was wrong. We therefore continued on through the stillwater to a second lake about a mile long. After this lake, more bad water. Going about a mile further, we became doubtful as to the proper course, as both maps were clearly wrong. We did not, however, feel justified in leaving such a large stream of water and packing south across country, not knowing how far we would have to go to find streams running south. It was puzzling to have our river and its lakes, many of them of considerable size, not shown on the maps, and bearing much further west than we wanted to go as it was taking us too far west of Maelpaeg waters which drained into Little River. However, we had food, and though it was hard traveling, we were seeing some beautiful country.

After lunch, we kept on up river for about three miles through bad water, using paddle, pole and tow-line. It was hard work all the way, and we made camp for the night in a clump of swamp spruce. John again climbed a tree and saw a large lake about one-quarter of a mile ahead. We were by this time pretty doubtful as to our course, but felt sure from the volume of water in the river that there must be some lakes ahead and that we should have a better chance of finding water going south by keeping on until we reached the watershed, wherever that might be.

The air-beds were not only great time savers in making camp but enabled us to pitch the tent on wet or comparatively stony ground. To save weight, they had been made to reach only from the shoulders to the knee, which is all that is necessary, boughs being put under the head and feet. When running the canoes in bad water, the beds were inflated and lashed under the thwarts.

Sunday, August 31st. Dark day, but no rain. Breaking camp and getting away as early as possible, we worked through a quarter mile of rough water where most of the way the loaded boats had to be brought up under a tow rope along the shore, as a paddle was out of the question and the river was so pockmarked with deep holes that it was too risky trusting to a pole. One of the party would go ahead on the boulder-strewn shore with a rope while another of us opposite the boat, with a pole, wading or jumping from rock to rock, many of which were submerged, kept the boat clear by pushing the bow or stern. It was a matter of nice calculation for the man with the rope to know just how hard to pull or how much to ease up when the heavy cross current took hold of the canoe. Much too large a part of the whole upper river had to be handled this way and progress was slow. The lake that we now came to was about three miles long by half a mile wide, with a high, bare-topped hill on the southern side near the outlet and two more hills later appearing west of it as part of the same ridge, one of which we climbed in three-quarters of an hour, to see a small lake on the southerly side. The river we could see went up through a mile of fast water to a long large lake.

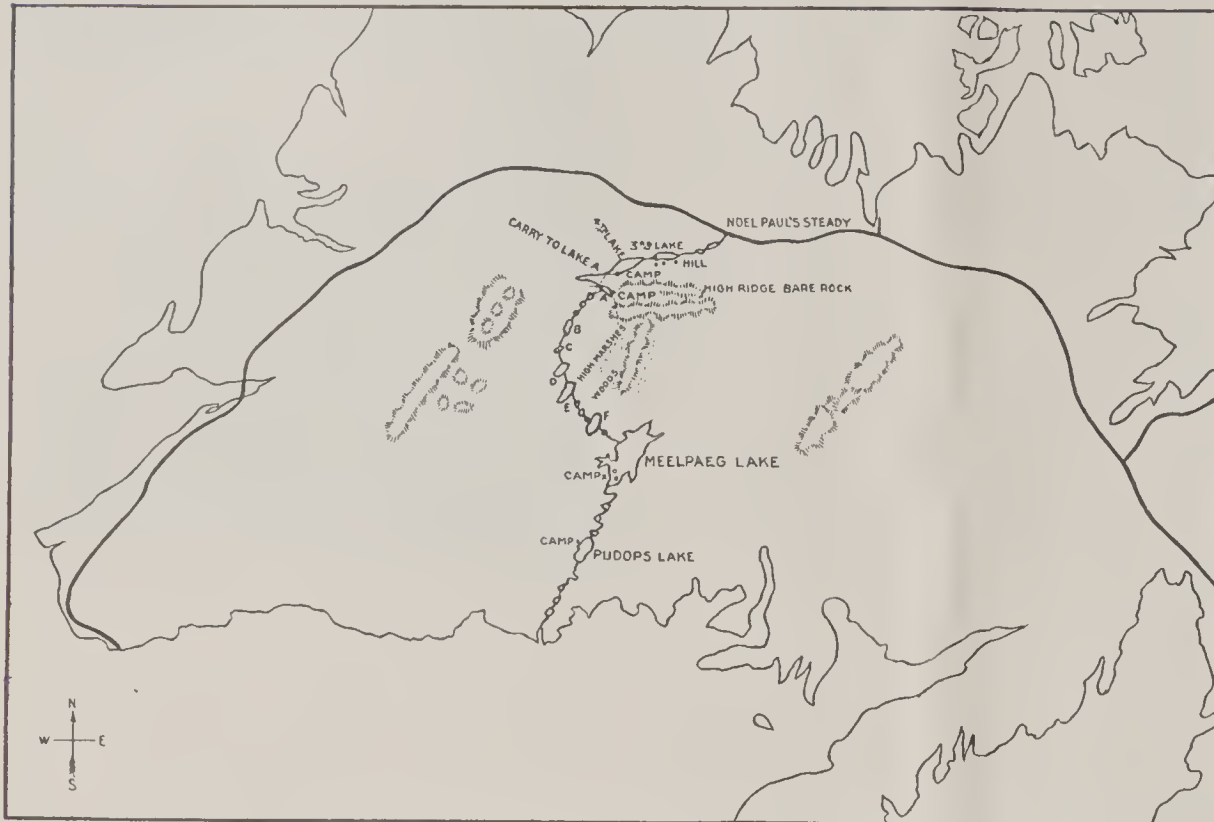
Maps were useless and we were more than doubtful as to our course, but decided to go on. Reaching the head of the lake, after coming down from the hill, Bolling and I splashed



along with the tow ropes again, and just before we came in the large or Fourth Lake, found a bit of very heavy water. Bolling and John were dragging their canoe with a rope along the shore where the rapid was heaviest, when the stern hung on a submerged rock and a heavy sea came over the side; a quick slacking of the line to let the canoe fall off with the current was all that saved her. The water in the river was so strong that if the canoe once got across the current on a rock and swamped, it would crumble like paper as later in the trip happened.

The Fourth Lake was five or six miles long and a mile wide, very beautiful among the blue hills. A strong head wind blowing from the west made all the chop the heavily laden canoes, dodging up along the south shore, could stand. Large rocks just under the surface a couple of hundred feet out where the bottom was eight or ten feet down, forced us to keep off and take the seas. Not being experts at running in the trough with canoes heavily laden, we had to slide them side-ways, quartering the sea in rounding the rougher points. The lake bears east and west, but about two miles from the upper end, bends away west southwest. Landed on the southerly side near the inlet, and as we had passed no other stream coming in from the south, the men were now sure we were on the wrong course, being too far west. Bolling insisted that we climb the heavily wooded hill just south of us until we could see to the south. So off we scrambled through some very thick and tangled growth and up over a high precipitous moss-covered ridge; no trees high enough





Map Showing Route Followed by the Explorers

above the others to make climbing one worth while. The outlook was certainly not favorable, but Bolling felt sure from what we had seen from the peak further south that the barrens made round southwest of us and pushed on ahead.

Sure enough, after coming out of the woods and crossing a long narrow bog, there was a rocky ridge. The sun had now come out and we pushed up over the ridge to a magnificent lookout dominating the whole country. We could see twenty miles in every direction and forty miles in some. Blue hazy ranges of high hills appeared on the horizon from the northeast around on the north to the southwest. Twelve or fifteen lakes and rivers were in sight; Red Indian Lake and Victoria waters were clearly seen, but not Meelpaeg, the goal of our desires, because it would take us south. But we felt sure that from a high barren ridge two miles south we could see it. Caribou leads like cow-paths were found in every direction, with a stag and five does not too far away. We traveled the two miles back down to the canoes in high spirits and made camp on the shore of a lake, knowing that we were finally at the height of land but not sure if we could find water running south within five or twenty-five miles.

September 1st. The next morning was one of those sparkling, clear days that only the northern country knows. We decided to go to the ridge to the south seen on the previous afternoon, Bolling and I taking outfit enough to camp on the high barrens. The men kept talking of the brook away back twelve or fifteen miles down the river we had worked so hard to get up. They were mesmerized by the map, in which they showed a child-like confidence, although the use of dotted lines on it showed its makers were in doubt as to this country. To satisfy them, they were to be allowed to go back through the bad waters with the lighter of the two canoes and to explore the brook should the lookout today not give us a satisfactory lead.

It was a hard pack up the hillside, covered thick with blow-downs, and so steep that it was

easier to go on all fours, big gobs of moss coming away from the rock and letting one slip back every other step. The small pack of thirty-five pounds with rifle and glasses was heavy enough. Passing over the high ridge we reached the day before, Bolling and I established a camp about a mile beyond in a droke of thick spruce and twisted juniper at the head of a little lake which we called Lake A. While having lunch here, saw a stag standing on the highest point of the next ridge to the south about a mile away and could make out with the glasses what appeared to be a good head. As he was in our line of travel, we set out to look him over, and after a fairly hard, fast climb, dodging a doe meanwhile, got within seventy-five yards of him, but he had no brow pans and only two dozen points, not worth shooting. We had, however, the fun of the stalk. This stag had stood almost motionless on the ridge in the strong wind and sunshine for two hours. In caribou hunting, unless the shot is a difficult one, the sport is over when the gun reaches the shoulder, for modern rifles have given the hunter all the odds.

When he stepped off in a long reaching trot, we went up to his lookout, and at last, saw our long sought Meelpaeg Lake, ten miles due south and twelve or thirteen miles due south of the head or Fourth Lake, where were our canoes. Six or seven miles away, south southeast was another ridge giving a better view of Meelpaeg and we set out for that, but it was now 2 o'clock, and after traveling some miles over all sorts of a broken country with rocky barrens and high wet marshes, we found we could not reach the next lookout and get back before dark, so we turned around, and soon saw another stag with a head very similar to the one we had seen earlier in the afternoon, but still having meat enough, he was only interesting from the standpoint of nature study. It was here decided that the men should leave Bolling and me and circle west and northwest to see which way the water ran in the chain of small lakes below us,

and to the north and west, while Bolling and I would return to the lookout where we had seen the first stag in the hope of seeing a larger head and after that return to our camp on Lake A, while the men would return to the other camp on Fourth Lake, where the canoes were and come up to our side camp on the high barrens the next morning, when we planned to explore the country toward Meelpaeg. Bolling and I stayed at the lookout until towards sunset, seeing a small stag and several does and fawns, and then went to our camp on Lake A.

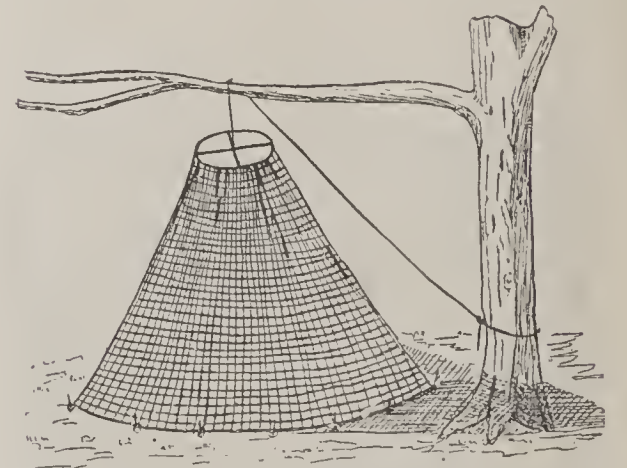
After traveling hard for so many days up the roughest kind of a river and in doubt as to our way, there was cheer and stimulation in at last being on the top of Newfoundland, with wonderful views stretching in every direction. This high central plateau is devoid of timber, except wind-blown twisted growth in the little valleys. The rolling barrens and marshes are strewn with every conceivable size and shape of boulders, many of them as large as a three-story house.

We had done a hard day's work before reaching our camp in the dusk, but Bolling, always ready with the axe, went busily to work cutting firewood, while I cooked the supper. Food was welcome and then the pipe, while wet stockings were pulled off and dry ones put on. No place so cheerful as the tent with the soft air bed and warm blankets, for frost was in the air. A last look at the fire in front, and pulling the blankets over our heads, we were soon asleep.

(To be continued.)

MOSQUITO-PROOF TENT.

The top is formed with a light hoop, about 2 feet in diameter, covered with muslin like the head of a drum. Two strong pieces of tape are sewn from side to side of the hoop, crossing each other at right angles, and at the center where they meet is attached a thin rope about 10 feet long. To the muslin at the rim of the hoop is sewn a quantity of coarse cheese-cloth or "tarleton," descending so as to form a bell 6 feet in height and 8 feet in diameter at the ground. Around the lower edge, at intervals of 2 feet, are small tape loops for pegging out wide when two or three people wish to sit inside. The whole article weighs only about 2



pounds, and can be folded flat so as to go inside a bag when traveling. When required for use the rope at the top is thrown across the branch of a tree and drawn up just enough to let the lower edge of the cheese-cloth or "tarleton" rest on the ground. Danger from fire can be avoided by soaking the screen in a solution of tungstate of sodium.--J. J. M.

An Interrupted Excursion to Confluence

A Little Earthly Paradise That Exists Somewhere Among the Mountains of Southwestern Pennsylvania

By Benjamin Pullrod.



CONFLUENCE is a little village in the mountains of southwestern Pennsylvania, some twenty miles east of Uniontown, where three streams come together. These are fed by small runs, tumbling clear and cold down the neighboring ravines, or winding quietly through the valleys. For the most part these runs contain a very fair sprinkling of speckled trout. At Confluence the stranger may pick up any desired number of unoccupied villagers to escort him over the country, especially if he should happen to carry a bit of the stuff that cheers in his creel.

I had been there two Junes ago, and now it was another June, which meant another violent attack of spring fever, only to be allayed by a few days in the open. By chance lunching with my friend Dick, ordinarily a business man of considerable energy and application, to my astonishment I discovered in him a latent and somewhat timid germ of my own malady. By glowing descriptions of bosky wood and mountain brook, by hair-raising tales of huge, imaginary trout that broke rods and lines and even endangered lives, I nursed and fed this embryonic germ, until it became a vigorous, permeating thing that took hold of his whole system and overpowered him. Snatching the auspicious moment, I bound him then and there to join me the next Thursday morning, ready at seven o'clock to crank the machine and start away.

I got everything ready. There was the tent, for we were going to camp. The real outdoor life in the woods for us. None of your tender-foot ideas of hotel or farm house. We would sleep in our own blankets and cook our own meals, wherever the spirit moved us. There were the provisions, the cooking utensils, the blankets, the fishing tackle, the extra clothing.

It was eleven at night when we finally arrived at Uniontown, abandoned the car at the first garage, and sought the arms of Morpheus at the nearest hotel.

We awoke refreshed, looked out of the window into a sunshiny spring morning, noted Uniontown's one lonely skyscraper towering out of the miscellany of two and three story buildings, and went down to breakfast.

We embarked once more under a cloudless sky, over a more or less asphalted street. In the outskirts this asphalt changed to macadam, and presently we were climbing the four miles of spiral road up the Laurel Ridge. At the very top there squats the rambling, wide-verandahed building known as the Summit House, and there we stopped to let our engine cool.

The pleasant macadam shortly gave way to a stony jolting, worn-out rock road that loosened our back teeth and caused the car to buck like

a bronco. Dick tried to keep up a scattering conversation, but the fourth time that he bit his tongue he gave it up in disgust and maintained thereafter a sullen silence. However, this rough stretch did not last long, and presently we made out the good old macadam again away ahead on a hillside, and before long we were coasting easily down into Somerfield, where Carl Springer's tavern occupies the bottom of the V formed by the precipitous descent into the village and the steep climb out. You come in with both brakes set and a sickening dread that you are about to drop over the windshield. You go out leaning far forward to keep your center of gravity where it belongs, while you wonder how much of your baggage has rolled over the rear seat and gone avalanching back down to Carl's place.

But before we went out, we stopped at Springer's to let our brakes cool and to eat our lunch. For the latter we went into the cafe, a step below the ground, which consisted of a long narrow room divided lengthwise in the middle by an unpainted wooden bar, and with a stand-up lunch counter at one end. Behind the bar stood the dispenser of liquid refreshments in flannel shirt and overalls. I turned to a seamed and weatherbeaten old mountaineer at my elbow and remarked:

"I hear Bill has taken out a license, and is making his white whiskey under the law."

He looked me over with a gleam of interest in his hard blue eyes.

"I reckon that's right, stranger. Know Bill?"

"I was up at his still two years ago with Jimmy Pence and Colonel Holburke," I vouchsafed.

"You don't tell! Shake, pard! Why me and the Colonel has been visitin' old Bill together for forty years. Yes sir, Bill has been makin' his moonshine up in the mountin' for more'n forty years, and now he's took out a license."

So then we were friends, of course, and after a number of Bill's narrow escapes from revenue officers had been recounted we told him we were bound for Confluence, and were going trout fishing up above Draketown, near Newton Tannenbaum's farm. He nodded as each of these names was mentioned, and after studying a moment:

"Why don't you-all go over to Karl Miller's for trout?" he suggested.

"Who is Karl Miller, and where does he hang out?"

"Why, Karl Miller, the King of Unamis? Ain't you-all never heard o' him?"

We confessed our ignorance. So he told us about King Karl of Unamis, and the natives in the room gathered close around to listen eagerly, and occasionally to contribute additional data. When he had finished and had traced the route to Unamis on a large scale county map that was the only decoration of the plastered walls, we

left the tavern converted, and pointed the car for Unamis.

Thus far we have taken the reader along with open frankness, describing our route so that a child could follow it; that is, if it were a very bright child, and had an experienced guide along. But now the time has come for caution. Unamis is not for the many. The way must not be made too easy. Emerson says of him who can do any one thing better than his neighbor that "the world will make a beaten path to his door." Unamis can furnish better fishing, pleasanter surroundings than any of its neighbors that we know of. Above all it can furnish a host without a peer. Let the world make the beaten path. We do not propose to do it. However, perhaps it is safe to say that we left the pike at the small village of Addison, passed through a mining hamlet, and feeling our way over a road so rough and narrow, so walled in by the forest that to have met another vehicle would have been a calamity, we came out into the open, and there we looked down upon a charming valley, where a broad torrent of water curved between two thickly wooded thousand-foot hills, like a ribbon of silver chased with ripples and splashes of spray that flashed in the sun streaming down from the edge of a cloud.

In the immediate foreground, a stone's throw back from the road, there stood in a clearing to the left, a frame building, a story and a half high, fronted with a porch a step from the ground. Directly across the road two small cottages were perched on the first rise toward the right hand mountain. We descended into the valley and stopped the car opposite the first mentioned building, which proved to be a country store. We got out and sauntered up the path. A cloud of smoke drifted out from the porch, and we made out a black cigar protruding between a heavy mustache and a square cut beard. A pair of shaggy eyebrows thatched two twinkling blue eyes that regarded us intently from under the shadow of a brown slouch hat. The figure stretched in the arm chair was thickset, with perhaps a leaning to corpulence. The feet were on the railing. We hailed it with:

"Can you direct us to Karl Miller's?"

He bit the end off the cigar, rolled it a moment in his mouth, then spat it out.

"They call me Karl Miller," came the answer, and he took his cigar from his mouth. His lips parted, his mouth widened, his eyes narrowed to slits bracketed at the corners with little wrinkles—he smiled.

Since leaving Springer's tavern rain clouds had been gathering, and the sky was overcast, but when that smile played over his features, the clouds opened up, the sun came out, an oriole began to warble from an apple tree in the yard, a rooster on the path flapped his wings and

crowded, and a large yellow tom cat that had been sleeping at the other end of the porch, got up, yawned, stretched his four paws till his belly touched the floor, and came softly to rub his arched sides against Karl Miller's legs. It was an irresistible smile. A jumping toothache could not have kept us from answering it with another.

"Are you Karl Miller?" we smiled. "Then this is Unamis and you are King Karl?"

"This is Unamis," he returned, "and I have reason to believe that they do call me King Karl."

"Can we fish here?"

"You can do anything you like here that is becoming to gentlemen."

The smile lingered. So did the conversation. We learned that for three miles up stream the valley and the mountain sides were his. He had come out there some five years ago, having picked up his thousand acres for a song. He was practically alone in his little kingdom, with only a farm house or two within a four mile radius, and a dozen, perhaps, if you took in four miles more.

He took us over to see his house, next door to the store, where his two men and their families lived, as well as himself. It was a well built country house, not a bit pretentious, but substantial and comfortable, and suggesting an acquaintance with the luxuries of the city. The linen was of good quality, there was a library of well selected books, there was a rug here and there of excellent pattern. He conducted us across the road to inspect the cottages, which were four room bungalows with each a little bath room, with running water from a reservoir on the mountain side above. He informed us that he intended to make this a summer resort, and mentioned the price of the cottages, which was so insignificant that we looked at him in doubt. He only smiled.

Across the road again he led us to see his trout pond, where we watched as many as fifty

big fellows lazying in the pool, while he explained that this was intended for ladies only. No man might despoil this treasury with rod and line, save only if he were so unskillful as to spend two entire days along the stream without reward. Then three casts over the pond were allowed him. He showed us his cows and horses and chickens, and at last we followed him down into a dank shady glen, in whose heart lay a black pool, with a thick snow-white foam covering half the surface. This, he told us, was a spring of lithia water of great medicinal virtue, and would some day become famous throughout the country, for its curative properties were established. He would later show us the government analysis and reports from eminent physicians to prove it. We drank copiously and courteously, and the taste fully warranted his assertions. All the while he carried on a breezy conversation, touching on this subject and that with animation, sometimes fixing a point with a quotation, again with an anecdote, showing now and then a speaking acquaintance with politics, with history, with literature, and ever and anon breaking out into that infectious smile, that ended in rollicking, spontaneous laughter.

At length we strolled back to the store, and he invited us to his sanctum, or throne room. We followed him through the long store with its amazing assortment of merchandise, back to a small office in the rear, partitioned off by unpainted pine and dingy ground-glass and he ushered us in. A roll-top desk occupied the prominent position, groaning with papers, loose and in piles, letters in their envelopes scattered about and tied in packages, books on farming and chicken raising, government reports, photographs and photo films, pipes and broken cigars, and a general disarray of miscellaneous articles. Two chairs, besides his revolving desk chair, and an old egg stove completed the furniture, if a worn, colorless rug on the floor be excepted. He got out a large bottle of lithia water and set out

glasses, and we lit our pipes to smoke things over.

Meanwhile our minds were furtively busy, trying to find out the solution of the puzzle. Why had this man of evident breeding and education, this delightful companion, who entertained a couple of strangers with cheerful urbanity, buried himself in this lonely wilderness, with only two hired men for company, and the nearest farmer, even four miles away? A little girl came shyly into the store. He excused himself to wait on her, and we saw him open the back of the candy case and get out an "all-day sucker," which he handed to her with a smile as she held up her penny.

"Don't know what I'll do, if business keeps up this way," he chuckled, as he returned, "guess I'll have to get help. My wife was here one time when that little girl came in with her penny and she saw me make the sale of one lolly-pop. 'The idea of a man who once sold bonds in hundred thousand dollar lots, retailing candy over a counter,' she scolded: 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself,' " and he laughed aloud at the memory.

I seized the opening: "You're married then?" I questioned. "Oh, yes, my wife lives in the city. She likes it there. I like it here. I drop in on her occasionally and she reciprocates. She likes society and I don't. I like the country and she don't. So there you are."

"What do you do to keep busy?" Dick ventured.

"Oh, I look over the place and boss the men," he replied, "and tend store. And when my friends come out I entertain them."

"Don't you get lonesome when none of your friends are around? How do you keep cheerful all by yourself?"

"I think over the good times I've had," he answered. Then he changed the subject by suggesting a good camp site, inasmuch as we were determined to camp out, though he renewed his former invitation to stay at his house; at a price, he explained, for Unamis was strictly a business proposition, but again the price he mentioned was ridiculously inadequate.

Evening was approaching when we left him. We should have been fishing all afternoon, but he had held us like the Old Man-of-the-Sea. We followed the road about a mile up the valley, found the site he had described, made our camp, and considered the business of getting our supper. I suggested that we alternately take charge of the meals, and that Dick start by cooking the supper and washing the dishes, and I would get breakfast. He said the idea was all right, but it would be better for me to take the first meal, because I was experienced, and he could watch the process and be ready for the next one. I said there was a flaw in that argument somewhere, and he demanded to know where. After considerable study, I suggested that we take this one meal at Miller's, but after that arrange a satisfactory plan, and cook all our own meals as every true sportsman should. He agreed, and we jumped into the car and hurried to the store. We found the King just locking up. "I thought you might be along," he chuckled, "and told the cook to be prepared. Glad to see you. Come right on over."

The dinner? There is no use trying. The dictionary is a wonderful book. I believe it is supposed to contain every word in the English language. But it does not contain any that are adequate to describe that dinner. I hunted all



It Was the Big Trout.

through it and I know. The chicken alone would strain it, and when it comes to the buckwheat cakes, and the steaming coffee, and the apple pie, the poor book would burst its covers in shame. It was a dinner fit to set before a king. And the king was worthy of the feast. He regaled us with stories of the natives in the neighboring country, stories of his experiences in politics, and in the bond business, stories that had nothing to do with any of these things, and more than one cacophonous peal of laughter went around the table.

When the dinner was over, we repaired again to the store. He got out a device that he called Zig Zig, which consisted of a board with a narrow alley along each side, and a number of wire wickets and cages between the alleys. You shot a marble up one of the alleys, and it rolled down among the wickets, knocking against them all the way, until finally it came to rest in one of the cages. There were numbers giving different values to each cage, and you counted each one in which the marble delayed or stopped. We hung over this breathlessly, the gambling running high with pennies and nickels, till nine o'clock came and we left for our tent.

The next morning we got up early enough to make preparations for a day's fishing. Neither of us mentioned breakfast. We merely got into the car and drove over to the King's without a word. After breakfast, he handed us each a can of worms, which at first we refused, as we had brought plenty of flies, but he urged them on us in case of emergency, so we put them in our baskets, together with a lunch that he had ready. We ran the car three miles up the road, walked another mile across a meadow, cut through a deep fringe of woods, tied on our flies, and began to fish.

We fished along down stream, trying this fly and that until we had sacrificed an hour or so for art's sake, but had no concrete evidence in the way of anything piscatorial. True, Dick had caught his trousers, and his hat, and I had twice broken my line trying to pull down several trees whose branches overhung the stream. But we could not coax the trout out of their apathy. It may have been that the stream was too swollen, or the sun too bright, or the season too early, for flies. I patiently explained all this to Dick, when he reminded me of the tales I had told him at that first luncheon of ours, and asked me to tell him again what a trout looked like, so he could describe one to his wife when he got home.

Then we tried worms. At once the trout awoke from their lethargy, forgot the poetic side of life, and began to take an interest in practical matters. Soon we had taken three or four fingerlings, and after Dick had enjoyed a strike of more than usual vigor, and I had landed a nice ten-inch trout from the same spot while he was putting on another worm, we decided it was best to separate. The situation was rather too strained.

So I went ahead down the stream until I had put a sufficient number of bends between us for safety, leaving in sadness several likely looking pools to him, and began to fish on my own account. Something was wrong, and after I had tried it an hour or so without success, I gave it up and sat down to eat lunch. Then I lit my pipe and stretched out on the grass at full length, wondering how Dick was coming along.



Bass Fishing on the Delaware River.

Photo by C. L. Pedder

Gradually a sense of complete contentment stole over me, and I began to philosophize dreamily. This was surely an ideal way to live. There were no trains to catch here; no bills to worry about; no book agents with the latest history of the world to beguile out of the office; no street cars to dodge; no mad rush for money to keep a man on edge with tense nervousness. After all, I mused, perhaps Karl Miller had the right idea, living this kind of life from year's end to year's end. Just then a deer-fly struck my cheek with the velocity of a bullet, ripped out a piece of flesh, and carried it off in his jaws, buzzing derisively. I leaped to my feet with a snort, and decided to keep moving. I would fish down to the car and wait there for Dick. Presently I came to a swift riffle leading into a deep, quiet pool of considerable size.

If I had not determined to make this relation strictly truthful; if I had not resolved to leave nothing out, but tell all the facts without reservation, I would eliminate the ensuing adventure, if only for the sake of novelty. For who ever heard of a fishing tale without its story of the big one? But I must not allow the mere desire for originality to interfere with the truth. I must adhere rigidly to the facts. So the incident will have to be admitted.

I cast my hook, baited with a worm, into the white water that swirled between two boulders. As it bobbed along into the whirlpool below, it was suddenly deflected by some side current into the quiet pool beyond, and came to rest under the shadow of a ledge of rock overhanging the edge, just beside a dimly outlined form that looked like a sunken rock or waterlogged piece of tree trunk. This vague form moved aside.

You have guessed it. It was the Big Trout.

Lying down there in the bottom he looked to be nearly as long as my arm and a good deal thicker. My eyes bulged out. My knees trembled. My rod shook and fluttered in my excited hands. I choked off the shout that was about to leap from my open mouth, took myself in hand, and sat down to arrange my disturbed senses in their proper places. Should I call Dick? Perish the thought! I would land this trout by myself and punish Dick for his remarks of the morning. I detoured stealthily through the brush until I

came out into the open just behind the ledge of rock that projected over the pool, and peered cautiously over the edge. The trout was still there.

I selected the fattest, juiciest worm in the can and impaled him squirming on the hook. I worked my way flat on my stomach until my head and one arm were over the ledge, and gently lowered the line, slowly, very cautiously, till the worm dangled exactly in front of those lazy eyes. The big mouth quivered, half opened—then the trout pivoted on his tail, turned his back on the feast, and went on calmly balancing himself on his fins. The insulted worm writhed in humiliation. I tried again.

It is unnecessary to relate the various means I used in the attempt to land that fish. And finally—

He fought like the game creature he was, but the line held strong. When I landed him at last I threw my arms around him and hugged his flapping body to my breast. I laid him on the grass to admire him gloatingly. What a beautiful creature a trout is! Take him just out of the water with his wet, rainbow tinted sides flashing in the sun. Give him a background of green grass to set off his colors. See how garishly the various hues spots decorate his velvety skin. Note the lithe grace of his body, tapering and then spreading into the tail. Observe the delicacy and yet the strength of his frame. Can you think of any wild creature that can equal him for beauty?

With the trout slung over my shoulders, I followed the stream to the car, and waited there for Dick, who soon returned with a nice basket of sixteen very fair trout. I shall not attempt to describe his astonishment when he saw my prize, and I will not even mention his unworthy jealousy. We took them all to Miller's and weighed and measured the big one. The length from nose to tip of tail was twenty-eight inches and it weighed a little over four and a half pounds.

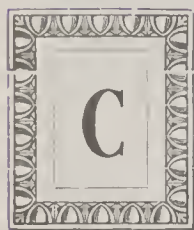
We had it for supper at Miller's, baked and stuffed, and laid out in a long platter, its sides dripping with juice. Its flesh was firm as it went into one's mouth, but broke away into nothing but flavor as soon as it got there. The

(Continued on page 305.)

Sea Trout of the Eastern Provinces

Little Known Nooks of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Where Primeval Conditions Prevail and Lots of Fish are Found

By Ellwood Colahan.



CERTAINLY the most popular vacation time and often the only available one is the mid-summer season from the middle of June to the end of August. While this is unfortunate for our ordinary brook-trout fisherman it is ideal for the man who goes after the great silver-clad, sea-going *Fontinalis* that sweep into and up the picturesque rivers of the Maritime Provinces during these beautiful months.

As a game fish volumes could be and ought to be written about the Canadian sea-trout. His temporary sojourn in the salt water seems to serve as a remarkably invigorating stimulant which applied to the natural vigor of the *Salvelinus* (for such he undoubtedly is) renders him a perfect paragon of activity. With this increase of vitality comes also a corresponding increase in size and in many of the New Brunswick streams great salmon-like trout of five or six pounds are by no means unusual. In the writer's opinion the sea-trout is not only without a peer but without an equal as a sporting fish, given a fair comparison of weight and tackle, though perhaps some allowance should be made for the wholesome prejudice that exists in the heart of every honest angler.

The methods of fishing for sea-trout vary greatly with the nature, size and location of the stream to be fished. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, for instance, present such contrasting problems for the angler's consideration that it is convenient to speak of each separately. First, then, for Nova Scotia.

This charming, rock-bound, little peninsula is only from forty to sixty miles in width with a highish backbone in the middle which renders the streams both short and rapid. The water is the deep, clear amber color so familiar to the hearts of many of our anglers, with frequent pools, innumerable ponds and lakes and invariable long, meandering "still waters" between rapids where the stream drifts lazily through one of the numerous marshes of wet, inoffensive arctic moss and caribou grass, so typical of the Nova Scotia woods. Here the water deepens and blackens and here and here only the sea-trout are to be found. In the more remote and inaccessible streams the number of trout in these places is well nigh unbelievable, although they do not rival their New Brunswick brethren in size. It is absolutely a waste of time, however, to fish the rough water or the rocky pools between rapids, no matter how likely the places may seem—although each angler usually prefers to convince himself of the truth of this assertion the first day out, returning to face the quiet smile of his guide with perhaps more experience than fish.

Of all the Nova Scotia sea-trout rivers, those of the barren, God-forsaken northeast shore, between Halifax and Sydney, are the best. Many of these streams flow through impenetrable wildernesses and are extremely difficult to fish. They are practically unknown to sportsmen and offer, perhaps, the nearest approach to aboriginal conditions to be found in the Maritime Provinces. The banks of the still-waters are often densely overgrown with bushes and alders so that one can scarcely force one's way through them, but the wetter places usually afford good stands. Boats and canoes are very rarely to be had. There are usually trails along the lower reaches of the rivers, but in August and September when the fish have gone up one must literally fight one's way. A tent is useful, and, although one is always wet, either rubber boots or waders are utterly impossible. The writer prefers ordinary tennis-shoes with corrugated soles or light moccasins which stick to the rocks and don't become water logged, but this is a personal whim.

Although licensed guides are rare on the east shore they may be found on some of the larger rivers, and in a few of the better known places such as Muscadoboit, Quoddy Ecum Secum and St. Mary's, small camps and boats are provided. One may always, however, find a native who will know the stream thoroughly and who will usually be diligent and obliging. The rates are cheaper here than any other place in Canada, guides receiving from one dollar to two dollars per day, and board (if one attain to such a luxury) being even less. Among the best sea-trout streams on the east shore may be mentioned the following: Muscadoboit, Cole Harbor, Petpeswick, Tangier, Quoddy, Sheet Harbor, Half-way Brook, Moser's River, Smith Brook, Ecum Secum, Saint Mary's, Isaac's Harbor and vicinity, and the neighborhood of Guysboro'. The first mentioned place is some sixteen miles from Halifax and may be reached by stage from there. In June large sea-trout are caught in the salt water about the mouth of the river on both minnow and fly.

In most of the more remote rivers where the sport is usually confined to the much more delightful art of bank fishing in fresh water the best months are July and August. At Quoddy, eighty miles from Halifax, one can enjoy fine fresh water sea-trout fishing with guides, boats and camp. The trout average from one-half to two pounds with an occasional one on the better side of those limits as well as a stray salmon now and then. This is one of the few places on the east shore where one can combine sea-trout fishing with comfort, for it is usually safe to say that one sacrifices in either what one gains in the other. This principle is well illustrated by the glorious fishing to be had around Moser's

River, Isaac's Harbor and eastward where one must be a veritable Indian in order to keep in the game. The best way to reach these different points on the east shore is by boat from Halifax. Two or three little boats (all different owners) ply along the two hundred odd miles of barren, deserted coast and afford an accessible if somewhat rough and ready means of transportation. Fortunately, for the angler, there are no railroads in this part of the Province, the population being limited to a few tiny fishing and lumbering villages directly on the shore.

Southwest of Halifax along the line of Halifax and Southwestern Railway, most of the good rivers are either preserved or arranged with regular camps and canoes furnished by guides. The fishing here is slightly earlier than in most other places in Nova Scotia, the best time being middle and late June and early July. The fish go up the rivers in runs and the sport is intermittent depending entirely upon the state of the water and the arrival of the fish. In many places in this section by far the best fishing is to be had at the mouths of the rivers in the salt water, and one has not the evenly good, all summer, fresh water fishing of the eastern rivers above described.

At such places as Nine Mile River, Hubley's, Indian River, Ingram River, and the neighborhoods of Chester, Liverpool and the Medway Salmon country, large sea-trout are taken spasmodically and sometimes in great numbers. The latter districts approximate more to the conventional Maine woods than anything in Nova Scotia, and in consequence are not nearly so good or so certain as the less sophisticated region east of Halifax—though the fish average fully as large. Another charm of the west shore is the wonderful brook-trout fishing of the interior and the exceptionally fine canoe trips that go with it. Two dollars a day is the average charge of guides in this section.

The Bay of Fundy shore of Nova Scotia does not afford any sea-trout fishing worth mentioning, but very excellent sport may be enjoyed to the north in Cape Breton Island and Prince Edward Island, some of whose picturesque little streams fairly teem with lusty though rather small sea-trout.

Information as to the sea-trout and other fishing throughout the entire province may be had by mail or otherwise from the Chief Game Commissioner at Halifax who will willingly supply details as to localities and guides not easily obtainable elsewhere. The railroads such as the Intercolonial, Canadian Pacific and Halifax and Southwestern will also provide folders and other information as to the fishing along their respective lines to any person applying therefor. All these railroads have offices in Halifax. It should, of course, be remembered that the game

laws of Nova Scotia impose a license fee of five dollars on non-resident anglers, and that the open season for sea-trout is the same as that for brook trout, namely from April 1st to September 30th inclusive. This brings us to the somewhat simpler and more familiar conditions and methods of sea-trout fishing in the sister Province of New Brunswick and the adjacent portions of Quebec.

Nothing can be imagined more totally different than the sea-trout rivers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Instead of the deep, dark still waters that we have described above, New Brunswick presents clear, glacial colored streams flowing over rocky beds with frequent pools and swift rapids between them. There are few still waters and not many lakes on the sea-trout rivers though an excursion into the interior after brook trout would show both to be of frequent occurrence there. The streams are all beautifully clear and this is peculiarly so of the lovely Gaspé Peninsula in Quebec on the North Shore of the Baie de Chaleur on such streams as the Nouvelle and the Escuminac. Here the pebbles may be counted at a depth of fifteen feet, the fish in the pools being as visible as though on exhibition in an aquarium. The New Brunswick streams approximate much more than those of Nova Scotia to our own semi-mountain trout streams. One fishes the pools with the wet fly in the same manner, with an occasional shot at the rapids in high water.

New Brunswick like Nova Scotia may be divided into a northern and southern district with Moncton as the divisor. With the southern district we shall not concern ourselves as little particularly good sea-trout fishing is to be enjoyed there. It is the famous and beautiful north shore and its environs along Northumberland Strait and the Baie de Chaleur that affords perhaps the most wonderful fishing for both sea-trout and salmon in the world. Probably, in mere numbers these streams do not equal the extraordinary productivity of some of the remote Nova Scotia waters, but in size they average far ahead. In many of the larger rivers such as the Restigouche and Mirimichi, and in many of the smaller ones such as the Tabusintac and Escuminac four and five pound sea-trout occasion no comment whatever while six and seven pounders are by no means unknown. It is safe to look forward to an average of from two to three pounds in any of these streams. The railroads render the entire shore easily accessible and one may often put up with excellent accommodations in neighboring farms. But, as is only consistent with this condition of things, most of the best rivers in New Brunswick for both salmon and sea-trout are privately owned although in many places the trout fishing rights may be secured for a more or less nominal sum. Guides in New Brunswick usually charge between two and a half and three dollars per day with board in proportion. The expenses are, therefore, much higher than those in Nova Scotia.

As to a choice of grounds, the streams are so numerous that I shall only mention a few of the better known ones and leave the angler to investigate further for himself. There are four towns in New Brunswick which will do admirably for starting points, each being located in the heart of a perfect sea-trout country. These are New Castle, where one may fish the Mira-

michi and its many branches in May and June; Chatham where one has not only the great Miramichi but the wonderful little Tabusintac and many others such as the Bartibog and Eskeldoc; Bathurst where by applying to Mr. H. Bishop one may let the rights on the Nipisiquit, whence the Tetagouche, Caraquet and Pockmouche are all available; and, lastly, Campbellton at the head of the Baie de Chaleur and the mouth of the Restigouche where one may choose not only that greatest of salmon rivers equally wonderful for its sea-trout, but the Cascapedia Matapeia, Upsalquitch, Nouvelle and Escuminac, as well. Campbellton is the starting point for the Gaspé Penninsular, above mentioned which contains in the writer's opinion perhaps the most marvellous sea-trout fishing in the world. July and August are the gala months for most of these streams, though the Restigouche and its

given will best accomplish this somewhat difficult task. The rod should be fairly solid and heavy for its length with plenty of "come back" and that sort of supple rigidity which always identifies the really good split bamboo rod. No reasonable expense should be spared on this part of one's outfit. As in all fly fishing the rod is the very gist of the angler's success and the size of one's pocketbook should be the only limitation put upon the purchase of the best rod obtainable. The reel is relatively of little importance. It should hold fifty yards of medium soft enameled silk line. A tapered line is convenient but by no means essential. Fairly heavy trout leaders are usually in order though the writer, personally, leans toward a lighter weight. There is a prevalent notion that sea-trout prefer bright flies but I have never taken much stock in any notion on this much maligned subject.



One Big Enough to Need the Gaff.

tributaries are not at their best for sea-trout until September.

In New Brunswick as in Nova Scotia information as to guides, rates and other details may be easily obtained from the Intercolonial Railway, the Tourists Association in St. John or the Chief Game Commissioner in Frederickton. New Brunswick imposes no license on foreign anglers but if one crosses the Restigouche into Quebec and the Gaspé Country there is a theoretical license of \$10 for trout and \$25 for salmon, although the former is rarely enforced. As in Nova Scotia the trout season remains open through September, the salmon season universally closing on the 15th of August. A few final remarks of general application as to outfit and equipment might not now be out of place.

First of all comes a good split-bamboo rod ten or ten and a half feet in length. I choose the heavier trout rods because in a majority of sea-trout rivers one must deal not only with large trout, but often with grilse and salmon, and it is therefore necessary, if possible, to use a weapon which, affording plenty of play to the half-pounders, will nevertheless cope with a ten or fifteen pound salmon. The lengths above

I have frequently used with success such flies as the Montreal, Cowdung, Brown Hackle (red body) Grouse and Claret, Cinnamon (the last two English) and varieties of the Silver Doctor, Parmachenee Belle and Jenny Lind. Whether the success of these flies was due to any inherent qualities of their own or merely to the fact that they happened to come first in the fly-book is a subject which it is not profitable to discuss. It is possibly true that sea-trout prefer the brighter flies in the salt water, but after they once get fairly into the stream I believe, if anything, the reverse to be the case. As a matter of fact, when sea-trout are rising they will take almost anything and when they are not they will take almost nothing. It is well to bear in mind that the size of the fly is just as important as its pattern, and experimentation is the only way to determine just what size is best. Between Nos. 7 and 12 Limerick are perhaps the usual sizes, although there is a popular hallucination in parts of New Brunswick and the Gaspé Peninsula that sea-trout will take nothing but salmon flies. The sea-trout will also take the dry fly readily in many of the streams of the Maritime Provinces.

New Books for the Sportsman

"THE BIRD BOOK."

Students of natural history, no matter how advanced, will find particular pleasure and value in "The Bird Book" by Chester A. Reed, issued recently by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York (\$3.00 net). This volume is magnificently illustrated with more than one thousand illustrations of birds and their eggs and more than five hundred drawings in four colors, showing birds in their natural tints. The completeness of the work may be judged from the fact that the index contains 2,388 subjects with descriptions of 768 birds from all parts of the country, giving size, range, description of eggs, habits and Latin names, etc. Within the limits of five hundred pages it is of course manifestly impossible to treat of any individual specimen at great length, but the beautiful and accurate coloring of the birds described, make more than brief recapitulation of characteristics unnecessary. There have been issued within the past decade dozens of works on ornithology, but none equal this in scope, completeness nor in accuracy.

THE WILD TURKEY.

A name that stands prominently in American conservation circles is that of Edward A. McIlhenny, with whose efforts toward the conservation of our bird life, notably the migratory birds, everybody is familiar. Mr. McIlhenny is also an authority on hunting and in his book "The Wild Turkey and Its Hunting" he has given us a volume which is apt to find a permanent place on the book shelves of American sportsmen. He tells his own experiences while hunting—how for days he has pursued a fine old gobbler through swamp and bush or waited in a dense thicket to hear his welcome "gobble-gobble-gobble," and his joy at his successful shot. His story, fascinatingly told, is a complete guide to turkey hunting. It is illustrated with some magnificent photographic representations of the wild turkey. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., price \$2.50 net.

INDIANS OF GREATER NEW YORK.

"The Indians of Greater New York," a volume of some 150 pages, by Alanson Skinner, assistant curator of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History, New York, is one of those scientific works which really deserve wide popular reading. When Hendrik Hudson sailed the Half Moon into the channel of the river destined to bear his name, he found that the region now known as Greater New York and its environments was owned by a number of loosely confederated Indian bands belonging to three tribes: the Delawares, the Mahikanms and the Mohicans. These tribes were of Algonic stock—at least they spoke the dialect of the widespread Algonquin tongue—and it is with the habits, history and tradition and actual contact with the tribes that were found settled around New York that the author treats. He has evidently done a wonderful amount of research work before setting down the facts given in his book and no doubt he has come near the truth in strip-

ping the veil of legend and dealing with real conditions.

In these days we use names such as Esopus, Manhattan, Canarsie, Rockaway and Hackensack and innumerable other designations of locality as though they were of the English or Dutch origin. As a matter of fact, they designate and illustrate Indian descriptions or appellations.

We must nevertheless take exception to the author's explanation of the meaning of the original word Manhattan. Mr. Skinner with some vividness describes the landing of Hudson, and the timid gathering around him of the native tribes, and goes on to tell how Hudson offered to the wondering wild men a glass of strange liquor which passed around the circle until one brave warrior sprang to his feet and harangued the multitude on their rudeness. Then with a magnificent gesture the warrior said that he believed it was for the injury of his people that that draught had been offered them and that whatever developed it was better for one man to die than for the whole tribe to perish. With these words the Indian bade his people farewell and quaffed the drink. The effect was eagerly watched by the Indians and his subsequent drunken stupor alarmed them, but when he recovered and expressed his sensations as being the most remarkable he had ever had, the entire company wished to drink and soon became intoxicated. For this reason the Delawares know the spot where this strange event took place as Mannahachtanink, the island or place of general intoxication. The general explanation of the word Manhattan is that it was a common term meaning something entirely different and in use by all the tribes in northeast America. It is mentioned by Champlain and other early writers. However, this is splitting hairs and does not in the least detract from the interest or the value of Mr. Skinner's book.

THE REDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

Stewart Edward White is the author of twenty books, most of them dealing with outdoor life, true and simple, and all of them of absorbing interest. In "The Rediscovered Country," giving an account of his last trip to Africa and his surprising discovery of an immense game territory never before invaded by the white man, his fame as an author—certainly as a traveler and a contributor to the best in outdoor literature—will rest. Probably all readers of *Forest and Stream* know in a general way of what Mr. White and his companion Mr. Cuninghame found on this trip, but every man with a drop of red blood in his veins will be thrilled by the description of the great herds of game and the daily experiences of the intrepid travelers who were first to find them. To quote Mr. White: "We found that after all there still exists a land where the sound of a rifle is unknown, as great in extent as the big game fields of British East Africa, swarming with untouched game, and now that the route and the methods have been worked out, easily accessible to a man who is willing to go light and work. Furthermore, I must repeat this is the last new game field of real existence.

All the rest of the continent is well enough known. However, we have the real pleasure of not only opening a new and rich country to the knowledge of sportsmen, but the added satisfaction of knowing that we are the last who will ever behold such country for the first time."

Space will not permit even the briefest reference to the experiences covering game hunting which Mr. White enjoyed, but this review must be extended to say that while he puts the case very modestly, Mr. White is probably the first man who has ever fought four lions single-handed and lived to get away with it. That story alone will remain an epic in sporting history.

IN THE OREGON COUNTRY.

The "See America First" movement is apt to prove popular this year, but not less important is the necessity of "Reading America First" which we regret to say will be equally necessary to many who will this year have the opportunity of traveling over their own country. "In the Oregon Country," a volume of some 175 pages, by George Palmer Putnam, issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York and London, is one of the pleasantest books which has been received this season. It treats of outdoor life in Oregon, Washington and California, and is written in charming style. As the title indicates, the author in his pilgrimages was concerned chiefly with the attractions of the Open, which he chronicles with the enthusiasm of a devotee. There are descriptions of trips along the forest and mountain trails, on foot and horseback; and with gun, rod, and camera; of the ascent of peaks and of long canoe excursions, all replete with incidents of interest and rich in word-pictures of the glorious country traversed. Picturesque Indian legends are retold, while the developments of today and features of modern pioneering are sketched in, so that the reader gains acquaintance with many phases of the West, its peoples, and its natural attractions.

CAMP-FIRE.

We first felled a thrifty butternut tree 10 inches in diameter, cut off three lengths of 5 feet each, and carried them to camp. These were the back logs. Two stout stakes were driven at the back of the fire, and the logs, on top of each other, were laid firmly against the stakes. The latter were slanted a little back, and the largest log placed at bottom, the smallest on top, to prevent tipping forward. A couple of short, thick sticks were laid with the ends against the bottom logs by way of fire dogs; a fore stick, 5 feet long and 5 inches in diameter; a well-built pyramid of bark, knots and small logs completed the camp-fire, which sent a pleasant glow of warmth and heat to the furthest corner of the shanty. For nightwood we cut a dozen birch and ash poles from 4 to 6 inches across, trimmed them to the tips, and dragged them to camp.—NESSMUK.

You are reading "Forest and Stream" and enjoying it. Why not furnish some of your friends who may not be acquainted with the good things in this issue, an hour or two of similar enjoyment? If you will take the trouble to send us the names of any of your circle of acquaintances, we will see that they are supplied with a sample copy with your compliments.

His Surliness, The Brownie

The Alaska Bear is not a Beast to Trifle with, as Experiences Set Forth in this Story go to Show

By Chet Tolman



FROM the viewpoint of natural history the *Uras Gyas* of Alaska are very important, inasmuch as they represent the fast disappearing species of the great American brown bear, whose intelligence and cunning are paramount. And it is prob-

ably for this reason that a partially closed season was declared on them, in order that they will not become extinct.

But there is another side of the question, which, for the sake of humanity, should be considered before the scientific side. I am referring to the number of people more or less severely mauled during the course of each year.

From the number of cases known to the authorities it is evident that a conservative estimate could be placed at, at least, two per annum. Of course, however, very few fatalities result, which no doubt explains the Government's attitude toward the appeals from the people for a continuous open season on these animals.

I shall cite a few of the more recent cases which I can recall off-hand, and which, in the majority of cases, prove that the attacks were unwarranted, and one might almost say, pre-meditated.

Two unarmed prospectors who were following a bear trail down the side of a mountain were suddenly confronted by three bears whose belligerent attitude could not be misinterpreted. The leading gentleman, who was in perfect concord with the old adage that discretion is the better part of valor, departed with great rapidity of reciprocating parts, leaving his companion to his own devices. Whether or not this man was frightened into motionlessness, or whether he was laboring under the delusion that if he remained perfectly still the bear would not molest him, I do not know. But the fact remains that he did remain inert with the result that he was severely mauled by the male of the trio. His partner, hearing his shouts for assistance, came running up the trail beating a gold pan with a prospecting pick, thereby saving the life of the mauled one, who was on the verge of receiving a second attack. It appears that the bear, after having knocked the prospector down and chewing him about the legs and back, started to follow his affinities, only to return again when he heard his victim's vociferous calls for assistance. Although badly injured, the railroad track was finally reached and medical assistance obtained. According to the story as told by the man after his recovery, the two female bears paid not the slightest attention to him, while the male did not hesitate a moment in dealing out a right hook which, had it landed on a vital spot, would have spelled eternity to the recipient.



About the Only Time Mr. Brownie is Harmless

Still another case where the attack was more unwarranted and vicious than the preceding one is the instance of a man who was returning one evening to his homestead, about three miles distant from Seward. It was just growing dusk when he turned off the railroad track to traverse the short distance to his house, and as he neared a small creek a bear reared up but a few feet from him. Before he could recover from his surprise the animal was upon him, and he had only time to throw a sack of provisions at it before he went down before its onslaught. The unfortunate man was spared no mercy until he became quiet through insensibility. But when he became conscious again he managed to walk to the cabin of a neighbor, although he was forced to hold his head upright between his hands because of the severed cords in the back of his neck. His injuries, which totaled among others a severed ear, necessitated his remaining in the hospital for several weeks; but at the expiration of that time he emerged apparently none the worse for his encounter. So far no sufficient reason has been given for this outrage, although it is admitted as having been the work of "Old Resurrection," a bear of mammoth physique and unusual cunning.

Chief among the tragedies which have recently come to light is that of a trapper who was found dead in a lonely cabin on the Chickaloon Flats. What agonies this man suffered from his wounds before he came to death by his own hand no one

will ever know. It was apparent that he was taken unawares while after water, and not having any means of defense he was forced to undergo the frightful tortures of his wounds without hope of salvation nor alleviation from his pain. A short note, painfully written, tells graphically the cause of his horrible death. It read: "Been tore up by a brown bear."

The above is only a sample of what has been done on the Kenai Peninsula alone. I shall now shift the scene to the Alaska Peninsula where the bears are reputed to be still more vicious.

Here is the case of a foolhardy young man who followed a perfectly healthy brown bear into the alders and almost paid the penalty of his folly with his life. As it happened, he sighted the animal just at dusk as it disappeared into a clump of alders, and instead of trying to locate its whereabouts he chose to follow it into the denseness of its retreat, without a thought of the personal risk that he was taking nor the odds which he was up against in case of a sudden charge.

Slowly working his way along, he finally attained a position within thirty feet of the prey, but the increasing darkness and the intervention of a small bush made the position of the animal's body uncertain. So he decided to wait until a movement would betray the location of a vital spot. But he waited just a second too long; for without warning, without an action that would herald its attitude, the bear came straight for

him. But the two shots that he did manage to get in served to divert the bear's course slightly, so instead of being bowled over, only his gun was knocked from his hands. It exploded with the muzzle against the hairy side of his antagonist. That was all. The bear, careening madly through the alders, finally came to rest; and the youth, well—figure it out for yourself.

This is what the 35-automatic did to the Brownie: The first shot entered the shoulder well forward, breaking that member, and emerging on the same side. The second and last were within an inch of each other. They entered pretty well back of the shoulder, tore the lungs to shreds, and came out on the opposite side, one about eighteen inches astern of the other. Yet the bear, wounded as he was, traveled a distance of one hundred yards before he fell!

There was an incident which came to my notice a couple of years ago which illustrated more vividly the great tenacity of life exhibited by these brutes, and at the same time portrays a scene of heroism seldom equaled in the annals of Alaska. It was told to me by a trader and, knowing the man as I do, I have every reason to believe that it is scrupulously true.

Port Mollar Bay, an indentation of the Bering Sea coast, is justly famed for the number of bears that it supports, and it was at the head of this bay that an Eskimo, who was hunting with a party of his tribesmen, had the misfortune to be attacked by a female bear which erroneously thought that she was in defense of her cubs. It seems that the gun jammed after the second shot, and although the mother was hard hit, she kept coming on. The Eskimo, working furiously with the faulty action of his rifle, did not notice the close proximity of the bear until it was too late. So they tangled. The bear was too weak to inflict serious damage, but she had the man down and was doing her best to disfigure him when another of the party caught sight of the mix-up. Without hesitation, this man, knowing that it was out of the question to shoot, drew a knife from his belt and waded



Half Inside the Bear—But Safe

in. After he had hacked the bear with his bowie until the animal looked like a moth-eaten rug, he succeeded in distracting attention long enough for the first man to make good his escape,—and then the fight was on in earnest.

I don't remember how long it was that this man sawed away on the bear's anatomy, but the trader told me that when they called it off both of the participants looked as if they had been

playing with a mischievous cyclone. I do remember this though: that someone slipped the old girl a whole gun full of lead before she decided that she had had enough. Now, honestly, what chance has a man with a six-gun against such a lead-absorbing creature as a full-grown brown bear?

Here is an experiment that was made just to see what effect a "hand-iron" would have when used under the most favorable conditions. The arm employed was a 45-automatic of a popular make, and the bear was broken down in the hind-quarters to insure success. At a distance of three feet five shots were carefully placed in Bruin's skull and the result was that a 10-bore shotgun had to be used to save the lives of the experimenters.

But it isn't to be gleaned from this article that all of the *Uras Gyas* family have an ingrowing disposition that pains them. It is quite the contrary. Let any of them have a good look at you on the open beach and the chances are ten to one that you won't be able to see them for flying sand. Men who have made a study of their habits and idiosyncracies claim that only during rutting season, or when they are suddenly surprised, are they dangerous. In the latter case it is the old, old primitive instinct of self-preservation that governs their actions, although it must be admitted that a bear has just as much right to own a "cussed" disposition as a man. And they have. Speaking from personal experience, I'll wager that the old fellow who took all of the bark off my shins as I shied up a cottonwood tree must have had a lot of domestic trouble or something of that sort to get him in such a bad humor. If he had shown me the slightest consideration—such as allowing me to get my gun off my pack-board—I wouldn't have taken it so much to heart.

But that's not all he did. When corpulent Coe came clambering carelessly along in my wake his cheeks puffed out with the strains of a martial air, why—but that's a different story.

Fly Fishing For Shad

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Can you give me any information about the habits of shad running into the rivers of Connecticut? Do they take the fly, and if so, at what season of the year? Would like to know kind of fly most suitable if caught in this way. Any information on this subject will be appreciated.—J. H. H.

As to whether shad will be numerous in the Connecticut River this season it is impossible to say. None have appeared as this article is written, and we are afraid that the number will continue to show reduction by reason of too much seining, too many dams, pollution of water, etc.

Shad do take the fly while running up rivers. That much is certain. The best account of fly fishing for shad that we recall was contributed to *Forest and Stream* some years ago by S. T. Hammond, whose work as an author of a number of interesting books is well known to older

readers of this paper. He wrote of several experiences in this sport, and his conclusion was that May is the best month in the year for such fishing. Mr. Hammond preferred the use of the ordinary trout fly tackle, with a small light brown hackle for a leader, and a white miller for first dropper and a scarlet ibis for a hand fly. Some anglers use a hand line even when fishing with flies, but this method is not nearly so killing, nor does it afford a tithe of the sport that is vouchsafed to those who wield a light, springy rod. Of his fishing in the Connecticut River, near Holyoke, he said—although of course what was reported then does not hold good today:

"Many times since then have I cast my flies upon these pleasant waters, and many beautiful captives have graced my creel. While fishing with Mr. Chalmers one day he hooked three fish at one cast, and by great good fortune I succeeded in landing them all—a grand trio of thir-

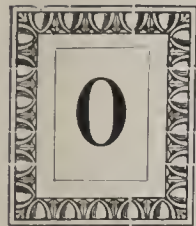
teen and one-half pounds. Two years ago I also caught three at once, but they were not more than half so heavy. For the past few years so many have joined in the sport that there is scarcely an afternoon that you cannot see from a dozen to fifty, and on favorable days even a larger number of fishermen, eagerly engaged in the pleasant pastime. One evening I counted upward of a hundred of fish that I saw captured, and presume that there were many more that escaped my notice."

The method which was preferred in the Connecticut River was to secure the services of a boatman and to get out where the shad were lying. The Editor certainly will be glad to record the experiences of other readers who have tried a sport that calls for all the skill of trout fishing, with the added dexterity that must be exercised in handling a fish with a soft mouth like that of the shad.

An Economical Vacation For The Family

It Doesn't Cost a Fortune—On the Contrary it is Cheaper Than Staying at Home—Hints From One Who Been There

By Amos Burhans



OUR annual expenditure for an outing had been limited to fifty dollars. This may seem small, but we are close to the woods and waters and are content to put up with some of the inconveniences. This year we wanted to buy a canoe, but did not know at first how we were going to manage it and get an outing out of fifty dollars. So we began to figure! A sale of canoes in St. Paul gave us the first chance. We found a guide's style, Charles River model, eighteen-foot canoe at thirty-four dollars. We bought it and dropped it into the river, Father of Waters, and had, after paying our fare to the city, thirteen dollars and fifty cents left. But we were not discouraged. We had carried our silk tent, duffle of casting and fly-rods, cook kit and blankets and other necessities to the city with us and thus obviated expressage. With three dollars and fifty cents' worth of supplies we were ready to go ahead with the vacation.

In this narrative "we" means the wife and I. If anyone could finance a vacation for two on the sum of thirteen dollars and a half she could, thought I, hence I gave her the purse and settled myself in the stern of the canoe to ply the main paddle. Though the route we took is not a new one by any means, still it is attractive enough for many to even do it each year. We dropped down to Prescott, Wis., where the small-mouth bass fishing is better than on any point on the upper river. Here we spent a week. The wife and I fished in Lake St. Croix and along the wing-dams below Prescott three days and had great luck. The fish were taking the fly splendidly. We had located the best fishing points and had the maximum of sport. On the morning of the fourth day the wife decided not to go out and at the landing there was a fisherman who wanted to go in her place. He had just come. He had heard of our success and wanted me to take him out for the day.

The weather was perfect and we went up the lake to try for bass along the rocky shores and about the mouth of several little creeks. I had as much good sport that day as previously, though I was guiding the stranger. We used Fischer flies made by Stapf and took to camp a fine bag of small-mouths. Three following days the stranger and myself worked along the wing-dams below the junction of the St. Croix and the Mississippi and were fairly successful. My four days of guiding brought me ten dollars, though I said nothing to the wife about it and hid it away for an emergency. Then we journeyed on in the canoe up Lake St. Croix. The fishing was not as good anywhere we tried in the lake as it was at the mouth.

It took four days more time to go to the head of Lake St. Croix and return on the opposite side of the lake. We pitched camp early every night and plied the flies along shore, and never tired of the great skillet of fried small-mouth. At the farms the wife bought the few necessities we needed from day to day. One beauty of this trip was that it was so primitive along the lake, yet so close at hand were all the necessities we must have.

At the junction of the rivers again we took a steamer for St. Paul at a total cost of a dollar and then headed up the Minnesota river for Mankato, where we planned to ship home, twenty-five miles east. There is no river in the north more replete with historical associations than the Minnesota and we enjoyed it to the full. At picturesque Fort Snelling we stopped and spent the night nearby. The following day we went on to Shakopee and wanted to get up into the pike pools and sand-bars for the fishing. Every night we set a bull-head line with some meat bait on about a dozen hooks, this to fill the biggest item of the food problem. It was astonishing what a variety of fish we would secure on this trot-line. Once we got a ten-pound sturgeon, once a twelve-pound catfish, both of which we traded for butter and eggs and potatoes, the exchange being craftily made by the good wife with some kindly farmer along the river bottoms. I have often wondered at the demand for fish among a class of people who have accessible waters well filled with them.

At all the little creek-mouths we found fair fishing for pike of the sand species. In the bigger pools of the clear streams that entered the river were a few big-mouth bass that took the surface lures with a deal of spirit. We found a few little lakes where the big-mouths were biting well, and by obtaining permission we had access to them. Not once were we ordered off for trespassing, for we first sought permission. It was always gladly granted. There cannot be a great number of vacationists or canoeists who travel up the Minnesota river, we decided, for we were looked upon almost as curiosities. Local sportsmen in the smaller towns always gave us a nice lift with their little launches, towing us from place to place and pointing out the best fishing. This was appreciated, for the constant drag against the current was tiresome, though we did not try to overdo the task.

St. Peter was one of the most interesting stops we made. There is lots of good bass fishing about this little city, and a fine lot of sportsmen, accommodating and courteous. Through the broad valley of the Minnesota to Mankato we gradually made our way. If we had worked too hard we would have reached the destination tired and weary, but we took our time, rested perfectly at night and did not need a couple of weeks to get rested from our vacation trip. One of the

reasons so few women who have tried canoeing ever make the second trip is that they are given too much hard work, more than they can stand, at the paddle. By going slow, making every camp a comfortable one and being satisfied with simple food, one can always come home fresh and full of vigor, the correct ending of a vacation.

The wife gained in weight, strength, was always eager to do more than her share, and her general health improved wonderfully in the few weeks we were outing. Out tent was screened and she slept well, gained animation and a refreshing lot of lung exercise she could have had in no other way. She was wiser in experience, had a fund of humor picked up on the way and is still giving it vent. She is a better canoeist, knows more about water and its likelihood for good fishing, can plan and build a camp, and is far wiser in woodcraft than when she started. She has seen a portion of the state she wanted to learn something about. In general, I may say that I gained the same things out of the trip.

In experience in fishing, boating and camping, it is the continual following of it that makes one proficient. Being cooped inside steadily I strive to make as many short trips as possible and one long one every year. After this trip my muscles were again hard as nails and ready for the grind. The main thing is not to overdo.

In dollars and cents we were in debt to the vacation fund just five dollars. In other words, we spent fifty-five dollars for the trip, and this included a first-class canoe, an asset that offsets the debt. I used but five dollars of the ten I'd earned guiding. We had as much sport on the water and better fishing than we had ever enjoyed in Minnesota. The trip could be duplicated by anyone. For economy, sport, fun, physical fitness, experience, making acquaintances, fishing, seeing new country (to us), we vote this the best vacation we ever had.

DO PARENT ANIMALS PROTECT YOUNG IN WATER?

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

On a number of different occasions I have had the pleasure of watching animals crossing lakes and other wide stretches of water. I began to observe after different experiences of this nature that there seemed to be order in the method of various species—that is, the mother deer always swam about a yard behind her fawns, while the black bear mother preceded the cubs by that distance. Was this by accident or design? If the latter, I presume the deduction is that the bear mother goes ahead of the cubs to face possible danger first, while the doe swims behind, the better to observe ahead or to protect the rear. Have any of the veteran woodsmen readers of *Forest and Stream* any theories to offer on the subject?

AMATEUR NATURALIST.

Camps, Camping and Cooking

A Practical Article Written for the Ordinary Man who Loves the Woods, but Can't get too far from Home

By Robert Page Lincoln



IN the first place, in considering a camping trip the means of transportation must be considered. The easier the means of conveyance the more readily is one moved into camp and more conveniently things can be brought along. Near to civilization camping is one thing; camping in the wilderness regions is quite another, as all will admit, and understand. Camping to the man who owns a motor boat is a matter of great convenience, to say the least. He can easily pack up and move from place to place, if he desires, along the innumerable waterways of the country. The motorboat camper has by far the easier means and method of transportation. Different indeed a horse and wagon proposition, and wholly different yet the more primitive means. Where transportation is a matter of comparative ease, many things can be brought along as a rule, though one should not overstock. Be simple, yet thorough; and thoughtfulness counts for a great deal indeed in this world.

For a couple the ordinary twelve by fourteen tent is quite big enough and will certainly amply suffice. I am considering now the family problem. It is all well and good to talk from the "go light," single-man point of view, but rarely is the larger tent problem considered. I shall speak in this chapter for the man who wishes to take his wife along with him, also his child, if he is so fortunate. The twelve by fourteen tent is commodious enough for a couple. Now in consideration of the weight to go into the tent, as a matter of ounces, we have eight, ten and twelve ounces to logically choose from. It all depends on the make and quality of the tent. In good material a certain ounce is good, in another a poor make, it is practically worthless. One tent I know of would not go twelve ounces (the army regulation weight, to to square yard) and good ten ounce will weigh more to the square yard. Personally I had a twelve ounce tent for years, but I do not really know if the weight of twelve ounces to the square yard could be attached to it. I do not believe, however, in a tent too lightly woven for summer use. Heavy woven tents may be all right in the winter, but for summer use, give me a tent in rather light weight material. But I have always wanted one thing to go with this twelve-ounce tent and that is a heavier canvas fly, for the tent should be protected, and the heavier fly will satisfactorily do this. And I will tell you how the tent can be best protected. In the ordinary tent the fly rests right on the ridge of the tent, and directly on the canvas. The fly and the tent ridge get wet and there is always dampness along that vulnerable point. To remedy this run a second ridge pole some

six inches over the real tent ridge pole and put the fly on this. This is beneficial in two respects, namely: the tent is safeguarded and protected along the ridge from wear, and fraying, and the bringing of the fly up higher throws off the penetrating heat of the sun, making for more coolness in the tent itself.

Ordinarily, in roping out the tent by means of the guy-ropes, one would do well to drive down four stakes a distance of three feet from the tent corner on each end, and on these fasten a pole, one on each side on which to tighten the guy-ropes. This will properly lift the canvas off of the ground along the bottom and will serve to assure of its long and healthy life. The tent should be guyed up till the edges do not lie on the ground. The small ropes at the bottom along the tent edges can then easily be fastened to suit one's taste. In rainy weather one should loosen up the guy-ropes, for a tent will shrink; if not loosened the tent will tear at the rings. These little things should be amply investigated, for they sometimes mean a great deal in the long run.

As a rule, the average camp, away from civilization, must do without a comfortable board floor. If you do not have the board floor I certainly suggest that you have a sod cloth, or a floor canvas. This is really, at times, a blessing, as I can amply relate. The ground is first leveled of all protruding stubs, rocks, etc., and then the cloth is laid down and fastened all around at the edges. A very good job can be done, by taking a little care with your work.

It is generally accepted by all campers that there should be ditches dug along the sides and back of the tent to admit the rainwater flowing down, or dripping from the edges. This is one of the first things you should look out for; it will save your floor, keeping it more dry.

It should always be remembered to locate the camp on more or less high ground so as to escape water flowing in. Never place a camp in a low spot, among bushes and trees. Rather locate where there is an open space with good drainage and you will find that it is better all around. And never place a camp near large trees; this is to protect you from the lightning, something that must be wisely taken into consideration.

The good points about takedown cots on which to sleep is that they can be folded up and rolled up during the day and set up at night, which takes little or no time. They are far from inconvenient, and are very good. Ordinarily two cots for a couple is a better all-around system, and make very handy additions to the camping paraphernalia. The camp cots accommodating two persons are not recommendable for the reason that they will not comfortably hold two,—that's the unconfined joke of it. It is an easy way of inviting misery. Therefore I would suggest camp cots, one to each

person; and the cost is quite inferior when all things are taken into consideration. As far as lying on the ground is concerned I certainly deem it as far from commendable. This may be the true, and tried, and hardened woodsman manner of doing it, but I am not especially considering that viewpoint in this article.

In line with the tent I would like here to call attention to what is known as an extension canvas that can be sewed onto the tent fly to make a sort of porch in front of the tent. This extension has any number of good points to its credit. Let me number them. *First*: Mosquito netting may be sewn onto the front and sides to this extension, making it a comfortable place to sleep warm nights and as a place to eat. *Second*: If means of transportation are anywhere near conveniently reasonable, and one can include a light portable Baxter stove, this stove can be used under this shelter with every degree of efficiency and success. It will then be of a service to cook under in rainy weather. If this is not a desirable addition to a permanent camp I would like to be shown one conclusively better. In adding this canvas to the other tentfly, simply make the top tent fly ridge pole long enough to include the extension fly, and all will be well and right enough.

I wish here to speak of those tents made in a light material and treated to a waterproofing preparation which makes them happily impervious to the entrance of water. These tents are very good, the prime satisfaction in them being that they are considerably lighter than canvas tents, therefore they are more readily movable. Some of these tents are made in very light material, resembling that of silk, in point of question the balloon silk that is so commonly used in some of the well-known shelter tents. These tents, by nature of their elaborate construction, cost more than ordinary tents.

Just what are going to be your means for cooking must be decided upon, your method of transportation—and your purse. If you are going to cook outside, in the good old-fashioned camping way, I certainly would suggest that you include in your outfit one of those triangular folding grates. Planked down over a fire this mighty handy thing will hold the coffee pot, frying pan, and the kettle. One of these is procurable for the sum of two dollars. I have known times in the woods when I have lived under all the "hideous" rules and regulations of the "go-light" crank, when I have welcomed such a handy thing as the triangular grate. No matter what sort of a grate you get, get one with iron rod legs that you can insert over the fire,—it gives successful results all around.

Now for cooking and roasting, et cetera, you have open to your purchase either a so-called Dutch oven, or a baker. Both of these are well

known now, and highly appreciated. But were my word to be taken for any worth I would suggest the aluminum baker.

In the matter of utensils I certainly would have for dishes and cups only one sort of material, that being the white enamel-ware. They are a triumph in camping utensils; and are light, unbreakable, easily washed. Let the cups and plates be of this material. For a couple two or three cups, knives, forks, plates, et cetera, would be a good idea, and being light, they need not become an inconvenience. A kettle and frying pan, or skillet, are necessary things. Personally, I would include both a small and a large lightweight material frying pan. There are times when a large frying pan has eminent points of value to its credit as all will allow. But remember, in planning out your cooking and eating utensils, there is no need of taking along a great number of things, handy but inconvenient. Select the most valuable of these and draw the curtain on the rest.

Cooking over a fire directly, minus the oven or baker, is a thing that seems to me rather of a blundering method, considering that these modern things can be inserted at not such a great cost. The ordinary camping method is to build a fire, poke down two crotched sticks, across from each other over the fire; to place a cross piece on the crotches, and thereon to hang the kettle, or boiling apparatus. The frying is done over the coals which are scratched to one side. If the baker and the oven are done without, then I would suggest that a sort of fireplace be built up of rocks having a back and two sides. The front is open. A piece of galvanized iron is placed over the top of this and the fire is built inside. Often great success can be had with this method, though the grate spoken of before this, coming at a most moderate expenditure, answers all the purposes assigned to this affair. Also if this is not made right it will prove a smoky affair. I have used some however that have been as efficient as one would think of or expect.

In the above I have taken into consideration the most needy things, which to include in your outfit. Remember that I am looking at it from the viewpoint of curtailing expense. Did I not do that I could name you any number of costly things that would improve your camp and make it doubly comfortable, but that is not my object. I am here considering the people rarely thought of by outdoor writers—the man and wife part of it; those of moderate means, to be exact. Many shy at making a camping trip for fear that they will have to go through all, and every black-art degree of misery and bothersome inconvenience; and that it will cost a great deal. There is just the good point in it. A great deal of money can be saved by camping out.

The food question is to the camper an interesting one indeed, one worthy of much attention. And just what you are going to select depends vastly upon how far you are located from civilization, and what are your means of bringing provisions into camp. In camping it is generally the rule that one live off of the natural resources of the land as far as possible, and the fish question is a very bright one indeed, in this respect. If one is within reasonable reach of a farm, milk and eggs can no



Where Landlords Cease From Troubling.

doubt be readily procured, and potatoes and various fresh vegetables may also be purchased from this source. But if further away from civilization the problem is not hard to get around. Right here it should be remarked that many unnecessary things should never be campers that it has been hard for them to leave brought along.

I am going to set down here some of the things that will do a man and woman for two weeks. By the way, it is always most satisfactory if two couples arrange a camping trip together. For a couple, for two weeks, as follows:

- Oatmeal 3 pounds
- Flour 14 pounds
- Baking Powder..... 1 can
- Coffee 3 pounds
- Sugar 5 pounds
- Lard 2 pounds
- Rice 3 pounds
- Corn Meal..... 10 pounds
- Beans 3 pounds
- Salt Pork..... 4 pounds
- Bacon 1 strip
- Butter 4 pounds
- Salt 1 small sack
- Pepper 1 can

The above entries are some of the most valuable additions. Now in the question of milk, if transportation is anywhere near reasonable, the canned condensed milk is excellent, otherwise powdered milk can be had. In the line of compressed foods, do not fail to bring along the famous *erbswurst* soup rolls, a compound of various delectable vegetables and select meats. The one-half pound rolls cost twenty cents each, or a trifle under, if I remember rightly. However, all of these compressed foods, and powdered foods, are of far greater

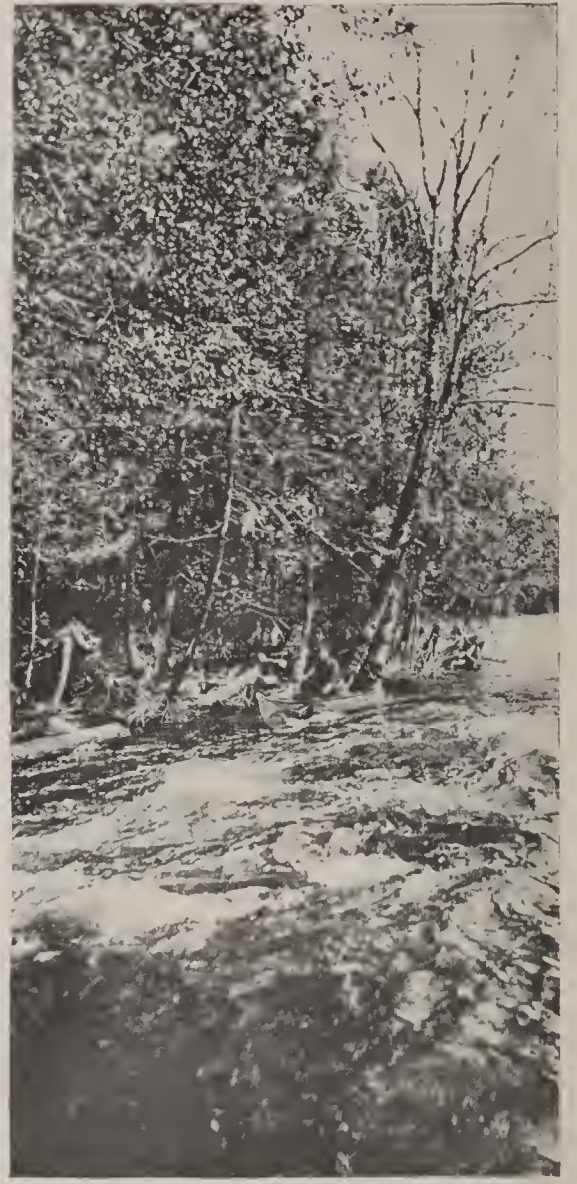
benefit and convenience to the man who goes on light trips.

I might here remark that it is a good idea to have the so-called food bags in which to store your food if you are on a long trip away from civilization.

Necessary and absolutely useful things about the camp should not be forgotten. There comes a time in camp when you stand scratching your head, the truth having dawned upon your consciousness that you have forgotten a most demanded article. Such a thing is the camp axe, and the useful camp lantern. These two affairs are absolutely necessary. And the wee, small, seemingly inconspicuous things are often worth their weight in gold, which you find out when you desire them most and have them not. As for instance small ropes, cords, wires and various sizes of nails. Now, personally, after some little experience, I know two thousand and one things around a camp in which I can use nails to the most desirable and accommodating advantage.

Previously, in this article, I did not mention the inclusion of a folding camp table, and chairs. These are procurable at a reasonable expenditure. A table is really a most necessary thing. To eat, seated on the ground, becomes the most monotonous and miserable thing one can think of in time. In a permanent camp the table has its place, without a doubt. Rustic chairs and tables are easily made, therefore the ready-made tables and camp-stools can be done without.

Lastly, let me remark that the trip should be carefully planned in the beginning. All the desirable, and absolutely necessary items should be listed on paper and checked as they are packed and put away. In this way you will know for sure if you have the outfit complete, without guessing at it.



The Pleasures of a Canoe Trip Vacation

American and Canadian Rivers and Lakes Offer an Endless Opportunity for the Amateur

By "Old Camper"



THE one great interesting thing about canoeing is that you need not go far away for your vacation. Far from it. As a matter of fact, right close to your home grounds and territory you will find scenes of natural perfection such as to satisfy anyone. My purpose is to deal impartially with both near to home camping and canoeing as well as the wilderness feature and its so-called more brilliant invitation. I shall address myself also to those therefore who cannot find the time or the money whereby long trips into wild places may be taken. To these our civilized waterways and lakes will give a measure of appeal that can only be indulged in to be thoroughly appreciated. As a matter of fact, the man who enters the wilderness leaves behind him places where he might get his supplies. The canoeist and camper within the borders of civilization can always have access to places where provisions may be laid in, before entering upon another stretch of water. He

may take his time. Our rivers, our waterways, afford limitless proportions for study and contemplation. The trouble is that we are deceived by thinking they are uninteresting. And yet along many of these one may travel for days and only occasionally be bothered by the advances of man. Lightness and compactness are prime requisites, both in the matter of a canoe and the tent outfit. If you outfit poorly—and think by so doing that you are going to save yourself some money, you may have to pay double in experience for your lack of thoughtfulness. The lighter every individual particular of the outfit is, the more things you can bring along to make up for it. A little attention to this feature in the beginning will save you a lot of needless exasperation and give you relatively more pleasure as a consequence.

I shall first bear mention upon the purchase of your canoe. If in the past you have been the owner of a canoe that turned out in the middle of your vacation to be as heavy as lead you will know now why the desire for lightness should be given heed to. Lightness is essential. Many

men who undertake the matter of a trip into the wilds strike out for the nearest point of civilization on their route, and there procure their canoe from some outfitter, whose business is to supply the needs of the pleasure-seeker. The one big obstacle in waiting to buy your canoe at one of these posts, or edge of the wilderness settlements is that you may not be able, through some unforeseen circumstance or another, to get just the right sort of craft you desire. As evidence of the truth of this many of these wilderness outfitters will tell you that you had best select your own canoe before you start and ship it.

There is something about the canvas-covered canoes that just exactly seems to hit the right spot. They are wholly efficient and, as a rule, under careful hands, they are dependable. The fact that they are taken in a serious light is proven by the fact that any number of thorough woodsmen of the north are owners of such. Such canoes, of the right sort, have a perfectly elevated bow and a stern relatively notable, and they are sufficiently proportioned of beam to as-

sure and inspire confidence. On rough rivers the canvas proves its worth. It resists well and is not easily damaged. One thing about it of especial note, of course, is the fact that it has the demanded and incomparable lightness. Taken all in all, it is a commendable craft and well worth your discriminating consideration. The average length for a canoe should be sixteen or seventeen feet.

The canoeist's tent should be light and durable; also it should be waterproof, for reasons that need not be dwelt upon. The small waterproof tents, most common in the Hudson Bay region, are prominent for mention in that they contain all these points, and at the same time they are comparatively cheap. A small balloon silk tent, of the shelter type, will cost you from eight to twelve dollars, it all depending upon what grade you acquire. I have one in view that we used which was four by seven feet, as the extreme size on the ground, and the height was at five feet; the weight was no more than four pounds, the price for same being eight dollars and fifty cents. Common canvas, unwaterproof, should never be brought along on an extended trip. It can only prove a dismal failure.

Incidentally it may be said that many go without a tent, and sleep under their upright canoes. This is more or less foolish, inconvenient and detrimental to solid comfort. In the first place one always has the mosquitoes, sand flies, deer flies, gnats and a hundred other winged things to contend with. With a good shelter tent, fixed over with some netting this is almost done away with. Sleep under your canoe, unprotected, and your nights will not be dreamless, even though you may build immeasurable smudges, and though you may have the one and only divine and "kill on sight" mosquito dope. A waterproof sleeping bag is a thing that should be closely considered. It may here be said that if your tent is waterproof, then your sleeping bag need not be so attended to, and yet, for all that, remembering the availability of unforeseen circumstances, the waterproof sleeping bag has its proper place in the outfit. With the waterproof bag over your feet (pre-

suming that you are to use no tent), the rain can beat down on the lower part of your body all night, and you will be dry, but your head is unprotected. Aside from the sleeping bag there should be included in the outfit some extra covers, and a waterproof canvas is therefore not out of place. A pair of woolen army blankets, and a canvas make a pleasing substitute for a sleeping bag. Some commend that the blankets be sewn together to form a sleeping bag and it is a good idea, for every inch of bedding must be made to do duty and none shall lay idle, but there is a better system than that, in my opinion. If the individual be supplied with large safety pins, he can readily, and temporarily, turn his blankets into a sleeping bag; that will well do. If you are using the blanket and canvas combination, a pocket in between called a browse bag may be used. This browse bag is filled at night with leaves and other likely material to form and act in the place of a mattress. Otherwise boughs and leaves are spread out on the floor of the tent, first making the ground even, and free of stubs, after which the canvas is spread over it and your temporary sleeping bag follows suit. The rubber floor cloth, or sod cloth, as it is sometimes called, often proves a distinct blessing. All the above when rolled into a bundle, or in separate bundles, takes up comparatively little room in your outfit.

The question of clothes for the canoeist is one that should not be considered as such a simple and easily covered subject. In the first place supply yourself with roomy trousers of some durable material, soft rather than stiff, to give you all freedom possible. A heavy pair of woolen trousers should be included, as well as a light pair. In the matter of underwear include woollens. The nights are often very cold in the north, especially in the latter part of the season, in the fall. When paddling in the daytime become used to getting along with as little on as possible and at night bring forth the available heavier garments; among which should be found a sweater of respectable proportions and warmth. Many have underwear without

arms to them and this gives ample freedom for the play of the arms, but it does not increase the matter of warmth. Flannel shirts, coming in good material, I always give preference. Two should be had along. Either gray, gray-green, or dark blue makes a fine shirt, coming in price from two, three or four dollars, or five for a highly excellent army shirt. But always remember to include a heavy garment, to protect yourself with against the cold, dewy mornings and the sometimes brisk northern summer nights. Incidentally it may be said that the best footwear is shoepacs, or moccasins, as they are sometimes called. They should be large enough to admit of the use of at least two pairs of socks, and should come quite high up on the leg. With good-soled, durable pacs one can tackle almost any stretch of rough portage with assurance. They do not slip and skid. They are firm, yet pliant, and in the canoe allow the feet rest and easeful comfort.

Those canoeists gain the most out of a trip where the most care is taken in the assembling of everything, when on the portage. Where everything is thrown together hap-hazard, the best and most reasonable ease of transportation cannot be expected. But where things are separately considered, and properly adjusted, everything goes along well, and the expenditure of energy, both mental and physical, is more rational. The usual method in use in the north for carrying the outfit, tents, sleeping bags, etc., is by the use of the tump, and the broad forehead strap, and when one gets used to this system he will be able to carry greater and greater loads, but the weak, and physically questionable man from civilization must content himself with small loads. The various paraphernalia, as for instance the clothing, are stowed away in various small bags, made for the purpose, and all assembled in one whole and inserted in a greater bag.

At all times care and consideration should be used. Simplicity should dominate your selection; and remember the absolute need of lightness as a prime requisite, first, last and all of the time.

The Habits of the Salmon

THE habits of the salmon have been almost a lifelong study for me, as I live by the side of one of the best streams in an eastern province of Canada.

You cannot get any fish in February. I have tried faithfully for years but never succeeded in hooking one during that month, but in March I have killed many salmon, and there are also others who have landed many a silvery beauty in that month.

I believe the fish come in early from the sea, but for some reason will not rise to the fly; when the salmon comes from the sea on his courting expedition he is a lordly fish, and takes his own lordly time about it; he tarries for days at a time in a shady pool, then on some moonlight night makes a break for another pool farther up the river, but there is no telling where he may be found on any given date; they may be present

in any pool in goodly numbers but will not deign to look at a fly. But some hours later, or it may be next day or next week, he will rush open mouthed at any fly that is cast over him; so you see it is pretty hard to tell when you have got him coming.

We get no salmon in February, but take them in early March, with Durham Ranger or an all-pheasant feather fly. April is a good month; best flies Durham Ranger and Silver Doctor. May I consider the best month on this river for salmon fishing; flies Blue Doctor and Jock Scott. In June and July grilse are here in great abundance every year; for grilse we use ordinarily trout flies; among the best killers are Grizzly King, Brown Hackle, Montreal Coachman, Yellow Sally, Professor, Cowdung and Jock Scott. Ours is a "yellow river"—that is, we use a good lot of yellow in the make-up of flies.

The question is sometimes asked: Are enough fish taken to furnish sport sufficient to offset the discomforts naturally incident to what is ordinarily a most inclement season, *i. e.*, February and March? It is a difficult question to answer; it depends upon how long the sportsman stops and if he happens to strike lucky days. I once killed two in thirty-five minutes; at other times one might fish a week and never see a scale.

The facts will illustrate one of the vagaries of a most capricious fish; that the salmon should come freely to the fly in a neighboring river in February and refuse to accept it in another, although many fish are present, is strange indeed; probably if very large flies were used, three or four inches in length, such as are used in the winter fishing on the rivers of Scotland and Norway better success might be had.

ANGLER.

Single Tracking Into the Great Outdoors

A Silent Steed that Takes You Where No Other Vehicle Can Go, and Enlarges Your Travel Boundaries by Many Miles

By Raymond S. Spears



TWO years of motorcycling have given me some new ideas about what the single trackers are doing to bring people into the Big Outdoors. It has given me a new viewpoint with regard to some of my old notions about going somewhere and seeing things. I bought a motorcycle primarily because it looked like easy going. Also, it looked like passing uninteresting places in a hurry. So it proved.

The best I have ever done on foot was nearly fifty miles in one day. The day began at dawn and ended near mid-night, and in the meanwhile I scoured a considerable section of Adirondack territory, seeking a friend who had very inconsiderately missed his way in the deep woods. Happily, I found him on the road at last by telephone.

Floating down stream in a skiff, shantyboat and scow I have made as many as fifty miles, if there was no wind. Along the waters of the Great Lakes, with no current and casual breezes, I've made forty miles, pulling a skiff.

The best I ever did with a bicycle was 93 miles by cyclometer. That was while on a run from New York city via Fort Lee, northern New Jersey and southern New York to Westfield, near the Pennsylvania. I remember thinking how exhilarating it was to think of going so far by my own exertions, being able to start, stop, turn and run as I pleased. But my average rate was only nine or ten miles an hour—not bad for the hills and roads!

It was the memory of the bicycle that gave me a thrill when I saw youths slipping by on motorcycles, so I bought me one. I wanted to get forth into the country and follow the roads. I think that but for one little memory I should have purchased a bicycle instead of the motorcycle. When I was pulling around the east end of Lake Ontario one blistering hot July day the previous summer, one of the St. Lawrence skiffs of this modern day came ploughing by. It was about 20 feet long, perhaps 50 inch beam, and it was driven by a 25-horse power motor. The sportsman sat in the stern at his ease, and the \$8.00 a day guide knelt in the bow, and steered.

As they passed by the guide turned and saw me sweltering as I pulled the oars, looking like a relic of the previous century, no doubt. He opened wide his mouth and yelled, a jeering, pestering yelp.

As I considered the automobiles and the motorcycles driving along the roads, I knew that if I bought a bicycle I should always have that feeling of belonging to the previous century—but one.

So I bought me a motorcycle, two speed, twin cylinders and standard 27 gear. Having learned

to ride it, I began to reach out into the country, and view neighboring towns and communities. When the slight nervousness at the wonderfulness of the speed and unexpectedness of the power had worn away, I began to take note of the strange quality of the single tracker.

In an hour I would go further than I could walk in ten hours. In a day I would make three

something so delightfully soaring-like in the sensation of sailing along good roads on a motorcycle. I know that friends who own automobiles after a time begin to feel that they have no more places to go, when they have traveled over all the good roads in a vicinity. That feeling came to me after a few thousand miles.

My Goods Roads district reaches from west



I Live in the Heart of One Hundred Miles of Scenery

or four rowboat journeys. I had thought I did pretty well in walking with a sixty pound pack the thousand miles from Utica, N. Y., to Holston, Old Virginia, taking about three months to do that stunt—lingering along the way, a bit, of course. On the motorcycle I rode a thousand miles in a month and hardly knew it!

Good roads are a great temptation. There is

of Utica, N. Y., to east of Amsterdam. There are some good roads that lead north, making a round trip of sixty or seventy miles. Southward, there is a dry-weather circuit of a hundred miles, and by various extensions, the roads that become old and over-familiar amount to about four hundred miles.

That is to say, running around on a motor-

cycle in beaten paths, one wears out about eight hundred miles of scenery. Can there be anything more preposterous? Why, the State pays thousands of dollars to preserve a quarter of mile of scenery in Watkins Glen, and there are whole books written about a mile of Trenton Falls, let alone a few hundred feet of Niagara.

The difficulty developed was familiarity. I live in the heart of about 100 miles of scenery which has long been regarded as among the great attractions of the country. When the Erie Canal was dug through, the tourists used to stand on the decks of the boats and wipe their eyes because of the tears of exhilaration at such sights as filled them.

Not only did I follow the canal, but I followed the parallel roads, and then, having used up fifty miles of scenery, I would go up on the valley ridges, first one side and then the other. It was when I began to leave the good roads, which are marked on automobile maps, that I began to find the better service of the motorcycle.

I think I must have traversed about 3,000 miles of roads in making 8,000 miles. I rode away across country eighty miles or so, taking the roads as they came. I went into the woods fishing. I went hunting. I went, many times, picnicking.

Off the macadam the going varies from hard clay, which is as good as stone or brick, to soft sand and slick mud, than which I know of no worse going for motorcycling. Hills seem not to matter much for the motorcycle, when one has learned the arts of slipping the clutch, getting headway, manipulating the two speeds. The latest models, the three speed, will go up anything where the driving tire can get purchase.

I have said that my wheel had a 27 gear on originally. I reduced this, with excellent results, to 33 gear. This gives a slightly larger oil and gas consumption, but it gives a great deal more pulling power—speed is reduced so that I suppose I can hardly make more than 60 miles an hour, but at ten miles an hour, I go up anything I try to climb, and I have carried 375 pounds of humanity up and down and across country where the grass grows in the roads because horses cannot haul wagons over them.

The great charm of the motorcycle is the diversity that it gives one. Starting from a city, one arrives in a morning's run, at as good trout fly fishing as one can find nowadays in the Adirondacks. If one starts early, he can get to deer hunting by nine or ten o'clock. As for squirrel and bird shooting, if one knows the country, the motorcycle is simply astonishing.

With a friend of mine, I went out after gray squirrels. The idea of hunting in the open country, in woodlots, in an off year for squirrels, seemed rather like exercise, more than like real hunting. We rode out eight miles, dragged a woodlot, went on a few miles, dragged another lot; then we rode two miles to the top of a ridge where we could get a bird's eye view of the country. From this height we picked some woods about five miles away, and went through them.

Here was a kind of hunting of which I had no previous knowledge. It is common enough, of course. Lots of men go out in a buggy, or in these days, in an automobile, and hunt over

more woods acres in a day than they could possibly hunt over in a week walking.

One night coming down out of the country with my big headlight shooting a fog of illumination for fifty rods ahead, I discovered a family of skunks, eight young ones. It was such a pretty sight, that I ran down town, and got a couple of the boys to come back up with me and look at them—ten miles round trip.

Again:

"How far is it?"

"Just over the hill."

"That all? All right—Come on!"

The hill is two thousand feet high and over it is ten miles, and ten back.

"I got lost up there."

"That so—Go far?"

"No, not very. Twenty miles—I came out by that old cheese factory on the Van Hornellsville road. Then I knew where I was."

The See America First spirit has moved thousands of motorcycle boys to take trips that they never dreamed of taking before. Thus two

twenty miles before putting down his traps.

Motorcycles and automobiles are equalizing the hunting of the country. They are making the trout as shy, the deer as wild twenty-five miles back as they are in the city reservoirs, and in the edge of the timber.

The lust of going somewhere generally stifles and grows stunted in the breast of most men. It is first school, then work, and then the paucity of vacation days. When one thinks how many tens of thousand of people dare not break away from their work for more than a week or two weeks annually, the thralldom in which humanity exists is dimly seen. Some men know how to make a break for the timber. Sometimes it takes an attack of lung trouble to give them nerve to make the break, however.

The motorcycle has freed tens of thousands of people. A little city has a hundred of the machines, a small county has six hundred, and the country has hundreds of thousands of these little machines. Men who could not get away from town without taking the train get away



They Get into the Woods and Mountains

youths whom I met last summer were going to Denver. Every day, all summer long, tourists on motorcycles drive down the Mohawk Valley. They come in from Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Omaha, Cincinnati, Louisville, and other towns. They began to go through westward bound last fall on their way to the Panama Canal Exposition. A good many hundred motorcyclers will go through this summer. In Canada, the motorcycle boys are enlisting in the armies as message bearers.

The outdoor business men are using the motorcycles a great deal in going and coming. One man of my acquaintance has been riding all this winter, with a sled-runner outrigger carrying a side car. He drives a hundred miles without difficulty. I know that trappers were covering their lines with motorcycles, and the number is increasing for the reason that if there are any kind of roads, particularly sandy, in wet autumns, hundreds of miles of lines can be covered in the semi-open country. Where a man on foot could not cover a circle reaching more than ten miles from home, a man on a motorcycle can go

on a Saturday afternoon, ride on a motorcycle a hundred miles to supper, and then the following day, drive 150 or 200 miles further. Two hundred miles in a day is a long pull for a soft rider, but a hundred miles is as easily ridden as ten or fifteen miles in a buggy. And what is more, it is as easy to take one's wife or sweetheart out twenty miles to a picnic creek-side as it is to walk down town to a hotel dinner.

I know that the motorcycle is making outdoor men of indoor men. It is taking young men away from town resorts of questionable propriety onto the wilderness road. Boys who would ordinarily never have seen the green timber, now run out into the Big Woods as a matter of course, and they are learning to shoot, to fish, to camp out as they would never have learned to do without the single tracker and its exceedingly seductive capacity for making miles at a low expense. Thus they get into the woods at the rate of two cents a mile, or thereabouts. They come and go at their own hours. Neither night nor day deters them.

The big thing about motorcycles is the fact

that they instantly extend their possessors' horizon. The city limit, formerly the impassable wall, becomes merely the beginning of a new life abroad. The stream which comes from some unknown mountain country to turn the mill wheels, is traced to its fabulous source, and the joy of fishing in the lakes and ponds and rifts is like a breath of a fairy land.

Even outdoor men, used as they are to finding a way out into the open from locked-in conditions, discover in these machines, which take up such a little room, a vehicle that bears them swiftly into their favorite haunts—takes them there literally as though the seeker were winged and blessed.

I do not pretend to compare the motorcycle with automobiles. The saddle horse and the

carry-all, the cowman's pony and the grub wagon, the race horse and trotter, the carriage and the gypsy wagon—what is the use of trying to find comparisons? The motorcycles are more like saddle horses than anything else.

They carry a hundred pound camping outfit, if one cares to burden himself with that much. One should get his outfit for a camping trip inside of fifty pounds, including tent, blankets, and similar duffle. A hammock with a waterproof "A" to swing over it is better than a tent for some kinds of trips—and I've run my machine into the brush, and left it there while I went on beyond the end of the trail into the timber. You can't leave a horse that way.

Motorcycles are making tens of thousands of outdoor men who would be mere townsmen, if it were not for the single trackers.

of Americans would flock to see them, but it is safe to say that out of our one hundred million population, not five hundred people have ever stood under one of these vast monuments or on their tops.

Trips like these may not be for the ordinary man, but this does not mean that they cannot be taken by anyone of ordinary outdoor experience and health and some leisure time and means. Do not conclude because of the multitude of books of exploration that the world has been covered. There are spots in it—on our own continent—that are today as unknown as when Columbus landed on San Salvador.

Newfoundland, so old in the history of America that it is termed the "Ancient Colony," is supposed to have been known as thoroughly as Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. Yet numerous portions of the interior are waiting the pressure of the foot of the white man. In this issue of *Forest and Stream* is begun the story of two young men who were the first to penetrate the island from the center of the southern shore. They found many things that were new geographically, and in addition had a splendid outing trip. If Newfoundland, at our very doors, offers such possibilities, what of the thousands of miles of greater territory that lie all over the Northern Continent, equally unknown and equally fascinating from the standpoint of the geographer, the hunter, the fisherman and the naturalist?

HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGE IN OHIO.

Columbus, Ohio, April 10, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The communication of Horace O. Green of Stoneham, Mass., relative to the question: "Does the introduced pheasant drive out our native game birds?" aroused considerable interest among sportsmen here as General John C. Speaks, chief game warden of Ohio, has been introducing the Hungarian partridge by the thousands in this state, apparently with marked success. General Speaks recently sent out 1,000 inquiries to farmers and others throughout Ohio asking answers to the question, among others: "Is the Mongolian pheasant a menace to the native game birds of the state, especially the quail?"

"I have had replies to that question from nearly all these inquiries," said General Speaks, "and 95 per cent. of them state that the Mongolian pheasant is not a menace to the quail. I therefore judge that the Hungarian partridge is also not a menace to the quail. In the spring of the year, all game birds are great fighters, especially the male birds. The pheasant is especially pugnacious at this time. We have found that the Hungarian partridge very frequently takes up with the quail and so I would not be surprised to find that they inter-breed but I cannot cite definite cases of this kind at this time. Many of our reports show that the partridge released last spring, were running with quail and made common lot with them during the time that they were in covies and before the mating season, when they pair off."

General Speaks released 6,000 of these birds throughout the state last spring and reports this spring show that they passed the winter splendidly and the farmers are calling for more and they will be sent into every county as soon as possible.

C. B. GRIFFITH.

The Spirit of Adventure—Is It Dead?

ARE the young men of today averse to exploration trips into the unknown or partly unknown territories of this continent? There seems to be a dearth of spirit of adventure, perhaps because an impression prevails that the last unknown has been exploited, but more probably because the present generation finds its satisfaction in commercial pursuits or the lighter forms of social diversion. Where can we pick up recent books of trips into the lesser known regions of America, or where can we find accounts dealing with such experiences? Poor Hubbard lost his life trying to penetrate unknown Labrador, but Dillon Wallace, his companion, completed that trip later, and what is more remarkable, Hubbard's widow, spurred on by the spirit to complete the work her husband had attempted, made the journey he had originally planned, and wrote a most interesting report of her experiences. Little is heard of Mrs. Hubbard's trip, but it stands forth as one of the most striking of recent times. That wonderful officer of the Canadian Geological Survey, Mr. A. P. Low of Ottawa, has gone over Labrador in all directions and has made known to us thousands of miles of Hudson Bay country which was, until he penetrated it, an absolute *terra incognita*. So also the Tyrells of the same Canadian Geological staff, have mapped out the Barren Grounds of Canada and the western Hudson Bay country. Hanbury, Warburton Pike, and others have traveled the sub-Arctic regions and written of them.

These men found the way, but why is it that so few have followed them? What a wonderful opportunity exists for the man of means and leisure, and not an over-amount of either at that, to put in a summer season traversing new country and seeing wild life! It is not the purpose of this article to serve as a guide book for such trips but a few expeditions may be mentioned that possess all the fascination of real discovery and delightful experience. For instance, a trip up the Hamilton River of Labrador to the Grand Falls is not beyond the capability of any man with two months' time and a moderate amount of means. The Grand Falls of Labrador have been visited by several college expeditions and notably by Mr. Low, and offer a spectacle of grandeur worth all the trouble it requires to gain access to them. Within a distance of about twelve miles there is a fall of

eight hundred feet of water, some of it in the form of cataracts that are comparable in a sense with Niagara. Once the plateau region above these falls is gained, a magnificent country abounding in virgin fishing, with trout of six or eight pounds and ouananiche equally large, is found. In this land of lakes and rivers the wanderer may travel for weeks. He must carry his provisions with him and he must not get too far into the interior of Labrador to get out again before these fail him, but it is a trip worthy of one's ambition.

Lake St. John in Quebec has been the mecca of hundreds of ouananiche fishermen, but how few have traveled any considerable distance up the magnificent rivers that flow from the north into this great basin of water? One or two Americans have made these journeys, but not in recent years. Lake Mistassini, a magnificent expanse of water of some 125 miles in length, stands on the top of this Labrador watershed. It teems with fish and the Hudson Bay Company maintains, or did maintain at last account, a post on the shores of the lake. Living is reduced at this point to bare necessity, for the bringing in of supplies to Mistassini up the Rupert River from Hudson Bay, represents about the utmost expenditure of human endeavor and effort. William Cabot of Boston has written much of this district.

It is possible to go down the Rupert River from Lake Mistassini to Hudson Bay and thence circling the shores to reach Moose Factory and by direct route to return up half a dozen rivers until steel is reached again, either on the new Transcontinental or at Missanabie where the Canadian-Pacific crosses.

Trips from Edmonton north, after the manner of the one described in the April number of *Forest and Stream*, open a world of outdoor life, within a reasonable limit of time. Even the country north of Lake Superior heretofore beyond attainment except by trappers, is now accessible by means of the new Transcontinental, and following this line on, one may find a wilderness of vast mountain scenery which will be the delight of the coming generation.

How many have ever seen the wonderful natural bridges of northern Utah in the New Mexico and Arizona country? These were told of recently in *Forest and Stream*. Were these bridges located on a foreign continent, thousands

What the Keokuk Dam Has Done

Fair Vistas Ruined by the Overflow, but the New Marshes May Make Refuges for Migratory Fowl

By Orin Crooker.



ANY will feel keenly the desolation which is beginning to be manifest along some two score miles of the Mississippi river above the great hydro-electric plant at Keokuk, Iowa. The gigantic dam which now obstructs the Father of Waters at this point has caused a change in the river level for a distance of some fifty miles up stream. At Fort Madison, fully twenty-five miles away, the rise in the river has been not far from eight feet. Thousands upon thousands of acres of heavily wooded river bottoms have been flooded. The water has backed up on either side of the main channel for great distances.

The reservoir thus formed had been slowly filling for some time before the plant was put in operation. The effect, of course, was not un-

There has been an abundance of romantic boating on this part of the Mississippi the past season. Areas which hitherto had offered inviting tenting spots to the camper and fisherman have been easily navigated in boats. The tree-draped flowing aisles afforded wonderful vistas

scale. Trees and shrubs made a valiant fight for life—and are doing so yet. But the odds are too heavy against them. The region is doomed to become a desolate waste. Gaunt lifeless spars will soon take the place of arbors of waving green. The higher points of land will



Gaunt, Lifeless Spars Soon Take the Place of Green

like an extraordinary spring freshet. There were those who predicted that the trees would not send forth their leaves in the spring of 1914, but they were disappointed. Trees and shrubs flung out their green banners as usual, although the former stood waist deep in the blackish waters and the latter waved frantic salutes to passing boatmen from half submerged positions in the swirling tide.

of green arched waterways. In the branches overhead birds sang unconcernedly and lent a choral accompaniment to many a chugging motorboat which nosed its way into places which hitherto had been regions of the deepest woody seclusions.

By mid-summer of last season, however, withering green began to show here and there—a prelude of what is to come on so extensive a

Wonderful Vistas of Green Arched Waterways

become small green islands in the midst of a wilderness of lifeless trees—all in order that hungry industries may have power upon which to feed and that men may clip coupons from beautifully engraved bonds. It may be that some of the timber will be cut while it is yet serviceable, but the desolation of half submerged stumps will be no less a heartache for the lover of outdoors.

It is not unlikely that this vast labyrinth of winding, tree-lined river channels will afford congenial shelter for migratory water fowl. In this case some compensation will ensue. But Nature enthusiasts along this section of the mighty river wear doleful faces these days. They confess that with their favorite haunts already a thing of the past and the entire region becoming so changed from what they can long remember, they have a fellow feeling for the Indian as he faced the encroachments of the white man upon his territory. It is the same story, written of course in different symbols, of the aftermath of progress.

The Aristocrats of the Sea

Smell of the Brine and the Swish of the Waves Run Through this Story of Summer Delights

By Switch Reel.



BELIEVING that the popular opinion which fresh water anglers hold against salt water angling is based largely upon a lamentable lack of acquaintance with the gamier of the denizens of the mighty deep, and knowing full well that the sea contains warriors worthy the attention of highest exemplars of sport with rod and reel the writer will attempt to present a brief for a branch of sea fishing now growing in favor along the eastern seaboard.

It would be a waste of time to speak for the tarpon of the South or the tuna and swordfish of the Catalina Islands. These aristocrats of the sea have won their well-deserved place in the affections of the unprejudiced and are seldom included in the thoughts of the fresh water devotee when he lets loose his slings and arrows at salt water fishing.

But it is as unfair for him to look down upon salt water fishing because some members of the craft disembark from the Fishing Banks craft with tow bags full of ling and cunners as it would be for the salt water angler to sneer at fresh water fishing because the cane pole or slim hickory will "snake" a mess of catfish or crappie from some shady pool in a quiet stream.

How long, my brother of the fly rod, would you be worthy to sit in the company of the clect at Rangeley Dam for instance, did your rod weigh more than half an ounce to the possible pound of fish, or did your leader stand a strain of more than five or six pounds dead weight? Is it not then a fact that the proportions you maintain between tackle and quarry are the main basis of your claims to sportsmanship? You have found that the fly rod of fifty years ago was heavier than necessary. You have reduced its calibre, length and weight, and, in truth, have found the lighter tackle the more pleasurable. You set a standard of light tackle as the *sine qua non* of sportsmanship—with certain other frills which we all observe.

Now let us look at the tackle of the surf angler. His rod will weigh from 24 to 30 ounces, and he battles with fish of 30, 40 and even 60 pounds in weight. So that the proportions of half an ounce to the pound are maintained. His line, nine-thread, twelve or fifteen-thread, is made to conform to the Catalina standard of two pounds breaking strain to the thread so that the heaviest of the three lines is of the same ratio to fish that your leader bears—and it is the whole line—not simply a six-foot leader. So why are not these proportions the equals of yours?

To be sure you take the admirable position that if the fish will not take the fly you do not want them. So the surf angler, standing by so often empty-handed, sees the striped bass troller

land from his boat with three or four fish without budging from his stand that if the fish will not come to the beach they may go elsewhere.

Why, then, is not the second stiff-necked code as admirable as the first? Is it because the strippers do not take the fly? Ah, my brother of the fly rod, would you quit fishing if the trout never took a fly? I think not. You'd descend to bait.

Yes, there are aristocrats in the sea as well as there are common fishes in the streams and lakes. What can be more game than the striped bass? It is the common experience of surf anglers after standing against the frantic rushes



"Anglers Who are Content With One Fish"

of a big striper, rushes reaching anywhere from two hundred to five hundred feet, and battling for half an hour on the heavy tackle that is justified, to bring through the breakers a dead fish—a fish that has fought until his heart has actually broken in his efforts to rid himself of the restraint of the line! You kill your trout before you drop him on his mossy bed in your creel. But the average striped bass of any size has died before the angler can beach him. Isn't he game?

Take the channel bass—that beautiful great copper and silver warrior who comes breasting the breakers from Florida to Barnegat each season, as another example of gameness. He is hardly so high strung as the striped bass, but

he is game to the core. His fight is long and strong. He may move more slowly than his striped partner of the surf, but when he is beached there is never a flop left in him. Mr. Cawthorne spent one hour and fourteen minutes by the watch in beaching his record 63-pounder, and it was a savage fight from the instant the lead leaped to life and started for the other side of the Atlantic. Oh, yes! there are aristocrats in the sea, and the standards of the sport and the tackle are well worthy the consideration of the highest sticklers for nicety.

So often we hear you say our tackle is crude. It is heavy as compared with yours, but it is not crude. In comparison with the fish we take, however, it is as light as yours. The lightest tackle judged by such comparisons is not the two or three-ounce rod of the fly fisher, but that of the Aransas Pass tarpon angler who, with a 6-ounce tip and a 9-thread linen line, tries conclusions and wins against fish of from one to two hundred pounds.

The fly is a feathered fraud. If your fish breaks off he has nothing to show for his adventure. If our fish escapes he often wins a juicy mouthful of bait.

There are some great rod makers in the country. Leonard, Vom Hofe, Divine, Orvis, Conroy, John Seger—why tire you?

The lines are linen of necessity. Silk has no place in sea water.

How many days, my fly fisher friend, can you stand it without a rise? My own experience on Hunter black bass has been that after a couple of hours' steady casting without reward I have been ready to take a rest by using bait, and after three or four days without a fish, to pack off for some other locality. But come with me to the surf and I will show you anglers who are content and happy over one fish in a season.

It's a joy to swing a Leonard rod and waft a couple of flies forty feet or more and to see them stop a few inches above the water ere they safely flutter down to the surface. It's a gentle joy.

So, too, it's a joy, and a wild joy, to grasp a surf rod by its 30-inch butt, with hands and feet well apart, starting the swing from the ankles, putting every ounce of power into it from legs, hips, waist, back, shoulders, arms and wrists as the rod goes overhead, and finishing with a filling of the tip which shoots the cast 40, 50, 60, 80 yards out into wild curling breakers where there is a chance for a fish that will bring one's back muscles into play in the fight. And there is fierce pleasure which no fly fisher knows to dig one's heels in the sand and lean back on a rod which will stand the strain while one of these fish makes a 200-yard dash. All must go well with the cast or disaster is

imminent. The lead weighs four ounces, the line breaks at say 18 pounds strain. It is a delicate art to start this weight from its resting point three feet or so below the tip of one of these really powerful rods, and to so evenly and rapidly apply the last pound of power in one's muscles, accelerating the lead throughout each inch of the swing until, at just the right time, a wave is sent along the rod which reaches the tip at precisely the instant the thumb releases the reel and puts the "wallop," so to express it, into the cast.

"Wallop" is just the word—and to get it there without breaking the line where it is knotted to the swivel is beyond anything done with a fly rod.

But we have only started the cast. The reel is revolving at a high rate of speed. Its bearings are as smooth as those of a watch and are lubricated with a fairly thin oil. If the line be dry as in tournament casting, its friction will burn the skin from the caster's thumb unless protection in the shape of a thumb stall be worn. And yet thumbing must control the reel down to a point where it delivers line at the speed the lead is traveling forward. Trained instinct will tell when, and a little faith will encourage one, to remove the thumb entirely from the reel and the cast goes on gathering distance in its graceful parabola until after three or four anxious seconds the lead strikes when the thumb abruptly stops the reel. The anxiety of these seconds is born of a fear that the line may not have been properly spooled in reeling up the last cast, or that a speck of sea-weed or a stickiness of the line may cause it to falter in its delivery from the barrel of the reel, or that some foible of the wind may corkscrew the line in its journey from reel to first guide, or any one of a dozen other causes may bring the dreaded back lash and the almost inevitable breakdown resulting therefrom when the line is as light as a 9-thread. Escaping this fate, what a satisfying picture it is to see the line hanging high for an instant apparently in the gracefully curved air-hole the lead has made and then crumpling and sinking to the sea! It is a sight the angler in fresh water never enjoys, for there is nothing like it elsewhere than under the magic spell of the surf rod.

I repeat, there is no cast so long, no anxiety so intense, no satisfaction so great when success attends, in the whole field of casting as the surf angler enjoys when all goes well. The American tournament record in surf casting may be mentioned right here to point the statement as to length of cast. It is 349 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, made by Dr. Carleton Simon at the Midland Beach Club's tournament last summer, and my information is that it was made with a linen line. [Dr. Simon wrote very modestly of this event in the February number of *Forest and Stream*.—Ed.]

As to the poetry of the sport there is the ever-changing sea, whose moods run the widest gamut of variations that man can know, from the gentle playfulness of a child to the wild fury of—itself. Now bright and sparkling in the dazzling sunlight, sending its white foam flickering up the clear sands, now dull and oily under an overcast sky. To-day as gentle as a kitten, to-morrow lashing the beach with a frenzy all its own.

Woe unto the too venturesome if he follow a few low waves down too far in an effort to get his lead and bait beyond the combers, for his loved friend of yesterday may roll up a sea which will first fill his boots and ruthlessly sweep the water-logged one into the channel where a fight for life would be against great odds. One may love the dear old ocean, but one must also respect. Reflecting old ocean's moods are the skies. Of the clear white beach one sees but comparatively little at a time. Between the vastness of sea and sky one realizes to the fullest possible extent one's insignificance amongst the infinities and so comes truth which is poetry.

In the pursuit of sport here the angler is more free than his inland brother, for no law governs him but the unwritten code which it

When I tell you that I have taken *Forest and Stream* for almost thirty years, that should assure you that the paper suits me. When you announced that you proposed to change the paper from a weekly to a monthly, I was not sure I would like it; and in fact the first two or three numbers were not just what I wanted. Then you got busy, possibly anticipating what I wanted, and the last few numbers are good enough, at least for an old-timer.

For something over fifty years I have loved the forests and the streams, and I have had much to do with both in old Pennsylvania and in other states and countries. That kind of life has kept me on my feet and has deprived my family physician of many a bill. I will soon reach my seventieth milestone. For many years



"To Dig Ones Heels in the Sand and Lean Back on the Rod."

is an honor to observe. There is no six-inch law to protect his quarry. His hook is his self-imposed handicap in that direction, for if it were straightened out the wire thereof would measure within an inch of the length of the trout limit! There is no six-inch mark on the butt of your surfman's rod—instead there is a spring balance scaled to 50 or 60 pounds in his duffle bag. Here is a sport which the law need not restrict, for surf fishing will never threaten the extinction of any species which comes to the beach except the fish hog! He cannot endure in the surf.

There is no class of fishing less decimating to the stock of fish than this.

The code is simple. Be considerate and kind to your neighbor. Leave your tackle bag open. Help the beginner with good advice and teach him to beach his fish unassisted or lose him manfully. Do likewise yourself. If it is impracticable to send a big fish to a cook, send him back into the breakers; don't leave him on the beach to rot. And let your good right forefinger be your gaff—no cruel steel is necessary.

HAIL TO THE OLD GUARD.

Clearfield, Pa., April 14th, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I do not know what kind of a magazine other sportsmen desire, I can only speak for myself.

I have killed my limit of big game here in my own mountains, and hope to do so for some years to come. Strange to say, that for the last few years I have done better shooting at big game than I could do when I was much younger. I prize the big game heads that hang in my home more than I can tell you. Five moose, three caribou, several bears, and as fine a lot of deer heads as ever graced a "Den" will furnish an inspiration for my dreams long after I have hung up my old Winchester and my faithful old Parker.

But I didn't intend to prolong this letter. I only wanted to say that *Forest and Stream* in its new dress suits my fancy as well and better than if I were putting it together. But don't give us too much fiction; I like the real and true stories of the old-timers. Oh, how we miss them! There should be enough good stories wrought out in the hard school of experience, on the streams and lakes and along the trail; stories that come from the host of enthusiastic and successful sportsmen to fill your columns, without resort to reveries and stories of things that never happened. I am not complaining, I am only suggesting.

I owe many happy and mighty interesting hours to *Forest and Stream*. With my best wishes for your future success.

FRANK G. HARRIS.



Elastic Game Laws

THE notable advances already made in giving protection to wild life leave us still far from having met the swiftly-changing conditions which time brings about. Many of our laws are good enough, but through inadequate appropriations or political influences they are often not enforced, so that we might almost as well have no laws at all.

In the last issue of *Forest and Stream*, Hon. E. G. Whitaker suggests for New York State—in view of the approaching constitutional convention—a tentative amendment to the constitution, providing for the establishment of a Fish and Game Commission. To this Commission, Judge Whitaker suggests, should be given powers "to enact, repeal and amend laws prohibiting or regulating the killing of wild animals, wild birds, the taking and catching of fish and shell-fish" and to prescribe the times within which game and fish may be had in possession. In other words, this Commission should be authorized to put in operation game laws which shall be elastic—and may readily be adapted to changing conditions.

Judge Whitaker's recommendations and the draft of his amendment deserve most thoughtful consideration. The subject has already been discussed by some of our best sportsmen. In its report for 1912 the Game Preservation Committee of the Boone and Cockett Club declared that just such Commissions for the preservation of game should be created and should be invested with elastic powers and full responsibilities. "These Commissions should have full authority to make or unmake, lengthen or shorten, close seasons, to increase or decrease bag-limits; to set aside and entirely prohibit shooting on areas of land or water necessary for feeding grounds of wild fowl, shore birds, game birds or animals; to establish rest days on which neither game nor waterfowl can be disturbed; in fact, full and complete powers to establish such constitutional regulations or restrictions at any time or in any section independently, as varying and changing conditions may require, adequately to conserve the game." The recommendation then made was endorsed by the Club. The Committee repeated these suggestions in its report for 1915, emphasizing especially "its recommendation that game laws should be made flexible and entrusted to responsible Commissions with powers to adapt them immediately to changing conditions."

This is essentially the practice, if we are not mistaken, in Canada, where by an order in council the game laws may be changed without waiting for legislative delays.

The principle was recognized by Congress, when it passed a territorial game law giving the Secretary of Agriculture the power to prescribe close seasons for large game, and again when it enacted the Migratory Bird Law, which had a similar provision.

It is gratifying to read independent suggestions on the point from the Supreme Court bench of

New York. Their author has long been a sportsman and the earnest and continued work done for many years by his father before him in behalf of wild life on Long Island is still remembered by the older generation of sportsmen.

Judge Whitaker's suggestion deserves full consideration and prompt support by the sportsmen of New York State. In this matter New York has now an opportunity to lead the way, soon to be followed, it may be hoped, by all her sister States.

Nature Close to Town

THE fishing and camping season is at hand. The spirit that leads people to live near to nature may be the survival of primitive instinct, but it is a spirit to be encouraged and kept alive, for its cultivation means better health, clearer brain and cleaner living. Do not allow yourself to think—or rather do not allow your friend and neighbor to harbor the delusion, for every reader of *Forest and Stream* has already learned differently—that a long purse, ample means and abundant time are prerequisites of summer camping trips. By setting up your modest tent and rustic lares and penates in a grove or on a stream almost around the corner from any community, you can camp just as truly and enjoy the same experience that the wildest hiker into the extreme wilderness gains.

Of course it is something to be able to locate yourself in a region where fish are plentiful; where you have no neighbor, and where the wilderness looms large. If you cannot do all this, there is no earthly reason why you should deprive yourself of the joys of outdoor life. If the fish are scarce, then so much greater is the glory and the excitement of catching them. If you cannot get far enough away to hear the owls hoot, the loons wail or the wolves howl—and they howl but little in summer—you can at least be happy near town.

The bright glint of the rising sun over the dewy landscape is just as beautiful, the song of the white throat or the thrush is as melodious, and the soft murmur of the wind on the tent just as soothing. So also, pursuing your lessons as amateur camp cook, you can get just as much smoke into your eyes and burn your fingers as distressingly as in the real wilderness. The only disadvantage here is that you have not got the whole wilderness to swear in, safe beyond hearing, but at that the observance of the decent requirements of civilization will not spoil the summer outing.

Forest Fires

THE daily papers in widely scattered parts of the country will soon begin to report forest fires. It may be that with a comparatively humid or wet spring the fire season will be delayed, but that it will occur some time before fall is certain. Nine out of ten of the fires which destroy valuable property and natural resources are the result of carelessness and entirely avoidable. It is regrettable that the reports of the state fire wardens and rangers too often contain the line "started by campers."

The camper may not be to blame as often as the public is given to believe, but the way for the camper to get rid of his bad reputation in

this particular is to prove himself a woodsman by putting out all the fires he starts, and being careful not to toss matches or half-burned cigars or cigarettes along trails through the woods. The man who by his own acts of omission or commission lets a fire get beyond his control is only a little better than the individual who points firearms at people or shoots at some moving object in the woods without knowing at what he is aiming. Perhaps both in some future state will get more fire than they need. At least they will if the expressed wishes of those who suffer by reason of their misdeeds mean anything.

Is the Spirit of Adventure Dead?

IN another column a valued correspondent has something to say about the seeming indifference that exists nowadays toward trips into the comparatively unknown regions of this continent. His view is that the present generation of young men is missing great opportunities both of pleasure and knowledge by sticking to the beaten trails rather than striking out into the paths that have been opened for them by hardier explorers and sportsmen.

Perhaps there is something in this, although when it comes to scientific exploration and investigation, the unknown places of the world are being thoroughly ransacked. The American Museum of Natural History in New York alone has a staff of young scientists who are scattered all over the world collecting material and prying into the mysterious, and this holds true also with other institutions of note. But whatever the reason for the stay-at-home spirit, it is true that there are marvelous places to visit on this continent—regions where the foot of man has trod seldom, if at all, and vast sections where the game and other wild life is as abundant as in the days before the white man touched these shores.

Time to Protect the Moose

A MATTER which is coming nearer the stage where it must be considered seriously is the better protection of the largest game animal on the North American continent—the moose. Maine even now is face to face with the problem of a closed season. The legislature of that state so far has refused to enact laws suggested by the fish and game authorities favoring a closed period, but it is stating only the truth to say that if Maine does not do something of this kind, her reputation as a state for moose hunting will soon be nothing more than tradition.

Strangely enough, the big province of New Brunswick, adjoining Maine, reports moose and caribou more plentiful than ever, although the number of moose killed in that province in 1914 is stated officially to have been 1,737—which, of course is very much under the mark—while 231 caribou were brought in by licensed hunters. The new northern Quebec game regions mentioned in these columns several times contain an abundance of moose. Possibly some of the largest heads left in Canada are to be found there. It is evident that the moose needs more protection in the way of governmental or state refuges. The season also might be shortened to advantage.



Fiction Becomes Fact in Wolf Biography

MANY readers of this paper will recall the "nature-faking" controversy of a few years ago. It came to a head when the Rev. Dr. W. J. Long asserted, in a syndicated newspaper article, that a timber wolf could, and frequently did, kill a big bull caribou "by biting it through the heart with a single snap." Colonel Roosevelt, called upon to chastise the leader of the nature-fakers, declared that a timber wolf could perform the feat of getting into the chest cavity of a caribou with a single snap about as easily as a bulldog could bite in two a grape-fruit placed in the middle of a barrel of flour. With the issue joined, the leading naturalists and sportsmen supported the Colonel, while the reverend gentleman, with great heat, said he could get the affidavit of a man who knew of another man who had seen an ordinary wolf instantly kill a big horse by biting into the heart "with a single snap." While this latter performance would have required an axe and well handled, too, it led to the examination of other wolf stories of the reverend doctor, one of which will now be repeated. In "Northern Trails" he begins the first page with the account of a trip to Newfoundland in a schooner, and on arriving at midnight the anchor was dropped in a quiet harbor of a small village. As the full moon arose "a great white wolf," with its form outlined against the lunar background, sent "an unearthly howl rolling down the mountain," while the native dogs, "sitting on their tails in a solemn circle," their eyes glowing like "fox-fire," answered back the call of their wild ancestor. In this particular wolf the author seemed to take a great interest, for he says (page 12): "All over the Long Range of the northern peninsula I followed him, guided sometimes by a rumor—a hunter's story or a postman's fright." This method of hearsay tracking, and of a particular animal for weeks, while new to the world, was somewhat affected by the fact that wolves were extinct on the island at the time of the doctor's visit. But this did not prevent a series of wonderful daylight adventures with a nocturnal and absent animal. His description of his first night in the far north was as follows:

"All about us stretched the desolate wastes of sea and mountains over which silence and darkness brooded * * * not a light shone, not a sound or sign of life came from the little houses * * * when the moon arose I noticed the dogs flitting about like witches on the lonely shore; now sitting on their tails in a solemn circle, now howling all together as if demented. I paddled ashore * * * one dog ran swiftly past * * * his eyes gleamed as fox-fire in the moonlight. A long interval of profound silence had passed and I could just make out the circle of dogs sitting on

their tails * * * when an unearthly howl came rolling down the mountain *Ooooooo-Ow-Wow-Wow!* * * * From far away an answer, an echo, perhaps of their wailing * * * came ululating over the deep. Then, silence again, vast and unnatural, settling over the gloomy land like a winding-sheet. Suddenly my eye caught something moving swiftly on the crest of the mountain. A shadow with a slinking trot of a wolf gliding along the ridge between us and the moon * * * it stopped, leaped upon a big rock, turned a pointed nose up to the sky, sharp and clear, *Ooooooo-Ow-Wow-Wow!* the terrible howl of a great white wolf tumbled down on the husky dogs.

"The wild wolf had called and the tame wolves awakened to answer."

On the page opposite the text is a drawing showing this wolf outlined against a full moon.

This easy and very prompt method of beginning the study of wolves at the edge of a hamlet, swarming with dogs and human beings, like the rest of the story, was rudely declared by the natives and all visiting sportsmen to be pure fiction, notwithstanding the expressed declaration of the author, in the preface of his book, that everything narrated therein "is minutely true to fact and is based squarely upon my own observation and that of my Indians." But truth is stranger than fiction and imagination sometimes evolves into reality.

Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," finds a verification in the submarine craft of the present day, while the imaginary wolf of the Newfoundland peak finds a flesh and blood counterpart directly across the continent. For there on a British Columbia peak, adjoining the village of Telegraph Creek, a big wolf outlined against the moon sends an "unearthly" howl "ululating" and "rolling down the mountain" to the dismay of its tame descendants, who, flitting about like "witches" or "sitting on their tails in a circle," with eyes of "fox-fire," re-enact, action by action, the Eastern story of the big white wolf. This is fully described in a book recently published, entitled "Big Game Fields of America, North and South," wherein the second and later author graphically tells of the eventful opening of his first trip to the far north as follows, (pages 282-4):

"It was close to midnight. For an hour the little hamlet had been slumbering; no sounds were falling, the hush of the night was complete. A thin, silvery light grew behind the shattered spurs until a young crescent moon sailed up. Several huskies lay in restless slumber, every now and then they would raise their heads and peer at me * * * while their eyes shone like fox-fire * * * and great silence reigned over all. Out of the

blue throbbing night there ebbed a faint sound that came ululating over the distant hills like a voice of the wind * * * Three or four huskies trotted swiftly by as soundless as a darting shadow * * * I saw several of them flitting about like witches in the moonlight, now sitting on their tails in a solemn circle * * * A long interval of profound silence passed. Then suddenly * * * an unearthly howl came rolling down the mountain. It was a long wail of a great lone wolf. Then the huskies, which are but wolves of yesterday, raised their muzzles to the sky and howled as if demented * * * Across the river came a long *Woo-Ooo-Wow-Wow*, and then a great black wolf leaped to the very top of a spur and stood motionless * * * against the crisp stars and young moon. Sitting back on his haunches and pointing his jaws to the moon, he rolled out a long appealing wail.

"It was the strong and the free, calling to his degenerate captive kindred to be wild."

The pretended vision of the reverend fictionist in determining the color, size and the precise attitude and actions of a wolf at midnight, a mile or so away, is quite equaled by that of his voracious chronicler, while the very rare detection of the moon's reflection ("fox-fire") in the dogs' eyes is, also, an interesting conversion of Eastern fancy into Western actuality.

But, after all, the most striking feature in a wolf outlining itself against the moon, lies in the fact that the conjunction of the moon with a terrestrial sky-line varies each night in time and location, the impingement lasting but a few minutes, so that the "great black wolf" had to arrive at a precise moment, on the highest portion of the ridge and at the exact point on the sky-line between the sportsman and the moon. Were the moon, wolf and spectator not in a direct and unobscured line and at the right moment, the Lupine lunar eclipse could not be noticed.

Aside from one wolf being white and the other black, the coincidence of fact with fiction is most striking. True, there is a slightly greater proportion of *H's* in the ululating *oo's* of the Western animal, but this is merely a geographic variation. The phases of the moon were different, too, but that the *new moon rises at midnight*, as stated in the British Columbia story, is no more novel than that of a *full moon rising at midnight*, in the Eastern version, for each performs an unparalleled feat at a time unnoted, or perhaps overlooked, in any lunar calendar.

In concluding, it may be stated that the performance of the great black wolf, extraordinary as it may seem, was followed several weeks later by a wholesale duplication, for the owl-eyed author of "Big Game Fields," while sitting at his camp-fire witnesses a midnight parade of eight or more wolves passing successively in front of the moon, where "the leader, with his sensitive muzzle raised towards the sky, sounded the hunt call of his fellow kinsmen," and the latter re-

(Continued on page 295.)

Here is a Picture of Bird Life Undisturbed



THE scientific and exploration trip to the Antarctic under the leadership of Sir Douglas Mawson, 1911-1914, has beyond question given the world more in the way of results of real value than any other expedition of the kind of which we have record. Of course, the trips of this character recorded as popularly important are those which resulted in the achievement of discovery of the poles of the earth. In one way this is correct. But a trip which included nearly thirty scientists of note, which had its work and program divided and subdivided as completely and accurately as the system which characterizes the operation of the German army, was bound to reveal important truths. We have to go back to expeditions conducted under the authority of the late Charles Darwin to find something worthy of comparison.

In this short space it is absolutely impossible to touch upon the various features of the Mawson expedition, even of the heroic fight of the leader of that expedition to get back to his base of supplies after having lost his two companions—a struggle which revealed the true character of this young Australian. It is also impossible to more than touch upon any one single feature of the trip thoroughly, but to those who delight in natural history the descriptions of the bird life and of the wild fauna of the Antarctic, must prove fascinating.

We have been led to believe, for instance, that the sea elephant is almost an extinct mammal. It is, on the North American continent, and the few specimens which linger on the lower California coast and on islands lying off South America, are dwindling rapidly. But in the Antarctic the sea elephant apparently is as common as the walrus in the Arctic regions. It is, as a matter of fact, the victim of commercial greed and is slaughtered by the thousands on islands one thousand miles south of New Zealand. The scientists of the Mawson party lead us to believe that this slaughter does not exceed the reproductive powers of the herds that still remain. That may be true now, but we all know what occurs when civilization finds a profitable commodity in any form of prevailing wild life.

The Antarctic, be it understood, differs from the Arctic in that human habitation is entirely lacking. The region is one of such repelling climatic conditions that permanent habitation is physically impossible. It differs from the Arctic in that the southern cap of the globe consists of high plateau elevations of from six to ten thousand feet, over which winds sweep constantly with a fierceness not known elsewhere in the world.

During the stay of the Mawson party in the Antarctic for a period embracing nearly three years, the average velocity of the wind for months was fifty miles an hour and gales where this velocity was trebled were not at all uncommon. In such bleakness it seems incredible

that life for any warm-blooded creature is possible. Nevertheless, under such forbidding conditions the greatest remaining masses of bird life on the globe are to be encountered. We do not mean that where climatic conditions are the worst this bird life is the greatest, but within its zones are to be found literally millions of those great aquatic birds, the Penguin, which live and breed and multiply amazingly.

Through the courtesy of Sir Douglas Mawson

tending for hundreds of miles around the Antarctic circle.

The Penguins are of several species or subspecies, the heaviest weighing upward of sixty pounds. They formed a goodly portion of the dietary stores of the Mawson party and *Forest and Stream* has the word of some of the scientists in the party that the Penguin is food worthy of commendation.

Much that is new as to its breeding and other



Forest and Stream is able to present an illustration of one of the big breeding grounds of the Great Penguin. No estimate can be placed on the number of birds in this picture. They must be measured in mass and calculated, for counting is out of the question. And almost infinite though the separate specimens shown in this picture are, they represent only a limited fraction of the whole territory that might be pictured.

habits was discovered and set forth by the Mawson scientists. Better than that, thanks to modern inventions, the moving picture machine was brought into play on this expedition and all who have had the opportunity of seeing these pictures have enjoyed a treat that heretofore of necessity has been reserved to those who have journeyed to the ends of the earth to see things new and strange.

Fascinating Study of the Antarctic's Surplus Fauna

As stated already the expedition was divided into sections, some of which did not endeavor to penetrate the extremes of latitude, but established stations on the outskirts of the Antarctic. One of these was on Macquarie Island, a bleak rock outpost nearly one thousand miles south of New Zealand, and which is accessible to sealers, egg hunters, etc.

G. F. Ainsworth, the scientist and naturalist who had charge of this section, resided with his

modesty when refined has a market value of from £20 to £25 per tun, it will be seen that the industry is a profitable one. The cows being small never have a very thick coating of blubber, but I have seen bulls with blubber to a depth of eight inches, and some of them yield nearly two thousand pounds, though I should estimate the average yield at about one thousand one hundred pounds. The sealers in the early days used to obtain the oil by cutting the blub-

The 'elephant season' lasts only about three months, and within about four weeks of its conclusion, the 'penguin season' begins; the same gang of men being employed as a rule. The most difficult operation in connection with both of these industries is undoubtedly the loading and unloading of the vessel.

"About the middle of the month the Royal penguins commenced to lay, and on the 17th Sandell and I went to their rookeries.

"From careful observation I should say that the number of birds killed during the season would total one hundred and fifty thousand. The method of killing—by blows from a heavy club—is about as humane as any that could be adopted, and the yearly increase in numbers in the only rookeries that are being worked is certainly greater than the decrease due to the depredations of the sealers. Apart from this, there are acres of rookeries on the island from which not a single bird is taken, and they go on year after year adding thousands upon thousands to their already vast numbers.

"At the end of June, Blake and I surveyed all the penguin rookeries round about 'The Nuggets' and, allowing a bird to the square foot, found that there must have been about half a million birds in the area. The sealers kill birds from these rookeries to the number of about one hundred and thirty thousand yearly, so that it would seem reasonable to suppose that, despite this fact, there must be an annual increase of about one hundred thousand birds."

Will the Penguin become extinct as have the Great Auk and so many other species of our bird life? It seems impossible that such a calamity will befall, but it is to be remembered that not over two hundred years ago the Great Auk was almost as numerous in the Northern Hemisphere as the Penguin now is in the Antarctic. Anthony Parkhurst, in 1518, wrote: "These birds (the Great Auk) are also called Penguin and cannot fly; there is more meate in one of these than in a goose. The Frenchmen that fish neere the grand baie bring a small store of flesh with them but victuall themselves always with these birdes."

Richard Whitbourne, writing a few years later, says: "These Penguin (the Great Auk) are as big as geese and fly not for they have but a little short wing and they multiply so infinitely upon a certain flat island that men drive them from thence into their boats by hundreds at a time."

The work of extermination was so thorough that the museums of the Northern Hemisphere are without specimens. The last bird was shot in 1844, and is in the museum at Copenhagen. That was the end of the Great Auk. Let us hope that the Penguin will not suffer a similar fate. It possesses a value commercially and no matter how unlimited may be its number at present, it will go the way of the Auk unless a more enlightened sentiment expressed through governmental action is enforced to preserve it.

(The Home of the Blizzard; by Sir Douglas Mawson, J. B. Lippincott Co., 2 vols., \$9.00.)



party for nearly three years on the island, and his chapter of the expedition is one that contributes in nearly every page something new to natural history. Speaking of the herds of sea elephants encountered, Professor Ainsworth says:

"The sealers always gave the animals time to form their rookeries and then killed the bulls for oil. A well-conditioned full-grown animal yields about half a tun of oil, and as the com-

ber up into very small pieces and melting it down in 'try' pots. These pots, many of which may be still seen about the island, were made of very thick iron and the fuel used was the refuse taken from the pot itself. In the present method steam digestors are used, and the oil from the melted blubber is drawn off, after steam has been passing for twelve hours. Coal is brought down by the sealing-vessel to be used as fuel.



Things We Don't Know About Salmon

By E. A. S.

IN A RECENT communication to *Forest and Stream* I stated that although the season for fly fishing for salmon on the rivers of the Maritime Provinces opened February 1, it apparently does not have much significance so far as the streams of Quebec and New Brunswick are concerned, for the reason that the fish do not, probably, enter them so early in the season.

The language I used was such that the inference might naturally be drawn that we have information which shows that the early run of the fish is confined to the rivers of southwestern Nova Scotia, but such information is not, so far as I am aware, possessed by anyone, although I have been unable to discover any record of such movement it very possibly may occur; no

one can assert whether or not fish run into all the rivers of the lower provinces as early as they do those of Nova Scotia; who can say they do not enter the Penobscot in February and even in January? Why shouldn't they? Surely Canadian rivers and that glorious one of Maine have no greater frigidities than those of Norway and Scotland, and we know that the salmon are running up those rivers in January almost as freely as they do later in the season.

Someone has stated, I cannot now say whom, that salmon are probably running up or down Canadian rivers in every month of the year; while this is no doubt purely conjecture, I should not like to say it is not true. In fact, there is very much yet to be learned about the movements of our noble game fish, and I pen

these lines for *Forest and Stream* in the hope that they will draw out new facts from observers which should permanently be put on record.

I was once informed that the salmon which frequented one of the Quebec rivers abandoned its early summer ascent in consequence of the persistent netting which encompassed it and relinquished the ascent of the stream until late in the season after the nets had been removed. Now, to attribute to the salmon an intelligence great enough to change its habits in order to evade the nets and traps is going too far, for no one can imagine that any degree of reasoning that it might possibly possess would enable it to overcome the great natural instinct to ascend the river at its regular period.

I had my doubts in relation to this matter and in consequence wrote an expert friend, asking his opinion concerning it, believing him to be possessed of information if anyone was. His reply was:

"I think you were misinformed about the Quebec river into which the fish did not enter until the nets were lifted on the coast; I never heard of it before, and do not now believe it. In all our rivers (N. B.) there is a late run of salmon, and no doubt it is the same with the Que-



bec rivers; but the coast nets have nothing to do with this so far as I have ever heard."

Now it seems to me there is something here worth examining and something which tends to substantiate the statement that the fish move up or down the rivers "in every month of the year." We know of the early summer ascent and of the "late run" and have no reason to doubt that many fish come into the rivers very early in the spring in the same manner as do their congeners on the other side of the Atlantic; and this leads us to inquire why there should be such a diversity of habit, why they do not enter and leave the streams nearly simultaneously; the explanation I will endeavor to give is the result of considerable thought, and possibly it will stand until a better one is offered.

In the opinion of many good observers the salmon does not carry out the work of reproduction every year; that is to say, in many cases the fish do not always mature and deposit their ova every year, and some pass or go by occasional seasons.

I do not suppose anyone would undertake to say that all salmon cast their spawn every year or every alternate year, because so far as I have been able to ascertain, nobody has any tangible proof in the premises, but there seems to be very strong leanings to the belief that a certain proportion of the fish spawn only on alternate years.

Now the salmon, having performed their great work, have no excuse or reason for longer tarrying in the rivers in which most of them have spent many months, generally without food, and so they begin to move down the streams on their return to the ocean, where, by reason of the abundant food that is afforded, they are enabled to recuperate and again become the well-conditioned, vigorous fish they formerly were.

But the spent salmon, or kelts, do not always hurry in descending the rivers, some even procrastinating their return to the sea until April and May.

Now my theory is this: those kelts which do not return to the salt water until late in the winter or even in the spring cannot possibly recuperate to a degree that would enable them to mature spawn ripe for reproduction in the following autumn, and that they, instead of returning to the rivers, remain in the salt water during the early winter months.

But having acquired their full condition, their health, strength and vigor, the natural process of elaborating and ripening the ova begins and they are then prompted to return to the rivers in which those ova must be deposited, and a certain proportion of them attain that condition very early in the season, even as early as January or February according to the length of time during which they have remained in the ocean; those are the fish which constitute the early run.

The late run, so-called, most probably consists of those fish which deposited their spawn early in the previous autumn and descended at once to the sea, in which they have from ten months to a year to recuperate.

Between the early and late runs come those fish which ascend the rivers during the summer months, most of which bear eggs which will mature in the coming autumn, but some of which ascend the river only in pursuance of that instinct which teaches them to pass up into the fresh water even if no ova are to be deposited.



A Rival of His Majesty the Salmon

It may be urged that most of the foregoing is nothing but conjecture; of course it is, but it is conjecture that has been based on no little study and the getting together of no inconsiderable number of facts; whether it may be proved correct or not time will show; much valuable information, in fact possibly the key to the whole situation, may be obtained by the careful and general tagging of all salmon that are handled at the hatcheries, and by keeping records of their subsequent coming into the rivers from which they are released.

In the meantime it must be apparent to all observers that there is yet a "whole lot" we don't know about the salmon.

STRIPED BASS AND SHAD

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Writing of the disappearance of shad and striped bass, Mr. E. A. Donnelly in the March number of *Forest and Stream*, seems to assume that both are migratory fish. The shad is migratory but not the striped bass. On our Northern coast the habit of the striped bass is to winter in fresh water, and summer in the salt. Thus the Hudson River bass spend the winter in deep holes up the river, emerging in spring to descend to the ocean and bays, where they remain until hard cold begins in the fall. So far from their being migratory, it is doubtful if the Hudson River bass ever stray as far as Montauk Point on the one hand or Barnegat on the other.

The striped bass is one of the most widely distributed fish on the Atlantic Coast, being

found from Massachusetts to Georgia. Below the Chesapeake it is locally known as the "rock-fish," and farther south than North Carolina it does not appear to migrate even from fresh to salt water. For example, all of the fresh water streams of South Carolina are full of them, yet they are never taken at any season of the year below the brackish water line. So much for the migratory theory.

That the striped bass is fond of shad roe is no doubt true, but it is rather straining the limit to speak of shad roe as its "natural food supply." A natural food supply must be constant, but shad roe is nowhere more than occasional. The natural food supply of the striped bass is small fish, crustacea, and worms. Shad roe is to it merely a spring luxury, just as the strawberry is to the human.

Thus the disappearance of the striped bass cannot be attributed to a diminution of the supply of shad roe. But is the bass disappearing? Numbers were taken last summer in the bays and along the beaches, which is proof the fish is still here. It is less frequently taken in the Hudson than formerly, probably because the surface water is so foul, it follows the deep and cleaner water to the sea. The shad is undoubtedly disappearing from the Hudson, and apparently from rivers further South. Whatever the cause elsewhere, in the Hudson it is the amount of sewage in the water, and probably also, the oil distributed by motor boats.

W. E. SIMMONS.

A DAY WITH THE JEW FISH

"HURRY up folks! breakfast is ready, and the motorboat is waiting; conditions are right for Little Pass, and you should have good luck." Such was our greeting on the morning of December the 8th last, by our genial host, Captain Lewis Roberts.

We soon finished a good Southern breakfast, and piled in the boat, waved good-bye to the Siesta and headed for the narrow of Sarasota key. Our party consisted of Dr. Doerner (Old Doc), his two attractive daughters, Lillian and Frances, my good wife and myself. Henry and Jim manned the boat and kept her moving at good speed, while we busied ourselves getting the tackle in order, renewing the water for our live minnows and viewing the scenery.

A matter of several miles around the Key brought us to Little Pass, an inlet so narrow that one can cast across, yet such a large volume of water from the Gulf rushes through this pass that at its mouth the current has hollowed out a remarkably deep hole with very abrupt banks. We anchored our boat a hundred yards or so inside, and made our way over the broken shells to the hole, where we were cautioned not to venture too close to the edge.

We lost no time getting our lines overboard, while Jim baited the shark hook with a one pound mullet, and twirling it around over his head, he sent it flying some 40 feet into the deepest part of the pass, and securely lashed the end of the rope to a stake on the beach. Old Doc was the first to get fast to a fish. After baiting his hook with half a crab, he made a beautiful cast, and the bait had hardly touched water when it was struck so violently that the revolving reel handle trimmed the skin from his

knuckles. He held on however, and after a tussle, beached a big channel bass, which came as a surprise for it is rare that this fish will take the bait at a jump. Not another bass was caught that day, but we soon had our hands full with better game. The tide had turned, and the clear water of the Gulf came pouring through the pass bringing in an immense school of shiners, and slashing right and left through the school were the biggest mangrove snappers we ever saw. Throwing away our crabs, we baited with live minnows and in a few minutes all were busy with the snappers, so that it was not long before we had a nice bunch of the big gamy fellows ranging from 3 to 7 pounds each, the biggest one which was a perfect beauty, being caught by my wife. Suddenly she cried out: "Theres goes the shark line!" Jim got there first, and giving the line a vicious jerk, called out: "All hands lay to!" We reeled in quickly, threw our rods on the beach and ran to his assistance. All pulled together, hand over hand, and over the bank came a jewfish which must have weighed 200 pounds or more. It was the first jewfish we had ever seen, and we spent some time marvelling at its great proportions. Jim soon rebaited the big look and swung it out as far as he could, and we resumed our rod and reel fishing.

I had just landed a fine snapper when there was another alarm, to which we responded pell mell, and after much excitement and yelling, we pulled out our second jewfish which was quite as large as the first one. We now felt entirely satisfied with our luck, but there was more to follow.

It was time for lunch, and the way the good things disappeared showed that fishing is the best tonic for an appetite. We were seated in a circle on the shell beach finishing up on oranges, when the coiled rope straightened out, and we made a grand rush for the shark line upsetting everything in our way. We soon landed our third jewfish, this time a small one of some 60 or 70 pounds. A little later Miss Frances hooked a big fish, and refusing all assistance, triumphantly landed her catch, which proved to be a fine grouper.

By this time the snappers had stopped biting and we had about decided that we would get no more strikes, when Henry suddenly called out: "Help! Help! Everybody!", and there he was at the shark line vainly trying to hold it in check. We ran to the rope, and realized at once that we had something extraordinary on the other end. All hands, seven in all, pulled with might and main, meanwhile screaming like school-children and slipping and falling in our excitement, until inch by inch, foot by foot, we recovered the line, and with a last mighty effort dragged our prize jewfish out of the water. It was a veritable monster, and we estimated its weight at from 400 to 500 pounds. The four great jewfish and the big bunch of smaller ones made a wonderful sight, and we would have given anything if our Northern friends could have seen them spread out on the beach.

Our day's fishing was over, for the wind had changed, and we felt the first chilly puffs of a coming norther. Henry bade us hurry and told us we would have to leave our one biggest fish behind, as we would have heavy seas to fight and he was afraid to overload the boat. With great reluctance three of us rolled our prize fish overboard, and as it was not long out of its

element, it swam away unhurt. The other jewfish were lashed on the bow and stern of the boat, and placing the other fish inside, we made off at full speed.

Henry was right, for the wind increased in force, and we had a very rough trip before we finally reached the Siesta. We were met at the dock by the Captain whose eyes fairly popped when he saw our catch. "Well, folks," he said,

"I have had many guests to fish at Little Pass and occasionally get one or two jewfish, but you are the first to catch four in one day's fishing."

A few days later we waved good-bye to Sarasota, and our train pulled out for home. We spent a most enjoyable vacation, but all agreed that there is one day we will never forget, the day with the jewfish.

Passing of A Pioneer Rod Maker

Charles Orvis, Famous for Early Development of the Split Bamboo, Dies at Advanced Age

On Wednesday, March 24th, 1915, there passed away, in a little village nestling in the valley of the Battenkill, at the foot of Mount Equinox in Vermont, a man well known and highly respected by a wide circle of acquaintances, and much beloved by those whose privilege it was to know him intimately; on Friday a few of those who knew him best and loved him most, laid away the body of the veteran rod-maker in the beauti-

with a few other well known men, with its early history, and a number of improvements, radical at the time, but now practically universal, were conceived and first used by him.

Mr. Orvis was a man of strong character and personality, who possessed in a remarkable degree, the faculty of attracting to himself those who made his acquaintance, and of forming deep and lasting friendships. He had been president and postmaster of the village in which he was born, and had held other positions of trust and responsibility in the gift of his fellow citizens, who knew his worth and trusted him accordingly. He lacked the advantage of early education, yet his strong and vigorous mind was stored, through his own efforts, with much of practical knowledge and scientific learning, and he was genuinely interested in everything that concerned the welfare of humanity. Especially was he deeply versed in the political history of his country, and few men could trace so accurately as he its development from the earliest Colonial days to the present, and at all times, and upon all subjects, he was a delightful companion and a most interesting talker.

A man of sterling integrity, scrupulous honesty, and indefatigable industry, he will be greatly missed in his home, in his native place, and by the wider circle of friends the country over, who knew him personally, or by correspondence.

Two sons—Robert J., at present postmaster of Manchester, and the Hon. Albert C., formerly member of the legislature—survive him, as also do two grandchildren, to all of whom he has left the priceless legacy of an upright and honored life. An only daughter, Mrs. Mary Orvis Marbury died only a few months ago.

H. W. VAN WAGENEN.



The Late Charles F. Orvis

ful cemetery of his native place, beside the noble wife he had loved so long and well, and mourned so deeply, and the gifted daughter who had preceded him by but a few months.

Charles Frederick Orvis was born June 19th, 1831, in Manchester, Vermont, where, with the exception of a few years, he spent his entire life, and with the history of which he was identified for more than three quarters of a century. He was an ardent sportsman, and early became interested in the making of fly rods, his first rod for sale having been made in 1856, and with some intervals, during which he engaged in other pursuits, he continued their manufacture until his last illness, in the Summer of 1913, laid him aside, since which time he had been a great sufferer until relieved by death. Although he was not the first, by some years, to make the split-bamboo rod, he was identified,

THE MOST INTERESTING AND RELIABLE
Pittsburgh, Pa., March 30, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

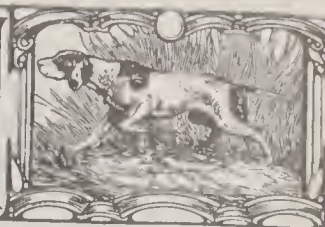
I take this occasion of extending to you my congratulations on the splendid appearance of your publication under the new form, and the only criticism that I have to record is that I enjoyed the receipt and reading of the *Forest and Stream* under the weekly issue, as I assure you I would not receive it too often, and it is somewhat of a disappointment to have to wait a full month now before I can get a copy of the issue.

I consider your publication one of the most interesting and reliable in the field which you cover.

C. E. CORRIGAN.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Game Bird Conditions in Middle West

Guernsey, Iowa, March 14, 1917.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

If you have any idea that you would permit a farmer to express his ideas through the columns of *Forest and Stream*, I would like to make a few remarks relative to the new migratory game law, and why game birds are becoming more scarce. Having had several years' experience as a market hunter, commencing thirty-three years ago, in Indiana and continuing during the hunting seasons for ten to twelve years, I have some conception of what a quarter section of land covered with game birds looks like. I lived in Indiana on a farm upon what we called the prairie country in White County, my father being a farmer and a good game marksman, naturally did considerable shooting for the market. Just four miles north of our home was where we would leave the prairie country and enter the timber and marsh country, and for some thirty to fifty miles north continued this unbroken marsh land and timber, including what is or was known as the Kankakee marshes and river. The geese and ducks would go from the marshes to the prairie to feed, commencing just at day break and continue until about 10 A. M. and again at about 3 P. M. and continue until dark. The flocks which went to the fields in the early day returned in the afternoon.

These birds were so plentiful that at times I have seen as much as ten or twenty acres of ground covered so thickly that it would appear that there was no room for any more. When I was about nine years old (1880) my father bought one of the first breech loaders that came to that community. He bought it of the famous Bogardus at one of his glass ball shoots at Logansport, Indiana. It was a Parker I well remember, and the wonder of the shooting fraternity in the neighborhood. I have stood at the house and have seen father kill ten, fifteen or twenty geese flying across the fields coming from the marshes early in the morning in the course of one to two hours before breakfast.

I used this gun later and for several years averaged two hundred, three hundred and some time four hundred geese and five hundred to twelve hundred ducks during the spring shooting each year, and after duck shooting was over, we would shoot Golden Plover, and Jack, or English snipe for a period of thirty days. I generally averaged one thousand plover and snipe every April. All the neighborhood was shooting for the market during all these years and we did not notice any perceptible diminishing in number or plentifulness of any kind of game of this kind until we commenced to drain the land.

Drain tile commenced to come in use and in later years the steam dredge ditcher was put in

service and the marshes to the north ditched. The one marsh where we had been killing wagon loads of ducks, geese and snipe was drained, and I might mention too, that many times this old marsh, commonly known as the Blue Sea, has seen many a tired and worn out business and professional man from Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, New York, Philadelphia and other cities spending a week or two with Phil Dobbins in his scat getting some rest and at the same time fighting the geese and ducks off, but as these marshes were slowly drained, so too was the shooting drained, and later when these former bird haunts were dry, there was very little game, but we would have a wet spring now and then and every marsh would be flooded.

Then the ducks, geese and snipe were just as plentiful as before, and to this day when there is plenty of water there is very good duck shooting as long as the water lasts. I have noticed that drainage all over the country has had a tendency to drive out our water fowl. I believe, notwithstanding the thousands we used to kill, drainage has been the most potent factor in driving the birds away.

This part of Indiana which I mention was a great place for prairie chickens. There is no doubt that the gun has diminished the number of chickens, but when I attended the Grand American Handicap at Dayton, Ohio two years ago, I stopped to visit father a few days, who still lives in White County and he told me that there are still plenty of prairie chickens; he said the winter before he saw what he estimated at five hundred chickens sitting in the timber just north of the house at different times. Of course the cold weather causes them to bunch up.

We often hear the question: Why are prairie chickens so scarce here in Iowa compared with years ago? And the usual answer is, they have all been killed, which in part only is true, but the principal reason I think is this: I have lived in this community for five years and practically no chickens hatch here, (fifty-five miles southwest of Cedar Rapids) but every fall we see hundreds of chickens coming from the north and stay here all winter and in the spring they go back north, probably to northern Iowa and Minnesota and probably part of them as far as North Dakota.

Why is it? The facts are that Iowa is so closely farmed and grazed that a prairie chicken has no place to make a nest. In this whole community I have not seen even a fence row where there is enough grass for a chicken to make a nest. The stock clean out all the grasses right under the fences and the cross fences are farmed so close that there is no grass. Consequently the chickens have to go north to a wilder country

to breed. The quail also are getting in the habit of migrating to a limited extent. During the spring and summer the quail sit on the garden fence near the barn and in fact we can at times count eight to twelve at one time saying: "Bob White" and a little later there are many flocks of little quail which we generally take great pride in protecting, but we have to hustle in the fall to have a little fun before they go a little south. I presume they go to Missouri and other warmer places during the winter. Last winter there were six quail wintered on this farm; during the fall we had four flocks of quail, but they all went south in December and this winter we have six quail again, presumably the same six of last winter. During the cold weather these six quail came to our hog lot to get fed, but within the next sixty days there will be pairs of quail everywhere.

Now the difference between the migratory birds and the native birds as viewed by the farmer. The average farmer takes pride in protecting the native birds, including migratory song birds. When we run the mowing machine into a quail's nest, not knowing it be there, we stop long enough to replace the nest, and fit it up in good shape and leave a pile of hay at the nest so that whoever of the family does the raking, after having been told about it, knows where that quail's nest is and goes around it, and nine times out of ten the old mother quail will hatch the flock just the same as if it had not been disturbed, but as to geese, ducks and the various snipe family we take a different view. We are told by people who know and by writers who have studied the geese and duck family that their home is the whole earth, wherever they can get fed. We are protecting game birds that live the greater part of the year on the South American and other continents.

I read a lady writer not long ago. (I have forgotten the author's name) who claimed to have followed the Golden Plover which abounds in this country during the spring, passing through here up the Mississippi River valley, lingering about 30 days. She says these plover and snipe after leaving Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa go to the extreme northern part of Canada to breed. When the young are ready to fly they start about September first or earlier and go to the eastern coast of Canada for a two weeks' rest, then they start south along the coast of North America, flying in flocks sometimes miles long. They make another two weeks' stop somewhere on the Central American coast, thence they go to Argentine Republic where they remain all winter. After some reflection upon the question of protecting migratory birds we arrive at the conclusion that we are protecting the birds for foreign countries, the birds having no personal home.

I have also noticed considerable comment by city writers on the "Pot Hunter." If I understand just what the term means, I would suggest to those that think the "Pot Hunter," is still a

factor, just to get out into the middle west or north or most anywhere in the United States excepting a very few states, shoot a bunch of any kind of game birds and try to sell it. After they do this they won't wear out any more blue pencils preparing articles on "Pot Hunting and Market Hunting."

I have been asked by several farmers in this community about the new migratory game law. Very few farmers as yet know about this law, but I am of the opinion that when the majority of the farmers learn that they are prohibited from going duck shooting on their own farm, they will not endorse this law. We have closed seasons on our native birds and the average farmer takes pride in protecting our native birds. Each state should protect its migratory birds in nesting time, and I believe there are very few farmers who would knowingly shoot a duck that was nesting—in fact the average farmer generally kills a few ducks in late February and March in this community, but as soon as the ground is ready to work he generally gets busy farming, and if the ducks light right in the same field he very seldom stops to go and get a gun to kill them. Mrs. Dobbins and I would much prefer to shoot at clay targets than to shoot game, but we certainly like two or three nice duck roasts during the spring. However, this spring, Uncle Sam says we can't eat wild duck; therefore we will have to wait until next fall for that duck roast, and shoot a few targets in the meantime.

J. W. DOBBINS.

WILD DUCKS DYING IN KANSAS.

Ellinwood, Kansas, March 31, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have read your March copy with pleasure and enjoyed the "Confessions of a Market Hunter," and I sincerely believe this country again could be made a land of plenty of ducks and geese with long open seasons and plenty of birds for the market. But under our present system of game laws our game is protected off the face of the earth. As to my theory, most of our legislators are incompetent as to the real care our waterfowl should have. I will venture to say if Kansas had game laws which it should have, it could produce thousands upon thousands of birds every year within its boundaries. Thousands of dollars are spent to make laws but not one dollar is spent to produce birds.

The wild ducks here, the last few weeks, are mostly pintails, and they are dying by the hundreds and hundreds. They seem to get weak and hungry. I found some twenty live birds on a patch of four acres that could barely fly, and the dead lay in numbers on the field. Now what is done to care for such birds? From all indications the money from the game department is spent to make laws, to convict good citizens, but none is spent for the welfare of the birds. These birds that are dying by the thousands could have been saved with little money.

GEO. J. KLEIN.

Norfolk, Va., April 12, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am very much pleased with the *Forest and Stream*; enjoy reading it very much.

H. C. SMITH.

Rights of Farmers to Control Game

By Sandy Griswold

I noticed in a recent number of the *Forest and Stream* where some correspondent desired to know about the rights of farmers to control all the game that harbored on their lands, and as this question has been frequently put to me, I will say that the principle that property rights in the *ferae naturae* repose in the state and not in the individual until reduced to actual possession, has long been established. It probably had its origin in the arbitrary exercises of power by the early Norman kings of England, who asserted ownership over all the wild creatures in the kingdom. We hear nothing about "the king's deer" before that time. But color is given to the rule that *ferae naturae* are not the property of individuals until reduced to possession by the fact that the wild creatures do not inhere in the land of any individual, having no permanent abiding place, and not being subject to human control; but are on this man's land today and that man's land tomorrow; so that no individual landowner can claim any other than a transitory interest in these wandering denizens of nature's wide domain. And it is no great strain on the fundamental principle of property rights for the state to assume a restrictive control over these creatures that cannot in the nature of things be considered one man's property more than another's when in a wild condition, the state's intervening being for the purpose of best securing the rights of all in the game and fish that are common to all who can properly gain access to it.

But if the state should appoint agents to go on the man's land to reduce to possession the game that it has theoretic title to, the landowner could challenge the right of the state to invade his premises for such a purpose and would be sustained by the courts.

A Sioux City reader takes me to task about my assertion in a recent issue of the *Forest and Stream* that the sportsmen are the class that are chiefly interested in the propagation and preservation of our game birds and animals. He says: "If, as you have so many times asserted, it is the sportsmen who shoot game who are the most interested and the most earnest in their efforts to protect and provide for it, will you inform me whether their good work is instigated by the desire to do something useful, or only that they may later kill them. According to my way of thinking, it is the naturalist who is the most deeply interested and the one who does the real work of protection and preservation."

In reply, I would say that for one, I claim that it is for the useful purpose the sportsmen seek to preserve our game, and it is also for a useful purpose they hunt and kill. They are just as much interested in the protection of game in parts of the country where they never expect to kill any, as they are in localities where they expect to derive direct benefit from its protection, and if their hunting days were over, would still be interested in its protection from a sportsman's standpoint.

There are certainly naturalists who are sports-

men and sportsmen who are naturalists. I think a good percentage of the sportsmen are naturalists to some extent or other. Has not the sportsman the opportunity to study and the soul to admire game in its wild state? A true sportsman has no desire to kill all of the game he sees. Science is indebted in many ways to sportsmen and hunters for much of the knowledge acquired about game.

The young sportsman of the present day accepts the established order of things as a matter of course. But what has been accepted as right for a few years may easily imply existence from time immemorial. It is not many years since improvement began. The perfection of the practical sportsmanship of today had its origin in very crude beginnings about twenty-five years ago. In this country—and it is of this country of which I write—so great is the difference between ideas, implements, and methods of today and those of twenty-five years ago, that they mark widely different eras of development.

Twenty years ago every sportsman used Nos. 1, 2 and 3 for ducks, 0's or 00's and No. 1, for geese. Ten years ago they used Nos. 3, 4, and 5 for ducks and Nos. 1 to 3 for geese. Five years ago 4s to 6s for ducks, and 2s and 3s for geese. What do you find today? Nos. 6s to 7s for ducks and almost exclusively 4s for geese. It hasn't been a sudden change or it might be less trustworthy. But a general deduction in the size of the shot has been going on. For the past ten years I have used 6s exclusively for ducks, and in fact, almost everywhere else. When I came here, twenty-five years ago, a man wouldn't think of doing duck hunting with anything but a No. 10 gun. Now thousands use 16s, and many of them 20 bores.

SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT.

He is a poor woodsman who in a forest of any kind cannot very quickly provide himself with shelter from rain or snow. It may be of palmetto leaves, of branches of trees or of bark from the trunk of a tree. The favoring trunk of a tree may keep off the storm, or in a rocky country a shelter can often be found under a projecting ledge or in a shallow cave. A good thing always to carry along is a rubber poncho for each person. It is good to roll around the bedding when *en route* to protect it from wet and dirt; or to put over one's shoulders when traveling in rain or wet snow. When night comes, if the ground is wet and the heavens dry, spread it under your bed. If the reverse, reverse it. With two small stakes at opposite sides of a bed for two, to support two corners of a poncho, the other two corners being stretched backward and held to the ground by a couple of stones or chunks of wood, a very good shelter is provided for your heads and shoulders. Then another poncho spread over the blankets to your feet, and you two can sleep blissfully through any ordinary rainy night.—

W. N. B.

The Buck Law

(With apologies to Mr. Dooley.)

By W. H. Bentley

"PHALEN," I says, "I've been raydin' in th' *Fa-arest an' Sthream* paper a pile iv late 'bout th' book la-aw iv th' sthate iv Noo Yorruck; an' f'r th' loife iv me I can't git th' roights iv ut."

"Pwhat's th' thruble," he says.

"Ut's this way," I says. "Thar's thim ut wants t' shoot th' dhoes iv the deer ala-ang wid th' books, so as t' persoorve th' game fr'm extinckshun; an' on th' ither hand iz thim ut says 't'iz enuff t' shoot on'y th' books f'r th' same poorpus."

"An phwat's th' p'int iv th' argymint ut bothers ye," he says. "Ain't ut plain az th' nose on yer face, kapin' th' prime objek iv consoorvashun in moind, av ye shoots th' moothers az will az th' fa-athers iv th' famby, y'r makin' twi'ist th' progress yu'd be makin' av ye shot but th' wan? Ut luks t' me, Donovan, az iv thim ut wants t' shoot both, haz got th' ithers nailed t th' floor."

"So it wud same, Phalen," I says; "but not bein' a hunther, they's things ye don't ondersthan 'bout th' matther. Ye see, whin ye'r hunthin' th' deer, ut's diffycult says th' pa-arties iv th' foorst pa-art, t' till th' dhoes fr'm th' books; an' noinety-noine times out iv a hunderd whin they blazes away at a book, they knocks down a dhoe; an' ut bein' at prisint onla-awful to shoot th' same, they laves the karkiss on th' sphot an' legs ut out iv thim pa-arts, f'r fear th' game wardin wud lug 'em to coort t' pay a fine. Av coorse, bein' considtherate aven though near-sighted, 'twud be natcherul av they waz t' instruoct th' guide t' put a ma-ark be th' sphot, so av inny loyers waz t' coom meandtherin' al'ang that way in th' doosk, they wudn't fa-all over th' karkiss an' git hooorted; an' ut's loikely they duz that same. Besoides, th' indivige ut shot th' dhoe might himsilf be sthrollin' al-ang there arther da-ark; an' silf-persoorvashun iv th' shins iz th' foorst la-aw of naycher. There's lots iv mate wasted that way, ye see, on account iv th' near-sightedness iv most hunthers; whereas, av 'twuz la-awful t' shoot th' dhoes, th'r wud be nawthin' prejooidishul to afflikted eyes amoong thim ut takes th' consoorvashun iv game so mooch t' ha-art, an' incidinshully they wud be a divvle iv a lot of good mate saved."

"Both pa-arties t' th' argymint iz contindin' f'r th' same princypal, ye see, Phalen. Both iz consarned t' persoorve th' game fr'm extinckshun, an' th' on'y p'int iv diffrunce bechune 'em iz which iz th' betther way t' do ut. Th' mere gittin' iv a deer karkiss to take back an' show thim that ain't got th' price iv th' travelin' ixpenses, an' boord ut a sphortin' camp, an' t' hoire guides that can shoot sthstraight an' ain't near-sighted, don't figger in th' case ut a-all. Av coorse," I says, "ut's soome sthrain on human naycher, whin a near-sighted hunther wa-alks up t' th' deer him an' th' guide fired at, an' finds ut's a dhoe, espeshully whin th' day befure yis-tiddy a frind iv his'n coom wa-alkin' into camp behind a book wid la-ang hoorns that th' guide waz loogin. Logickly, th' foorst wan continds that iv th' game iz to be persoorved fr'm ex-

tinckshun, ut shud be la-awful to shoot th' dhoes; while th' sicond wan continds ut's bein' persoorved fast enuff be shootin', on'y books; an' so bechune th' two th' argymint breaks out."

"Why th' divvle," says Phalen, "don't they git th' la-aw changed, so on'y th' dhoes can be shot? Thin, instid iv shootin' th' wrong deer noinety-noine times out iv a hooorder, ut wud on'y be wanst out iv th' same."

"Good Lord! Phalen," I says. "Phwat makes ye so thick? Changin' th' la-aw wud on'y defate ut's own poorpus. That wudn't impvroove th' eyesight iv a hunther. Don't ye see that thin, insthead iv shootin' noinety-noine dhoes, thim near-sighted hunthers wud shoot noinety-noine books be misthake? Thin th' diffyrunt pa-arties wud have to change sides in th' argymint. Whin ye a-are supphortin' a princypul, Phalen," I says, "ye can't be changin' sides a-all th' toime."

"I dinnaw 'bout that, Donovan," he says. "I have an oidee on th' p'int, an' we'll coom t' u' later. How is ut," he says, "thim hunthers can't till a book fr'm a dhoe. Ain't th' books got hoorns?"

"Yis," I says, "they have whin they're grown up; but whin they's yoong," I says, "thim that continds f'r th' priv-lige iv shootin' th' moothers az will az th' fa-athers iv th' deer famblies in urdher t' persoorve th' game fr'm extinckshun, insists ut no wan can till 'em fr'm dhoes. I ain't noticed," I says, "that anny iv 'em whote t' th' *Fa-arest an' Sthream* ut he made th' misthake himsilf an' kilt a dhoe; but they're a-all trimblin', they says, f'r fear ut th' supphorters iv th' book la-aw will shoot a-aff a-all th' dhoes be misthake, an' git ahead iv 'em in persoorvin' th' game."

"I see; I see," says Phalen. "'Tis ra-ally a problem afther a-all. I ain't had no experyunce wid game," he says; "but I notis th' princypul iv th' perptchiashun iv speshies is gin'rully the same ivrywhere. They waz kittens in me cellar a-all th' toime I kep' a tabby cat; but afther Pat Mulligan's dawg shuk her backbone apa-art, they wasn't no mure kittens. They waz niver anny dhoes round me primises f'r me observashun; but I'd loike dom will to have soom wan till me how th' divvle ye can raise deer whin th' dhoes iz a-all kilt a-aff, or a tabby cat have a famby whin her backbone is bruk in two. Ye can remimber, Donovan," he says, "whin they waz millyuns iv thim booffyloes rootin' round ut Wist. They wasn't anny book la-aw thin; an' ivry moog wid a goon waz bizzy persoorvin' 'em. Whin they got t'roo, ivry wan iv thim waz persoorved."

"Soom hunthers, Donovan," he says, "whin they sees annythin to shoot, gits so near-sighted they can't till a hoomin' bur'rd fr'm a roosther, or a jack-rabbit fr'm an illyfunt. Aven a book la-aw ain't iffictive ag'inst that koind; but, Donovan, av ye waz to jail a few iv 'em ivery toime they got near-sighted, ut wudden't be la-ang befure they cud till a moskeeter fr'm a black fly, siven miles a-aff. Waz ye iver hunthin' yersilf, Donovan?"

"I waz," I says, "a good many toimes."

"Did ye shoot annythin?" he says.

"I did," I says.

"Phwat did ye shoot?" he says.

"A good many dhoes, an' wanst in a while a book," I says.

"The divvle," he says. "Was ye attackted wid near-sightedness yuresilf?" he says.

"I was not," I says. "They waz no book la-aw where I wint, an' therefore no occayshun t' git near-sighted," I says.

"An' cud ye till a book fr'm a dhoe?" he says. "I had no diffyculty t' speak iv," I says. "I niver wanst shot a dhoe be misthake."

"Will, th're ye a-are," he says. "'Tis just az I tilled ye befure. Th' pa-arty iv th' sicond pa-art that continds f'r th' persoorvashun iv game be shootin' on'y th' books, ain't got no mure show 'n a fince poster wid a billy-go-at. But sphakin' akydimikally, nayther iv 'em iz toochin' th' mate iv th' sitchiashun, whativer th' divvle becoomes iv th' acktul mate that's sphotted out so ut no meandtherin' loyers can bruk their shins on ut. 'Tis th' sycology iv th' matther ut nayther iv 'em rayconizes," he says. "Don't ye see, Donovan, ut whin they's no book la-aw, they's no thruble wid th' eyesight, an' a hunther can till a book fr'm a dhoe t' wanst. Be a sillyjism," he says, "whin th' hunther can till a book fr'm a dhoe, he ain't goin' t' shoot inny iv th' latther, an' the' princypul f'r which both pa-arties iz contindin', is safe. Wid th' book la-aw in foorce, dhoes now gits kilt on'y be misthake; but av ye trun out th' la-aw, noone iv 'em will be kilt at a-all, at a-all, an' th' hull argymint blows oop be its own weight."

"Be th' pipes, Phalen, y're roight," I says.

"I know I am," he says.

"Phalen," I says, az we wint in be th' side dure, "will ye have a horn yerself?"

March 10, 1915.

WOLF BIOGRAPHY

(Continued from page 287.)

sponded "from the top of every jutting rock" (page 336).

As hundreds of American and English sportsmen have hunted in the Stikine River region and have never seen a wolf or even heard one, it may suggest that the future method in hunting this skulking animal should be on the sky-line at midnight, when "the wolf in the moon" would present an encircled target, much like that seen through a Lyman sight. The fact that the precise color, size, attitude, leadership and distinctive notes of these animals can be detected from a camp-fire would give accurate shooters a chance to kill without leaving their comfortable surroundings, while those of less accuracy in aim could sit just below the lunar trails and pot them as they went by. —G. S.

HOW TO TELL A BOILED EGG

An egg is an egg—on the outside at least—but sometimes it is difficult to tell whether it is raw or boiled, unless its antecedents are familiar.

One day last summer in Maine our guide put a plate on the ground and began whirling an egg on it. One after the other he spun on the plate and finally put two of them aside. These he broke and put in the coffee. I asked what the whirling was for. He told me that that was how he could tell a boiled egg from a raw one. A boiled egg will keep spinning while a raw one will stop dead. And it is so.



Live Notes From The Field

Being Reports From Our Local Correspondents

The Eastern Pinnated Grouse

By Dr. George W. Field

THE eastern pinnated grouse or heath hen, locally called "heth'en" on Martha's Vineyard, is one of the most interesting birds in the world from the fact that it is the contemporary of the Great Auk, the Labrador duck, passenger pigeon, Eskimo curlew, Carolina parakeet, and, like them, appeared to have been marked for extirpation at the hands of man. Now, however, it gives promises of perpetuation. Formerly abundant from Cape Ann to Virginia, especially so in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York, particularly so on Long Island, and in New Jersey, and probably Maryland and Delaware, the last record in the Connecticut Valley in Massachusetts was in 1813. In 1824 it was no longer common around Boston; in 1844 it was believed to be extinct on Long Island; about 1848 it disappeared from Cape Cod, and the last bird on the mainland was shot near Barnegat, New Jersey, in 1869.

In 1906 the experiment was conceived of attempting to save from extirpation the last few individuals of this species which had persisted for some years in the interior of Martha's Vineyard. As is well known, these birds resort in the spring to special places for their courtship. Those on Martha's Vineyard were ascertained and on May 1, 1906, a careful, simultaneous observation, conducted at these places, three in number, disclosed but twenty-one birds, so near at that time was the species to extirpation. In May, 1907, actual count of the flocks definitely located in various sections of the range showed seventy-seven individuals.

The eastern bird was first distinguished from the western type by William Brewster and described by him under the name of *Cupidonia cupido*. In 1890 Mr. Brewster estimated that from 120 to 200 birds, inhabiting about forty square miles, were left from the previous winter. This number slowly but surely diminished.

This bird is of further interest from the fact that the original description of Linnaeus was doubtless of this eastern species. On Martha's Vineyard the bird was well known and characteristic of the fauna as far back as memory or local tradition extends.

Various attempts were made at restrictive

legislation; New York was the first to recognize the danger of extinction and in 1785 made a close season from April 1 to October 1. New Jersey, Massachusetts and Long Island followed, but in Massachusetts the state law of 1843 provided that the law for the preservation of this grouse or heath hen might be suspended by the towns, and such action was usually taken. From 1890 a completely close season was in force, but until 1905 there were



A Typical Specimen

no systematic attempts to enforce the law, and the money secured by sale of the birds was sufficiently attractive to encourage violations. In 1906 the penalty for violation was raised from \$20 to \$100. By an act of 1907 the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission was authorized to acquire land by right of eminent domain as a refuge for the heath hen; to provide mounted game warden service to patrol against violation of the game laws; to guard against forest fires; to construct and maintain fire stops; to furnish food in inclement weather; to kill feral cats and other vermin which prey upon birds.

Through the co-operation of the towns of Tisbury and West Tisbury, the National and the Massachusetts Audubon Societies, the Middlesex Sportsmen's Association and about twenty-five private individuals, about \$2,000 was pledged to purchase land and to assist in this work. Since 1907 the number of

birds has varied from time to time, but in general there is a decidedly upward tendency, so that at present there are at least 600 birds and possibly as many as 1,000 on the island inside and outside the reservation. It was possible last spring to see 150 birds in sight at one time, and flocks of from 30 to 50 are frequently seen in various parts of the island. Forest fires have been the principal cause of destruction, chiefly associated with the fact that the hen sets so closely with the eggs or young as to permit herself to be destroyed. On the reservation where they have not been shot for seven years, the birds even now rise up out of gunshot when they know that they are seen; though if they believe they are unseen they will lie very close.

So far as recorded, only four nests have ever been found, chiefly due to the fact that the birds apparently cover the eggs with leaves when leaving the nest. The period of incubation is twenty-four days; the young when hatched are remarkably well concealed by their protective coloration. At ten days they are able to fly considerable distances as a result of the very rapid development of the primary feathers. At seventy days old they are practically mature. The winter feed is largely made up of dried berries, acorns, grain, clover, the tips and needles of the pitch pine. It is a very hardy bird and easily withstands the rigors of the northern winter.

The chief enemy of the heath hen on Martha's Vineyard has been the marsh hawk, possibly associated with the fact that the island is closely covered with a dense growth of scrub oak and other brush, making mice difficult to capture. The marsh hawks have thus been compelled to turn to more available prey. The destruction of birds by marsh hawks is therefore merely a local condition of perverted appetite. Investigation of forty-three stomachs by the United States Bureau of Biological Survey disclosed the important fact that all but four contained remains of heath hens or song birds. The nest of a marsh hawk contained remains of one flicker and eleven chickens and heath hens.

Telephone wires have been responsible for the destruction of many heath hens, as indicated by the fact that three birds thus killed or injured have been found in the past year. But without question the worst enemy is the domestic cat which wanders out into the interior of the island after having been abandoned by the summer cottagers.

The future of this bird is somewhat problematical. That it can be saved from extinction, barring an epidemic or unusual disaster appears to have been demonstrated. The most interesting result of the work, which has consisted largely in the development of a typical farm in the center of the reservation where the birds can find abundant food in variety and relative freedom from enemies, has been the fact that even from a small number of birds rather rapid increase may be secured. It appears to have been a very fortunate circumstance that the number of males was much in excess of the females, possibly as many as ten males to one female in 1907. This reduced the chance of any possible deterioration from inbreeding. Our observations indicate that this preponderance in number of males over females is slowly disappearing, and, as my observations indicate, is probably now about four or five to one, 1913.

As to the efficiency of these birds as insect destroyers, testimony was given by our state ornithologist who said that last summer when the grass and corn on the rest of the island were practically destroyed by an incursion of army worms, our reservation presented a green oasis in the desert. Of most importance possibly is the application of the methods adopted here as promising success on similar reservations for saving the remnants of the various species of grouse and allied birds in the middle and western states, notably the sage cock, the sharp-tail, pinnated and other grouse.

The problem for the people to determine is whether saving the remnant of these birds with the possibility of restoring them to suitable localities where they can be again naturalized and maintained is worth while.

BIRD PROTECTION LAW STILL EFFECTIVE.

Many of the press comments on the decision of the United States District Court, rendered March 20 at Topeka, Kansas, holding that the Federal Migratory Bird Law is unconstitutional, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, are erroneous and are apt to mislead the public concerning the real situation in this matter.

The Kansas decision, like a former decision to the same effect in the Eastern District of Arkansas, is limited in its operation solely to the district in which it was rendered. Neither decision settles or nullifies the law, and the exact contrary has been held by the United States District Court for South Dakota. The Arkansas case has been appealed to, and is now pending in the United States Supreme Court. The Act of Congress protecting migratory birds stands effective until the Supreme Court finally decides the question of its constitutionality. In the meantime it is incumbent on every law-abiding citizen to observe its provisions and the regulations. It is the duty of the Department of Agriculture to enforce this law and the officials in charge will endeavor to do so as long as it is in force. Reports of violations will be carefully investigated and when sufficient evidence is secured they will be reported for prosecution. In this connection it should not be forgotten that an offender against this, as in the case of other United States



Seven Promising Anglers—Young Kingfishers.

laws, is subject to prosecution any time within three years from the date the offense is committed.

PARTI-COLORED PARTRIDGES.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I note in your March number an article by Mr. E. H. Bailey in regard to a parti-white partridge secured by him while hunting in Brookfield, and think such freaks worthy of publication.

A friend of mine here in town while out hunting last fall killed a white (cock) partridge, that was perfectly white with the exception of one black feather in crest. I also shot one several years ago that had white wings, the rest of the body having the natural colorations, and a friend hunting with me a few years later shot one with white and dark feathers alternating all over. Both my friends had their birds mounted, the white one attracting a good deal of attention in one of the local sporting goods stores.

W. K. SMITH.

Manchester, N. H., April 3, 1915.

GAME IN WISCONSIN.

643-72nd Ave., West Allis, Wis.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Our native game wintered well. I took the little beagle out for some exercise about two weeks ago and was much surprised to see him start two rabbits in a little thicket where I didn't think there was any game at all. The herd of elk given the State by the Federal government was received early this spring, but very unfortunately did not stand the trip well. All but five had died of a lung trouble, and they were not expected to live the last time I heard of them.

More ducks were seen on Green Bay this spring than for many years, due to the Federal law, we hope.

When the announcement of the change to a monthly was made I decided to drop out, but the monthly is so good I feel that I cannot give it up.

C. T. WINSTON.

A STRANGE CALLER.

This was the first morning warm enough to have the outside door of our new farmhouse left open, and a strange caller, known as Mr. Yellow-bellied Sapsucker (sometimes called *Sphyrapicus varius* (Linn.)), came to call on about half a thousand of the bird family that had moved in (within the past two months) and announced "at home" after April 1st.

The visitor came unannounced—by the front door, through the vestibule into the hall, and turning to the right into the living room, where he was found inspecting the pictures and windows until my daughter took him in hand and turned him over to me. I introduced him to my granddaughter as the bird that makes so many little round holes on the apple trees. He was a fighter from the start, continually pecking my fingers.

We took him out to a large maple tree near the house, on which was a can of sap, into which I put his bill; after getting a taste of it he took three or four more swallows.

I then put him on the rough bark of the tree, but he did not tarry there, immediately flying to a Norway pine, taking refuge in its heavy green foliage.

I have often had woodpeckers brought to me that had been killed by flying against the trolley cars, but never before have I known of their going into a house.

J. L. DAVISON.

Pine Knob Farm, Lockport, N. Y.

P. S.—This Sunday morning the whole family saw a sapsucker (probably the same one) pecking on the same Norway pine and then fly to the same maple tree, although there are fifty evergreen and maple trees around the house; perhaps he was looking for that can of sap, which had been removed.

NEWTON 25 HIGH POWER.

"What is the Newton 25 calibre high power? Is it a harder hitting rifle than the Springfield?"

The Newton is a made-to-order Mauser of .256 calibre, taking the 123 grain expanding bullet with a velocity of 3100 feet a second. Its trajectory is 8½ feet at 1000 yards and its muzzle velocity 2633 foot pounds. This figures a trifle over 200 foot pounds muzzle velocity more than the 1906 Springfield and much less recoil. Incidentally, Remington U. M. C., Peters and Winchester all make Spitzer expanding point bullets.

You are reading "Forest and Stream" and enjoying it. Why not furnish some of your friends who may not be acquainted with the good things in this issue, an hour or two of similar enjoyment? If you will take the trouble to send us the names of any of your circle of acquaintances, we will see that they are supplied with a sample copy with your compliments.

Deep in the Okefinokee Swamp

The Stirring Adventure of Two Young Men, Armed Only with Bow and Arrows, into One of the Wildest Regions of the Old South

By Will H. Thompson



IN their interesting and valuable "Biological Reconnaissance of Okefinokee Swamp," (1) Messrs. Wright and Harper refer in the most kindly manner to certain notes upon the Okefinokee region made by my brother, Maurice Thompson, in "A Red-Headed Family," (2), and in "An Archer's Sojourn in the Okefinokee," (3) and say:

"In 'My Winter Garden,' (4) Thompson speaks casually of having been 'deep in the Okefinokee.' And yet it is almost inconceivable that he could have seen for himself the marvels of the swamp's interior without treating them extensively with his gifted pen."

This suggested doubt may have been born of the fact that the *scene locus* of "A Red-Headed Family" was laid in "one of those shallow cypress lakes of which the larger part of the Okefinokee region is formed," and further based upon some expressions in "An Archer's Sojourn in the Okefinokee," which refer to the great swamp as a *region* rather than to the more contracted area now accepted as Okefinokee Swamp. Indeed, the real Okefinokee is so largely typical of the surrounding region that the "American Military Atlas of 1776" covered the whole more or less inundated territory of southeastern Georgia and northeastern Florida with the map of the "Great Swamp, Owaquaphenoga."

In the year 1866, when my brother and I visited that part of southeastern Georgia for the first time, the whole country from the Satilla and St. Mary's Rivers to the Suwannoochee was commonly called "Okefinokee Swamp." Yet, when Maurice spoke of being "deep in the Okefinokee," he, without doubt, referred to the hard and never-to-be-forgotten trip into the very heart of the great swamp, of which I now write. It was his first acquaintance with the region, and the cause of his later visits. Why he did not write of his experiences one cannot now know, but only surmise. He was at the time only twenty-one years of age, and had hardly yet begun his nature studies, and his literary work had been limited to occasional poetic contributions to southern magazines. His health had been wrecked by more than four years' severe service in the Confederate armies, and a wound in the right lung, still unhealed, caused him so much distress that his hope of life was clouded. And I think he did not then contemplate a future literary use of the pictures and statuary found in the green galleries of Okefinokee.

His courage was devoted to the struggle for life, and mine to selfishly helping the soft air,

sunlight and balsam of the pines to give him back to me.

He was even then a bird lover, and the woodpecker family interested him even more than the singers. The great Pileated woodpecker (*Phlocotomus Pilcatus*) and the greater, shyer and far more beautiful Ivory-Billed woodpecker (*Campephilus Principialis*) were his favorites among the feathered folk, and he was never happier than when watching them.

Early in the month of July, 1866, we found ourselves at the little town of Magnolia, in Clinch County, Georgia, about fifteen miles from the western border of the great swamp. We had not come with any thought of entering it, but its presence was constantly felt as a gloomy mystery. The stories, true and fabulous, told by the people of the bordering barrens, especially those told by the negroes, appealed to the romantic spirit of my brother, and were not without their influence upon me.

How the "Daughters of the Sun," the most beautiful of all the children of men, had glorified it with their presence in ages gone, tradition had already told us. How the indomitable Seminoles had retired to its shrouded depths and held them against the power of the United States through years of desperate battle, was history. How the deserters from the Confederate armies had crept into its twilight to be seen no more, and how the runaway negro slaves during the last two years of the Civil War had sought its sanctuary to wait for liberty, was fresh in the memory of the inhabitants of the borders.

All these, with many romantic legends, stirred us to raise the dense curtain of green foliage and gray moss, and for a month to share with the wild things this domain of gloom and silence.

At that time, there was no permanent inhabitant of the swamp. The Civil War had ended a year before, and the deserters were free to issue from their hiding places, and had gladly abandoned the life of skulking with its privations. The runaway negroes had heard the news of their emancipation and surrendered their black fortress without a sigh. The timber-hunger had not then gnawed its way into the cypress ranks, and under these, and through the lily-strangled leagues of marsh slept nearly seven hundred square miles of shallow water, set with pine-clad islands and teeming with wild life.

For years, the white men of the vicinity had been away from their homes in the ranks of the Southern armies. The negroes had not been permitted to hunt with firearms, and, since the collapse of the Confederacy, the white people had been, by order of the occupying Federal forces, likewise forbidden to have firearms in their possession, and the game had multiplied in the swamp and had become as tame as it was plentiful.

We were poorly equipped for such an inva-

sion of the Okefinokee as we essayed. We had only lately begun the use of bows and arrows as weapons, and were far from that proficiency in archery that we afterward acquired, and had it not been for the abundance and comparative tameness of certain varieties of game, our life in the swamp would have been far less pleasant in retrospect.

We found only two white men who had penetrated the swamp at all, and these had seen only a few miles of the interior, but we were directed to a negro by the name of Jordan Wilson, who, we were told, knew the swamp better than any other man in Clinch County. "Jord," as he was familiarly called, had, as a slave, belonged to Mr. Joseph Wilson of northern Georgia, who, with his slaves had "refugeed" before the armies of Sherman in 1864 to the vicinity of Troupville, Georgia, where Jordan bartered the fetters of slavery for those of the Okefinokee. There he had lived for more than a year in this self exile, without once venturing out. His description of his year of privation, if given in his own words, would be a masterpiece.

The poverty of the Southern people at that time is well exemplified by the fact that we hired Jordan to go with us as a guide and man of all work for the price of 50 cents per day, and his food, the latter being the important part of his compensation.

He secured for us very cheaply at east fork of the Suwannoochee Creek two dugout canoes, the smaller of which proved to be a constant source of doubt and anxiety. It was about ten feet long, not more than twelve inches wide, made of tulip wood, dressed to almost the thinness of pasteboard, and was perfectly round and smooth on the bottom. It sat beautifully on the water, but was so "tipsy" that it was almost impossible to get into it or out of it without being thrown into the water. We named it "Fate," on account of the lugubrious prophecies of Maurice, and I was consigned to it. The larger canoe was about sixteen foot long, quite twenty inches wide, deep, flat-bottomed, and very steady. One could stand erect in it when shooting with the bow, or while fishing, without danger of capsizing. Jordan sat in the stern of this craft, and guided it with a cypress paddle or a strong cane pole, while Maurice sat forward of the middle and cleared brush and vines from the narrow waterways.

Before loading these boats upon the "running gear" of an ox wagon, Jordan and I had given nearly two days to the improvement of the large canoe by building fires in it and then dressing out the charred wood until we had reduced its weight more than one-half. Then we hauled the boats and our outfit to the Suwannee Creek at the northwesterly margin of the swamp, and carried and dragged them into the creek.

Our arrows, about three hundred in number,

1. "The Auk," Volume XXX, Oct., 1913.
2. By Ways and Bird Notes, New York, 1885.
3. Atlantic Monthly, Volume LXXVII, April, 1896.
4. Century Magazine, Volume LXI, Nov., 1900.

our cooking vessels, consisting of two long-handled frying-pans, a coffee pot, a sheet iron water boiler, a dishpan, a small Dutch oven, a large and a small bucket, six tin cups, a small box of knives, forks and spoons, an axe, a heavy hatchet, and a dozen tin plates, together with our bedding, we packed in the large boat. This bedding consisted of one heavy blanket for each of us, and three hammocks of our own devising. These were made by taking two strips of heavy bed-ticking, four feet wide and six and one-half feet long, sewing them together along the sides, and at one end, binding a bunch of cotton into each corner, and behind these bunches tying strong cotton clothes-line cords. These cords, when tied to trees or stakes, held the hammocks above water or damp ground. When we camped for more than a single night in one place, we filled these bags with dry leaves, pine needles, or dry Spanish moss. When sleeping on them, we spread the large blanket over them, lay down upon the middle of the blanket, and drew the overhanging sides across our bodies.

Our store of provisions consisted of bacon sides, one ham, fifty pounds of flour, an equal amount of corn meal, four pounds of ground coffee, one-half pound of tea, a gallon bucket full of lard, a few pounds of butter, plenty of sugar, salt, soda and pepper, a large bottle of horse radish and vinegar, twenty ears of pop corn, a few eggs, ten loaves of white bread, a good supply of half-grown onions, five pounds of rice, and a few young potatoes. Each of us carried a four-ounce bottle filled with matches, securely stoppered against possible wet.

We took along two canvas "flies," each nine feet by twelve, which, when stretched over a pole or taut cord became an "A" tent nine feet square. A hundred feet of strong cotton cord about the same diameter as that of a lead pencil, was an important item. A peck of wheat and an equal amount of shelled corn taken along at the suggestion of Jordan, proved the wisdom of the black man.

We camped that night at the edge of the great swamp, because we had exhausted most of the day in preparation, and because of our wish to try out our hammocks. When stretched by the four corners to young trees, they proved so perfectly adapted to our purposes that I have often since used them when camping in the wild.

The crackle of Jordan's fire aroused us before daylight the next morning, and the three of us joined in cooking what we called the "departure breakfast." Maurice and I were so anxious for the plunge into the unknown that we could not do the meal justice, but Jordan betrayed neither hurry nor anxiety. He knew the toil that impended.

The spring and early summer of the year 1866 had been backward, with a very unusual amount of rain, and, as Jordan said, the swamp was "high." The streams flowing into it ran bank full or overflowing, and as we slowly glided down the Suwannee Creek, the first two miles were uneventful. Obstructions multiplied every mile thereafter. At many points we had to cut our way through tangled logs. At others, make sloppy portages, and when at the end of less than five miles, we camped upon the north end of a long island called by Jordan "Parmetter" (Palmetto) Island, it was nearly sunset. Upon a map contained in Wright and Harper's Biological Reconnaissance of Okefinokee Swamp, this

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island is no doubt correctly called "Craven's Island." We had with us a copy of a map made for the state of Georgia nine years before, which proved to be useless, because nothing within the swamp was found in place. Our pocket compass was almost as inefficient, for our bearings taken along the thousand sinuosities of our route meant nothing. The stream widened near the upper end of this island, and the level of the water being high, we got upon the dry land with little difficulty. The island was not in the creek, but in the cypress swamp westward from the creek, and seemed to rise but a little above the level of the water. Much of it was sandy pine

barren, underset with the saw-palmetto and huckleberry brush. Here we wasted about a dozen good arrows in the vain pursuit of some wood ducks that would not fly but swam in and out of the short brush and logs along the west margin of the pond or wider part of the creek.

That night the Okefinokee proved its power. Oppressively silent during the day, it relaxed now, and the night gave up its voices. There was no wind, the air was very warm and, outside the glare of our campfire, the blackness seemed dense. The frogs' serenade began early but ceased by nine o'clock. The great barred owls sent their deep, far-reaching cries through the



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"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO 1

George Washington — "Father of His Country"

EVERY AMERICAN knows that without "Immortal Washington" our National Independence would have been impossible. Few, however, know that the greatest battle of Washington's life was fought to secure for his countrymen the Constitution of the United States. Almost immediately after the Revolution it seemed that all the great sacrifice of blood and treasure had been in vain. The original thirteen states refused to work in harmony, either in spirit or in law. The new Republic was tottering to its foundations. At this critical period in American history the most brilliant men of each state met in convention and unanimously elected Washington as President—undoubtedly the most momentous gathering of the kind the world has ever known. Here he displayed as great ability as law-maker as he had as a warrior. For months the Fathers of the Republic labored, and finally adopted our present National Law, which forever guarantees Religious, Commercial and Personal Liberty. This was in 1787. Seventy years later Anheuser-Busch established their great institution upon the tenets of the Federal Law which Washington did so much to create. Like all of the great men of his time he was a moderate user of good old barley brews. For three generations Anheuser-Busch have brewed honest malt and hop beers. To-day 7500 people are daily employed to keep pace with the ever-increasing public demand. The great popularity of their brand—BUDWEISER—due to quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, has made its sales exceed those of any other beer by millions of bottles.

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cypress wilderness, and the uncanny little screech owls dropped their maniac whimpers from the darkness above us. Amid the cypresses we heard the snarl and squeak of fighting things that splashed the water, and the rasping of claws upon the bark of trees. Otters slid into the stream, making only a faint "sough" as the water parted along their velvet sides.

Far down the stream, two whip-poor-wills lifted melancholy voices, and a sound like the gritting of teeth issued from the palmetto shrubbery. No cheerful sound came out of the gloom. One small screech owl on silent wings flitted about our heads, once so close to mine that I smelled the musk of its body. On no other night did the great swamp more impress me with its savagery.

We broke camp early next morning and that day of battle with the armies of the Okefinokee was the most strenuous of the entire trip. Tearing aside the thick pendulous veils of Spanish moss, we were met with interlocked branches of trees, some above water, while others were half submerged. These gave way to our attacks, only to let us upon snags and slippery logs, and tree-tops set *en chevaux-de-frise*. At two places old jams of sunken logs were overgrown with vegetation, and matted with moss and mold, under and through which the unseen river wound its way.

Here difficult portages were made, through tangled brush and in water sometimes waist-deep. I had had a score of opportunities to upset my boat, but accepted only one of them. While

trying to pull a half rotten pole out of the mud bank, it broke, and "Fate" deserted me. I poured the water out of my quiver, surrendered my wet bow and Maurice, who rubbed them dry, and I continued on foot for more than an hour, waist-deep in water, removing obstructions.

Late in the afternoon we encamped on an island east of the stream, six or seven miles south of our last camp. Jordan built a great fire, and I dried my clothing without taking off anything except my coat and boots. Our stay upon this island was too brief to gain much knowledge of its extent or of its animal life, but here I made the best shot of the many hundreds upon the trip. A gray squirrel was seen crawling out upon one of the topmost boughs of a large sweet-gum tree, evidently about to leap to an out-reaching branch of a neighboring cypress. It was probably seventy feet from the ground and at least sixty yards away. An arrow which should miss him would be hopelessly lost in an almost impenetrable thicket beyond. I chanced to have my bow in hand and a fine broadhead arrow nocked upon the string. The shaft was too good to lose and I hesitated; but urged on by Maurice's derisive "Shoot! Shoot! You cannot miss him!" I drew the arrow to the head and the strong black-locust bow drove the broad steel arrow-head through both shoulders, and the squirrel came down with only the feathered end of the shaft clinging in the wound. Jordan wagged his head slowly and said: "Mos' like a rifle." Afterward, however, he had much opportunity to challenge the accuracy of this comparison.

The night spent here was much like the one before. The screech owls were not in evidence, nor were the frogs, but the big Florida owl shook the night with his *basso profundo* note, and twice from far down the creek came a hideous "Ha! ha! ha--a!" that no stage villain ever had power to match or mock. Jordan grinned as I jumped to my feet and stared into the dark. "What's that?" I asked. "Jackass," he answered. "No," I said, "not a bit like a jackass' hehaw; that must have been some kind of an owl." "Jes' what I said; jackass owl," he said. Then was the first time I ever heard the voice or the provincial name of the great laughing owl. It is a rare bird, and no giant maniac could inform his yell with a title of the horror borne through the gloom by this night bird's brainless laugh. The little wood ducks called and whimpered in the river below, and then for a time all was still. But soon the things that walk in darkness and are not afraid, made themselves known, and I went to sleep, feeling that many eyes were fixed upon us, and that live bodies slid like shuttles through the web of weeds and shrubbery that carpeted the ground about us.

Jordan lighted his morning fire early, and announced that "We gwine to eat dinner on Billy's Island today." The cheery tone of his voice chimed with his earlier declaration that "Billy's Island is the bes' place in the whole swamp," and we lost no time in preparing for departure to the promised land.

Thus far our course had been nearly due south, in so far as we could judge, and we so continued for an hour or two, until we came to where a sluggish stream entered from the northeast. Jordan had a name for this creek, but I have forgotten it. Its current was scarcely per-

ceptible. It was of no regular width, and had no definite banks. It was choked with lily pads and alive with wood ducks, herons, egrets and water-turkeys, and almost every log was covered with sunning turtles. Hawks were in the air, and the twitter of small birds came from the enclosing cypress trees. This was the outlet and gateway to Billy's Lake. We found this long lake or pond to be a mere widening of the creek. Its greatest width was only two hundred or three hundred feet, while its length exceeded two miles. The yellow water lilies occupied half of the lake's surface with their armies, and beautiful odorous white water lilies were in many places massed in the shallow water. It was a beautiful place. Here the friendly sun looked upon the water and it was glad. The slow summer wind barely crinkled its surface. This was Okefinokee's "Field of the Cloth of Gold." Here the level lists of the wild were set and the dragon-fly could "tilt against the field." From the spire of a blasted tree, *Phlocotomus Pileatus* sent forth his clarion challenge, and clear and high, from the dark cypress tops, the defiant voice of *Campephilus* answered him. The look in Maurice's eyes repaid me for all of the hardships of the last two days.

That was before the days of the kodak. We could not preserve for alien eyes this slender, lily-flowered ribbon. The silver green and gold of water and leaf and bloom, the blue of the stainless sky and the sombre gray of the cypress colonnades were finer than any colors that Titian mixed or Raphael saw in dreams. One can only wonder whether this picture, spread on the hot bosom of Okefinokee, rose in the memory of Maurice when long afterward he wrote:

"Though I am poor, and cannot buy
The rare time-mellowed things of art,
God keeps an open gallery
Of glories for the poor in heart,

"Whose walls are hung with grander show
Of color than old Titian knew;
With outlines Michael Angelo
Wronged in the best cartoon he drew."

Our slow movement up the lake was preceded by a skirmish line of herons, water turkeys and curlews. And more than once the matted and corrugated snout of an alligator parted the water ahead of us.

Near the upper end of the lake, at the border of a lily field, we caught two big-mouthed black bass, one of which would have weighed at least eight pounds. These were taken with sawyers, a species of grub found under the bark of decaying logs.

Jordan made good his prophecy by landing us late in the afternoon upon the northern end of Billy's Island, at a point about a mile and a half south of the lake, and his declaration that this island was the best place in the swamp proved to be true.

Though typical of the larger islands of the Okefinokee, this old demesne of Billy Bow-Legs, the indomitable Seminole chief, we found to be of all the islands in the swamp, the most attractive and best fitted for a sylvan home. Here we established our permanent camp and for eighteen days used it as a base from which all our forays started, to which we always returned ere night-fall, and which, toward the last, became almost a home.

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Dilapidated huts, made from thin rived shakes of pine or cypress, yet remained, and one very good one, near the north end of the island, was taken possession of by Jordan, and here he slept, and here our outfit was stored. My brother and I preferred the open air, and having cleaned away the saw palmetto from beneath a group of young pine trees, we filled our hammocks with dry Spanish moss, swung them side by side, three feet above the ground, attached the flies over them, and Maurice, with outspread hands, said softly: "Alabama." (Here we rest.)

This beautiful island, not quite five miles long, by nearly two miles in width, nowhere appeared to rise fifteen feet above the level of the water in the surrounding cypress woods. The almost perfectly level surface was covered with scattered pines, mostly of the long-leaved variety. Below was a thick undergrowth of saw palmetto, sedges, and a wiry grass. In many places, huckleberry and blueberry bushes formed large thickets, and tons of the finest ripe berries might have been gathered on the island.

The quails, wild turkeys and small Florida



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bears were devoting much time and energy to berry harvesting. The borders of the island sunk slowly to the level of the water and were clothed with a thick growth of cypress and choked with vine-matted underbrush. Opossums, raccoons and wildcats in great numbers dwelt there, and, at night, came into the pine barrens in search of the sleeping quails.

(To be continued.)

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Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Some time ago there was an amusing discussion between one of your correspondents and myself as to whether the Russian "Aurochs" (called "Zubr" in Russian) or the Chillingham, so-called wild cattle, were the original wild cattle.

I enclose a photograph of myself with a two-



Chillingham "Wild" (?) Bull Calf

weeks-old pure-bred Chillingham "wild" (?) bull calf.

I leave it to your readers to decide if it looks like a wild animal, or if, as I think, exactly like a domestic calf such as one meets in Sweden at all farms.

WALTER WINANS.

NORWAY SALMON AND THE WAR

The present European war will have a pronounced effect on the Norway salmon revenue, for the reason that very few, if any, English anglers will be going to Norway for this year's fishing. This offers a rare opportunity to American sportsmen, who can, if they desire, have some of the finest salmon fishing in Norway at small cost.

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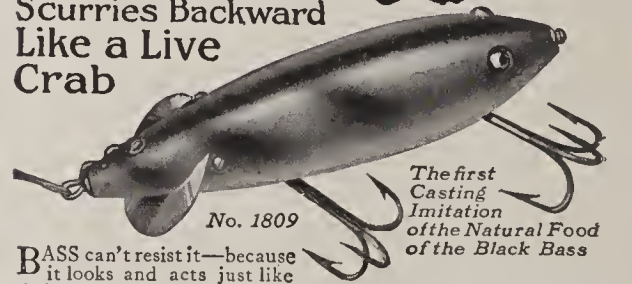
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The Province of Quebec, through its Department of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, uses some space in this issue to inform American readers how easy it is for them to obtain location for summer homes, among the delightful surroundings of wood and water in that province, without cost, and also speaks of the record moose heads which have been taken by American and local hunters in the great game lands of Quebec. When Adirondack and other like property is beginning to have a value running into thousands of dollars per acre of lake-front, it will surprise not a few people to know that equally good locations are awaiting them in Quebec at little or no cost. In these days of railway penetration into the wilderness, almost any man, no matter how moderate his circumstances, can acquire a summer home, and if he be at all skillful, he can build himself a permanent camp without straining either his back or his purse. Write the Department of Colonization, Quebec, Canada, for further particulars.

DEVASTATING THE FISHERIES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The Southern California Fish Dealers' Association is demanding the throwing open of the Santa Catalina Fish Reservation to the market fishermen, which, according to Dr. David Starr Jordan and other experts means the ruin of the fisheries.

This is what I saw at Santa Catalina, when I went to the Island, two years ago:

A beautiful island, with high green hills, many colored cliffs and canyons, and clean pebbly beaches, surrounded by the deep, pure, sapphire waters of the Pacific; a natural breeding place for the little fishes and the big fishes of the prolific sea.

A lovely crescent harbor, named Avalon, nestled among the hills, with a fair vale opening behind it, and trails zig-zagging up the slopes in every direction, among the oaks and laurels and wild lilacs; a natural play-ground for the people of Southern California and Arizona and New Mexico, who want salt breezes and a simple life, and a little healthful sport on sea and shore.

A few hotels and a multitude of camps and bungalows and cottages and tenting-grounds arranged for the accommodation of the thousands of families who will flock hither in the summertime to have a great deal of fun for a very little money.

A tribe of boatmen, with launches and row-boats, well equipped with fishing tackle of the true sporting kind, light rods and slender lines, which teach the angler to match his skill against the strength of the fish and cultivate the spirit of sport in the men, women and children who visit this favored isle.

This is what I saw when I arrived at Catalina April 14th, too early in the season for the best fishing, but at a good time to look over the layout and study the value of the island as a natural spawning ground of fish, and a natural outing-resort of folks.

This is what I saw two days later when a touch of early summer had made the opal sea smooth and still around the south end of the island and the air was warm and soft and filled with fragrance from the blossoming hills.

There were fifteen or twenty little launches

The Biggest Moose Heads

come from the Province of Quebec. Several were secured in September and October, 1914, with antlers having a spread of five to six feet.

Mrs. H. G. Campbell, Jr., of New York has a record of a black bear and a large bull moose at Lake Kiskisink.

The big bull moose of Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago was killed in Northern Quebec.

Caribou and Deer

are abundant in parts of Quebec Province.

The Best Trout Fishing

in the world is in the Province of Quebec, and so are the best Guides both for fishing and hunting. Read Henry van Dyke's description of some of them in "Little Rivers."

Mining Rights

are obtainable on most liberal conditions. Write for details.

Would You Like To Own A Summer Camp

for your family, by a forest-clad stream or mountain-surrounded lake?

You can build one of your own, by leasing a fishing and hunting territory from the Government of the Province, whether a resident of it or not, or by joining one of the many fish and game clubs.

Write for an illustrated booklet on "The Fish and Game Clubs of Quebec," which tells you all about them, and address all enquiries concerning fishing and hunting rights, fish and game laws, guides, etc., to

Hon. HONORÉ MERCIER

Minister of Colonization,
Mines and Fisheries,
QUEBEC, QUE.

floating along by Pebbly Beach and Seal Rock. In each launch there was an honest boatman earning a good day's living, and two or three people from the mainland—not millionaires, but just plain human people—out for a day's sport.

The water was full of little fishes, schools of sardines, and anchovies, and smelts, and tiny mackerel, millions of them, milling around and running up close to the shore. After them came the big fishes; silvery sea-bass; golden yellow-tail; gleaming, lance-like barracuda; the noble tribes of the deep. Each one of these fish was food for a family of folk; and the catching of one with light tackle was a sport calculated to develop the qualities of fair-play, patience and skill.

Into the midst of this goodly scene about the



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Paymaster Gen'l United States Army
"Tuxedo is a tobacco that is
always good. It is supreme in
mildness and fragrance."

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"A pipeful of Tuxedo is a
wonderfully pleasant form of
tobacco enjoyment, mild and
soothing."

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R. F. BROUSSARD
Member of Congress from Louisiana and
U. S. Senator Elect
"The mild and fragrant qual-
ities of Tuxedo tobacco appeal to
all smokers of cultivated taste.
It is the only tobacco I use."

R. F. Broussard

TUXEDO—The Great American Smoke

Get busy! Get happy!

Those two great qualities—vigor and cheerfulness—stand out in American life. In less than a hundred years this American energy and optimism have populated hostile plains, reared skyscrapers, founded fortunes and made America the hope of the whole world.

Anything that inspires these qualities in American men—anything that encourages wholesome cheer and generates useful energy is sure to be hailed with delight.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Tuxedo fills a man full of snap and good humor. Bound to, because it smokes so mild and easy, full of mellowness without bite or irritation.

Thousands and thousands of up-and-doing, successful Americans in every walk of life gladly endorse this temperate, helpful tobacco—made from the rich, mild leaves of Kentucky's choicest Burley—treated by the famous "Tuxedo Process" so it absolutely cannot bite your tongue.

A tip to those Americans who want to put vim and gusto into their lives: Get busy—Get happy—Get Tuxedo.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch **5c** Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket **10c**
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c
In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

Send us 10c and your tobacco dealer's name and we will mail you prepaid a handsome Leather Draw-Pouch with string and a 10c tin of Tuxedo to any address in U. S. We gladly make this Free Pouch Offer to get you to try Tuxedo.

FREE

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. Room 0000 111 Fifth Ave., New York

middle of the afternoon came the Spoilers of the Sea. Three snub-nosed, thick-set vessels, piled high with nets, owned by firms of fish dealers, manned by foreigners, came butting down the coast. They set their nets close to the shore and ran a quarter of a mile out to sea, sweeping in everything that came in their way. One of the boats must have scooped out a couple of tons of yellow-tail and white sea-bass, to be sold to the dealers at perhaps five or ten cents a pound, and to the people at twenty cents, thirty cents, whatever the dealers choose to ask for them.

Those were the fish that would have spawned around the kelp-beds and gravel-banks of Catalina this spring and summer, providing a new

supply of food for millions of people. Those were the fish that would have given good sport to thousands of Californians seeking their recreation in this ideal island. Those were the fish upon whose continuance and propagation the living of the Catalina boatmen—three times as many as the foreign net-haulers, must depend.

What kind of a democracy is it that permits these Spoilers of the Sea to carry on their work of ruin?

An hour after the nets were hauled, there was not a fish, large or small, along the shore of the island. Those that were not caught were scared away. At the time of the present writing, three days later, they have not come back. Some year they will never come back; the

spawning beds will be deserted; the Catalina fishing will be killed.

For what? Not to benefit the people at large, for they have to pay the market-man's price for sea food. Not to enrich even the foreign net-haulers, for they get only meagre wages. But simply to add to the profits of a few firms of fish-dealers, Spoilers of the Sea.

How long will California permit this wasteful work to go on? A bill is now before the Legislature to protect the fish within the three-mile limit from this destructive netting. It is a bill in the interest of all the state. It is a bill to save one of the great assets of California. The sooner it is passed by the legislature and signed by the Governor, the better it will be for everybody.

Yes, it will be better even for the men with the nets. It will change them from Spoilers of the Sea, to legitimate market-fishermen.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

NEW FLY CASTING REEL

The new Pflueger-Golden-West fly-casting reel, brought out by the Enterprise Mfg. Company of Akron, is something that anglers, once having seen, will purchase. It is of the finest quality, material and skilled workmanship and the makers claim that they have concentrated in this reel all the individual merits of other fly-casting reels. The price of the reel ranges from \$5.25 to \$7.25, according to the size.

A MEMORY OF NESSMUK

The new Marble knife described in a recent issue of *Forest and Stream*, has been named by the manufacturers, the "Woodcraft" hunting knife, which brings to mind good old Nessmuk and his book of the same title. How Nessmuk would have rejoiced over this knife, and what nice things he would have said about it! The Marble Company has also revived the double-bitted camp axe, first made famous by Nessmuk. Both tools are in great demand and their sale this season something above the ordinary.

LIKES THE MONTHLY

Columbus, Ohio.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Your favor at hand explaining my subscription. While I would rather have had the weekly and paid the difference, I am not at all disappointed and think the monthly is a much better journal and surely ought to be appreciated by any one who is fortunate enough to get a copy.

Wishing you continued success,

M. A. BRIDGE.

APPROVES THE CHANGE

April 8th, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper many years and I heartily approve of the change you have made to the monthly. Think it far more attractive and much better reading than the weekly edition was.

GEO. C. PENNELL, 318 West 104th Street, New York.

Binghamton, N. Y., April 12, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am very much pleased with the monthly edition. Was lonesome for a time, but it fills the bill now.

JOHN C. HARRIS.

AN INTERRUPTED JOURNEY TO CONFLUENCE.

(Continued from page 299.)

King's cook thoroughly understood the culinary aspects of the species, and the things she did to that trout will always be a delightful memory to my interior. After supper we all went over to the store, and after again flooding our insides with lithia water, settled down comfortably in the sanctum.

I inquired what he would be willing to part with some of his thousand acres for, say ten or fifteen of them in the neighborhood of our camp. I had a notion to build a little shack there to use in the spring at trout fishing time and during the hunting season in the fall.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I'm afraid they can't be bought," he answered, "I could have sold my valley many times over, either in parcels or complete, but I've turned down all offers. You see this is a little kingdom of my own. I haven't any other place to go where I'd care to live. It suits me here. I'm free to do just exactly as I please, and live my own life as I see fit. If I sold a chunk of it to you, we might get in each other's way. Then some one else would want another ten acres, and the first thing I knew I'd be cramped for air. I've got room to breathe here, and enough space to stretch out in, and nobody to get in my way. I've got a telephone and a postoffice to connect me with civilization when I want to be connected, and I have peace in my soul. I'd like mighty well to have you come and visit me as often as you will, but I'll keep my little kingdom."

That was all we ever got from him in the way of a solution of the mystery.

We left at midnight for our tent. The next day was Sunday, and as we could scarcely do any fishing with the warden right on the ground, we planned to start early for home. We got up with the sun, packed our tent, put everything into the car, and seven o'clock found us eating breakfast with the King; a silent meal, for it was the last we were to have with him. After it was over he came out to the car for a farewell handshake, and we began our uneventful voyage homeward. The last thing we saw as we looked back into the valley was his stocky figure, wreathed in cigar smoke, waving goodbye from the porch. Dick said he could still make out the smile, but I was unable to discern it, though I could feel its benign influence pervading the valley.

cern it, though I could feel its benign influence pervading the valley.

"Well, Dick," I inquired, as I cranked up the car after our last view of Unamis, "how did you like Confluence? Did I exaggerate its charms?" He was rummaging around in the tonneau to see if we had forgotten anything. "Confluence!" he snorted, "Confluence! No, from all I saw of Confluence you didn't exaggerate. What's troubling me is what's become of all those provisions we loaded up the car with. I can't find them." "I forgot to tell you," I replied, "I swapped them with the King for a couple of bottles of lithia water."

* * * *

No doubt the coming spring will find the stream still winding down between the hills, the trout again playing in the riffles or lying quiet in the pools, the partridge once more drumming on his distant log. But never again will it find Dick and me following the course with rod and line. For the valley is cold and cheerless.

There is no genial smile to give it warmth and personality. The little girl may come again with her penny, but she will find no friendly sovereign to wait upon her. The kindly spirit that governed the little kingdom is no more. Even as I was writing the concluding sentences of this narration the word came that a sudden attack had taken him off. Unamis is an ordinary valley like a hundred other valleys, with a trout stream flowing through it like a hundred other trout streams. The King is dead.

ST. LOUIS FLY CASTING CLUB.

The St. Louis Fly and Bait Casting Club held its annual election Friday, April 9th. The following officers were elected for 1915: George Ashton, President; A. P. Hebard, Vice-President; Walter Wimmer, Treasurer; H. J. Steinmesch, Secretary; H. J. Brennan, Captain; E. W. Schloeman, Assistant Captain. Executive Committee—Frederick Werner, John Day, S. S. Pingree.

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Wobble, Dive, Float, Surface or Underwater



THE WEEDLESS "MASCOT"
NEAR SURFACE OR SURFACE BAIT

We guarantee that you can cast this bait among thick lilies, rushes, underwater weeds, logs, stumps, snags, etc. Also that it is a sure killer. It runs at varying depths from the surface to two feet deep and will either Wobble or swim straight as desired. Is also reversible. Made with Red Head and White Body or all Red, White or Yellow.

PRICE EACH, 75 CENTS, Postage 3 Cents

These Baits have been tested and are endorsed and recommended by the leading authorities on bass and pickerel fishing.

WEEDLESS No. 1 WINGED "MASCOT"
DEEP WATER OR SURFACE BAIT

This bait is also very weedless and a deadly killer. It can be used as a strict surface bait, throwing a spray of water, or as a deep water bait, running five feet deep or more. It "Wobbles," dives and floats when at rest. Fully guaranteed in every respect. Made with Red Head and White Body or all Red, White or Yellow.

PRICE EACH, 75 CENTS, Postage 2 Cents



EXTRA HOOKS, EITHER DOUBLE OR TREBLE 5 CENTS EACH OR 10 CENTS PER SET OF THREE

Send stamp for catalogue in colors describing the "Mascot" Baits, "Coaxer" Baits, Trout and Bass Flies, and Spoons, Weedless Hooks, Leaders, Non-Kinking Sinkers, Jamison's Special Bait Casting Lines.

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This does not mean that you have to use Mosquito dope but
Flies that Catch the Trout

Imported Dry Flies \$1.50 per dozen. Midge Flies at \$1.00 per dozen. Closed Wing Flies 50c. to \$1.00 per dozen.

Leaders—Drawn Gut Extra Fine for Dry Flies 15c. to 50c. each. Tapered Gut with Extra Loop 1, 2 and 3 Yards 15c. to 75c.

Victory—High grade Fly Rods \$18.00, others up to \$35.00. A full line of Steel and Split Bamboo Rods \$1.00 and up.

On receipt of 5 cents will mail Fishing Tackle Catalogue No. 68-F

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is only one of the many attractive models that we make. The War Prices being offered at present, enable you to get a high grade, canvas covered

Canadian Canoe at prices as low as anything offered in the United States

Opportunity seldom knocks twice at any man's door. Take advantage of it now. Free catalogue of full line for the asking.

CHESTNUT CANOE CO., Ltd., Box 120, FREDERICTON, N.B., CANADA



A. C. A. MEET IN AUGUST.

Plans for the annual meet of the American Canoe Association at Sugar Island in the St. Lawrence River, from August 6 to 20, inclusive, has been completed.

The chairmen of the various committees are as follows:

Camp Site—C. F. Wolters, Rochester, N. Y.

Regatta—A. F. Saunders, Syracuse, N. Y.

Transportation—L. T. Coppins, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ladies' Camp—Mrs. E. A. Phillips, Warren, Pennsylvania.

Entertainment—G. L. Baker, Buffalo, N. Y.

The ice house is filled to the roof; a new caterer has been engaged to run the general mess tent and to provide real "country cooking" of the sort to appeal to those who live in the open; the camp store has been placed in competent hands; the regatta program is particularly attractive and includes the interesting Cruising Contest described in the last issue of *Forest and Stream*, for the winner of which contest that publication has agreed to present a trophy. One day, Saturday, August 14, has been set aside for the Central Division races. Vice-Commodore A. F. Saunders has arranged for several new trophies, including the Ka-ne-en-da Canoe Club Cup for club tandem single blades, racing class and the Central Division Cruising Club trophy tandem single blades, cruising class. The Central Division Open Canoe Sailing trophy, which was won last year on Onondaga Lake by H. W. Hart of the Kaneenda Canoe Club, Syracuse, will be at the island and will be contested for, as usual.

The customary decked and open canoe sailing races and canoe paddling races are on the program, and in addition several new novelty events will be provided.

During the winter the Superintendent of the island, W. J. Wing, surveyed new half mile and mile courses on the ice, which will be appreciated by the paddlers.

A special effort has been made by the chairman of the Regatta Committee to provide valuable prizes and cups, the design of all of which will be different.

This year the chairman of the Regatta Committee will have two sub-chairmen, one in charge of sailing and the other in charge of paddling, so that each class of contestants may have a special representative on the Committee. It is believed this plan will work for a more thorough efficiency of the Committee, a more complete understanding and the starting of all races on scheduled time.

The annual Year Book of the Association is ready for the printer and will be delivered to him on the day appointed by the Board of Governors, under whose direction it is published. A three-year contract has been entered into with a printer and by keeping permanent matter standing from year to year, as well as by reducing all members' listings to one line, a very great economy has been effected.

FOREST AND STREAM "CANOEING TROPHY."

I note with pleasure in your issue of April that *Forest and Stream* will be pleased to offer a trophy for the cruising contest to be included in the Regatta Program of the A. C. A. next August at Sugar Island.

As chairman of the Regatta Committee I hasten to extend *Forest and Stream* our sincere thanks for your generous offer.

As one interested in the cruising end of

canoeing, I also wish to express my personal appreciation of your interest in this contest. The complete Regatta Program will be ready within a short time and I will take pleasure in forwarding you a copy, also the names of the men on my committee for publication.

A. F. SAUNDERS, A. C. A., 6187, chairman
Regatta Committee, A. C. A., 1915.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

The American Canoe Association was organized August 3, 1880, and the Constitution shows its organization to be to unite all amateur canoeists for the purpose of pleasure, health or exploration, by means of meetings for business, camping, paddling, sailing and racing, and by keeping logs of voyages, records of waterways and routes, details, drawings and dimensions of boats, and collection of maps, charts and books. Any gentleman over the age of eighteen years and a competent swimmer, may become an active member. The entrance fee is One Dollar and the dues are One Dollar a year. It is not necessary for a man to be a member of a Canoe Club to affiliate with the Association.

According to the 1914 Year Book, the Association has a membership of 1117 in the United States and Canada.

Each year in August the Association holds its annual camp at Sugar Island. This island, in Canadian waters, is between Clayton, N. Y., and Gananoque, Ontario. It is 34 acres in extent and is owned by the Association. It is rocky, heavily wooded, and is fortunate by having a fringe of points and bays, ideal camping spots for the dyed-in-the-wool canoeists who gather here each year from all parts of this country and Canada, to renew old acquaintances, to dis-



To His Majesty King George V.

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LADIES' SPORT and TAILORED HATS

HAVE A REAL VACATION
with a
BLUE BIRD
MOTOR BOAT

Start right now to plan a "motor boat summer" for yourself and the family. In a few short weeks every lake and river in the country will be calling the man who has a tiny spark of the sportsman in him.

There will be endless opportunities for camping expeditions, picnics, fishing parties and daily expeditions up that shady cove where nature always seems at her best.

Of course, your blood tingles when you think of it. But—make no mistake—you must have a boat of your own—and a good one.

"Blue Bird"
MOTOR BOATS

have solved the summer problem for thousands of healthy, "out-door" families.

These boats—exquisite in line and appointment—are made over moulds of highest grade Louisiana Cypress.

The wood work in decks and coaming are of best selected oak, the boats are very handsomely varnished and trimmed with the best "sun and water-proof varnish," and the hulls are finished in either blue or white paint. The engine is the Detroit two-cycle reversible—can be run slow or fast—has only three moving parts, STARTS WITHOUT CRANKING, uses very little fuel and is so simple that a child can handle it.

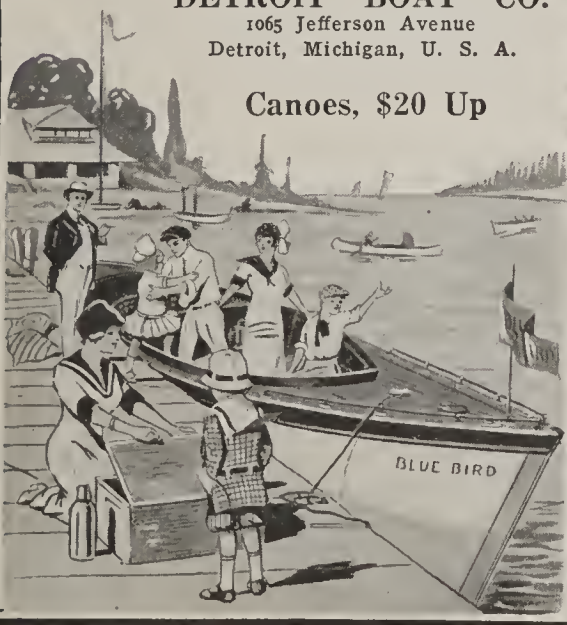
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ASK FOR CATALOG No. 5



cuss canoeing matters, to participate in the races, and to promote the welfare of the organization. There is a charm about these meets which grips all canoe men who have attended them. About one-third of the island is known as "Squaw Camp" and it is reserved for members who bring their families. Each day the Commodore appoints an officer of the day and five pickets, who guard the island and promote the comfort of all.

The island during the Meet is a sight to gladden the heart. On every point and in every bay is a tent and a string of club and racing flags, while thin spirals of smoke indicate that the campers are living as they would in the wilderness in so far as the preparation of meals is concerned. It is the ideal place for a two weeks' vacation for him who loves the woods and the waters.

This year is the 50th Anniversary of Modern Canoeing, and the Commodore has been in correspondence with the Commodore of the Canadian Canoe Association, with the object in view of holding a joint meet of the two Associations to commemorate properly the occasion, especially by holding a series of mile and half mile war canoe races. Commodore McNeil of the Canadian Association has been giving his hearty cooperation to the plan but has recently been obliged to confess that the large number of paddlers who have gone to the front and who are in training camps, has very seriously affected the plans of his Association, and for this reason the project has been abandoned. The American Canoe Association, by working energetically for a large attendance at this year's camp, hopes to celebrate the Anniversary by promoting increased enthusiasm for canoeing and good fellowship among canoeists.

On Memorial Day, Monday, May 31st, 1915, in the afternoon there will be held a joint regatta of the New York Rowing Association and the American Canoe Association on the Harlem River Rowing course, with the following canoeing events:

- Cruising class 1/2 mile.
- One man single blade
- One man double blade
- Tandem single blade
- Tandem double blade
- Racing class 1 mile.
- One man single blade
- One man double blade
- Club Four single blade
- Club Four double blade

Races will be run with the tide; course is laid between High Bridge and the power house of the United P. & L. Co. It will be policed by the U. S. Treasury cutters and boats of the Police Dept., and will be kept free of traffic and driftwood during the races. But in order to ensure this the police regulations must be strictly adhered to and races must be started punctually at the time set.

Valuable prizes (Firsts only) will be awarded for all events. Entries must be made with the Purser not later than May 23rd, in writing. No entries bearing a later postmark will be accepted. A deposit of twenty-five cents per man must accompany every entry, this to be forfeited should the entrant for no good reason not participate or be debarred because of late arrival at the starting line.

As this is the first time canoeing will be prominently brought before the public of Greater New York and the races will be viewed by an enormous concourse of spectators, it is hoped that a splendid showing will be made by members of the A. C. A. and that the races will be full of snap and spirit.

All details as to order of racing, starts, dis-

Won Most Trophies

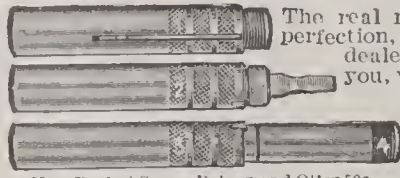
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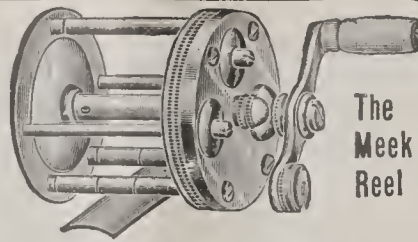
have earned their reputation for superiority and prove that a good article is worth its price.



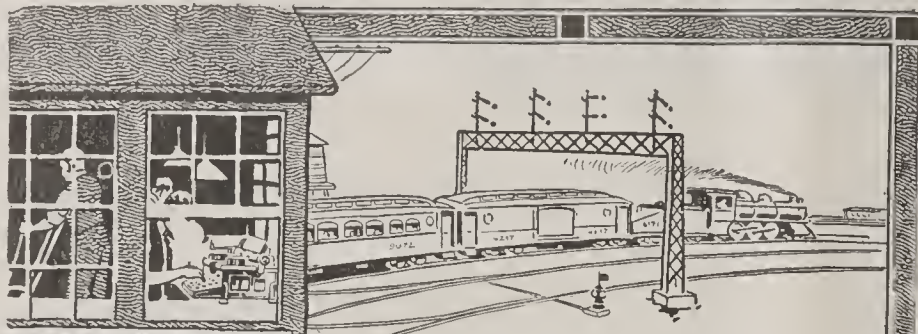
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tinguishing marks, etc., will be determined after entries have been closed. For entry blanks, and further information, write to Clemens Schroeder, Purscr, No. 355 West 145th Street, New York City.

Judges—H. Lansing Quick, Chairman, Payne L. Kretzmer, D. B. Goodsell, Lincoln B. Palmer, and George P. Douglass.

Starters—Walwin Barr, Chairman, Fred W. Baldwin, Edward L. Polasek, and Edmund Vom-Stecg, Jr.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP. NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division:—Charles Blesskany, 255 Audubon Ave., New York, N. Y., by L. B. Morgan; William Winter, Jr., 506 South Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y., by Thomas Zuk; John H. Leonard, 67 West 106th St., New York, N. Y., by Clemens Schroeder; Ralph A. Lance, 519 West 182nd St., New York, N. Y., by W. C. Techinkel; John Hamilton, 330 West 15th St., New York, N. Y., by L. B. Morgan; Alfred H. Lewis, 557 West 149th St., New York, N. Y., by Ernest B. Spence; Martin A. Charles, 424 South 16th St., Newark, N. J., by Herman E. Mende.

Central Division:—L. D. Hunter, 449 Ashland Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., Allie A. Bachman, Buffalo, N. Y., both by A. J. Bell; C. W. Johnson, P. O. Box 486, Syracuse, N. Y., by C. N. Daman; J. D. Cudney, 428 Richmond Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., by O. J. West.

Eastern Division:—Joseph S. Holt, 64 Battey St., Providence, R. I., by Harry L. Cecne.

Western Division:—C. J. Robinson, 7524 Bond Ave., Chicago, Ill., Benj. B. Pope, 1040 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., both by Robert F. Abercrombie.

RESIGNATIONS.

Atlantic Division:—4737, Rowland C. Rudolf, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Central Division:—5944, Arthur Hubbard, Buffalo, N. Y.

Eastern Division:—6161, George A. Smith, Eden Park, R. I.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Ahoy! Mates! The Spring cruise of the Division will take place on the Ramapo River, starting at Suffern, N. Y., May 8th, and finishing at Mountain View, May 9th.

Those who have made the trip need no explanation, but to the uninitiated it will be a splendid opportunity to get their first taste of "white water" running of rifts, and with a little nerve taking everything as it comes—a thirty-five-mile trip of thrills and excitement. Get out those dusty outfits and the old "rag" boat—two to a boat is best with a very light kit. Any canoeist, even though not a member, should be asked to join us.

On the previous Sunday, May 2nd, about 9:30



REEL REASONS

3

3-in-One keeps all fishing tackle in perfect order. Reels oiled with 3-in-One won't stick or hang at critical moment. They always work easily and surely. 3-in-One will not gum, turn black or sticky.

3-in-One prevents rust on steel rods, keeps joints and connections clean and smooth, preserves wooden rods, too, making them tough and pliable.

Draw your line, silk or linen, through rag moistened with 3-in-One. Makes it stronger and last longer. Will not rot, twist or tangle, preserves lines, nets and traps in either fresh or salt water.

FREE Try 3-in-One at our expense. Write for liberal free sample and booklet. **3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY, 112 New St., New York**

FOR RENT

Salmon Fishing

A mile and a half of water on the Northeast branch Ste. Marguerite River, near Tadousac, Province of Quebec.

Affording fishing for two or three rods; five good pools within easy access of well equipped spacious camp beautifully situated on bend of river. Season commences about the middle of June and fishing is good until August 15th. Owners unable to be on the river this season, would like to rent the water.

For further particulars apply to

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All communications are strictly confidential. Our vast practice, extending over a period of nearly seventy years, enables us in many cases to advise in regard to patentability without any expense to the client. Our Hand-Book on Patents is sent free on request. This explains our methods, terms, etc., in regard to *Patents, Trade Marks, Foreign Patents, etc.*

All patents secured through us are described without cost to the patentee in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

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NEW YORK CITY

and 625 F STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A. M., we shall leave Hermit Point paddling up the Hudson River to Piermont, N. Y., where the canoes and outfits will be shipped direct to Suffern. You can also ship from Edgewater and Jersey City by Erie R. R., but allow two weeks. Wells Fargo Express reaches this point. Mark: (Your name) care of American Canoe Association, Suffern, N. Y.

It will be necessary to purchase food (supper and breakfast) before leaving Suffern, as you cannot get anything en route. About eight miles down stream, camp will be made on Saturday night, after "eats" there will be a rousing campfire—with the A. C. A. spirit of good fellowship prevailing.

Sunday morning early the trip will be continued and at noon a dinner will be served at the hotel below Pompton Lakes. The committee is endeavoring to have motion pictures taken of the cruise.

If you have a boat and no partner or have no boat and want a partner, communicate with the Chairman.

Trains from Jersey City (Erie) 12:54, 1:05, 1:46, 3:29, 4:04, 4:55, 5:42.

Trains from Mountain View 3:55, 6:01, 7:17, 9:25.

JAMES B. McMAHON, JR., Chairman,
103 Vermilyea Avenue, N. Y. City.

THE SONG OF THE PINES.

"Hush and Rest," the pine trees sigh
In endless lingering lullaby,

Till the forest wearying for sleep

Throws off its flame-ropes in careless heap,

Wooded to dreams by the murmuring sweep

And rhythm of melody.

Now a song of a river that leaps

Over crags and rocks in jagged heaps

Catching them up in frenzy to hurl

Them, back again to the endless swirl,

That is rushed along by the wild winds whirl

And the forest moans as it sleeps.

Now a song of a shadowed stream

Shining over white sand's gleam

Winding forever, drowsy and slow,

While summer suns through the shadows

glow

And southern breezes softly blow,

And the forest smiles in its dream.

Song of a day when the sun is lost,

When the heart of the forest is shaken and tossed,

Crash of trees, shattered by the gale,

Splash of rain and clatter of hail,

Sob of the wind in a wild wet wail,

And the forest groans in its sleep.

So the song—now slow, now hurrying fast,

Till the forest wakes from its sleep at last,

Trees, touched to life by the breath of spring,

Strong in new life, chant and sing,

Drowning the pine trees' murmuring,

Forgetting the winter past.

Still—"Hush and Rest" the pine trees sigh

In endless lingering lullaby,

Till the forest again shall weary for sleep,

And throw off its flame-ropes in careless heap,

Wooded to dream by the murmuring sweep,

And rhythm of melody.

MARY COMFORT CHAPIN.

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Put your tackle in shape. Go to your dealer and look over the No. 5 Telescopic Fly Rod, the No. 8 ten foot Jointed Fly Rod, the No. 38 Adjustable Telescopic Joint-Locking Fly Rod, the No. 29 5/2 ounce Fly Rod, the No. 33 light Bait Casting Rod, the No. 35 new Adjustable Telescopic Joint-Locking Bait Casting Rod, the No. 30 Pocket Bait Casting Rod, the old reliable No. 11 Trolling, Bait and Steel Fishing Rod or the New Silk Wound De Luxe "BRISTOL" Fly Rod or Bait Casting Rod. They all say it's going to be a good fishing season.

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COLUMBIA



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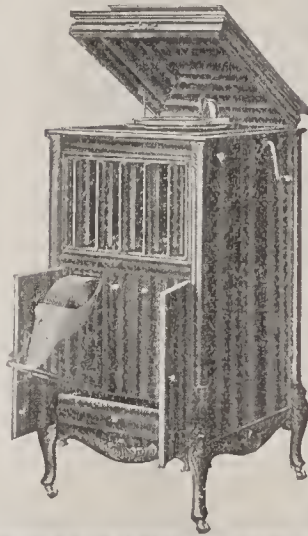
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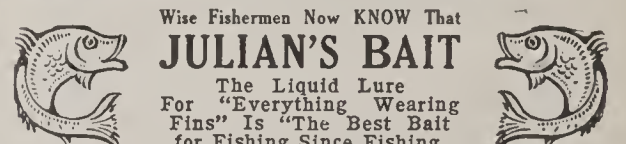
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ARCHERY

TO AN OLD ARCHER FRIEND. (E. B. W.)

What shall an old friend say to you,
Gray hero of our archer years?
What tribute shall he pay to you
Ere the eternal twilight nears,
When we shall grope, with parted hands,
The dim illimitable lands?
No biased word, no partial praise
Befts the comrade-love I yield
To him whose archer-marseillaise
Rings from our old, first battle-field;
Whose tireless hand through best and worst,
Has borne our banner from the first.
Let me stand still, with bended head
And call the living archer roll,
Revivify the splendid dead
Whose names illumine the bowman's scroll,
And then, with loving, tear-blurred scrawl,
Write his brave name above them all.

WILL H. THOMPSON.

ARCHERY IN CALIFORNIA.

Chicago, April 7.

I have received a letter from *Forest and Stream*, enclosing one from Harold Havens, of Berkeley, California, requesting that I answer this letter and send it to *Forest and Stream* for publication.

This is an agreeable thing to do, for several reasons. I have known his father, Mr. F. C. Havens of Oakland, California, as an archer, and a public spirited man, for more than thirty years; and have had a personal acquaintance with him since 1907, when he handed me a generous check to be used in purchasing prizes to be awarded at the next tournament of the

National Archery Association. It may not be out of place to state that this money was used to purchase a beautiful bronze statuette of an Indian archer, designed by Cyrus E. Dallin, and won by the late Colonel Williams; and a fine silver vase, which was won by Mrs. M. C. Howell; two very popular wins, for they had been our best archers for a long time.

Since then Mr. Havens has given the Association many valuable prizes which have become the property of the winners.

Mr. Havens speaks of his father's great 40 yards score, 30 arrows shot, 30 hits, 246 score. I do not know of a higher score made in a public meeting. His score at 60 yards, 24 arrows, 24 hits, 168 score, is fully as meritorious. These scores, and others by Mr. Havens, are given in the Archery Guide, and were furnished by Will H. Thompson.

I hope that Harold Havens will soon equal his father's magnificent archery. And I hope that his efforts to have the Panama Exposition hold an archery tournament in the fall will be successful. I am also very glad to know that A. G. Spalding & Bros. have a full line of archery goods in their San Francisco store. Mr. A. G. Spalding was one of the founders of the National Archery Association, in 1879.

Mr. Havens inquires about some archery scores which were printed in the *Forest and Stream* in February.

Dr. O. L. Hertig's score 95-581, was a Team Round score. This Round is composed of 96 arrows shot at 60 yards.

Dr. Hertig's score was 95 hits, 581 score.

I trust that Mr. Havens will often send you archery news from the Coast.

EDWARD B. WESTON.


HOW TO INTEREST THE RIFLE SHOOTER.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In a recent issue, a letter appears from an ardent toxophilist, asking for suggestions that may tend to increase interest in the sport. Being an archer of more or less ability—mostly less—I am moved to offer a suggestion, which no doubt will be voted down as unworthy of consideration. Change the target and scoring. None but those who are actively engaged in the sport know or comprehend the totals made in different rounds. Golds, reds, blues, blacks or whites. I assume that the average archer is, like myself, fond of all sorts of shooting. It is certain that a person who has never tried the game, though a rifle and pistol shot, can find little to interest him in reading the archery scores. Sanscrit would be as intelligible. I shot on a regulation target for two or three years, yet am unable to grasp the totals of rounds, and how many golds, reds, blues, blacks or white it took to make them. The target is a fine color scheme truly, yet offers no interest to the rifle shot, revolver shot or casual reader, from which recruits must be gained. How many outside of archers know that a gold counts seven? Very, very few, or of the other color values. Why not Americanize the thing? Adopt a Creedmoor target of the regulation revolver size, which will at once show the relative skill of archers and revolver shots. At fifty yards I believe the bull is of 8-inch diameter, which counts 5, and the rings 4, 3, 2 and 1, respectively. Keep your colors, if you want, but change the count and diameter to conform with the regulation Creedmoor pistol target, and at once, revolver shots throughout the United States will marvel at the skill of such wizards as Elmer, Hertig, and others of like importance. We pride ourselves on our skill, yet, after all, few there are of us who do not like the pleasant notoriety that papers and magazines afford in chronicling our performances.

CHARLES G. BLANDFORD.


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For over forty years the name DIVINE on the reel seat of a Fishing Rod has stood for quality of material and workmanship.

Long experience, skilled workmanship and the best of selected materials make the DIVINE ROD widely known for its excellence.

Trout, Bass and Fly Rods of Six and Eight Strip Bamboo, plain, split and silk wrapped, Bamboo, Bethabarra, Greenheart, Dagama and Lancewood.

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A Joy, Indeed, for All Sportsmen—



Takes all the drudgery out of fishing and shooting. Go as far as you like and back in real comfort. This wonderfully silent Joymotor runs your boat slow enough for trolling or up to 7 to 9 miles per hour. Weighs only 52 lbs. Easily carried; weight can be divided for long portages. Fits every type of boat—duck boat, fishing boat, canoe—square stern, pointed stern, or decked stern. With special bracket shaft may be run through bottom of duck boat or canoe. Attached and detached in a minute.

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makes Joymotor easiest controlled motor ever made. Just move steering tiller to right or left and Joymotor stops your boat within a few feet and backs it up without reversing the engine. No more danger of accidents. No drifting or paddling to shore or dock. Joymotor does all the work for you. Simple, efficient. Trouble-proof. A child can run it. You just move the tiller and Joymotor controls your boat at all times. A rudder would be useless. Study this picture.



High tension magneto, real carburetor, no pump hose to get tangled up, real bearings complete oiling system. Built to enjoy—that's Joymotor. Prices: Boat or Canoe Models, Battery Ignition \$65, Magneto Ignition \$75. Write now for catalog giving full details and life size picture of Joymotor. ---"Built to Enjoy." Write a postal now

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This picture shows position of steering tiller and propeller when slowing down or backing. Compare position of propeller with the large picture



Places like this make Criminals

Society trains criminals as carefully as it does lawyers or doctors—and graduates more of them. There will always be criminals as long as the training schools of crime exist—rum holes, prisons, opium joints and gang-infested street corners.

Any criminal is a menace; anyone—you—may be his victim. What protection have you? The law? It punishes but rarely prevents crime. The Police? They cannot be everywhere.

Between you and the criminal there is but one certain barrier—your own readiness to defend yourself and your family against felonious aggression. In the

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KENWYN KURE KOMPANY
Point Pleasant, New Jersey

WANTED—Pointers and Setters to train; game plenty. Also two broken dogs for sale.

H. H. SMITH, O. K. Kennels, Maryland, Md.

OORANG AIREDALE PUPS for sale. Vigorous youngsters bred from true sporting stock that are unequaled as water dogs, retrievers and hunters of all kinds of game. They make trailers, tree barkers and stayers; will climb a tree or go to earth and fight anything from a ground hog to a grizzly bear. They are raised in the open and are the hardy, active and game kind with the hunting instinct bred in the bone. Having an iron constitution they withstand the hardest usage and make the ideal dog for both hunter and trapper. Stamp for reply. Oorang Kennels, La Rue, Ohio.

HIGH CLASS SHOOTING DOGS.

For Sale—Fifteen Pointers and Setters, guaranteed thoroughly broken on Grouse and Woodcock, by a professional handler. These dogs are all bred from the most fashionable strains of both bench show and field trial winners, and are all bench show winners themselves.

Will be sold cheap to immediate buyers. For further particulars, address,
THE MIDKIFF KENNELS, DALLAS, PA.

AIREDALE PUP

I have raised an exceptionally fine Airedale pup. He is 15 months old, big, healthy, has had distemper. His family tree is the finest in this country, I have all his papers. He is eligible for registration. His markings are excellent and his eye true to color. He is yard and house broken and partly field broken. The first check for fifty dollars gets him.

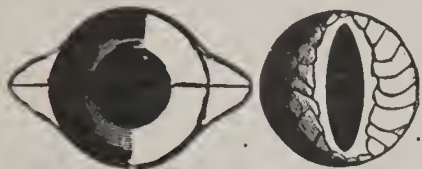
W. G. BEECROFT

Editor Forest and Stream

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Seven beautiful Ponds abundantly stocked with fine and game trout; no other fish.
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Imperial Theatre MONTREAL, CANADA

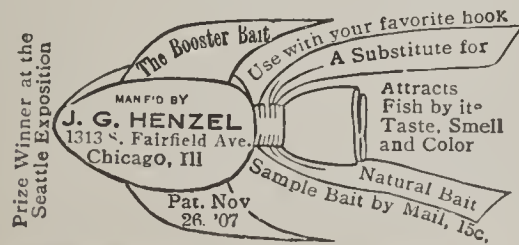
Small-Mouth Black Bass

We have the only establishment dealing in young small-mouth black bass commercially in the United States. Vigorous young bass in various sizes, ranging from advanced fry to 3 and 4 inch fingerlings for stocking purposes.

Waramaug Small-Mouth Black Bass Hatchery.
Correspondence invited. Send for Circulars. Address **HENRY W. BEAMAN** - New Preston, Conn.

Brook Trout of all ages for stocking brooks and lakes. Brook trout eggs in any quantity. Warranted delivered anywhere in fine condition. Correspondence solicited.

THE PLYMOUTH ROCK TROUT CO.
Plymouth, Mass.



BROOK TROUT FRY

Eggs taken from wild fish. Visit or write, **DRUMLIN TROUT HATCHERY** Barneveld, N. Y.

MOSQUITOES

"Ever try to sleep in a room with mosquitoes buzzing around?" Muskeetopunk will positively rid your cabin, camp or home of mosquitoes. 35c. per box, or 3 for \$1.00. **MUSKEETOPUNK CO.**, Dept. A. Pekin, Ill.

The Sportsman's Trail to Satisfaction

Evans' Ale and Stout

are brimful of the joy and gladness of field and stream and are as much a part of an outing as nature itself. They make one keenly alive to the thrills and pulse throbs of the sport—the crack of the rifle or song of the reel—and provide a treat that is a reward unto themselves. They make one responsive to all the old joys and inspire new ones.
In Bottles and Splits
Order From Nearest Dealer or
C. H. EVANS & SONS Established 1786 **HUDSON, N. Y.**

PITTSBURGH ARCHERY.

The Beechview-Bon Air Archery Club of Pittsburgh gave its first annual dinner Wednesday evening, March 17th, 1915, at 7 o'clock. Invitations were issued to club members only and the entire membership responded. The list includes Dr. O. L. Hertig, Jas. S. Jiles, W. D. Douthitt, W. J. Holmes, Jas. Buerckle, M. P. Sorber, H. I. Collingwood, S. M. Stauffer, G. W. Postgate and S. L. Smith.

After a general discussion of Archery, Equipment, Records, and past and future tournaments, the annual election was held, which resulted in the following officers being elected: Dr. O. L. Hertig, president, Jas. S. Jiles, treasurer, W. D. Douthitt, secretary and Jas. Buerckle and Wm. J. Holmes, range captains.

It was decided that the club purchase three medals to remain the property of the club but to be held by the members having the best average scores in the American, Team and York rounds. Scores made on the regular shooting days of the club only to count.

To be eligible each member must have participated in at least twenty American rounds, twenty Team rounds or ten York rounds, and no member will be permitted to hold more than one medal.

New targets and the other necessary equipment have been provided for the two ranges. The membership of the club consists of ten active archers, and from the enthusiasm shown so early in the season, there is bound to be some exciting contests during 1915.

There has been talk of the formation of two

more clubs in this district and the indications are that the Ancient Game of Archery will be very much revived in the Pittsburgh district.
M. D. DOUTHITT, Secretary.

THE PACIFIC SALMON IN ACTION.

The silver salmon is the most ambitious fish alive. He is born with the instinct for making his way up-stream. He lives for that instinct. He dies with it. Frequently, on account of the ingenuity of man, he dies because of it.

In the Palace of Food at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, at San Francisco, is a hatchery operated by the United States Bureau of Fisheries, in which various stages of the life of the silver salmon are revealed. In all, he is about nine months reaching the maximum size shown in this exhibit.

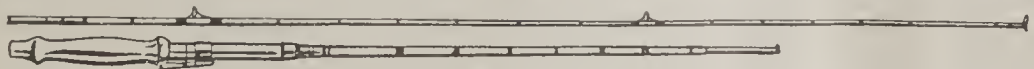
In the course of his career the silver salmon's ambition to work himself up-stream is shown. The exhibit contains a "fish ladder," with six steps. These steps are little basins of water, each higher than its predecessor, and with a strong current leaping down from top to bottom. As the salmon grow, they hurl themselves up this ladder, and so into the top basin. It is a device for selecting the strongest and fittest salmon.

In the Columbia river there are many water wheels which the current turns, and into which the fish work their way, to be scooped up into barges and hauled to the canneries. At this exhibit is a small water wheel. The salmon flounder into this, but merely take a ride

FISHERMEN! A Wonderful New Fish Catching Bait
—Use One Live Minnow All Day

This is the new, live minnow bait that is making such a great record for itself—that is the talk of the country. Excels all other artificial bait. Strong, clear, magnifying glass tube, housing a live minnow. Wonderful power of attracting fish lies in fact that, when in water, the glass apparently disappears, leaving minnow clearly visible and greatly magnified. Minnow has fresh water; stays alive; never mutilated; can be used all day. Experienced fishermen tell us that it is the most wonderful bait they have ever used.
56 West Lafayette Blvd. **DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

Price, 85c at all reliable dealers (take no substitutes) or if they are sold out, order from us direct. Postage prepaid
DETROIT GLASS MINNOW TUBE CO.



BAIT CASTING OUTFIT, Complete, \$3.90

Genuine DOWAGIAC SPLIT BAMBOO ROD, nickel plated quadruple wide spool reel, imitation jeweled bearings, 50 yards finest silk line, 2 enamelled wood minnows, assorted colors. An exceptionally fine outfit. Send for bargain list of fishing tackle.

GOULD & GOULD, Dep't 10, Box 5143, Boston, Mass.



POMMER —It's the Boat for Specially designed Detachable Motors for naval architects for detachable motor use. Faster, steadier, roomier, more economical than any ordinary rowboat. Has U-shaped stern, so bow won't rise out of water. New "Horseshoe" Rear Seat, twice as roomy as ordinary style. Spray Guards to protect passengers. Boat built extra strong. Brass screw fastened. Catalog Free.
Pommer Boat Building Co., Wharf 68 Milwaukee, Wis.



TRAP SHOOTING



Forest and Stream is an Honorary Member of the Interstate Association for the Promotion of Trapshooting.

During the month past we have had so many gun problems put to us and they are of such general interest, we have decided instead of answering these questions by mail we will hereafter answer through the Gun Department in *Forest and Stream*. If any question comes to you concerning your gun or ammunition, or if you are going to buy a new gun, write our gun editor. He can help you.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Send along your gun problems to our Gun Editor and if he can't answer them he will find some one who can—you'll get the answer and he will shoulder your perplexity.

Have you taken a shot at Rem-Oil? It's the newest thing in gun oils, and if it isn't the best on the market it isn't because Remington-U. M. C. Company haven't had sufficient experience with guns and rifles to know what they need to keep any old kind of an arm in perfect condition. I heard a woman shooter say it was the finest furniture polish she ever tried—I can't vouch for this as I haven't shone 'em up, but I do know what it will do for steel. I'll know by next issue how it works on a portable marine motor, 'cause I am on my way now to try it out. Let's hope William of grape juice fame won't recommend it as a beverage.

The Fred Gilbert shoots were remarkable for many things but principally as an example of what kings of publicity are Ted Doremus and his corps of promoters. In proving Fred the most popular professional in the game the DuPont advertising forces put over one of the biggest advertising stunts seen since Henry Ford insisted on all his employes take home a five spot every night. There isn't a trap shooter in America that has not thought DuPont for the past month. I elevate my new Easter

topper to Messrs. Doremus, Lord, Rutter, Joselyn, Galvin et al.

Mrs. W. G. Allen of Dallas, won two Gilbert cups. She took the Fort Worth event with 80x100 from 17 yards, and the Star City shoot with 85 from the same mark. At Pinehurst the big event was won by Miss Marie Sinclair with a full from a draw of 30. At Lachine Gun Club, Montreal, Mrs. John Boa took the trophy with 96 from a gratis start of 25. Mrs. Albert Moulton won at Cedar Park. Some shooters among the ladies. W. G. BEECROFT.

Pittsburgh, Pa., April 19, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

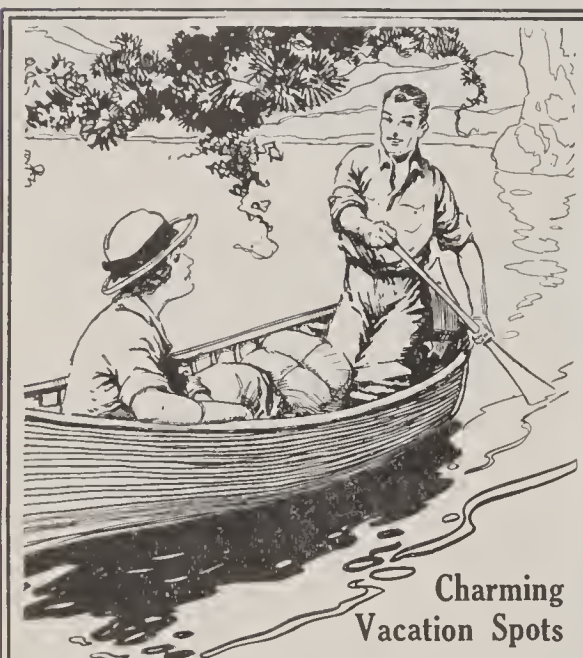
Please be kind enough to announce in the Trap Department of *Forest and Stream* that Mr. Ray E. Loring, Marseilles, Illinois, has been appointed a member of the Committee which will allot handicaps to entrants in the coming Grand American Handicap, to take the place of Mr. Harrison Kennicott, resigned, and oblige

THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION,

E. Reed Shaner, Secretary.

A PORTABLE MOTOR REVERSE.

Among the interesting developments in portable motors are the various types of reverse offered. One of the best and most positive of these is the reverse which works as shown above, and this is the one furnished in Joy-motor. By just turning the tiller to the right



Charming
Vacation Spots

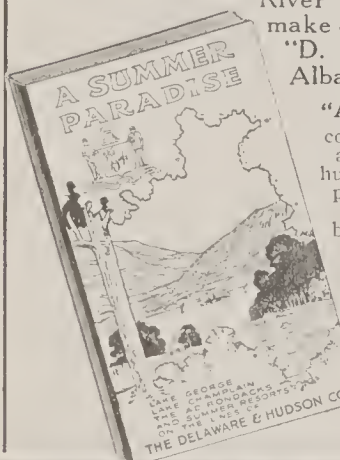
await you in the beautiful lake and mountain country of Northern New York reached by the

Delaware & Hudson Lines

Shortest, Quickest and Best
Between New York and Montreal

Saratoga Springs, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Ausable Chasm, Lake Placid and Cooperstown, with their historic associations and natural beauty, are among the best known of the many popular centres which attract a host of visitors during the Summer season.

"D. & H." through trains leave the New York Grand Central Terminal. Summer passengers on the Hudson River Boat Lines can make connections with "D. & H." trains at Albany and Troy.



"A Summer Paradise" contains photographs and descriptions of hundreds of delightful places to choose from—lake resorts with boating and fishing—hotels and cottages with finest facilities for tennis and golf. Send 6c. in stamps to cover mailing. Ready May 1st.

M. J. POWERS, G. P. A.
Albany, N. Y.
New York City Information
Bureau, 1354 Broadway

The
D. & H.

RAIL AND
STEAMER
LINES



GET NEW CATALOG TELLS ABOUT ITHACA ONE BARREL TRAP GUN

No other gun has met with the enthusiastic reception, attracted the attention and favorable comment from the trapshooting fraternity that this gun has.

It was announced in February Magazines and we are already flooded with orders.

It is the gun the boys have been looking for.

No other gun is bolted as this gun is bolted. It has two lugs at top and one at bottom and is bolted at each of these three points—giving a triangular form of fastening which will stand the severe strain of trap shooting. It is equipped with our lightning lock, automatic ejector and ventilated rib. Built in twelve gauge in our No. 4E and better grades.

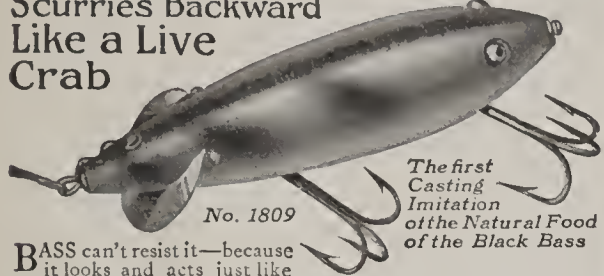
Ask for our Catalog, it shows the One Barrel Trap Gun and describes 18 grades double guns.

ITHACA GUN COMPANY,

Box 25, ITHACA, N. Y.

Heddon's Genuine Dowagiac Crab Wiggler

Scurries Backward Like a Live Crab



No. 1809

The first Casting Imitation of the Natural Food of the Black Bass

BASS can't resist it—because it looks and acts just like their favorite food, the crab or crawfish. Accurately colored in the wonderful Heddon Porcelain Enamel, guaranteed not to crack, peel or flake. Just the right weight and balance for casting. Floats when at rest, but dives and zigzags backward when reeled in. Hooks held in the patented "Dowagiac" sockets, so they can't foul each other or mar enamel—and they get the fish. Variable line fastening governs depth and action. You need this "Crab Wiggler" in your tackle box. It's a winner. Also in other Heddon colorings at same price

85c

IT'S A YEAR OF WIGGLERS

More wiggling, diving baits will be used this year than any other style—chiefly Dowagiac "Wigglers," of course, because of their reputation and many advantages—non-cracking enamel, variable line fastening, "Dowagiac" hook sockets, and superior workmanship. Dowagiac Minnow "Wigglers," deep water style (No. 1600) and shallow water style (No. 1700) sell at 75c in various colorings.

ART CATALOG. A book you'll prize. Shows all Heddon tackle in color, including the famous Jim Heddon's Casting Rods. Full of practical advice on expert casting and more successful fishing. A postal brings this book FREE. James Heddon's Sons, Box 17, Dowagiac, Mich. (Pronounce it "Doe-wah'-ji-ac")

MACKENZIE'S CAMPS

Located on the Famous So. West Miramichi River. Atlantic Salmon, Brook and Sea Trout Fly Fishing. Over 100 miles' Canoe Trip with no carries. Moose, Caribou, Deer, Bear and Partridge Hunting from September 15th to November 30th.

MURDOCK MACKENZIE

Sparkle, New Brunswick CANADA
Telegraph Address, Bristol, N. B.

EARLY FLY FISHING

Easier to reach than Canada, less expensive and just as good for trout, bass and shooting in season—you will eat well, sleep well, feel well—rates reasonable, send for booklet free upon request.

EDWARD F. LOOK EUSTIS, MAINE

or left the propeller is turned in the opposite direction and the 45-degree movement of the tiller is enough to reverse the position of the propeller, thus backing up the boat. In this manner it is claimed the boat can be stopped almost instantly, which is a considerable factor of safety. The motor embodying this reverse is manufactured by Joy Engineering Company, Tribune Building, Chicago. It is an exclusive feature of their motor and one, we understand, very much appreciated by owners.

RED LION GUN CLUB.

Members of the Tournament Committee of the Red Lion Gun Club say there will be not less than forty entries at the club's first registered tournament on May 5. To insure the smooth running of the shoot two sets of traps will be installed and arrangements made to set up a third set if it is found necessary. There is little doubt but that the shoot will be the best attended ever held in York county or city.

The program for the tournament was issued this week and a copy was mailed to every shooter in this part of the state. The tournament will be conducted under the most liberal system of existence, the famous Squier Money-Back system. There will be ten events of fifteen targets each and the entrance will be \$14, including \$1 extra for the Money-Back purse.



Bossert Houses are More than Portable

This Bossert Redibill Bungalow, 13x24, 3 rooms, \$7.50 absolutely complete. Immediate delivery.

When you buy a portable house you want a building that can be erected on any plot of ground with the greatest economy and speed—and that will give satisfaction either as a temporary or permanent home, no matter where it is placed, and regardless of climate or season. For these reasons you should not build or buy any house until you have fully investigated

Here are a few points of difference and superiority:

Bossert Redibill Homes

"Not Even a Nail to Buy"

- 1 Bossert Redibill Homes are not ready cut lumber but completely built houses. Merely a monkey wrench is required to put them together.
- 2 There are no nails or screws to drive—two ordinary workmen can put one up in from 1 to 4 days, according to size.
- 3 Erecting cost is reduced by the Bossert method of construction to 5 or 6 per cent of the cost of the house. When buying be sure to compare this cost with others.
- 4 The lumber used in Bossert Redibill Homes is particularly heavy and of superior quality, and is specially selected for its suitability to each part.
- 5 No extra charge is made for painting—you can select any two colors desired—one for body and one for trimmings—two coats are applied at factory. Inside finished in oil.

- 6 All doors and windows are fitted and hung before shipping—any good carpenter will tell you what this means.
- 7 The best of hardware furnished throughout.
- 8 Window blinds, fitted and hung, come with all houses.
- 9 Each section has air chambers and each air chamber is lined with felt paper—the roof is lined with asbestos—making the house cool in summer and warm in winter. No other portable house contains these valuable features.
- 10 We have been building bungalows for over 25 years—this is the first time they have been trade marked and advertised.
- 11 Our prices are for complete homes ready to live in and range from \$300 up—F. O. B. Brooklyn.
- 12 You can also buy Bossert Redibill Garages, Bouthouses, etc.

Write for our New Catalog—it contains illustrations showing many attractive designs and quotes prices

LOUIS BOSSERT & SONS, 1309 Grand Street, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Here's the best made .22 Rifle in the world!

It's the only .22 repeater made with the dependable lever action—like a big game rifle. It has better weight, better balance, greater stability than any other .22. It's guaranteed in accuracy and reliability; handles rapidly. It gives 25 shots at one loading.



Model 1897 .22 Calibre Repeating Rifle

Shoots .22 short, .22 long, and .22 long-rifle cartridges without adjustment.

For rabbits, squirrels, hawks, geese, foxes, for all small game and target work up to 200 yards, just get this Marlin.

It's a take-down rifle, convenient to carry and clean. Has tool steel working parts that cannot wear out. Beautiful case-hardened finish; superb build and balance. Ivory bead and Rocky Mountain sights; the best set furnished on any .22. The solid top and side ejection mean safety and rapid, accurate firing.

Ask your dealer—or send us 3 stamps postage for new big catalog of all Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns.

Marlin The Marlin Firearms Co.
27 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

THE ROD OF QUALITY

This phrase is a trade-mark based on sound facts, and is substantiated by all anglers who have put the rod to actual hard test.

My hand made, split-bamboo rod bears my name and behind this stamp of my approval and supervision stands many years' accumulation of experience and reputation—and I'm not fearing the loss of this by heartily and conscientiously recommending the rod to you.

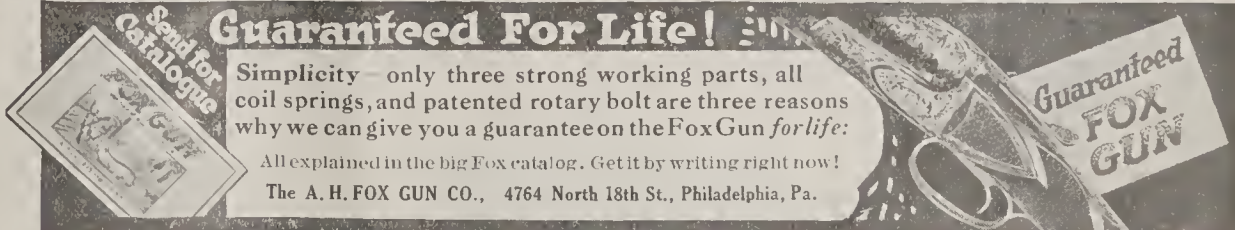
Send for the booklet—"The Angler—the Rod." It's not all advertising.
F. E. THOMAS 117 Exchange St., BANGOR, ME.

Guaranteed For Life!

Simplicity—only three strong working parts, all coil springs, and patented rotary bolt are three reasons why we can give you a guarantee on the Fox Gun for life:

All explained in the big Fox catalog. Get it by writing right now!

The A. H. FOX GUN CO., 4764 North 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



EXCELSIOR BELT SAFE--Absolutely Water-proof

In dispensable to the BATHER to put your Eyeglasses, Jewelry, Bathing Key in before going into the water. EVERY CANOEIST, FISHERMAN, HUNTER, ETC.

should have one. Will keep your Matches, Cigarettes, Tobacco, Money, Jewelry Water-Proof, Dust-Proof Burglar-Proof. Small and compact, made of Brass, Nickel Plated, Gun Metal or Oxidized, and furnished complete with fancy canvas belt. Sent anywhere on receipt of \$1.00.

HYFIELD MFG. CO., 48 FRANKLIN STREET, NEW YORK CITY



NEWFOUNDLAND

A Country of Fish and Game
A Paradise for the Camper and Angler
Ideal Canoe Trips

The country traversed by the Reid Newfoundland Company's system is exceedingly rich in all kinds of Fish and Game. All along the route of the Railway are streams famous for their Salmon and Trout fishing, also Caribou barrens. Americans who have been fishing and hunting in Newfoundland say there is no other country in the world in which so good fishing and hunting can be secured and with such ease as in Newfoundland. Information, together with illustrated Booklet and Folder, cheerfully forwarded upon application to

J. W. N. JOHNSTONE, General Passenger Agent, Reid Newfoundland Company, St. John's, Newfoundland.

The purses in the sweepstakes will be divided Rose system, 5-3-2-1. The shooting will begin at 11 A. M. sharp, and for the benefit of those unable to participate in the entire regular program, a special race of fifty targets will be arranged.

Among the noted professional shooters who will take part in the tournament are Neaf Apgar, of New York City; J. Mowell Hawkins, of Baltimore; A. A. Somers, of Delta; Ward Hammond, of Wilmington, Del.; Edward Banks, of Wilmington, Del., and Floyd R. Lewis, of Atglen, Pa. The shoot will be under the management of Bernard Elsesser, of New York, the well-known secretary of the Westy Hogans. Any shooter desiring a program will be sent one by applying to Mr. Elsesser or Arthur McGuigan, secretary of the Red Lion Gun Club, Red Lion, Pa.

FRED GILBERT SHOOTS.

The tremendous popularity of Fred Gilbert was shown on March 17th, and it's a good thing for snakes that Fred doesn't assume the role of St. Patrick and order scatter gun destruction of reptiles. It is estimated that a thousand clubs shot a Gilbertian event, approximately, 20 thousand shooters, who blew out in the neighborhood of two million shells. Of course the main F. G. event was pulled at DuPont Gun Club,

where the honored cracker of the disc was present in person and shot up 93 out of 100 aerosaucers, listened to plaudits and laudations from Mayors, Governors, bank presidents, senators and the president of DuPont Powder, whom Fred has represented for twenty years. Scores at other clubs were: Exposition City, W. A. Landry, 96; San Jose, A. G. Flickinger, 93; New Haven, W. F. Alcorn, 84; Ridgefield, D. F. Bedient, 97; Simsbury, Samuel Morrison, 96; Hartford, G. J. Downen, 73; Dartmouth (Nova Scotia), J. T. Egan, 91; Kellogg, Walter Ingersoll, 70; Wallace, R. M. Walker, 86; Peoria, H. H. Hotz, 89; Decatur, R. Y. Moore, 89; Danville, Carson, 89; Riverside, A. H. McLaughlan, 90; Chicago, Jerome Lino, 92; Dwight, E. Perschnick, 94; Alta Sita, Bart Williams, 96; O'Fallon, E. Shobert, 94; Metropolitan, B. W. VanDyke, 95; Indianapolis, Edgar Apperson, 146x150; Peru, Edgar Apperson (the only winner of two Gilbert cups), 97; Warsaw, D. H. Rassner, 85; Madison, Richard Johnson, 80; Des Moines, Frank E. Card 90; Soo, B. W. Nestlerode, 81; Wallingford, Oscar Soeffig, 90; Denison Beach, George Auen, 90; Clinton, H. Bates, Jr., 98; Nevada, F. C. Tarman, 98; Key City, A. Kochendorfer, 87; Ames, H. Adams, 85; Waterloo, J. L. Corson, 100; Bedford, Charles Windor, 100; Lawrence, D. Morrison, 79; Topeka, C. N. Wray, 87; Merchants, Arthur Minks, 90; Middleboro, R. L. Ralston, 91; Wil-

liamsburg, J. R. Justice, 78; Louisville, J. Q. Ward, 99; Havre de Grace, Williams, 95; Galena, Prettyman, 90; Progressive, Nelson Fisher, 69; Lawrence, W. L. Sutcliffe, 100; Paleface, George Hunt, 100; Mohawk, Winter Evans, 97; Battle Creek, J. Bryant, 85; Minneapolis, O. L. Solberg, 94; Brewster, E. Olson, 82; Northwestern, Dr. F. F. Clark, 80; Twin City, F. Woodruff, 97; Fulda, E. H. Beadle, 90; Pipestone, John Drumm, 74; Clarksdale, J. H. Hooks, 93; Warrenton, A. E. Langford, 91; Kampville, Hugo Stiffel and G. I. Zimmer, 92; St. Louis Central, M. F. Bingham, Jr., 96; Richmond, H. M. Davis, 90; Sunset Hill, J. W. Bell, 92, and 94; Missouri A. C., M. F. Bingham, 98; Carondolet Heights, Claude McMullen, 82; Pacific, L. P. Brennan, 82; Cuivre Island, Col. J. H. Wise, 76; Forsyth, Dr. H. J. Huene, 88; Bloomfield, Bogenhagen, 87; Pender, Claude Schmidt, 91; Crete, William Ferguson, 85; Ravenna, Len Finder, 100; Camden, Henry Powers, 86; Freehold, H. Applegate, 94; Farragut, Holznagle, 98; Rochester, C. L. Frantz, 91; Norwich, Monroe, 80; Lancaster, Henry Stephan, 89; Binghamton, G. W. Johnson, 88; LaMoure, G. Muir, 86; Story, Charles Schneier, 86; Mahoning Valley, Thomas Beddow, 88; Upper Sandusky, T. Taylor, 82; Celina, F. M. Ferry, 74; Crawford and Deal, J. Schlafly, 100; Springfield, F. J. Coburn, 91; Norwalk, W. A. Fisher, 92; McAlester, Cecil Homer, 87; McKeesport, Dr. Heisey, 100;



Remington-UMC .22 Metallics

IN PAST years, many a .22 rifle was left to rust. However good a rifle a man bought he never could be sure of results. Not that the rifles themselves were not all they should be. The trouble was that .22 cartridges were not considered important enough for a man to be critical about. A man who would insist on getting Remington-UMC in shot shells and the larger metallics would take anything that was put on the counter so long as it looked like it might be a box of .22's.

In spite of all that, .22 rifle shooting as a sport continued to grow, and with the growth came a more critical selection of ammunition. Then the run on Remington-UMC .22 metallics started, and it has been growing ever since.

Today Remington-UMC .22 Metallics are the fastest selling ammunition in the world.

Your Remington-UMC dealer—the one who displays the *Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC*—he's the man to go to for Remington-UMC .22's.

Get him to show you the Remington .22 Rifles—slide action Repeaters, Single Shots, and the Autoloading. They are in a class by themselves for "feel," ease of operation and consistent performance.

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY
233 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

Milton, Paul Berger, 85; United, A. F. Wagley, 89; Greenburg, C. A. Ruff, 95; Thornburg, R. T. Donaldson, 95; Johnstown, Dr. J. D. Keiper, 92; South End, Ed. Adams, 96; Tamaqua, R. Hahn, 172x200; Glen Willow, W. T. Mattis, 95; Fairview, William Coombs, 89; Sumpter, E. Shelor, 96; Tyndall, J. W. Flamming, 95; Mt. Pleasant, C. H. Ingram, 94; Interurban, John Clay, 89; Fort Worth, Mrs. W. G. Allen, 80; Star City, Mrs. W. G. Allen, 96; International, L. E. Riter, 49; Montpelier, D. M. Barclay, 96; Norfolk-Portsmouth, C. M. Bayne, 100; Roanoke, W. S. Jones, 92; Seattle Trap Shooters' Association,

C. E. McKelvey, 95; Spokane R. & G., F. L. Tiffany, 100; Fairmont, H. L. Smith, 100; Portage, W. J. Raup, 88; LaCrosse, A. Roberge, 84; Waukesha, Baur, 100; Little Falls, J. F. Francisco, 95; Oradell, F. Ackerman, 81; Michelin, C. M. Crowley, 88; Smith G. C., E. E. Sickley, 90; Neponsit, Dr. R. Hutchinson, 94; Utica Field Club, Lester Bennett, 94; Audubon, Hopkins, 95; Red Hook, R. Navins, 92; Janesville, Robert Navins, 92; Fort Schlosser, Bigelow, 100; Pulteney, E. Miller, 88; Riverside, C. S. Wilson, 98; Saratoga, Hammond, 91; Pinehurst, Miss., M. Sinclair, 100; N. C. R., Frank Oswald, 88; Her-

ron Hill, R. Conrad, 94; Lock Haven, Dr. W. R. Hahn, 99; Sunbury-Selinsgrove, Bryan Teats, 95; Lansdale, F. S. Bender, 95; Port Washington Y. C., Dan Cornwell, 89.

INTERSTATE NEWS.

Pittsburgh, Pa., March 31, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

We would be pleased to have you announce in the Trap Department of *Forest and Stream* that The Interstate Association concedes the right of a club holding a Registered Tournament to refuse any entry in all events, if this right is



Get 'em Coming or Going

You have to have the right pattern and penetration power to get through or under their feathers, especially if you can get only two or three shot into your duck.

LEFEVER SHOT GUNS

You will find the LEFEVER 12 Gauge best for ducks. Although a number of real sportsmen now use nothing but the 20.



How to Clean a Gun

After using clean the barrel thoroughly inside and out. Then wipe it with an oiled rag. Use best gun oil. If you do not use gun again for a week be sure to wipe it out again. If barrels are rusted or have powder burns, use the Lefever Ideal Cleaner, made of a metal that will not injure barrels. When you write send 75c. and we will send Cleaner postpaid.

The LEFEVER System of taper boring is now famous, because it gives longest range, greatest penetration, the least recoil and the most evenly distributed pattern possible. It's a taper bore and unlike a "choke" bore it makes all sizes of shot pattern well. We made them good 50 years ago.

We make them even better now.

Try Our 20 Gauge

You will be surprised what you can do with it in the field or at the traps.

Catalog and Price List on Request.

AT THE TRAPS
IN THE FIELD
FROM THE BLIND



\$25 up to \$1000

LEFEVER ARMS CO. 200 MALTBIE STREET SYRACUSE, N. Y.

L. C. SMITH



A REAL GUN

NEW DESIGNS WITH HUNTER ONE-TRIGGER and AUTOMATIC EJECTOR FOR **TRAP AND FIELD USE**

THEY ARE WINNERS. PRICES \$25 TO \$1,000

Our Beautiful Catalog for the Asking

THE HUNTER ARMS CO., Inc., - Fulton, N. Y.

reserved and so announced in the program, with the exception of entries for "The Interstate Association's State Amateur Championship" at a State Tournament. This particular event shall be open to all Amateurs who are bona fide residents of the State in which the State Tourna-

ment is held. All applications for registration of State Tournaments have been approved with this distinct understanding.

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LOADING A CHOKE-BORE WITH BALL.

There has been quite a little written about loading the shotgun with ball, and good results have been obtained by the experimenters. In fact, one enthusiast says that the "smooth bore" can give points to the rifle, if properly loaded, for fifty yards. This is with round ball.

Perhaps some of the brothers would like to know a little wrinkle. I won't put it as an original one, for the "original" part of the wrinkle is very small compared with the rest made up from various pointers I have obtained from other sources.

My 12 gauge has both barrels choked; right medium and left full, and I am a little scary about shooting buck shot in them on that account, but there are times when one has a shotgun that he often wishes he had a rifle, with a good-sized ball. If one has a true cylinder gun, of course he can easily load a few cartridges with ball fitted to the bore, but here is the idea:— We will suppose we want to load a few cartridges for a gun bored like mine, with a regular conical bullet. If shot direct through the gun, it would in the majority of cases start out like a man with a four-finger charge of "Old Kentucky," the base of the bullet trying to keep up with the point.

We have got to keep the ball fairly straight in the barrel. And here is one way: Load the shell the same as for shot, *i. e.*, three or three and a half drachm of powder, with two wads. Then take a couple of wads and with a wad cutter the same size of the bullet, punch out a circle in the center of the two wads, leaving a sort of ringed wad, which is to be put on over the bullet like a collar. Seat this combination on top of the wads over the powder, pressing the rings down firmly around the bullet. Now take a little lubricant—beeswax and vaseline is good,—and press firmly around the part of the bullet that will show from the top or point down to the first groove. Then crimp down on the lubricant.

The rings or collar keeps the bullet comparatively straight in the gun barrel, and will be dropped at the muzzle, allowing the ball to travel as it should. The lubricant is in the right place, at the point of the bullet.

With this load we have a charge that is as good as a rifle for game at thirty to fifty yards. Of course we wouldn't want to undertake to make a record at the butts against the rifle, but in this way we can use the same bullet that we use in our rifles, without having to mould round bullets, and such a load can be used in a choke bore without danger.

Perhaps some of the readers may have a better plan. If so, we would like to hear of it.
TODE.

NYOIL

Nyoil Absolutely Prevents Rust

Use it on your gun, revolver, bicycle, talking machine, reel—in fact, for any purpose for which a fine, pure, lubricating oil is desired. It never chills or hardens, "gums" or smells bad. Ask sporting goods or hardware dealer. Large bottle, cheaper to buy, 25c.; trial size, 10c.

WM F. NYE New Bedford, Mass.

Ask your watch repairer whose oil he is using on your watch.

THE KICKING GUN.

When in the field gunning, the remark is too often heard, "my gun *kicks*." To such my own invariable reply has been, "it is not the gun's fault but in its being improperly loaded." This is something which the writer, now a retired sportsman, long since learned by practical experience, and many a sore arm after a day's shooting, from the recoil of his gun. Few well-made guns, when clean and in good order, will perceptibly recoil if properly loaded, and the explanation is simply this: that the quantity of powder used and the weight of the shot in the charge, together with the size of grain in the powder, should always be studiously calculated and the proportions adjusted and measured against the weight of the gun, be that seven or eight, or more pounds, and whether one is after quail, snipe, chickens or ducks.

I carefully practised this until I was often unable to tell, so far as any recoil was felt, whether my piece had "gone off" or not. The remedy is primarily in the hands of the dealer in ammunition and the salesman, and who should make it their duty to first know themselves and, after being informed of the weight of his own gun, be able to inform and explain it to any buyer, and particularly the beginner, as does the physician, who first says, "Let me feel your pulse." Generally speaking, too much *shot* is put into a charge in proportion to the *powder*.

It is seldom that it is the gun, but rather the man who loads and shoots it, who is responsible for the recoiling. D. M. E.

THE PROPER TRAP GUN.

This question can be answered simply when it comes to gauge but otherwise it is not so easily taken care of. Of course, 12 is the only gauge, and the barrels must be full choke. The principal thing is the fit of the gun. It never is a question of the cost of the gun. For instance, the Durston Special, made by LeFever Arms Co., and shot by "Dusty" Durston, one of the best aerosaucer breakers in this country, and costing only \$25, will get the birds for you—if you hold on 'em. It is impossible to tell you how far to lead a target—there may be some psychology in this but it is mostly going ahead. No one will question the efficiency of the automatic as a buster of mud discs. Only in your first duck shooting trip with an automatic do not expect to do much business, for a new man with an automatic—even though he be a fine shot with pump or double—will fall down hard with the automatic on his first day, and—I have proved this on a bet with Remington automatic—they call it a self-loader, but it is the same thing. If you want a booklet telling "How to Trap Shoot," write Du Pont for a copy of Ed. Banks' book, "The Sport Alluring." No charge but some results. Right here we will answer another question, which is, whether more targets can be broken with eight than with seven and a half shot. Aside from holding on, the problem resolves itself into the fact that there are more pellets in a load of eights than in seven and a halves, but they do not shoot so hard; the velocity is imperceptible and the number of shot only ten to the load. My personal preference is for the seventy-thirty.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have been a reader of *Forest and Stream* for thirty-one years and could hardly *practice medicine* without it. C. W. BRAY.

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I have completed a revised edition of our catalog and want to send a copy to everyone who is interested in outdoor life, whether for health or recreation. I call it a

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for it not only illustrates and describes the many things an outdoorsman or woman needs but tells of my personal experiences in the wilds when camping, fishing and hunting, with advice as to equipment and many "kinks" in wildcraft.

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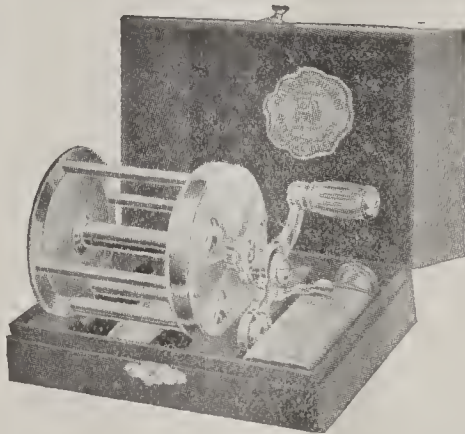
makes casting a real pleasure for beginners as well as experts. It cannot break or get out of order, and requires no adjustment. Automatic Thumblers, attached to the flange of the spool enclosed within the reel, free from all dirt and possibility of damage, thumb the reel mechanically, retarding the spool as the bait slows down.

This reel is made of best German Silver, satin finish, has genuine Scarlet Agate Jewels, balanced crank, fluted Pyralin Amber Handle, with Phosphor Bronze Bearing, and adjustable front sliding click and drag.

This reel will hold from 60 to 100 yards according to size of line used. Price, **\$7.50** (Fully guaranteed against defects of all kinds for all time.)

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MONTANA TO PRESERVE BIG HORNS AND GOATS.

The legislature in Montana has passed a bill which the Governor has signed, making a three-year closed season on mountain sheep and goats. This is very important legislation, and means much, since it is expected that the closed period will result in preserving these animals and increasing supply to such an extent that limited hunting may again be indulged in.

500,000-ACRE GAME PRESERVE.

Charleston, W. Va.

J. A. Visquesney, State Forest, Fish, and Game Warden, and H. M. Lockridge have obtained a thirty-year lease from William Seymour on 50,000 acres of forest land in Randolph and Pocahontas Counties, which will be converted into what may be the largest game preserve in the United States.

On the tract are bear, deer, and other wild game. It will be stocked with a heard of elk. The best trout fishing streams in the State are located in the preserve. The purchasers of the lease are officers of organizations composed of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia sportsmen.

REGISTERED TOURNAMENTS.

- September 23.—Greensburg, Kans., Greensburg Gun Club, J. J. Randall, secretary.
 September 25.—Philipsburg, Pa., Central Penna. Trap Shooters' League Tournament, Jack Waltz, secretary.
 October 1.—Lincolnvillc, Kans., Lincolnvillc Gun Club, Fred Munstermann, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
 October 7.—Elkton, Md., Elkton Gun Club, H. L. Worthington, manager.
 October 8.—Bradshaw, Nebr., Bradshaw Gun Club, W. E. Yoder, secretary.
 October 14.—Tampa, Kans., Tampa Gun Club, P. H. Meehan, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
 October 16.—Wilmington, Del., Du Pont Trap-shooting Club, W. A. Joslyn, Secretary. (Old Policy.)
 November 5, 6 and 7.—Tucson, Ariz., Arizona State Tournament, under the auspices of the Tucson Blue Rock Gun Club, W. A. Julian, President.

SHOT VELOCITY.

One of our friends among the dealers has referred to us a letter from Mr. Arnold Boutell, asking for information that never, as far as I know, has been found. The inquiry calls for "striking velocities of shot of different sizes at different distances using standard field loads, percentage relation which the velocities of nine different loads bear to velocities of standard loads and striking velocities of shot of different sizes required to uniformly kill game of different varieties, assuming a pattern equal to the standard trap pattern of 300 pellets in a 30-inch circle." Given the striking velocity of shot of different sizes at various ranges, and knowing the size shot required for game of different kinds, I think it will be a simple matter for Mr. Boutell to figure what will happen his game at various distances. The figures given are, as requested, based on Schultze nitro-powder in a 12-gauge, choke bore gun. The following table is figured in actual velocity in feet per second and not muzzle velocity:

drms.	ozs.	shot	5 yds.	20 yds.	25 yds.	35 yds.	40 yds.	50 yds.	55 yds.	60 yds.
3	11-8	1	1169	1080	1054	962	935	891	861	825
do	do	5	1127	1047	1014	914	875	790	741	672
do	do	6	1110	1035	990	890	850	769	717	652
do	do	10	1076	941	886	775	710	465	430	375

LEAD IN BARRELS.

"What makes streaks in my shotgun barrel, is it lead?"

The streaks are caused by shot. Take a wire cleaner, dip it in a good gun oil and run it through the barrel until streaks disappear. The wire brush, dipped in oil, will not injure the barrels.

NEW CONSERVATION LAW FOR NEW YORK.

The State of New York is making a new experiment in the matter of conservation, and the Governor has signed a bill which does away with three conservation commissioners and substitutes therefor one commissioner at an annual salary of \$8,000. The new commissioner has the power of



Miss E. Marie Sinclair of New York, an enthusiastic devotee of trap shooting and winner of the Gilbert Anniversary Handicap at Pinehurst, N. C.

appointing a deputy commissioner at an annual salary of \$6,000, a superintendent of forests at an annual salary of \$4,000 and various other deputies. A new office under the commissioner is that of chief game protector at \$4,000 and expenses not exceeding \$1,000 a year. He will have a deputy chief game protector at \$2,400 per year and actual expenses and a number of division chief protectors at an annual salary of \$1,600 and expenses not to exceed \$750. There are also fisheries protectors at an annual salary of \$1,300 and limited expenses and game protectors at an annual salary of \$900 and expenses not exceeding \$600.

GEORGE D. PRATT, N. Y. GAME COMMISSIONER.

Mr. George D. Pratt, who has just been appointed Conservation Commissioner by Governor Whitman of New York, is a resident of Glen Cove, L. I., and for many years has been prom-

inently associated with many of the activities of New York City.

As President of the Camp Fire Club of America, as a member of the Boone and Crockett Club, of the New York Zoological Society, and as a member of the Wild Life Protective Fund, Mr. Pratt has prominently identified himself with all out-of-door conservation. He is also a member of the Public Recreation Commission of New York City, and Vice-President of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and is actively interested in the work of improving our parks and our public museums.

Mr. Pratt not only has an intimate acquaintance with forest and game conservation, but is a level-headed man of large affairs and wide business experience, and his appointment is therefore an ideal one.

CLASSIFIED (Continued From Page 259.)

WANTED—Pointers and setters to train game, plenty for sale; trained setters, also some good rabbit hounds. Dogs sent on trial. Stamp for reply; dogs boarded. O. K. Kennels, Maryland, Md.

SETTER PUPPIES FOR SALE—English setter puppies, ready to ship. Champion Deodora Prince stock, pedigree. Stanford Kennels, Bangall, N. Y.

AT STUD—Irish Water Spaniel Mayor Oneil 23009. Photo on application. Joe R. Morton, Lombard, Ill.

PHEASANT FARMING by Gene Simpson, Superintendent of Oregon State Game Farm, 47 pages of valuable information on the breeding of pheasants. Price postpaid 50 cents. Oregon Bird & Pheasant Farm, Beaverton, Oregon. Department J.

MOOSE HEADS—\$18 to \$85; deer heads, \$5 to \$15; horned owl, \$3; twenty kinds of ducks, \$1.50 to \$5. Several hundred specimens, all new stock. Send for list. Established 1878. John Clayton Company, Naturalists and Taxidermists, Lincoln, Me.

A TOUR TO THE ORIENT—Hawaii, Japan, Korea, China, Philippines, June 12 to September 13, 1915. Conducted by Dr. Homer C. Stebbins, College of the City of New York. Booklet, Address 431 W. 121st St., New York City.

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FOR SALE—Ex-Lieutenant Governor Jones' private summer home, located 1 mile from Vergas, on the very best fishing lake; furnished; second to none in Minnesota; everything in first class condition. Write Brooks & Holt, Vergas, Minn.

FOR SALE—One pure silver black fox male, sound and in excellent condition; one year old. Ranch raised and very tame. Price \$1,250.00. Fishers' \$100.00 per pair. J. B. Sutherland, Strathway, Ont.

I.X.L. RANCH, in the Big Horn Mountains. Every facility for comfort. Good fishing. Rates from \$15.00 per week up. Apply to J. Milward, Dayton, Wyo.

RAISE Belgian Hares for us. We furnish stock and pay you \$1.50 each. Also Skunk, Mink, Squabs, Frogs, etc. Send dime for booklet and contract. Address The Belgian Hare, Department 15, Holmes Park, Mo.

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JUNE, 1915

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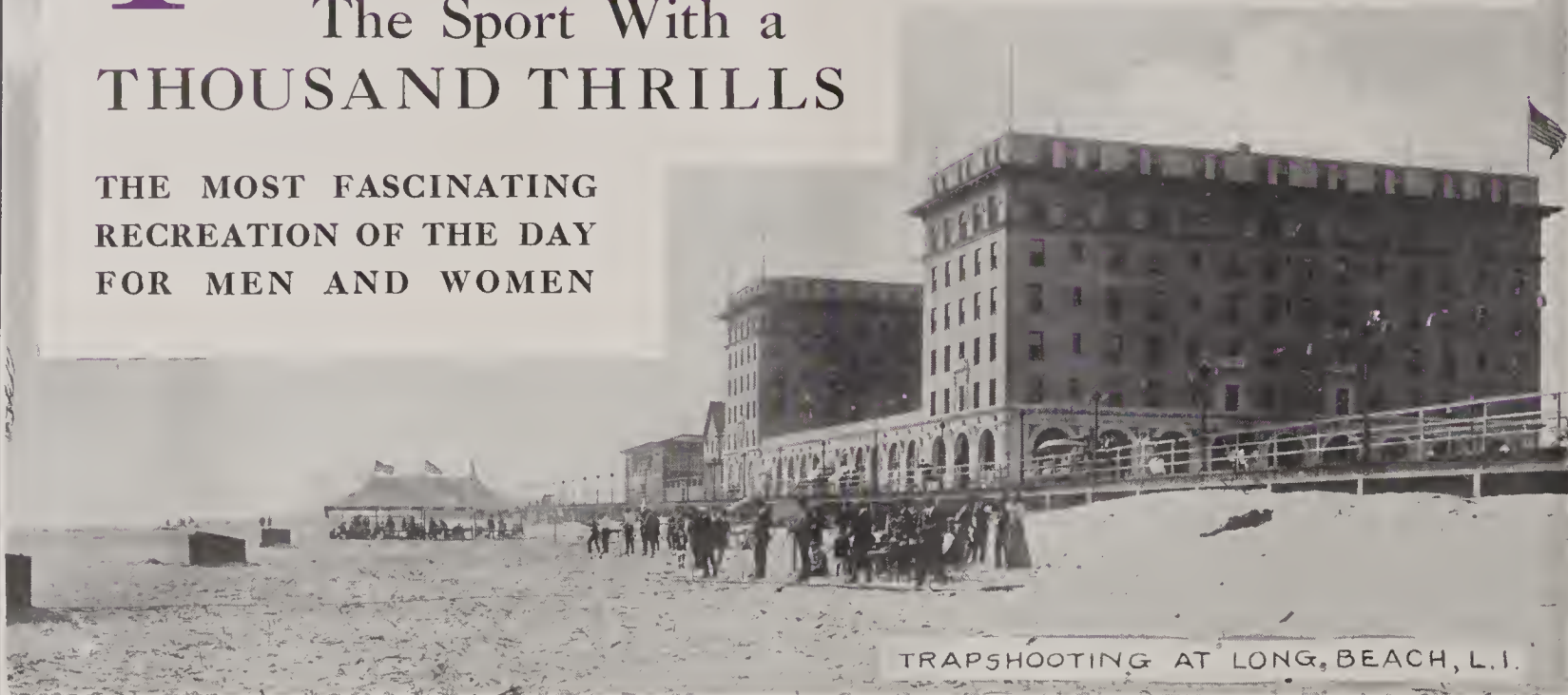
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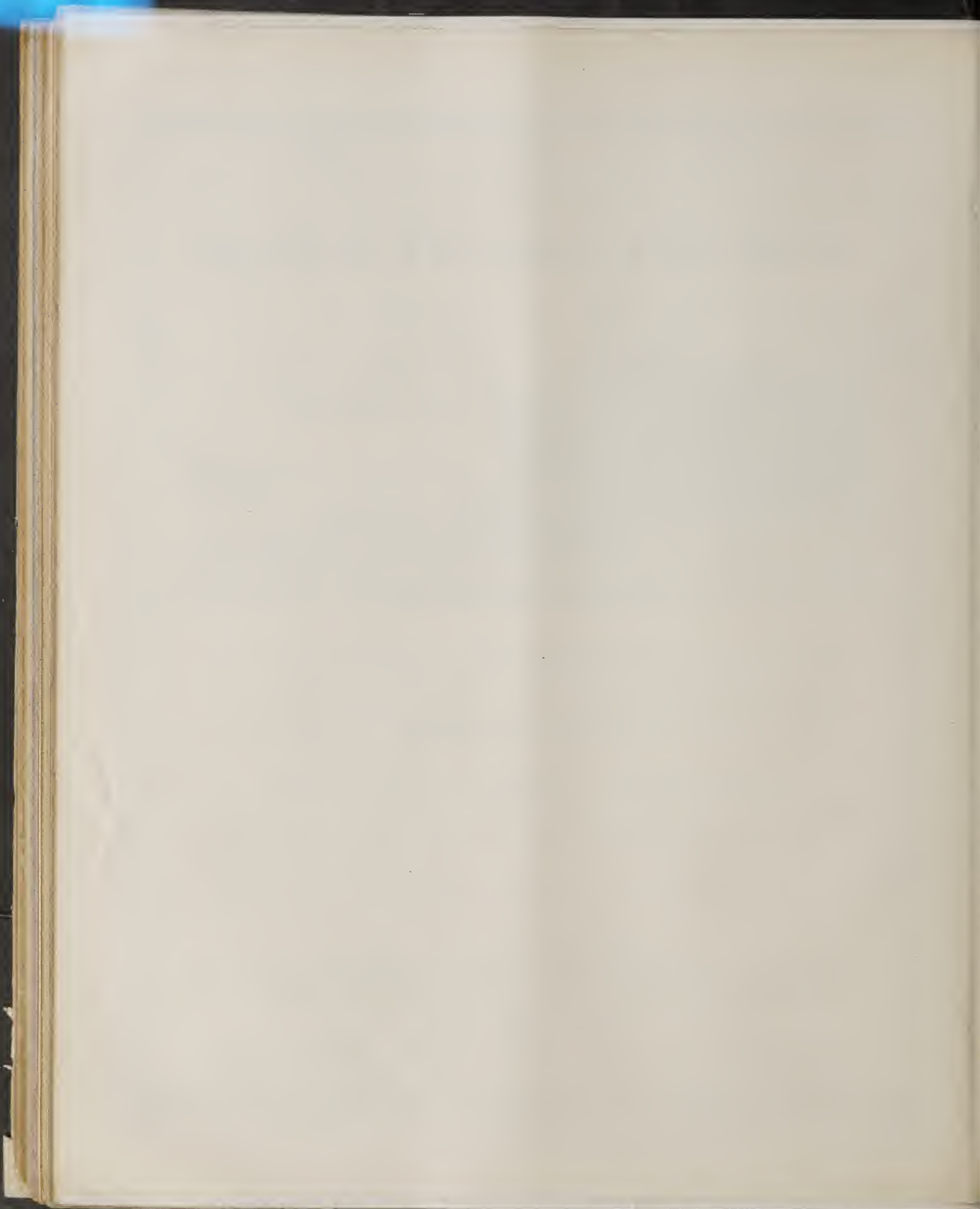
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July to December

1915

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY

NEW YORK CITY



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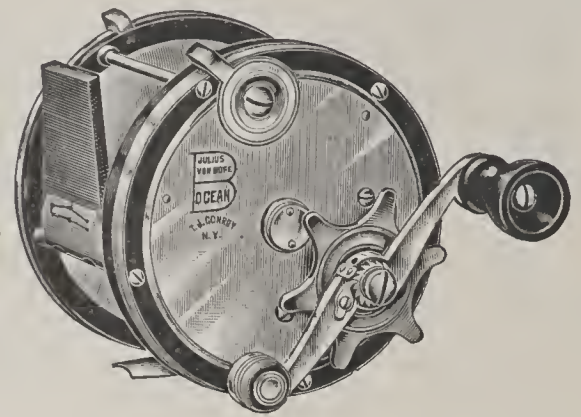
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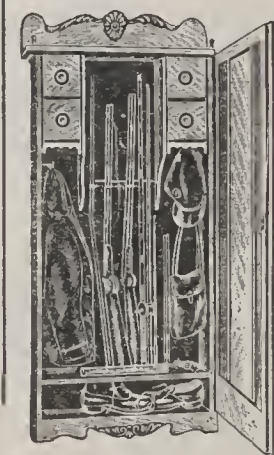
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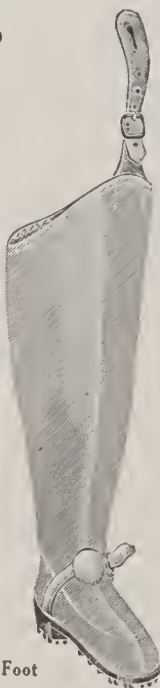
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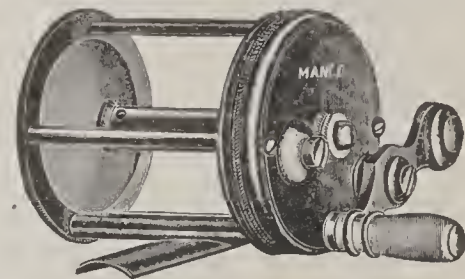
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Taking Giants of the Sea on Rod and Line

The Sport of Great Tunny Fishing on Atlantic Seaboard one that Calls for Nerve, Skill and Daring—
An Expert Article on Tackle and Methods

By E. J. Myers.

"Whose angle rod was made of sturdy oak;
For line, a cable that in storm ne'er broke;
His hook was such as heads the end of pole,
To pluck down houses ere fire consumes it whole.
And then on a rock he stood to bob for whale,
This hook was baited with a dragon's tail."

And now that we have reached what bids fair to be the last word in deep sea angling—the killing of the *Orcynus Thynnus* (the Great Tunny of the Atlantic on pin and thread)—I have the privilege to venture some information while the sport is in its infancy.

In writing of tackle for this quarry I would borrow Horace Kephart's phrase—"It must have killing power."

We have not yet reached where we can recommend with surety, but only speak of trials had, and of more experiments to come when we have the chance.

As *Forest and Stream* in advising the sportsmen blazes the trail and marks the chart—name of tackle dealer, the location of the water-reaches and the place to go is given without stint.

But under the law of the kill, the chase must be under conditions that will afford "good hunting" and insure good sport.

This requires that the quarry be given a fighting chance.

'Tis the law that favors scale, claw and hoof.

In "Praxis of Salmon Angling," it is written, the "smaller the fly—the thinner the cast, the daintier the kill." No. 8 fly with filamentous cast, a light 15 feet rod and a twelve pound salmon—may well be considered the ultimate of fly-fishing.

"The Boy" (my grandson) however says that his photograph evidences and emphasizes the last

word—which was of a 29 pound salmon that took a No. 8 Myers fly (Forrest tie) at 11 o'clock of a starless night and was landed by "The Boy." *Forest and Stream* prints the picture.

'Tis the quartering grouse and not the bird on the bough—the sky-rocketing cock and not while plucking in the marsh—the brant hurtling against the spume and the wrack of the gale and not while swimming 'mid the decoys.

It's the deer crashing through the brush at forest edge and not while drinking at the marge—sheep leaping in panic—racing through the broken rock for the canyon.

And when the game falls to such a shot—these afford some illustrations of "the fighting chance" that make for the *summum bonum* of sport and causes the last red corpuscle to glow when we cast the lure in the Pool of Memory or dream of the glance down the barrel as the smoke curls at winter's fireside.

So we bar the harpoon, gun and lance in the hunt for the Great Tunny of the Atlantic.

Equipment of boat and tackle and competent guides, full and adequate, are needed for this muscle and nerve-straining sport and those that will not fail at that.

The great tunnies prey upon and follow the huge runs of herring that strike in the bays of Newfoundland and Labrador in early July and which later on toward the middle of August and September follow the schools of herring southward down the coast of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia where the largest of the Great Tunnies—*i. e.*, between 700 and 1,000 pounds, and of gigantic dimensions and game quality, make their appearance. These are the "Herring Hounds" of

the Labrador Shores—the "Horse Mackerel" of the coast farther south.

Further south off Block Island and thence down the Jersey Coast, the Tunnies appear in August and September but only run from about 50 pounds to 125 pounds in weight.

I believe, after trying off Port-au-Basque and Hermitage Bay in Newfoundland, after trying at St. Anne's Bay on the Cape Breton coast, in all of which places I have seen the Great Tunnies in large schools, that the best grounds are off Port Medway, Nova Scotia.

Lines.

Lines which up to date have proven fairly adequate are made of 42 Thread American Standard "Atlantic Coast Line," or 60 stock line English Standard size and woven from the best hemp or flax. Three hundred yards in length is the shortest line and that's but scant measure for the bullet-like flight of the fish when the barb strikes deep. We, Laurie Mitchell and I, used a double stretch of the 42 or 36 thread line of about 100 feet in length for towing purposes leaving about 800 feet of line available on the reel for running in playing the fish.

The Tuna Club of Catalina, California, employs a No. 50:1 line of flax (corresponding to our 24 thread) and grey in color, made by Bernard & Son, for angling where the Tuna hardly runs over 250 pounds and I expect to try that line next September at Port Medway.

But I am going to see what can be done with a special flax 21 thread line of 500 yards that Forrest & Son of Kelso, Scotland, are making for me. With Laurie Mitchell at the oars, I am going to see whether that line will give the



The Boy's Last Word in Salmon.

full benefit of the "Law of the Kill," to the giant mackerel of Medway Light; and if using that line I can carve more than ten feet in length from nose to tail on the floor of Tuna Inn I shall be content until a new standard is made. *Ohe, Jam satis est!*

Leaders or Traces.

The leaders (or traces as the English anglers term them) should be twelve and preferably fifteen feet in length, of the best piano steel wire, well swivelled. In fact, at least six 4-0 bronze barrel swivels, best quality, should be adjusted in the leader at different places about five feet apart between the hook and the line, and there should also be a wire guard just above the chain to prevent the bait working its way up onto the line after the fish expels the bait.

The line should be tied to the swivel over a piece of rawhide which can be bought cut for that purpose, as the steel swivel is apt to chafe and cut through the line unless it is well protected.

Tunny have been known to cut the line in taking the bait as it was working up the line while the fish on the hook was playing or towing the boat.

Necessity for abundant length of leader will be speedily and distressingly shown if the Great Tunny strikes the thread line with his tail on account of shortness of the steel wire leader. You will be surprised to see the kinks in your leaders that will straighten never more and the churn of that great tail working like a combination of quadruple propellers will first shock and then thrill through every nerve center in your body and when the giant tail hits the tense wire it will sound a deeper note than you ever dreamed was within the diapason of harmony. At least so you will dream.

Hooks.

Hooks should be No 10-0 of the best forged steel and little choice lies between Con-

roy and Vom Hofe makes, although there is a very fine hook made by Bernard & Son which has not so much of the Limerick bend and which seemed to hold the best of all. Bernard & Son of London are making a double hook, and trace, for tunny fishing, which I am looking forward to with some interest, but it savors too much of a grappling iron to comport with the "fighting chance."

The hooks should be welded to about six or eight inches of steel chain which should also be welded to a large swivel. There should be no thread used between the line and the hook.

As the hook is being baited it must be forced through the mouth of the herring (well down into the belly) and the herring's mouth should be closed with wire or gut.

Reels.

A reel is required falling within the quotations that heads this article, for it must be capable of carrying 300 yards of 42 thread, or 400 yards of 36 thread. Splendid examples of reels fairly adequate will be found in Thomas J. Conroy's "B-Ocean" 9-0 reel and Edward Vom Hofe's 9-0 "Star Special" reel, both constructed of the finest workmanship. The "B-Ocean" reel



Tuna Inn, Great Island, Nova Scotia.

has however some additional features which in my opinion entitle it to the first choice. These reels are the last words in great tunny fishing equipment and are built to carry 300 yards of 42 thread line or 400 yards of 36 thread line or 50 stock English standard.

The handle of the B-Ocean reel moves only in a forward revolution and can be made stationary while the spool or drum is cast off for free running—or tightening under the automatic drag.

An adequate drag or resisting device to restrain the outrunning line as the Great Tunny tears it off the reel has not yet been devised and no doubt will tax the ingenuity of our experts.

The English makers have not yet, as I am informed, built a reel that is adapted to this character of angling.

And thus we realize what Barker said when he wrote the Art of Angling in 1657:

"A rod twelve feet long and a string of wire, A winder and a barrel will help thy desire."

Rod Sockets.

A new device of ingenious and indispensable character was invented by Mr. Mitchell Henry of Montreal to prevent the reel from slipping around and maintaining it in place toward and under the thumb of the angler. As the reel is fastened on the upper side of the rod toward the angler its weight and the tremendous drag of the fish on line and reel causes a constant strain to keep the rod from turning round. This device affords a secure resting place and holds the rod in place and thus relieves the angler from much exertion.

Either Conroy or Vom Hofe will provide it and adjust it on the rods and Tom Conroy's or Vom Hofe's Tuna rods are built to suit the most exacting angler. They are adequately described in either of their catalogues.

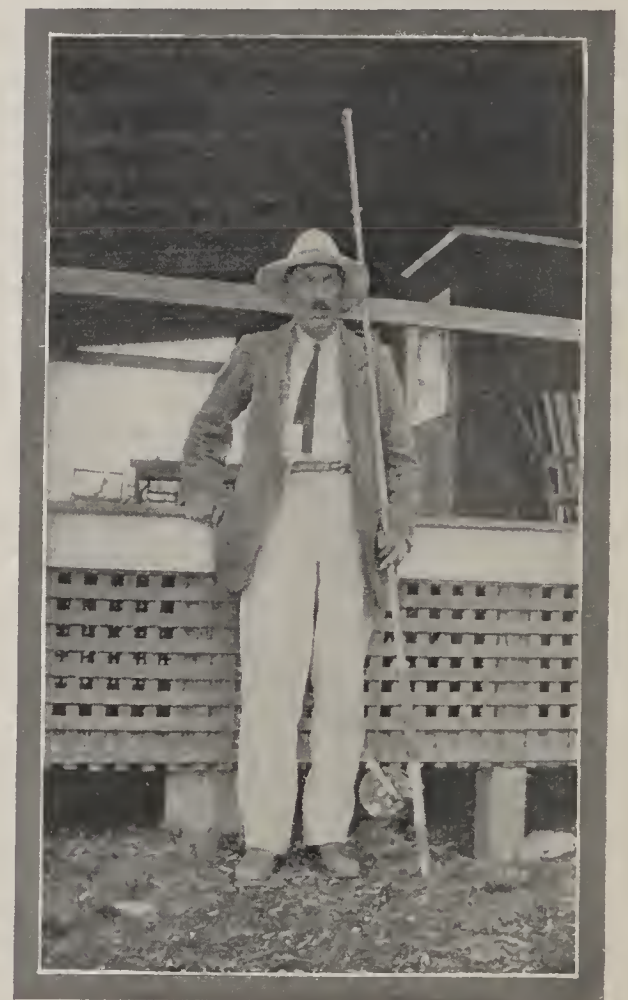
Carter & Co. of London are now building a split bamboo steel center rod specially adapted for Great Tunny fishing which they call the "Medway" rod.

Mr. Laurie Mitchell will likewise adjust them for the angler at Tuna Inn.

Boats.

It hardly needs to be mentioned that a special boat is needed for the angler in addition to the power boat which will be required to keep guard and to tow the tired-to-death angler and his boatman back to the shore as well as to attend upon them in the long and enduring chase that is sure to follow the fastening of the Great (Tunny.)

It was a matter of no slight moment to find the type of boat that was fully adapted to this sport; for it required a boat that would ride easily, start quickly and turn pivotally under the



Laurie Mitchell.

oar, and while having sea-worthiness would not drag too heavily on the tow.

Mark well that the boat must instantly move in the direction taken by the fish so as to avoid any snap or jerk on the line which would be fatal—and then checks the momentum of the boat with the oars so as to make as much drag as possible, consistent with the saving of the fish and security of tackle.

That the angler must have an experienced and able-bodied boatman so as to conserve his own strength was shown by the endurance tests suffered by Laurie Mitchell of Port Medway and Mr. John W. Ross of Montreal in landing their record great tunnies.

Laurie Mitchell was occupied over eight hours in killing the record Great Tunny of 710 pounds in August, 1914, at Tuna Island, Nova Scotia. And at that, he was using a 42 thread line, which was strong enough to allow the fish to tow the boat with three men if it (*c. f.*, *Forest and Stream*, Nov. 5, 1914).

Professor Holder records a tuna killed off Catalina Island that towed the boat with the angler and guide over 20 miles (*c. f.*, *Game Fishes*, page 78).

It therefore behooves the angler to be well attended by men and supplied with boats when he attempts to play and kill the great tunnies of Nova Scotia shores.

Lance and Gaff.

It is of the utmost importance that the angler should be provided with a good sized spear head lance mounted on a six foot stick with which to pierce the gills so soon as the tunny can be brought within striking distance, and an adequate gaff to hold the tunny while the rope is being tied around his tail to tow him ashore, if you get that far. A thorough thrust of the lance will quickly put the quarry *hors de combat*—which no gaff will serve as well.

Laurie Mitchell has an establishment and equipment that will satisfy the most exacting demands as to boats (power as well as row boats), guides of experience, tackle, of which there is no better judge than he as to character and quality, and an inn, whose table comforts



Record Tunny, 710 lbs., Captured by Laurie Mitchell.

and sleeping quarters will first astonish and then delight.

Now remember the Great Tunnies of the Nova Scotia shores are not the "Tuna" of the Pacific Coast whose high line stands at 251 pounds, but giants in size and marvels in gaminess and endurance that will test the angler to the uttermost and make him despairingly consider again and again that dread of the sportsman—Cutting the Line.

At St. Anne's Bay, just within the headland of Cap Dauphin, I have drifted in the boat down over the schools of great tunnies and seen them not less than twelve feet in length.

Angling for them off Cape Ray I have first seen the schools betray themselves at the horizon's rim in a white misty wraith and come down the line of vision in a surge and wake of foam so swiftly that the eye could scarcely follow the flight.

The range and reaches of water required in this sport were described by the writer in *Forest and Stream* (date mentioned), but it is wise to remember that the Great Tunny is a Ranger of the Upper Deeps—and will lead you over reaches of the watery plains in runs of miles long.

Remember the Law of the Hunt—secure good guides and obey them.

Quality to be sure in the tackle, but experience and strength in your guide; secure these, and if you have endurance in your back and your arms and desire in your heart, then go after the Great Tunnies. Tuna Island and the Nova Scotia waters afford extreme accessibility both as to time and place, and the terms are within the reach of all. But first write to Laurie D. Mitchell, Tuna Inn, Nova Scotia, and ask for "Buzz." (*See Forest and Stream*, November 7, 1914.)

Men Who Have Blazed The Trail

By Frederic C. Walcott.

A true sportsman is a likeable and useful member of society. He furnishes humanity with its lighter touch, he is invariably a lover of nature, almost always possesses a sense of humor and often tells the truth about his exploits—far more often than he is supposed to. He supplies the picturesque side of life. It is from the ranks of the sportsmen that the great pioneers and explorers have sprung—the men who have opened up to civilization the most remote and obscure corners of the earth. The true sportsmen are the men who long not for the flesh pots of Egypt, but who help keep the golden eagle from screaming too loudly in our ears—men of imagination and resource. Long may they live! But they must look sharply to it or their quarry will escape by the way of the great auk, the Labrador duck, the passenger pigeon and the

Carolina parakeet; the way the heath hen, wood duck and the gray squirrel in the East, the native grouse and the antelope in the West and the wild turkey in the South are going.

Audubon, that indefatigable pioneer told us in the early part of the nineteenth century what we had. Coues, Wilson, Brewster, Elliott, and Osborn classified and systematized our wild life world and now Burroughs, Chapman, Seton, Forbush and Baynes have taught the American people to appreciate it. George Bird Grinnell was one of the first to sound a note of warning and to rouse the government to set aside a Federal reservation for the protection of wild life. Our Biological Survey, in the hands of such men as Merriam, Fisher, Nelson, Palmer, Dutcher and Osborn, is probably the most efficient depart-

ment of its kind in the world. Now let us push forward. We have the backing of the Audubon societies, under the guidance of Mr. Pearson, the New York Zoological Society under the leadership of Dr. Hornaday and his able corps of assistants, the American Game Protective Association, under Mr. Burnham, and also of societies that have for years been working unceasingly for sane protection—conspicuous among these being the Boone and Crockett Club and the Camp Fire Club of America, the various state farms, sportsmen's and conservation associations. We have as champions Theodore Roosevelt who, as president of the United States, accomplished more for the protection of wild life by the establishment of game refuges, bird sanctuaries and national parks than all the other presidents of the last century.

Canadian Trout and Ouananiche

Some Advice From a Master Authority on "Where To," "How To," and "When To" Get Some Glorious Fishing

By E. T. D. Chambers.

SO many inquiries reach me from American anglers, especially in the spring of the year, as to the time to come to Canada for trout or ouananiche, and in regard to locality as well, that it may be well to give to the many the information that the mails have conveyed to the few.

As a general rule I do not advise fishermen to come up this way before the 15th to 20th of May. By about the 18th of May, at the latest, the early trout fishing in Lake Edward should be at its best, for it commences almost as soon as ice leaves the lake. Both the railway station and the hotel, where boats and guides can be obtained, are on the very edge of the lake, and the trout of

John, the Mistassini, Peribouca or Ashuapmouchouan. These rivers rise two or three hundred miles to the north and are very broad in their lower portions. The ouananiche ascend them to spawn. It is necessary in order to fish them to take some days for the trip, sleeping at night in a small tent that the canoe men bring with them. Guides and supplies are obtained at Roberval. It is also necessary to have trained men in order to avoid the dangers of the trip, for these rivers contain magnificent falls and very heavy rapids. The country through which they run is a perfect network of lakes and streams, so that any number of beautiful round trips may be made, obviating all necessity of the camping



Some of the Most Beautiful Scenery in the World on This Trip.

this body of water frequently run from four to six pounds in weight. Angling in the lake, where the largest fish are taken, is principally with bait. For fly fishing it is necessary to ascend Rat River, or some other of the lake's feeders. The early lake fishing for ouananiche sometimes commences in Lake St. John in the middle of May. The 20th to 24th ought to be about the right date. The fishing at the Grand Discharge continues good the greater part of the season, and two or three dozen ouananiche in a day is by no means an uncommon catch in the height of the season. The fish vary in weight from a pound to eight pounds each, the most common size being from two pounds to three pounds and a half. They fight splendidly when hooked, and often take ten to forty minutes to kill, if very large fish and taken on light tackle, and the rapid character of the water in which they are taken adds largely to the excitement of the sport.

After the middle of July, when the fish in the Grand Discharge run smaller, better sport may be had in any of the large tributaries of Lake St.

party returning by the way that it starts into the woods. Some of the most beautiful scenery of the north is to be had on these trips, notably at the various falls of the Mistassini and Peribouca Rivers, at Lac Tschotogama, and among the islands of the Grand Discharge. But upon all such wanderings it is well for the tourist to have a rifle with him, for a bear may be met upon the portages or be seen swimming a river at any time.

Pike may be taken of enormous size in Lake St. John and in its larger tributaries, whitefish abound in all the waters, brook trout are to be had in the smaller streams and in many of the lakes, and the namaycush, or large lake trout, are plentiful in deep water.

And those who like to try the fishing for sea trout may return to Quebec from Lake St. John by way of the Saguenay and stop off for the purpose at Tadousac, at the mouth of the river.

The ouananiche take large-sized flies in this early part of the season, those tied upon No. 1 and No. 2 salmon hooks being preferred. Nor are they very particular in their choice of flies

thus early in the season. With almost equal avidity they seize the Jock Scott, silver doctor, grizzly king, professor and brown hackle. They fight hard when hooked in the cool water in spring, and often run up to four and five pounds in weight, while in the months of July and August the average weight of those taken in the vicinity of Lake St. John will not exceed two or three pounds each. Then those in search of larger fish must ascend some of the great northern tributaries of the lake, such as the Peribouca, Ashuapmouchouan and Mistassini. At one side of Fifth Falls of the Mistassini, a beautiful cataract twenty to twenty-five feet in height, is a deep pool, some twenty feet in diameter, contained in a rocky basin the verge of which is about half way up the falls. This pool serves as a fish-ladder for the ouananiche in surmounting the chute on their way to their spawning ground above. Not infrequently they will take the fly while resting in this pool, prior to their final plunge over the summit of the cataract. An then a battle royal ensues. For very often, despite the utmost efforts of the angler to limit the field of hostile operations to the pool in which he met the foe, the latter will succeed in taking a header out of the water of the basin and leaping into the angry rapids at the very base of the falls, twelve or fifteen feet below the rocks upon which the fisherman is standing. Then it is a miracle indeed if he succeeds in keeping his tackle intact and in saving his fish.

But from about the 8th or 10th of June until nearly the middle of July there are splendid large ouananiche to be taken in the Grande Discharge of Lake St. John with the fly. The fishing continues here throughout the season, but after the 10th to the 15th of July the fish are apt to run of a smaller size, while in the month of August and early part of September they are more easily taken on the spoon, except a few miles up the Metabetchouan River, where they readily rise to the fly at the end of the season.

For summer fishing in the Grand Discharge I have found the best flies to be the smallest sizes Jock Scott, and silver doctor, the General Hooker, small gnats and hackles, professors and grizzly kings.

SHAD FISHING WITH FLY.

Stratford, Conn., May 14.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

"Yes, shad take the fly." In reply to J. J. H., Shad Fishing:

The first known caught with a fly to my knowledge was under the Holyoke Dam in 1862 or '63, by John Healy, on the Hadley Falls side of the river, when he caught three one evening while casting for trout. Later, about 1874, after the bridge was built across the river one-quarter mile below the dam on the rapids, they were Dung color. Care was required in landing them, of line on large spool, usually using three fly hooks on leader about one foot apart—namely, White Miller, Scarlet Ibis, and Turkey or Cow Dung color. Care was required in landing them, which was done by bringing them to the pier island and letting them die before lifting to the bridge. The best fishing is in the rapids where the line will float. In 1873 I caught quite as good many, fishing from Mayo's Bridge over the James River at Richmond, Va. May and June is the best time.

E. E. BLISS.

The Gamest Fish That Swims

The Black Bass, According to this Authoritative Writer, Deserves that Proud Title, and Cites Experiences and Thrills to Prove It

By O. W. Smith.



THE black bass is the most popular game-fish in the United States to-day. I think no one will fuss with me over the statement. Of course, some of us are wedded to the speckled fellows. They will forever hold first place in our affections.

But for every trout champion there are ten bass fishermen. Naturally. Bass are more get-at-able. Be it far from me to cast aspersions upon my favorite fish, the speckled trout, yet an inherent love of truth compels me to say it, bass are more gamy than trout. Whoever yet heard of a speckled trout *Salvelinus fontinalis*, leaping on a slack line?

Every lover of bass fishing, whether a wielder of fuzz-wuzzy lures or handler of grotesque "plugs," knows that aerial gymnastics is the bass' forte. Inch for inch and pound for pound there is not another American fish possessed of the same amount of gameness, resourcefulness and reserve strength. A black bass may be subdued but never conquered. Even when vanquished, he lies upon the bottom of the boat, the dauntless soul of him still challenging through eyes that are unafraid.

The get-at-able black bass is the people's fish. Give him half a show in water at all suited to his needs, and he will take care of himself. No fish seconds the efforts of the culturist as does our American bass, and through that tireless worker's efforts *Micropterus* has been introduced into many new waters, while the supply of fish in well-known and much-fished lakes and streams has been replenished again and again. Not only in his native land is this ichthyic insurgent fighting a winning battle, but also abroad he has made a home for himself, having been introduced into several foreign countries.

Much has been written regarding the respective merits of small and large mouth bass as game fish. Probably the preponderance of opinion is that of the two the small mouth is far and away the more active, resourceful and mettlesome, a belief which I think finds its origin in the preferred habitat of the two species. The small mouth loves rocky streams or gravel beds and bottom springs of cold lakes, while the large mouth is a frequenter of weedy lakes and leisurely rivers, being found in the latter beneath overhanging banks and sunken logs, the washed roots of a tree upon a river's bank being a favorite refuge.

While there is some diversity in the habits of the two species in their preferred habitat, still in the North country one often finds them inhabiting the same waters, conforming to the same life rules, bodies stained with the same bronze-green pigments. In like environment I cannot

see that the two species differ at all in activity and resourcefulness. It is only after long experience and the fishing of many waters that I have come to this conclusion, for I started out with the preconceived notion that the small mouth was the more active and gamy. The reason for this widely current belief is found I think as pointed out a moment ago, in the preferred home of the small mouth, small, rapid rivers—naturally there the fish is very active; must needs be in order to secure a living; but place a large mouth in the same water and he will become as active.



The Bass Rises Readily to the Fly.

Again, the common belief is that the small mouth is a fly man's fish, while the fuzzy-wuzzy lures will not appeal to the large mouth. In my experience, in proper environment, one is as willing as the other to rise to the feathers. In some deep lakes and navigable streams with which I am acquainted, the bass have become bottom-feeders. Consequentially to cast a fly upon the surface would be the height of folly, whether the bass be of the small mouth or large mouth variety. Naturally the bass is not a surface feeder, his favorite food being crawfish, though as Dr. Henshall says, when they have attained a weight of two pounds "they will bolt anything from an angle-worm to a muskrat."

In July and August, when a great many anglers take their vacations, the bass seek the deeper recesses of the lakes and rivers, especially in the

warmer waters inhabited by the large mouth. Therefore casting flies upon the surface brings no response, and the angler says the large mouth will not take artificial flies. In the colder lakes, even in July and August, morning and evening offer fair fly fishing, and when both species are found they will rise to the feathers with equal willingness. However, it is not until the season is on the wane and cardinal flowers flare along the lake shore, and fringed gentian is found amid the hills, that fly fishing for large mouths is at its best. When the resorts are closing their doors and the last summer boarder has fled, the wise angler unlimbers his fly rod, for the "bloom is off the water," and the bass are surface feeding again. Make no mistake about the matter, the Northern large mouth will rise as freely to the feathers as will the small mouth, and you may help explode the superstition to the contrary.

You will remember that in a former paragraph I said that the two species of bass are found in the North country inhabiting the same waters, and that their bodies are "stained with the same bronze-green pigments." It is well for the angler to remember that the coloration of any given fish is not constant, but the result of habitat, influence of water and food. The salient features of the two black bass have been well emphasized in that rather humorous poem by the well-known *Forest and Stream* angler-writer, Mr. Fred Mather:

"The little mouth has little scales,
There's red in his handsome eye;
The scales extend on his vertical fins,
And his forehead is round and high.
His forehead is full and high, my boys,
And he sleeps the winter through;
He likes the rocks in summer time,
Micropterus dolomieu!

The big mouth has the biggest scales,
And a pit scooped in his head;
His mouth is cut beyond his eye,
In which is nary a red.

In his eye is nary a red, my boys,
But keen and well he sees;
He has a dark stripe on his side,
Micropterus salmoides!"

But as I have pointed out, the coloration of one species often closely approaches that of the other.

The bass is every man's fish because he varies his taste with seasons and waters. To the fly fisherman possessed of skill with light tackle and knowledge of the fish's habits, he is a never failing source of amusement and, if the unvarnished truth must be told, chagrin. To the devotee of short rod and artificial lures who knows his haunts in lake or river and feeding time, he is the doughtiest bunch of ichthyic trouble wearing gills. To the live bait fisherman, willing to sit out long hours beneath the blazing sun in an unprotected boat or to crawl through the high grass which margs some rivers, he is an ichthyic opportunity with a large P. Now it is not my purpose to say which of these methods is best or the most

"sportsmanlike," for I am wedded to none. I would simply tell of the ways of the fish as they have been revealed to me when fishing with fly-rod, casting-rod and bait-rod.

Just why there are so few bass fly-fishermen it is difficult to understand, for both species of the fish will rise willingly to properly presented flies. I know that I am flying in the face of popular belief when I make the statement, for the consensus is that the small mouth is *the* fly-fish. Still, I have taken both fish upon the fly and can not honestly say that I have found one species more willing to rise than the other. As I said when discussing the gameness of the two species, the reason the small mouth is generally regarded as superior to the large mouth is that the former is often found in swift streams which ideally lend themselves to fly casting.

Probably the best bass fly-fishing to be found in the United States to-day is that of the upper Mississippi, say near Alma, Wisconsin, or Wabash, Minnesota.

It is the usual custom to allow the fly to sink beneath the surface after casting, even to a depth of a foot or more—a custom which often succeeds. But recently I have been experimenting with the dry fly as a bass lure, with flattering results. Upon a water where bass feed upon insects, try the dry fly along toward evening and see if the results will not surprise you. The old rule that a fish caught upon or near the surface fights upon the surface, holds good of bass as well as trout. As a rule the evening hours, from near

sunset until dark, are the most prolific, though I have, *upon rare occasions*, known bass to rise to flies even at mid-day.

I have found but indifferent fly fishing upon the general run of lakes, though of course there have been brilliant exceptions to the rule. However, I am inclined to advise the would-be bass fly fisher to stick to the rivers, for by so doing I think he will enjoy better fishing and increase his net returns. Because bass refuse to rise to flies upon a given lake do not conclude hastily that they will rise nowhere. I have fished lakes, teeming with bass, too, where the bronze backs absolutely refused to look at my feathers, when, even in contiguous waters they would respond with avidity. Perhaps those were lakes whose denizens have foresworn insect food, perhaps I did not possess the requisite combination of feathers, perhaps I could not handle the flies in a natural manner, perhaps a thousand and one things, but a fact is a fact and we can only make the best of it.

I had not thought to say anything upon the selection of flies for no two fishermen will ever agree as to which fly is best. But, like a true fly-fisherman, I can not pass the subject without throwing down the gauntlet by saying which I prefer. The silver doctor holds first place in my affections, with grizzly king a close second; then comes the matador and brown palmer, and the parmechenee bell and cracker make an even half-dozen. Every angler will understand that I use other flies, and upon occasion resort to combination of feathers, but the foregoing list should serve upon any water or under any conditions.

More and more I am becoming convinced that not so much depends upon the particular combination of feathers as upon the man behind the rod. While I do use any known combination of feathers when the fish refuse to rise, still I am convinced that a great variety of patterns is neither necessary or desirable. Better far perfect our casting than increase our stock of flies.

The reason why fly fishing for bass has made but little progress during recent years is because of the great popularity of the short casting rod and modern artificial lures. It is not for me to say which method requires the most skill, but we all know that the lover of the short rod insists on being allowed to stand upon the same plane with the user of the willow fly rod. Perhaps the evolution of fly tackle and fly fishing methods is complete; at any rate manufacturers are bending all their energies to the perfecting of bait-casting tackle. As the fish-getters I think the lures have the best of the argument over the whirling, darting "plug," whether it looks anything like a creature that swims or flies or not, that tickles the temper of the pugnacious bass. It must be that the bass strikes from innate cussedness, for shape and color one side, he strikes the thing that makes the greatest commotion in the water. Many of the so-called bass lures upon the market are an offence to the American spirit of fair play, not to mention the ethics of sportsmanship. I have seen no less than twelve hooks attached to a single lure. It
(Continued on page 356.)



The Pool Under the Old Bridge May Contain an Odd One.

THE HUNTING ARROW.

You Will be Surprised at the Execution This Missile Will Accomplish.

How many of *Forest and Stream* readers have heard the ring of the bow-cord in a forest when all is still and listened to the "whish" of the broad feathered shaft as it sped toward its mark? To those who have not there still remains something new to be enjoyed in our ancient sport.

Target arrows may be bought in the shop but the wildwood archer must of necessity be his own fletcher. However, to make one's own gear is pleasant and enjoyable work, and it is within the ability of most archers to make good hunting arrows at small cost, so that he may lose a quiverful without much regret.

The hunting arrow is put to use that the target arrow would not stand, and differs from the latter in material, size, weight, pile and width of feather. It must have strength to be shot among tree limbs and not break, weight enough to cause severe shock when it hits game and a broad feather to limit its flight, for strange as it seem, the last is one point of excellence in a hunting arrow. Some shots miss, and an arrow has passed its mark the quicker it the better. The pile must be fashioned to the kind of game sought—blunt for birds, squirrels, and sharp for rabbits and larger

The best material for a good hunting arrow is close-grained hickory. However, this material is hard to get, especially in our small cities, and one may have to use other woods for the purpose. White oak, white ash, birch and maple all make good arrows. Whatever wood is selected it must be straight grained and well seasoned. Avoid kiln dried lumber for this purpose as it is brittle and brash, the heat in drying having induced a chemical change in the sap.

If one can have the wood ripped and run through a dowelling machine the work of making the arrow is much shortened. In most of our large cities one can buy birch and maple dowels at the large hardware stores. Get the $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch size and cut to the proper length of 28 inches. In case you cannot obtain these it will be necessary to round the shafts by hand. Have them cut at the mill into $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch squares. Get a piece of grooved flooring about 36 inches long. At one end put a wooden plug for a stop. Then put the square stick in this groove and plane away the corners, thus reducing the square to an octagon. Then with the plane set fine work the octagon till it becomes a round, straight shaft a little less than $\frac{3}{8}$ inch in diameter. The use of some medium coarse sandpaper and a little "elbow grease" will finish the shaft up smooth.

The nock for the bowstring may now be cut. Put the arrow in a vise and with a common cross cut saw cut a slot about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch deep. This may be widened with a knife and finished with a round edged flat file about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Beginning at a point about one inch from the end slightly reduce the size of the shaft toward the nock. This gives the finished product a pleasing appearance, and is really a benefit in loosing. With the flat file round off the sharp corners of the nock so that it looks like a target arrow nock.

The next step is to glue on the feathers, and this is the most difficult operation in the fletcher's art. Should you desire to use liquid glue for

fall

this part of the arrow you can get it the important thing is, however, the best glue for feathering is made of equal parts of best commercial glue and Russian isinglass melted in brandy and heated in an ordinary glue pot. When ready for use it should be about as tin as fresh LePage's glue.

The wing feathers of our domestic turkey are the best for this purpose. As the feathers in each wing curve in opposite directions it is necessary to select all three vanes from the same side of the bird. The feathers are stripped from the bone for the hunting arrow, and not cut, as is the case with the target arrow. Hold the feather in the left hand and strip the vane with the right hand, beginning at the end opposite from the quill. Cut the long strips into pieces three inches long. The three pieces selected for each arrow should be as nearly alike in texture and stiffness as the stock to choose from will permit.

At least six hours before the feathers are to be glued on the shaftment (*i. e.*, the painted portion of the arrow extending about six inches from the nock) should be sized with very thin glue. This furnishes a "key" for the glue on the vane to hold to. It raises the grain, which must be sandpapered smooth.

Apply the glue to the skin of one of the short pieces of feather and glue it along the shaft at right angles to the nock. This is the cock feather and is always held out in shooting. At a distance of one-third the circumference of the shaft on each side of the cock feather glue the remaining two pieces, so that the feathers stand at an angle of 120 degrees with each other. In putting on the feathers if the natural curve of the vane is slightly exaggerated it will help a great

empty .30 caliber pistol cartridge shell and file off the flange. The broad head is made by cutting out of sheet steel a trowel shaped head $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches long and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide with a short tang to fit in a saw slot in the shaft. Wrap the head in with fine tinned wire and run solder over the wire. This makes a very firm attachment.

Painting the arrow will complete it. First give the entire arrow a coat of good varnish, laying it carefully over the glue joint of feathers and shaft, taking care to cover the rib of the feather but not to get any on the feather vanes. Permit this to become dry and then paint in between the feathers with a good waterproof paint. A bright red color is the best for this purpose. Continue painting for about three inches beyond the feathers. This painted portion of the arrow is called the "shaftment." After the paint has become dry, at the lower end of the shaftment paint one, two or three rings of some color which contrasts nicely with the color of the shaftment. This is the "crest" or "ribband" and no arrow is complete without it. It also serves as an owner's mark. Put another coat of varnish over the shaftment and when dry rub the arrow with a cloth wet with linseed oil and powdered pumice stone. This last operation smooths the varnish and puts a fine polish on the arrow.

If the directions as given have been followed faithfully and the work done carefully, the product will be a missile which will shoot true as a bullet and will delight the angler's ear with its low whish-h-h as it speeds toward its mark.

Successfully

s or Establish New Shooting Fields

that our native stock was practically exterminated. For the years 1905, 1906 and 1907 we obtained birds from Mr. Payne of Wichita, Kansas, which came from Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, and we liberated part of these birds early in March of each year and late in December toward the close of the shooting season. The old native Long Island stock were large plump birds, averaging 7 to 8 ounces in weight, while these liberated quail did not run much, if any, over 5½ to 6 ounces.

As the years passed by we noticed that the descendants of these liberated birds were re-

one for each human inhabitant—that reason is the infernal greed and selfishness of the men who have almost exterminated our quail by over-shooting. Don't talk to me about the 'hard winters' killing off our quail! It is the hard cheek of the men who shoot them when they ought to let them alone."

"In 1879 a well-organized effort was made to introduce European quail into several of the New England and Middle States—to take the place of the bob white, we may suppose, the bird that 'can't stand the winters.' About 3,000 birds were distributed and set free—and went down and out, just as might have been expected. During the past twenty years it is safe to say that not less than \$500,000 have been expended in the northern states, and particularly in the northeastern states, in importing live quail from Kansas, the Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas, the Carolinas and other southern states, for restocking areas from which the northern bob white had been exterminated by foolish over-shooting! I think that fully nine-tenths of these efforts have ended in total failure. The quail could not survive in their strange environment. I cannot recall a single instance in which restocking northern covers with southern quail has been a success."

The statements contained in these paragraphs were contradictory and so diametrically opposed to my own experience that I awakened to the fact that what I was taking for



What is the Answer? Forest and Stream Solicits Explanations From Subscribers as to What Conversation Is Passing Between These Two Men.

During the autumn of 1904 there was an extremely heavy snowfall at the eastern end of Long Island averaging over fifteen inches on the level in the open fields and about thirty inches in the woods where the underbrush helped to bear up the snow. At the end of that storm I went out on an inspection of our property and after two or three hours' search I found three quail, one of which I shot. When I picked it up I found that it was nothing but a frame-work of skin and bone covered with feathers. We immediately took steps to obtain a fresh supply of birds to be delivered to us the following spring, as we were convinced

verting more and more to the type of the natives both in size and color, until to-day there are many which are scarcely distinguishable in their markings and weight from the original Long Island stock.

This experiment, if indeed it may be called an experiment, of restocking our preserve has been so highly successful that I think it is worth being called to the attention of all shooting clubs and individuals in this vicinity who may suffer from a temporary shortage of quail. With us it was not altogether an experiment because I find that as far back as 1891 the Flanders Club purchased quail com-

ing from Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee, which were liberated in the more accessible portions of our territory. Some few birds were obtained from Florida and these retained their distinctive marking through the third generation, being much darker on the throat and breast. These birds were even smaller than the western quail but caught up with them in about five years.

After the almost total destruction of our native birds by snow storms the liberated quail, let out in March, nested freely and replenished the preserve by the following autumn. The Florida birds increased more rapidly, that is to say, produced larger bevs than any of the birds that we liberated, but we very quickly desisted from buying them because we found that a whole bevy would light in trees instead of on the ground; although it is fair to say that subsequently they outgrew this habit and acted like the original native birds.

The success of the transplanting I have just described really depended on the maintenance of our preserve. Left to themselves, without adequate protection, the birds would have succumbed quickly to the free shooting that prevails on unprotected land. This brings up the important question of the value of the preserve in the protection of game. Probably no other one factor is of greater importance than the preserve in increasing the supply. Speaking broadly, there are two ways of attempting to protect game—that practiced in this country and that practiced in Europe and it is worth while to attempt to compare the two methods. In this country we have a mass of detailed legislation, all well meant and with the honest purpose of protecting the game supply. The chief characteristic is a multitude of restrictions regulating how game shall be shot or captured and imposing limits on the daily or season's bag for each individual sportsman. Practically all these laws ignore the rights of the farmers and other owners of the land and whether by intention or not, are framed almost entirely in the interests of that very large class of sportsmen who come from the cities and towns and who obtain their shooting on lands which do not belong to them, without paying for it and by counting on the good nature of the land owners for their negative permission to do so.

A weakness of our legislation lies in the fact that not sufficient police power is provided to secure enforcement and the further fact that even if there were sufficient police power it would be exceedingly difficult to obtain a strict enforcement of the bag limits. A greater weakness still lies in the fact that our legislation is not founded on the right principle. It aims at protection only by endeavoring to restrict the number of birds killed instead of striving for means by which the amount of game can be increased. If the amount of game in a district can be increased the restrictions as to the bag limit may become a matter of indifference. In extreme cases too much restriction of shooting may even effect a decrease. For example, it is a well-known fact that on a Southern plantation where all shooting of quail is stopped

for a series of years the number of birds on that plantation tends to decrease.

On the other side of the ocean, and especially in England and Scotland, they go at the problem in a very different way. Instead of a mass of laws which would require for their enforcement a great police force they adopt this course: for all practical purposes they say to the land owners—"You are more concerned in the preservation and increase of the supply of game than any one else. If we can make it worth while, your selfish interests will turn you into a great volunteer army of game wardens and save the state the expense, bother and care of maintaining a police force for the enforcement of its game laws." So the land owners have been given the benefit of two rather simple weapons of legislation—a trespass law which has effectually stopped trespassing and a gun license law which has effectually reduced the army of shooters. An interesting point about the gun licenses in England is that they are sold to all alike, resident or non-resident, for short periods or for the year, and the highest price charged is \$15.

Given these two weapons to protect themselves, the land owners soon realized that the crop of game was in its way as important as any other crop, and that if they themselves did not care to shoot, the right to shoot could be sold to others for a very respectable sum. They also found that the larger the crop the more they could get for it, so their selfish interests made them study how to increase the supply and they succeeded so well by improved methods of keeping down the vermin, by limiting the season's bag for the ground and by increasing the food supply that game in England and Scotland has, during the past hundred years, increased by leaps and bounds. The same results could in a measure be obtained in this country provided similar methods were used, but first the people must be educated as to the rights of the land owners and the immense value of preserves or restricted areas as a factor in increasing the game supply. It has long been a source of wonderment to me that the farmers of this country do not realize what they are losing by neglecting their game crop. In the South some progress has been made in this direction, but the farmers there have yet to learn that it lies completely in their own power greatly to increase the stock of game on their lands. Careful killing of vermin and a limit placed by the owner of the covers on the bag that might be taken during the season would accomplish wonders. Is it not possible that by combining the best of our laws and that part of the English and Scotch laws best adapted to conditions here that we could make progress far more rapidly than under present conditions?

THE COMBINATION GUN SIGHT.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I think your first three monthly numbers have been excellent and as well worth the price as any publication I know of. In the March number I enjoyed very much the article by Will H. Thompson. I brought to mind articles by his brother Maurice which I have read and greatly enjoyed though I never tried archery myself. I

particularly recall one article printed in *Harper's Magazine* in 1877, "Hunting With the Long Bow," which I have read many times and still read occasionally with much pleasure and in that he speaks of his brother Will.

I have a combination shotgun and rifle made by John P. Sauer & Son, which I think a great deal of; it is a 20 ga. shot barrel and 25-20 rifle and both barrels shoot finely. It has a two-barrel rear sight and a hunting bead front sight. When I got it the first was marked 80 yards and the second 150 yards, so I had to hold over about two inches when shooting at shot range, which I did not like. I therefore had the notch filed out, and it is now complete for hunting. By holding so the bead is opposite the top corners I get 150 yards and opposite the lower corners 50 yards or less by slight variation. Of course I can't drive tacks at 100 yards any more than others can hit what they can't see, but a squirrel's head is a possibility in any ordinary tree and from long experience this is about all I can expect at off hand. Stewart Edward White writes of putting five shots into a two-inch ring at 200 yards with open hunting sights but I can't see a two-inch ring at that distance. I find that a pin bead sight just covers a two-inch ring at 50 yards and with Lyman bead sights and a good bench rest a two-inch full is small enough for me. I have a telescope sight on another rifle which I occasionally drive tacks at rest at 50 yards. I often think of a gun or half gun that is called a "game getter" and which shoots 22-inch caliber rifle and 41 shot cartridge, and compare it in thought with my combination gun, much to the credit of mine, and ask myself which is the better "game getter."

C. H. McEVOY.

A THEORY OF THE SURF CAST.

I have to submit to the surf casting world a theory of the cast. I was tempted to call it a new theory, but as I have never seen any other theory advanced, perhaps it is the only one that exists.

It consists of a lead traveling forward, crowding aside the air it encounters, and tending to form a vacuum behind it. Into this incipient vacuum the displaced air swirls and moves forward at a lower speed than the lead, thus permitting more and more air to come into the front of the moving volume. The line following the lead tends to take the character of a cone to the cylindrically formed volume of moving air, but is moving at a more rapid rate than air immediately surrounding it. The progress of the line thus tends to continue the cylindrical volume of air in its forward movement, which aids in holding the line to its course. In conjunction with the above goes a reel thumbed down with such nicety that at the instant the lead passes the highest point in its trajectory all pressure may be removed and the revolving spool permitted to jump the line forward giving it an initial motion which is easily continued by the portion of line already gone forward, so that the lead coasts downward on a long slant.

In other words, the lead punches a hole in the air and the reel pushes the line through it. This is a rather facetious way of stating what appears to be a fact, but I hope the editor will publish it at once before some of those Midland Beach or Ocean City sharps catch up with it independently.

SWITCH REEL.

The Fighting Bass of Topsail

Think of a Morning's Sport Which Yielded Five Game Fish With an Aggregate Weight of One Hundred and Thirty-four Pounds

By B. C. Clapp.



THE character of the North Carolina coast has much influence on the variety and abundance of fish life found in that section. Nearly the entire littoral is skirted by low, narrow, sandy islands, between which and the mainland there are numerous sounds, communicating with the ocean through narrow inlets or through other sounds. In the southeastern coastal region of the state, there are a series of connecting sounds, bearing different names at different stretches, and forming a continuous body of shallow water about sixty miles long and one-and-a-quarter miles wide at its widest part. The names of these connecting sounds in geographical order from north to south are: Stump, Topsail, Middle, Wrightsville, Masonboro and Myrtle. Of these six we are concerned with Topsail.

In days of old when the North Carolina coast was the hunting ground of the buccaneers, those adventurous gentlemen cruising out to sea in their rakish craft, could plainly discern over the low, sandy island, the small vessels of honest traders plying up and down the sounds; that is, the pirates could see their prey in every sound except Topsail, and here the intervening dunes rose so high that only the topsails of vessels in the sound were visible from the ocean. Of course the coasting craft of those days drew very little water, and it is quite possible that the sounds and inlets were deeper then than they are now—but this is the origin of the names: Topsail Sound, Topsail Beach and Topsail Inlet.

And it is the greatest place for channel bass I ever saw.

Surf casting for this gamy fish has not received the attention it deserves from scientific anglers for the simple reason that they have not known where to go to find them. No true sportsman likes to be classed as a "fish hog," but after procuring expensive tackle, learning to cast, and expending valuable time and money on a fishing trip, one *does* like to catch a fish once in awhile. No two channel bass fight exactly alike, and if after taking his first fish, the angler must wait an entire year before capturing his second, how is he to estimate the average fighting quality of his quarry? And this is not an unusual experience in some sections I know of.

It was to "get a line" on the channel bass, in more ways than one, that I went to Topsail. I had been fairly successful with these fish before I went there; had had my catches recorded "in the paper," and taken some rather valuable prizes in the club—all of which may mean a lot or nothing according to the prevailing standards—but my first evening at Topsail I distinguished myself by losing four channel bass, one after the other, in an hour's time, and then landed a

wicked-looking sand shark of about twenty-five pounds.

It was a tired and disgusted Jersey fisherman who dragged himself across the sand dunes to camp in the gathering darkness, and who, to the Cicerone's Job-like consolation that "everyone who comes to Topsail loses his first fish," made no response. How the deuce could it have happened? Never had I seen fish fight as these did—they seemed endowed with the mentality of a Socrates and the agility of an acrobat.

Never mind; I'd get on to their curves yet—only I saw that some things learned in the North must be unlearned here, for different conditions demand different measures.

The morning ushered in Sunday—a regular Billy Sunday—for a nor'east gale springing up over night, howled and stormed and raved, and piled the white surf high on the sands, sweeping the lower extremity of the island from ocean to sound with a boiling flood. It was impossible to fish as we could neither cast nor hold.

It dawned bright and clear, with wind dead north and a considerable sea running but not so high but what we could fish, and about two o'clock in the afternoon on the incoming tide, we prepared to embark across the Inlet to try the South beach, which seemed the more likely ground after the storm.

"I want you to do something for us to-day," the Cicerone admonished the writer as we stepped into the boat, and the latter humbly promised that he "would try," though the memory of those four lost fish still rankled in his mind. He had discarded his cherished gut leaders, which he had always used in this style of fishing in the North, for a rig somewhat similar to a tarpon trolling rig; *i. e.*, to the eye of a 9-0 hand forged O'Shaughnessy hook was attached 2½ inches of fine but strong chain, and to this chain, an 18-inch length of 3-ply twisted steel wire, making a fine but exceedingly strong connection between hook and three-way swivel.

Gut leaders, it may be remarked in passing, are absolutely useless in channel bass fishing in the South. In the first place, the action of the current on the large mullet baits used untwists the strands of gut and kinks the leader; in the second place, where large fish are landed one after another, and where big sharks abound, gut quickly wears out. Unless one is prepared to change one's leader and gut-snelled hook after each fish—a troublesome job when they are biting fast—one had better give up gut and use wire. The chain connection between hook and leader gives perfect freedom of motion at that point and saves many a fish which might otherwise pry loose.

Ralph, our colored man, brought us safely across the Inlet, and a party of five ardent surf casters hurried down the beach to take coveted positions before the school struck in.

The tide was about four hours in when we cast out, and almost immediately one of our party struck and landed a fifteen-pounder. Then the writer broke his luck by landing a ten-pounder, and after that the fun was fast and furious. To sum it all up: in a little over four hours, five men hooked and landed thirteen channel bass having an aggregate weight of 308 pounds, all of which fish were returned alive to the water after being weighed. One man had eight strikes and landed only four fish of the possible eight, and another man had four strikes and landed only one. The writer is pleased to announce that he landed every fish hooked, five in all having an aggregate weight of 134 pounds. This is said not in self praise but in self justification.

I couldn't keep it up though. During a stay of eighteen days at Topsail I figure that I lost fully twenty-five per cent. of fish hooked, and that I landed eighteen channel bass having an aggregate weight of 470½ pounds, my largest fish weighing 36 pounds and my smallest, 10 pounds. During the eighteen days I was there, our party landed fifty channel bass of a total weight of 1,286 pounds. The largest fish caught weighed 45 pounds and the second largest, 43½ pounds. All of these fish, except a few small ones saved for the table, were returned alive to the water; that is, except three others of which I have written in a previous issue of *Forest and Stream*.

I would not be misunderstood as saying that the channel bass of the Carolinas fight harder than those of the Jersey Coast—and yet I'm not quite sure but what they do. The South is the home of *Sciaena Ocellata*, and a fish invariably fights better in its native waters. Nearly all the channel bass I have caught North ran straight out to sea at a steady gait, but these Southern fish invariably did a lively tango on the run—that frequent head shaking with which every channel bass fisherman is familiar. "Animated fireworks" someone has styled the spectacular gyrations of the hooked tarpon, and these Southern channel bass reminded me, in a way, of the tarpon; only, of course, they do not leap, and their contortions are of the submarine variety—felt by the angler rather than seen.

The swift current of Topsail helps the play of the fish mightily. When hooked they swim quarteringly with it and thus double the resistance on rod and line. One night I fought a channel bass as hard as I could for over an hour. It seemed that I never *could* land him; and as I stood on that desolate beach point alone in the darkness, changing the rod from one hand to the other to rest my tired muscles, roseate dreams of capturing a record-breaker nerved me to the wearisome task. But when, at last, the fish was beached, he weighed only thirty pounds—I had been fighting a thirty-pound fish and a nine-mile current at the same time.

Deep in the Okefinokee Swamp

The Stirring Adventure of Two Young Men, Armed Only with Bows and Arrows, into One of the Wildest Regions of the Old South

By Will H. Thompson (Continued from May Forest and Stream).



FEW lucky days came to each of us. The quails were very plentiful on the island, but the short cover was so thick that it was seldom that a shot could be obtained at them.

One afternoon, near dusk, we were returning from a tramp along the doubtful ground, where the cypress of the wet land met the pine of the barrens, when we heard the sharp chatter of frightened quails, and saw a flock of a dozen or more rise from the palmetto cover, and, flying almost straight up, alight in the low branches of a slash pine. The tree was less than thirty yards away and we were prepared for a shot when, to our surprise, a wildcat leaped ten feet up the tree and, when the frightened birds flew away, clung with his back to us, turning his head from side to side, looking for a possible bird. Brother and I each drew from our quivers a steel head arrow, quickly fixed the nock on the string, and, drawing to the head, dwelt for one brief second on the aim, and loosed together. The two shafts went like converging rays of light, to one goal. Each hit the beast. My arrow cut through his left flank and buried its steel head in the tree. Maurice's arrow entered the very center of the animal's head at the back.

I heard the peculiar "chick" as it struck. And now we had a circus that was hideously tragic. With a yell, the cat sprang from the tree to the ground, drawing itself off my arrow and leaving it, twisted and broken, still in the tree. Once upon the ground the animal began a series of frantic bounds into the air, all the time screaming as only the cats can scream. Whirling over and over with distended claws, it tore up the shrubs and scattered brush and sand into the air.

I ran up and tried to shoot it, but its movements were so galvanic that I missed it. Maurice tried, with no better result. Just as we were ready to shoot again, it leaped high into the air and fell on its side, stone dead. With all our power, we tried in vain to extract the arrow. I carried the cat to camp and, on opening its skull, we found that the steel arrow-head had penetrated the brain to the frontal bone and had been there bent and clinched. What amazing vitality and what fearful weapons has nature given to the assassins of the earth and air!

The little quails are harmless. They make love and mate, and in gentle constancy to each other, they hover and rear their flock of little ones. Was there a benign purpose in nature that the mother bird should toil to raise her little ones in order to make food for the beast whose baleful eyes watched by the little dust heap where

her children come to play, or to be torn by the cruel talons and brutal beaks of the winged tigers of the air?

Turkeys were abundant on the island. We had seen many, and had heard many more, before we were able to kill one. This feat I accomplished by grace of the craft of Jordan, and his peck of corn, rather than by reason of any great skill of my own. The black man had a scheme by which he hoped to fill the pot with a juicy huckleberry-fed turkey. He constructed a huge trap of poles, so bound together with muscadine vines as to make a rectangular box without a bottom, about six feet wide by eight feet long and three feet deep. This he set by a runway where much sign of turkeys appeared, and, with one end of the trap raised about two and one-half feet and supported upon a cunning trigger combination, he baited it with some of the shelled corn. A few grains were strung upon a thread and then were wrapped around the inner extremity of the long trigger, and other grains were scattered thickly under the trap, and others led away more scatteringly to quite a distance. Evidently the turkeys visited the trap early the next morning, for when Jordan reached it about eight o'clock, the corn outside the trap was all gone but not a grain inside had been touched. The bait was replenished, but the result was the same.



The Old "Dugout"—Now Only a Memory.

A third attempt only resulted in an additional loss of corn with a possible improvement in the condition of the turkeys. Twice I went with Jordan to the trap, and on the last visit marked the surroundings well. On the fourth morning I arose long before it was light and with bow and well filled quiver started away to the trap. At a few yards behind it, a pine tree, long ago upturned by the wind, had upheaved a bank of clay about six feet high. In the pit behind it some huckleberry bushes had grown up. In these, and behind the uplifted earth-covered roots I took my stand and waited with the patience of a lynx. With daylight came the turkeys. Three of them, all hens. I heard the "pit! pit!" of a turkey cock off in the woods, but he did not come near. Through the small opening I had allowed myself I could see only the ground immediately in front of the trap, and the birds were slow in approaching that space. I could hear the sound they made when plucking up the grains of corn and I began to fear that they would gorge themselves and leave, and I had begun to debate the question of shifting my position when all three of them ran together in front of the trap. My arrow was already half drawn and trained on the space they occupied, and with my heart beating like a hammer against my ribs, I slowly drew the string under my right jaw, aimed at the nearest of the three, and dwelling scarcely a second upon the aim, loosed the string. At the moment the three turkeys had their heads together near the ground, their bodies radiating like spokes from the hub of a wheel. I have never known which turkey I killed. When the arrow struck, there was a roar of wings and two turkeys disappeared in the cypress woods. The third showed nearly as many gyrations as did the cat. But I saw that its head was almost severed from its body, being held only by the lower skin of the neck. When I brought the fine bird to camp, I was greeted with a cheer that silenced the wrangling of the jays in the branches overhead.

South of Billy's Island and quite near to it, lay another large island, which we visited and found to be much like that of our sylvan home. It was long from east to west and narrow from north to south. From the south side of it, the view was wonderfully beautiful. Tens of thousands of odorless white water lilies stood with lifted heads and outstretched palms in the shallow water that spread away for miles to the east and south and west. Far away could be seen other islands and, beyond them, the dark cypress wilderness that seemed to extend indefinitely.

Across the level miles a sweet south wind was blowing, but the waveless wilderness of lilies showed no emotion. There was not a cloud to blur the blue above. The sunlight was at flood and the marsh was a vast splendor. Two slowly moving flecks against the sky were soaring kites, their long, pointed wings and forked tails as clearly outlined as if cut from sheet silver. Three monstrous guardians of this garden of *Castalia Odorato*, clothed in plate armor, lay stretched upon a slope of black mud, their hideous snouts and corrugated tails hinting of dragon ancestry, and adding a final touch of romance and unreality that seemed to half veil and half illumine every picture that Okefinokee uncovered to our vision.

Upon our return from this island we found

Jordan frying a panful of red-eyed bream, which he had caught in a narrow waterway off the northeastern point of Billy's Island, using sawyers and snails for bait. We found these to be excellent table fish, and, as they fought hard when struck, we made more than one expedition against them.

At that time most of the quails upon the island were from one-half to two-thirds grown, were in the finest possible condition, and when toasted upon the prongs of a long-forked stick, or baked in the Dutch oven, were as sweet as they were fleet.

The only even partial success we had against them with the bow was upon a dull, cloudy morning, after a night of rain, when we followed many of the narrow trails through the saw palmettos and found flocks upon nearly all of them. They would not fly nor enter the wet cover, but ran in close column down the paths, paying no attention to the arrows that hurtled through their ranks. We sometimes got more than fifty shots at a single flock, while following it for half an hour, bagging only three or four birds, but our enjoyment of the sport was intense. We brought eight or nine birds into camp.

In the present day of reformed outdoor sport, after the breech-loaders and the trained dogs have done their desolating work, I pray you not to revile the memory of Jordan because I here betray the fact that much of the wheat he had induced us to bring was used to lure the unsophisticated quails into certain "figure-four" traps that he set along these paths. And we, even we, good sportsmen as we claimed ourselves to be, ate them with a relish as keen as did the black man, and the memory of their well-browned breasts and thighs masks my compunction now.

One deed of recompense to the Bob White colony gave me more real gratification than any other of my life upon the island. One afternoon I accompanied Jordan on a round of his traps. We approached the second trap from behind a screen of tall huckleberry shrubs, and did not see it until we were within thirty feet of it. It had been thrown, and within it were fourteen quails. Four or five of them were racing desperately about the interior of the trap, thrusting their heads through the openings between the slats, and sending out pitiful cries of fright. The others lay dead and headless.

Perched on the trap was a big red-shouldered hawk that, seeming not to notice us, was clawing at the out-thrust heads of the quails. The sudden lifting of my bow and the drawing of the string attracted its attention, but instead of taking flight it half lifted its wings and shook them in a spasm of anger. Its yellow eyes glared with demoniac hate, and its whole attitude presaged assault rather than retreat. It was so near to me, and my whole thought was so concentrated upon its death, that the arrow perfectly obeyed my will. Straight through the hawk's breast bone and out at its back the missile went. I heard the grind of the rent vertebra and knew that the assassin had mangled his last victim.

As I rushed forward to make sure of my game, Jordan's ecstatic, "Thank de Lord you done 'stroyed him!" rang in my ears.

The raptor needed no second stroke, but he

died hard, as do all the bandits of the earth and air.

The days went by all too quickly now, for we had grown to love Okefinokee. At dawn the sweet-voiced birds charmed us with many twitterings. At dusk the eerie cries began, but they seemed to have grown softer now. Even the bellow of the alligator had lost its harshness, and its boom chimed with the tenor voices of the marsh. The chatter and squeak of little beasts in the thickets disturbed us no more, and the steady luminosity of eyes that stared in the outer darkness had ceased to seem uncanny. The deep and lonely cry of the great barred owl did not startle us, and the snarl of a lynx was but a string at fret on a vast instrument swept by the fingers of the night while Okefinokee dreamed.

Sand-hill cranes were daily visitants to two cypress ponds near our camp, and were also frequently found in the huckleberry thickets. These ponds were shallow depressions in the ground, filled with water from a few inches to three feet deep, in which grew cypress, sweet-gum and Spanish oak trees, and where could be found in the warm and shallow water great numbers of tadpoles and the unhatched spawn of frogs. Of these the cranes were very fond. About the noon hour we could count on finding from two to a dozen cranes in each of these ponds. Ordinarily they were shy birds, but at this hour of the day did not seem to be alert. Maurice killed three during our stay and I killed one, and we failed in many chances to kill others by reason of the perversity of our arrows in striking where there were no cranes. One of Maurice's lucky noons was spent in watching beside a small lagoon on the east side of the island where I left him about ten o'clock in the forenoon. He was well placed, both as to concealment and opportunity to freely use the bow. The narrow lagoon was green with lily-pads and water-weeds, and little boggy side puddles were alive with tadpoles.



Near The Okefinokee.

Returning to our camp about two o'clock in the afternoon, I saw him coming with a large feathery burden across his shoulder, from which dangled three very long necks. He had an ibis, a blue heron and a crane. By the light of the

camp-fire that night I penciled and solemnly read to him these lines:

"In the hot summer noon,
Watching the green lagoon,
I saw the hungry bowman of the swamp,
Deep in the shadows, crouched upon the damp,
Soft hummock where the lily hosts encamp.

"In the hot summer noon,
Watching the green lagoon,
I saw an ibis coming down the brink,
Not caring for the otter or the mink,
Stop at the weedy water's edge to drink.

"In the hot summer noon,
Watching the green lagoon,
I saw along the muddy margin pass
A solemn bird, sad and companionless,
And pitied the blue heron's loneliness.

"In the hot summer noon,
Watching the green lagoon,
I saw an old crane droop his stately head,
Too indolent to drink or care to feed
On spawn of frog or root of water-weed.

"After the summer noon,
Leaving the green lagoon,
I saw the hungry bowman once again,
Bearing unto his camp across the plain
An ibis, a blue heron and a crane."

After many years the dingy paper and crude half-obliterated lines came to light from the depths of brother's old quiver.

Before this camping trip I had never tasted crane flesh, and was surprised to find it so delicious. Not even the wood duck surpassed it in sweetness and delicacy. The cranes were always fat, and the breast meat was white, tender and very juicy. That of the wood-ibis was fairly good, but neither ibis nor curlew compared as a table bird with the sand-hill crane. They are beautiful and noble birds, high of head, proud of step, and often be-plumed in fair rivalry of the ostrich. Their trumpet note is perfection in clarity and resonance, and no sound of equal volume seems so far-reaching. When close-heard, it is not loud, but from afar the deep cello note of the going bird is the richest good-bye that ever broke the silence of marsh or river.

How I should enjoy telling of all our meaty days in Okefinokee! How we made crude flies of soft feathers, tied with scarlet yarn about a big hook, and tore the struggling big-mouthed bass from the "bonnets" along the margin of the waterways; how the turtles' nests in the sandy places were despoiled of their eggs, which were roasted in the embers of our camp-fires and found to be good; how we cut the hollow liquid amber tree at the south end of the island and took to camp a score of stings and only honey enough for one feast, leaving until the next day at least one hundred pounds of well-filled comb to be gathered when the bees should become less bellicose. How, when we returned with two buckets, we found a few gaummy bees and no honey, but many foot-prints in the damp earth resembling those of a barefoot child; and how we laughed as we thought of the small Florida bear huddled in the comfortable hollow of some nearby cypress tree, fondling his round belly and grinning his thanks to the guardian angel of the *Ursidae*.

I could tell a tale, charged with the very spirit of Okefinokee, of how Maurice long laid in wait for the otter and slew it, and how we stripped the plush-covered hide from its long body, and



Though I am poor, and cannot buy
The rare time-mellowed things of art,
God keeps an open gallery
Of glories for the poor in heart.

—Maurice Thompson.

with sharp sand rubbed the inner skin away and smeared the dried surface with oil of peppermint to preserve the skin against insects, in order that we might afterward fashion from it the two beautiful "Okefinokee quivers" that held our hunting shafts for many years after.

If we could translate the whisper of trees it might be that this arboreal Lear would tell us of how the "Daughters of the Sun" and their Queen held their court beneath his guardian arms, or that the slight mound near the great trunk covered the slumbering dust of some heroic Osceola.

I will not babble of our good-bye to Billy's Island nor to his lake with its eternal smile. We passed to the junction of the outlet stream

with the Suwannee Creek more quickly than we came, and from thence we journeyed slowly down the growing river. Thousands of wood ibis and snowy egrets rose ahead of us and many were the adventures we had with them, and twice we saw, standing on mud banks of the river, groups of scarlet ibis that looked like clumps of giant blossoms against the green background of the shore.

At some other time I may tell the story of our seven days' outward journey until, in the cool dawn of the 30th day of July the tumultuous applause of the mocking-birds greeted us as we half-sadly untangled the clinging arms of Okefinokee, and floated down the unweary bosom of the Suwannee River to old Fort Gilmer.

Timely Hints for the Camper and Angler

By Robert Page Lincoln.

IF, in the middle of the hot summer, you have gone out in the fields and you have sunken your spade therein for two thousand times, questing in vain for angle-worms, you will know why it is a very good idea to have some angle-worms on hand, in the box wherein you have raised them, or where you have kept them. The raising of angle-worms is a sort of industry that is as yet in its infancy. But no matter whether you are going to make a cent by it in profit, you will at least have worms when no one else has them, and are willing to pay good money for them. There may and may not be somewhat of science to it; the main thing being that you keep your box in a likely place out of the sunlight. If the sun is allowed in to dry the ground in the box there is little hope for the worms. The box should not be too large, nor too small; the medium size should be the best, and it should have no holes in it wherein they might crawl out. Some suggest cutting holes in the bottom of the box and covering it with wire window screen, which is a very good idea, or the entire bottom may be sacrificed, the wire screen taking its place. Again, a galvanized iron wash-tub may be used the bottom filled with small holes, the jagged edges sloping inward. The box, or tub, should be sunken almost level with the ground, and the box itself should be filled two-thirds of its depth with the richest of dirt. Into this box place your selected worms, which should be long, hard and healthy in appearance. After a rain if you will go out you can gather healthy worms by the thousands; for usually it is the healthiest worms that come out to take in the air. The dirt in the box should be changed at least twice a month, which is not, in my opinion, any too much. The crawlers are fed usually with coffee grounds mixed with cornmeal, same being scattered throughout the box once or twice a week, if that. They should not be overfed. Some water should occasionally be sprinkled over the earth which will liven them up considerably. Be sure and keep them in a cool place, out of the stifling rays of the sun, and you will have worms any time you want them, morning, noon or night.

That proposition of waterproofing tents has been laughed at by many who have not tried the system out and who know little or nothing about it. Those who have something of ingeniousness and inventiveness about them, however, know that tents can be waterproofed at home; and that some of the finest material, such as muslin, can be waterproofed, and made into tents. One of the lightest tents the writer of this ever had was very simply and inexpensively constructed of common muslin, which, when waterproofed, held for months and was so light that its weight was hardly at all noticeable. There are several methods of waterproofing muslin and light, eight-ounce canvas, or any canvas for that matter, so that it will hold out water. The solution most commonly in use is of sugar of lead and alum. For a small tent less will be needed than for a larger canvas. Ordinarily, four pounds of sugar of lead and four pounds of alum, well mixed in a

couple of pails of soft water, lukewarm and poured into a tub over the tent, with an additional increase of water to cover it well in the tub, will fix you out right. Dry the tent with the water in it, as you take it from the tub, but not in the strong sunlight. When dry, the tent will be quite impervious to the entrance of rain.

In tying your leaders together see to it that your strands match in thickness; that is to say, one strand should not be thicker than another, if you want a level leader. For the tapered leader, of course, this is different. Select your gut out of the hank carefully, and do good work. The leader material is first thoroughly soaked in tepid water to take the brittleness out of them and to make them pliable, so that they can be tied, then proceed directly they are taken from the water to tie them.

After a leader is tied it is carefully gone over, and if it looks worthy then it is tested as to its strength. The leader is fastened to the wall, and in the back loop the scales are inserted and a dead pull is brought to bear upon it. For a medium or rather light leader a test of two pounds' pull is all that is needed. For a heavier leader, such as heavy trout, a pull of three pounds may be exerted without any fear of going too far. If the leader breaks, then cut the gut two or three inches from the point of breakage, and re-tie. When next tested the strain brought to bear upon it need not go much over half its strength, after which it is coiled carefully up and placed between the moist pads of the leader box.

The length of the leader is a matter open to conjecture, as it has always been. Some prefer the nine-foot length, and other stay by the more conservative six-foot length. For my part I think that the six-foot length is plenty and good enough. Upon the six-foot leader one is able to get on three flies, with a comparatively good distance between each fly. The most sportsman-like of the piscatorial gentlemen use only two flies, and in the west, on the mountain streams, where trout rise well and get caught pretty easy, it is considered unjust to use more than one fly.

HOW TO READ TIME BY THE STARS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

How do plainmen, old woodsmen and sailors read time so easily by the stars? CURIIOUS.

It is an accomplishment probably through actual experience and practice by such men as you mention, but it is easy enough if you keep only a few facts in mind regarding the heavens. You can learn not only to tell the time of night, but the seasons are also revealed, as everybody knows, by the position of the heavenly bodies. To get rid of all complications and technicalities, the secret of reading time by the stars is to pick out a few of the bright stars in the southern heavens and ascertain what astronomers call their "right ascension" and the "right ascension" of the sun. The right ascension of the sun changes constantly, but the ascension of the sun remains fixed for centuries. The best explanation, in simple language, for this time calcula-

tion is one made by Professor Eric Doolittle of the University of Pennsylvania. He chooses the following stars (the location of which can be ascertained in any sky map) and gives their right ascension, as follows:

Aldebaran	4 hrs. 31 min.
Betelgeuze	5 hrs. 51 min.
Sirius	6 hrs. 41 min.
Pollux	7 hrs. 40 min.
Delta Hydrae	8 hrs. 33 min.
Regulus	10 hrs. 3 min.
Delta Leonis	11 hrs. 10 min.

Suppose that on the evening of March 21 the observer saw the bright star Regulus due south of him, what would the time be? Since on March 21 the right ascension of the sun is 0 hours, since that of Regulus is always 10 hours and 3 minutes, the star will come to the meridian 10 hours 3 minutes later than the sun. It would therefore be 10 hours 3 minutes P. M.

As a second illustration, let us inquire at what time the star Delta will be seen due south of the observer on April 5 and on April 20. The right ascension of the sun on April 5 is 1 hour; that of the star is 11 hours 10 minutes; the difference is 10 hours 10 minutes, and therefore when the star is seen due south on this date it will be 10 hours 10 minutes P. M.

After acquiring a little practice the observer will not usually wait until the bright star whose right ascension he knows has actually reached the meridian. Bearing in mind the right ascension of the sun at the time of the year he might perhaps estimate that the star was an hour to the left or to the right of the meridian. The time found by mentally subtracting the right ascensions would then be one hour later than the true time in the first case and one hour earlier in the second.

A VERY CHIVALROUS SURRENDER.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Pasadena, Calif., April 21, 1915.

I "give up" and have hauled down my flag of opposition, which was raised as a protest against the change of the *Forest and Stream* from a weekly to a monthly publication. The change may be likened to that of a pretty and bewitching miss, who after she becomes a Mrs. rapidly develops into a lovely, fascinating matron, with charming personality, and with broadened ideas and influence.

I have been a constant reader of the *Forest and Stream*, almost from its birth, and under the pen name of "Stanstead" have been an humble contributor to its columns on rod-and-gun subjects, covering a range of territory from Prince Edward's Island across the Canadas to Vancouver's Island. It really seems now but a very little longer between its numbers than it formerly did between its weekly issues, and another reason for this, there is now so much more good reading matter to go over and properly digest that we have hardly time to finish one number before a fresh one arrives. It is now certainly a very valuable magazine from the fact that most (not all) of your contributors are well versed and experts in their subjects, and their articles are of great value as educators, not only to your younger readers but also to us members of the "old guard" who will to the last continue to "boost" up your subscription list if possible to the "million mark." N. P. LEACH.

Across The Heart of Newfoundland

Story of A Journey Through a Fish and Game Region at the Front Door of Civilization But Hitherto Unexplored

Narrative of a Trip by Raynal C. Bolling and Livingston E. Jones From the Journal of the Former.

(Continued From May Forest and Stream.)

This is the second installment of the interesting trip of Messrs. Bolling and Jones from Badger Station, west and south through the center of Newfoundland. The journey resulted in the discovery of quite a number of new lakes and much good hunting territory never before explored. The latter fact is more remarkable when we reflect that Newfoundland lies almost at the very doors of this country, and was the site of the first settlements from Europe.



TUESDAY, September 2d. Waked before dawn, still too stiff to care about going up on the lookout as planned. Got up just before daylight, stiff and sore, but felt we must see what was going on in this country early in the morning, so stuffing some bread, cheese and maple sugar in our pockets, we sallied forth. There was a heavy frost on the wet bog and bushes, and our feet were soaking wet in three minutes, making it cold squashy work. Reached the big lookout in about an hour. Saw a large fawn and dry doe and another doe with fawn still nursing; the latter passed within 50 yards of us. Laying down to the lee of some small bushes out of the wind, the rising sun shedding a cheerful warmth began to warm us. Taking off our bannigans and stockings, we wrung the water out and hung them up to dry. Lying there with bare feet, we thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful day, and soon fell asleep. Basked in the sunshine until 9:30, when the men came up from our camp on the other lake. Returned to our camp on the barrens and had breakfast of bacon, potatoes and tea.

Started about 11 o'clock for a far ridge from which to get a nearer view of Maelpaeg, and if possible, discover the waterway to it. After traveling hard over all sorts of a country, rocky barrens, marshes and thick wooded hills, about 2 p. m. we reached the Maelpaeg lookout. On this ridge, were poised some enormous glacier drop boulders. Saw Maelpaeg below us some six or seven miles distant bearing due south in the direct line we had followed all the way from the canoes. A long wooded island-dotted lake, bearing east northeast by west southwest, apparently twenty miles in length, with high barrens beyond it or on the eastern side, and a string of lakes northwest of it, through which we hoped to reach it after packing the canoes up Fourth Lake to Lake A.

The men, as a result of their circle the previous afternoon, reported a chain of small lakes with some of the waters draining to Maelpaeg, but the waters coming into Fourth Lake bear too far westward and are impassable above Fourth Lake on account of running through a heavily wooded narrow valley where there is a



A Heavy Pull For Camp.

procession of rapids and falls, one of which has a sheer drop of at least 50 feet. Started back at 2:30 p. m., after boiling up some tea and eating some of Gillett's biscuit, in which he had happily sprinkled raisins plentifully. Working through tangled woods growing over moss-covered boulder heaps, it was out of the question to make good time, but it was here that we saw where the two men had come along in the winter six years before. The bushes in several places were cut down to make a path for the sled, and it could be seen how deep the snow was from the distance the bushes were cut off above the ground.

As Bolling was working his way through a piece of woods, he put his hand against a tree trunk, felt it give slightly, but did not look up to notice its height even when there was a crackling behind him, and the next minute was nearly knocked down by a dead stump twenty feet high and twelve inches in diameter which struck him a glancing blow on the head. Had it hit square

it would have been more serious than a sore jaw and shoulders.

I developed a sore heel from badly fitting leather boots and found traveling painful until I cut the tops off, which are useless and tiring things in this country, and after dressing the heel with fresh balsam sap, squeezed from a bark blister, went on with more comfort. Got back to camp at 6:15, having been more or less on the move since 5:30 and having covered many miles of the roughest country on earth.

September 3d. The order of the day was to chop out a trail from the head of Fourth Lake, where the canoes were, to Lake A up on the barrens. This trail went through the alders at the head of Fourth Lake on the south side of the inlet, then west by south up through the woods and marshy barrens over to Lake A. We cut out this trail and packed over one canoe and four loads and got the rest of the stuff half way, and it was a full day's work.

September 4th. Turned out in good season to get in another full day. The canoes were not featherweights, but heavy eighteen foot boats, several years old, patched and thoroughly water soaked, too heavy for one man to carry over a trail partly boggy and the rest steep wooded hills. The men went back to bring over the second canoe. Bolling was busy bringing over the packs that had been brought half way the day before while I, somewhat stiff from the previous day's jaunt, paddled the canoe that we brought over before to our side camp at the other end of Lake A from where our portage came across to pack up all our belongings there, leaving only a brass air pump which we had brought to inflate our pneumatic beds, but now discovered we could blow up more easily and with less effort by the pump Nature provides us with.

By noon, all our equipment was up the Lake A end of the portage. We at once crossed over the lake and had lunch on the southerly side. From here, we packed south three-quarters of a mile across a barren to a small chain of ponds, the largest of which was a quarter of a mile long at the lower end of the chain. From there, packed 300 yards to Lake B, still southerly. This lake is about one mile east and west by a mile north and south. Crossed it and camped on a high bank on the southerly side behind a little fringe of spruce. A large part of the effort of

this expedition was owing to the many trips that had to be taken over each portage, whenever the canoes were unloaded to carry round the falls or through the thick woods often a dozen times a day. One or two trips over a portage is all right, but repetition does not make it less hard. Our outfit, at this time, made eight good loads of 75 pounds each, in addition to the canoes.

September 5th. Led off with a half mile carry across marshes to Lake C, which tends east and west, so we merely crossed the end and carried over a rocky marsh three-quarters of a mile to Lake D, where we had lunch. Saw a caribou, which we wanted, as our meat was about gone, but he saw us too and made off. Lake D is a part of a large lake from which it is cut off by two narrow ledges of rock, over one of which, we lifted the canoes after partly unloading them. In high water, these ledges are doubtless covered. The country here is sprinkled with small lakes or ponds, separated by anywhere from 300 yards to half a mile of rough country, and everywhere the land is strewn with boulders, small ones and immense things, no heavy timber, merely patches of trees.

Coming along a tongue of the lake, Bolling spied a caribou and headed the canoe to go ashore, when the caribou came up a little draw about 75 yards away. Bolling fired. The bullet, as we afterward saw, passed through the right shoulder and would have killed him, but he swung around and ran down hill, when the second shot hit just right, going through the heart. As the water was rough under the canoe, Bolling's shooting was very satisfactory. The men called this young stag a pricket, which is interesting as showing the survival of Shakesperian English in the less frequented portions of the western world. Bolling came across this use of the word some days afterward while reading "Love's Labor Lost."

From here, we came out into Lake E, which is four or five miles long by a mile wide, tending south southwest by east northeast, a beautiful body of water stretching up into the hills to the westward. We crossed it to the outlet which was hard to find, owing to many long meandering arms. The stream running out was wide, shallow and filled with rocks. Dragged the canoes a few hundred yards of sharp pitch and went ashore for the night, making ourselves comfortable before a large fire. This was our first day on waters flowing south to Maelpaeg. Lakes A and B drained northwest into Fourth Lake.

Almost every day, our clothes to the waist were wet from having been in and out of the water, to say nothing of rain on about every third day, so that they had to be hung up to dry alongside the fire at night. The fire would go out before they were dried, and in the morning, they were apt to be frozen and had to be thawed before putting them on, the dry set taken off and put in the water-proof bags to slip on the next night.

The limited time at our disposal forced us to travel as fast as possible and not to camp in the evening until there was barely time to cut firewood and erect tents before dark, and in the morning be away again as soon as the equipment could be packed and put in the canoes. Had we had more time and not been so tired, it would have added greatly to the pleasure of the

trip to have tried the fishing and spent time in properly hunting the country.

September 6th. About 1:30 a. m., I was roused by a shout from Jones and waked to a great glare of roaring fire. The tent used by the guides was in flames, and for a few minutes, it looked as if our tent would burn also as the two were touching each other at one corner. It was only three or four minutes until the fire was all over. There was nothing left whatever of the small 4 x 7 tanalite Baker tent used by the men, except a few charred ends of small rope, not a piece of fabric as big as a dollar. The guides both had painful burns. Jones' left hand was badly burned down to the flesh all across the back, and Will's left hand was blistered and all the left side of his forehead and part of his



A Rough Carry of a Quarter of a Mile.

cheek were blistered and scorched. His eyebrows were singed short and his beard, mustache and hair all showed marks of flame. As he burst out of his tent, a piece of the burning fabric fell over his head, and thus he got the more severe burns. Their blankets were not burned at all, but loose clothes and oilskins all showed marks of fire. Our tent had a few holes at the bottom edge and my sleeping bag cover had large holes at the foot. The tanalite canoe covers, on which the men had been sleeping, were pretty riddled with burns. As the little tanalite Baker was low, only about 4 feet high, in the rear deep and narrow, it is a wonder that the men were not more seriously burned. They were

both pretty well shaken but took the big Baker tent, and wrapping up in it, laid down again at about 2:30 a. m.

We got up late, the guides looking as though they had been in a bar-room brawl. I dressed Will's burns with the absorbent gauze from a first aid packet, after washing them with a strong solution of bi-chloride of mercury. The bi-chloride solution was mixed in an aluminum pan which had corroded so vigorously that the pan continued to flake off until afternoon, and when Will saw it at lunch time, he was greatly perturbed, thinking that a solution of such strength would surely ruin him for life. We did not get off until 10:45 a. m., and packed down the stream over the stones three or four hundred yards until we came into small pools and ponds separated by short rips, and finally made a pack of a third of a mile, broken by a pond, across which we ferried our canoes. This brought us into a good size lake, Lake F. It had begun to rain hard, was very cold and soon the rain was mixed with snowflakes, and our hands became numb on the paddles. Had some trouble to find the outlet as the stream was full of boulders and progress very slow, but soon came to falls where we cooked lunch in the rain, on the right hand bank. After lunch the sky cleared, and we packed and dragged down over the falls, the day getting better all the time. While landing to spy out the outlet of the lake, we saw a flock of a dozen geese in a pond below us some 400 yards away, but from lack of cover, it was out of the question to creep on them, and the shots from this distance were without result. Going on, we camped again on the right hand bank half a mile down river below another falls.

From all indications, this was not too bad a place for caribou, so leaving the men to make camp, Bolling and I took our rifles and went up to the top of a small hill nearby. In the dusk, we could just see a stag with what appeared to be a fair head some little distance away, and we set out to get to him, but he saw us and worked over behind the top of a ridge. Thinking, at the rate he was going, we could make up the necessary distance with his lordship on the other side of the ridge, we made a spirited quarter-mile dash over the tussocky barren, but the stag went us one better, for after topping the ridge, he loosened up just sufficiently to go over a more distant ridge as we panted over the near one.

September 7th. Bolling was up at 5 a. m. to look for caribou. It was clear and cold with a heavy frost and ice on the little pools. The "gold widdie," a low bush that grows plentifully, holds an astonishing quantity of water on its leaves, and the climb to the lookout was wet work, but no deer.

Leaving this camp, we had a few hundred yards of fair water and then a rough carry of a quarter of a mile down the bed of the stream over rocks, great and small, with water everywhere among them. The gentle exercise of jumping from rock to rock with 60 or 75 pounds on one's back was one of the many parts of this trip that helped set one up, and in this case, caused a downfall, of which, I would give much to have a picture. I had just made up a load of three big duffle bags in my harness, preparatory to taking it down over the rocks. Standing the pack on a large rock, with water mostly all round and four feet deep, I sat down on the rock

to get my shoulders in the harness. In rising, the load overbalanced me forward, and in I went head first, feet out on the rock and head on the bottom. The rest of the party were at the other end of the carry, and my first thoughts under water were spasmodic. Fortunately, the pack had not settled down behind the shoulders on account of taking such a quick header, and I succeeded in getting my arms out of the harness. Straightening up, I got the pack and myself on the rock again, and after wringing out the water, made another start with better results.

After getting our gear and canoes past this rocky course, we had luncheon on the shore of a cheerful little pond, and were off again, but all the afternoon, it was the same rough travel. One rapid after another, with water becoming heavier. Just before dark, there was a very bad rapid, with ground too rough for tenting at the head, so while the men cleared a place for the tents below it on the left bank, Bolling and I carried our stuff down the 150 yards, making half a dozen trips apiece, jumping from boulder to boulder with deep water between. Exhausting business in the dusk at the end of a hard day. This camp, though, was one of the pleasantest we made.

There is charm and interest in pitching the tents every night in a new and strange country. A variety of problems arise. Shall they face this way or that? Shall the fire be here or there and how many of the trees and bushes will serve as tent stakes? The sweet freshness of ground that has not been camped on, the varied sound of water on the lake shore, the ripple or the roar of the river, the hardwood or the evergreen thicket around the camp.

September 8th. Started about nine on a cloudy day; we lowered the canoes over the rapids and packed the stuff a hundred yards beyond our camp to a small pond. Then another rapid, and so on all the morning with here and there a little lake. In one of the meanest of these rapids, my canoe stuck while being lowered over a four foot pitch between two large rocks. When the canoe struck, the bow filled from the backwash and only quick work by the men in throwing the bags on the rocks and on both sides saved the boat. It took three of us to drag her out, half filled with water; the aluminum baker and two broilers were swept out and lost in the pools below, where the current was too heavy to fish for them with any success with the pole. The river is a narrow boulder heaped gorge between densely wooded

banks. While the men cooked lunch, Bolling and I paddled down the arm of what appeared to be a good sized lake and into which the river emptied. While exploring the lakeshore, we came upon what is called in Maine "a logan" or backwater, in which was a beaver dam with some fresh cuttings. Continuing down the arm of the lake, it was soon evident we were at last on our long sought Maelpaeg, and we foolishly felt that it would be smooth sailing from here on.

Climbing the highest hill nearby to ascertain our course, we could see the lake stretching away in all directions, with wooded islands and channels everywhere. It is a magnificent body of water and well deserves the name by which it is sometimes called "The Lake of the Thousand Islands." I really believe there are

appears to trend N. N. E. by S. S. W., and most of the islands seem to lie on its northerly and westerly side, but, of course, there may be as many on the other side, since it is impossible to tell what is mainland and what islands.

After lunch, we set out in a heavy shower, and after traveling down the lake a few miles, the storm coming on harder, decided to go ashore and make camp. The nearest shore was one of the numerous wooded islands, but I have always found that islands are beautiful as scenery, but rocky windswept spots on which to tent, so we paddled on, searching for the main shore. At last a point put out, and riding the swells past this, we rounded in its lee to a quiet little bay, with low swampy shores. It was not inviting, but mist and flying rain and gathering dusk made it imperative to camp. The whole place was sopping wet, the ground a blend of wet moss, stumps and large slippery roots, our only outlook a few feet into thick spruce.

We made the best of it in the hope of a good day to-morrow and an early start. After dark, the wind blew a gale, and during the night I was awakened by what seemed to be somebody's arm underneath me trying to roll me over. Investigation showed that the arm was a long root just under the moss beneath me which was lifting a couple of inches with the swaying of its tree over our heads. Being very sleepy and hearing quantities of water falling on the tent, I was sure that it was better to trust to the stoutness of the tree than awaken Bolling and stumble to the men's tent in the inky wetness outside.

September 9th. We slept until 8 o'clock on account of the storm, which was a heavy northeaster, filled with rain. One look past the point out on the lake was enough. Flying mist and scud over the rough white lake was no place for a loaded canoe. The camp was thoroughly wet, but sheltered from the wind.

Our time is getting short, and it is now clear that we will have practically no time for hunting since we do not know exactly where the outlet of the lake is nor the distance to salt-water nor the character of the river, and the map is not to be trusted.

I read "Love's Labor Lost" and "The Rubaiyat" under the shelter of the Baker tent with my boots out in the rain. All hands kept in good humor, notwithstanding the weather. Will's burns are healing up nicely and give him little discomfort, but John's left hand is still

a thousand of them, large and small, all rock and wooded with black spruce. Back over the shores a short way, there are high hills, but up at this end, the barrens are small. The lake



so sore and painful he cannot use it much. I have dressed it each morning after a fashion. We tried fresh balsam from the trees on it this morning, which is considered a sovereign remedy for cuts and bruises among the men here. The balsam may have had a healing effect, but it also had a hardening effect on the flesh which did not lessen the pain.

Wednesday, September 10th. Stormed hard all day again. I awoke some time before daylight to hear the wind making a great roar in the spruce. Went to sleep again in disgust. At breakfast time, the lake was white as far as one could see so that any start was out of the question. This lying by for two whole days when our time is already short, makes me most disgusted. It is the thing of all others in camping that is hardest to put up with. Here it is worse because we had one of our poorest camps made in the rain and just at dark when we had no choice. Our tent is too far from the fire to get any warmth whatever and cannot be moved nearer on account of the stumps. Our only way of drying it out is to fill the big three-gallon aluminum pail with live coals and set it inside of the tent. This takes off a lot of dampness. No rain for a few hours this morning, and I was just getting into fairly good humor when it began to rain again, driving in hard and cold. Had to give up work after I had about fixed one boat. Do not know how well these repairs will hold because I had only canvas, copper tacks and shellac which does not work well in the rain. The guides were so sure of the efficiency of spruce gum that I let them discard the can of white lead I brought along. I shall be wiser next time. Both boats had been leaking badly for four or five days due to the hard usage.

I spent the afternoon on odds and ends of repairs and changes in my gear; the day has gone somehow. To-night we can only hope the northeast gale will abate enough to let us get down the lake to-morrow. John's hand has been very painful all day so that I put it in a sling after dressing it this morning. He can now hardly use it at all. Where the skin is merely broken, it appears to be getting better and does not hurt so much, but across the back, it is very sore although not much swollen. Since losing our baker, we have been mixing bread in the frying pan, and it has been greasy, black, heavy stuff in spite of John's efforts. To-night, I rigged a wire bail on the big pan, and we are trying it as a baking pot, suspended over the fire, with coals heaped on the top.

Thursday, September 11th. Five o'clock saw us packing canoe bags, taking any ropes off tent stakes and trees and stowing the outfit in the canoes, for the wind had dropped during the night and we were eager to make up for lost time. There was still enough sea running to compel us to avoid the big open stretches and to seek shelter, dodging in and out among the clustering islands. The fog made it impossible to see more than 200 yards, and not knowing the lake nor the location of the outlet, except that the maps showed it on the southerly end, we took a compass course with allowances for island dodging. The fog came down thicker, and about 11 o'clock, we were convinced that we were poking in and out along the main southeast shore on account of having to come back out of several coves where we had expected to find channels. At 11:30, just when we were

rather perplexed, the shore of the lake bore away sharply to the westward and a lift in the fog showed the outlet dead ahead with a good size river pouring out. It was a lucky chance to travel all the morning in a fog on strange waters and bump into the outlet.

Going ashore for lunch, we found some old yellow bedboughs and some axe work. Bailed out the canoes and started again over a short rapid at the outlet where the river bends N. N. E. and is very confusing as it ought to go south and we were not sure that there might be another outlet as this was going in the wrong direction for us. The canoes had to be unloaded again here for a 50 yard carry over a bad pitch, then a series of little lakes full of island and deep bays, even with several outlets into the next lake, then a series of short rapids, John skillfully using the pole with one hand, his burned left hand being useless for the last three days, but getting along with it pretty well on the upper end of the paddle where he does not have to bend it.

Bolling and I were considerably disturbed over his wound as the skin was peeled to the raw flesh and the back of his hand and wrist swollen to twice their size. Should blood poisoning set in, it would be serious. Many days from the crudest medical aid and in a rough country, but the first aid dressings which Bolling applied night and morning, together with uncontaminated air and surroundings, were undoubtedly what saved him.

We now ran into a lake about three miles long and spied a young stag on the right hand shore, and the meat supply being low, Bolling generously offered me the shot, but I told him to go ahead. The caribou was about 100 yards away, standing for the first shot, the four others while he ran along the shore; three hits, any one of which would have been fatal. After the necessary cutting up, we went on again and soon saw another stag, which Allen and I chased and tried to cut off as it swam across a little bay, but could not quite make it, and as his horns were not large, we did not interfere with him further, but shortly went ashore and had a comfortable camp after having traveled fifteen miles on Maelpaeg Lake in the morning and six or seven miles down river in the afternoon.

September 12th. Bolling and I had intended to get up early and have a look for stags on the marshes east of the lake, but the fog was thick and John's hand giving him a good deal of pain, we decided not to go but to take advantage of every minute in getting down to the coast. The lake proved to be eight or ten miles long, narrow and full of islands, evidently, Puddops Lake, the map being quite accurate to the end of it and then only dotted lines.

Wolf Mountain to the southeast, a fine barren hill a thousand feet high or more and a few miles back from the shore. On our way down the lake, we landed and thought of going up it but after traveling across the barrens some distance and having a fine view over miles of marsh and barren, but with no deer in sight, we decided to return to the boats and paddled down the lake with a strong northeast wind following that kicked up plenty of sea and made the shores white with spume. Ran the outlet into a fine swift river and over three good rips in the first mile before we held up for lunch. Then on down river through fast and heavy water into another small lake, where Bolling

saw a stag on the opposite shore. Just then, Allen sung out that there were two good ones going up over the barrens on the nearer or left hand shore. The canoes were quickly put ashore and we ran up a steep little hill and just caught a glimpse of the two stags walking across to windward some 400 yards off. We hastily ran back part way down the little hill and then cut across the head of a cove and up another hill, traveling parallel to the stags but on the chord of their circle.

Peering over the top of the hill, we saw them coming toward us, but did not have time to get the glasses out to count the points on their horns. The men said they were good heads. Bolling said I had better shoot, not intending to shoot himself. The stags were head on about 125 yards away, and the further one having what appeared to be the better head, I fired at him with my 35 Winchester. The first shot missed, the second broke the hind leg and the third dropped him. Bolling when he saw that the foremost stag did not go down after I had fired two shots, and thinking that that was the one at which I was shooting, since it had a fair head with the horns peeled and was now making off fast across him, could not resist and cut loose with four shots, the first two high, as he was well below us and the third and fourth from his Krag striking, the fourth just right through the fore shouldered making the big animal turn a complete somersault. The heads were very pretty with 23 or 24 points but we were both rather ashamed of our shooting.

Rain coming on again, we made camp nearby in a grove of birch and all night the water came down in sheets, and though the tents leaked, we built a hot fire and made a good long night of it.

September 13th. Bolling and I had wanted to go up on the barrens before breakfast, but there was such a gale that we gave it up and were off down river about 9 o'clock. After a half a mile we ran into a long heavy rapid with a drop of 50 feet in a third of a mile. Had to unload twice but were able to lower the loaded boats over the rest of the pitch. The sixty-foot lines attached to the stern of the canoes were invaluable. Where the water was so heavy the boats could not make it with men and loads, we would get out on the rocks and decide on the best plans to run the boats, one of us taking the line coiled on his arm and standing on a rock a little above the drop while another got the canoe pointed, shoved it into the current which caught it and swept it over the fall. Should there be a succession of falls and the canoe taking them while the man on shore or on the rock with the rope had to keep up with the boat many and startling were the jumps and splashes that we made in working through these gorges. With a heavy current sweeping the boat, it would not do to tighten up on the rope unless the boat was true with the current or except in a case of absolute necessity to keep it from coming to grief on a rock, and even then the rope had to be tightened very carefully to avoid an upset. A very strong head wind made it harder to keep sufficient headway in quick-water this morning, and on account of the many deep holes, a pole was not practical.

Three miles more of good strong water, which Bolling and John were able to run under the paddle. About one o'clock, we reached the head of a long narrow lake where the wind had kicked up such a sea that it was impossible to

proceed. Went ashore, and while the men cooked lunch in the lee of a spruce covered point, Bolling and I went up on the barrens, but saw nothing, possibly owing to the heavy wind. After lunch, the gale easing a little, we were able to set out down the lake, but it was slow work, with all the strength we had going into every stroke of the paddle, making barely three miles in two hours. The lake now opened out and was white with breaking seas. Landing in the shelter of a point, we walked across a marsh, beautiful with waving grass in the bright sunlight to see the body of a big lake ahead. As it was late in the afternoon, we looked around for a camping spot, and after several attempts, found one some hundred yards from the shore in the thick spruce growth. The lake is surrounded by great barren rocky hills with wide sweeps of marsh between, and it runs on for several miles with many wooded points or islands. The rain came on again at supper-time, and in an hour was pouring down.

September 14th. Waked to find it blowing hard and overcast. The men were doubtful about going down the lake, but we finally packed up and got away, dodging along from point to point, getting as much shelter as we could and made the outlet rather nearer than we had thought. Entering the river again, there was a rough falls where we had to unload with the same operation a short distance below, then a mile of river and another lake about three miles long.

The wind was tearing up a great sea; but the sun had come out. Landing behind a hillock, we saw more lake ahead and tried to go behind a marsh and come out into the lake again so as to have shelter, but there was no exit, and we were obliged to come back and take the other shore behind an island. Coming out, we encountered some heavy seas and had all the canoes could stand weathering each point. Fortunately, the water was shallow about five feet over the flat yellow sand bottom where the waves were steep and breaking, but we could take chances here. With wind which was on the quarter, paddles would hardly hold the boats up to it but poles did, and we reached the lower end of the lake only to find we had to come back about half way on the left or southeast shore to find the outlet. Down river a short distance and cooked lunch under some larch trees. From here on the river was broad and deep, with flood water probably two feet above normal, rapids from three to four hundreds yards, some of which, we ran under paddles, some under pole and some so rough that the canoes had to be lowered on ropes. After four or five miles, we ran into a beautiful little lake with groves of large white birch along the shore, out of which the river flowed in a splendid big stream but full of rapids with some nasty pitches over which the canoes were lowered, and in one of which, my boat had a close call from being swamped. High mountains ahead begin to persuade us that we were nearing the coast. One of two axe marks on logs show that people have been here.

Although we had fishing gear along, we also had food at this time and were too tired and busy in making camp to have energy left for what was not strictly necessary. In addition our clothes were wet to the waist, and with the sun going down, the most comfortable place was near the fire.

(To be continued)



Surely A Remarkable Fox Hound

By Jno. F. Draughon.

Four miles south of Nashville is my residence where I keep from twenty-five to forty fox hounds. About ten days ago, I was chasing a fox eight miles out on the Hillsboro Pike. I was within 200 yards of the dogs when the race ended. They were opening as though they were looking at the fox. All the dogs that were in this pack except one came to me, and thinking that one had harked to some more of my dogs that were trailing another fox in a different section, and not having fully recovered from a fractured shoulder, I left several of my dogs in the woods.

Next day they were all in except one—a large, white gyp, eighteen months old, named Grace, a grand-daughter of Woolridge's Calvin. The following evening I phoned a friend of mine, Mr. R. M. Goodrich, a roofing contractor who is a fox-hunter, and asked him if he was going out. He told me he was, and it developed that he was going to the place where I lost my dog. I told him that all of my dogs had returned except one, and that she was in a race that ended at the east end of "Rabbit Alley." I asked Mr. Goodrich to listen for my dog and see if he could find her there. Late that night Mr. Goodrich came to my home, awoke me, and said that he had found my dog but he couldn't get her as she was up in a tree. He located her by hearing her howl while his dogs were running.

I went with Mr. Goodrich to the place and the dog was still in the tree. After considerable

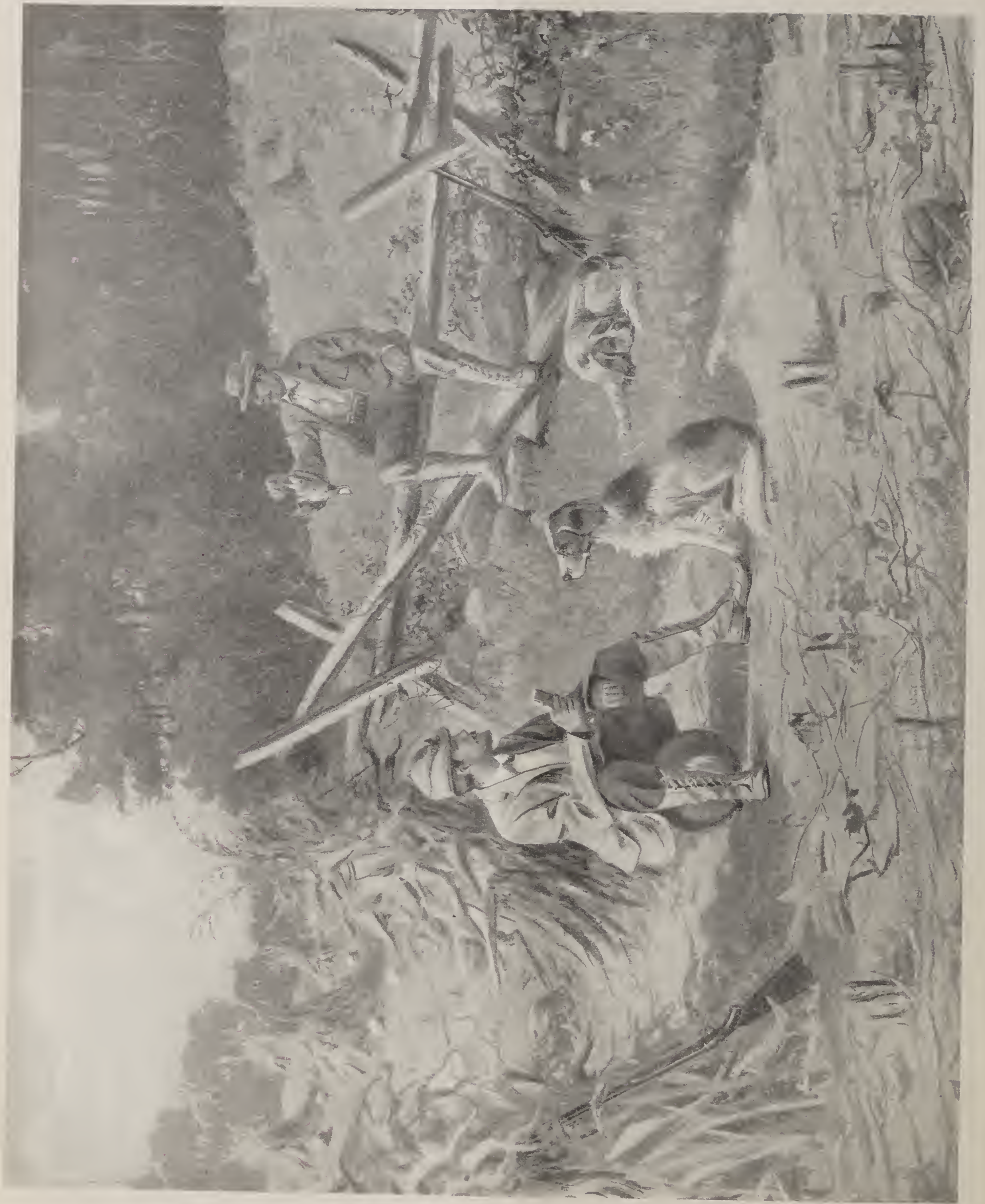
effort, Mr. Goodrich finally made his way to the first limb of the tree, which was twelve feet from the ground, and worked his way to the dog. He then eased her down by the use of a rope. Having a tapeline with him, he measured the distance from the ground to where the dog was, and it measured twenty-seven feet. The body of the tree, two feet from the ground, measured ten feet in circumference; it had only about ten per cent. slant; hence, it was almost a perpendicular tree.

It is supposed that the fox went up the tree, and the dog at one leap reached the first limb, and then limb by limb gradually worked her way to the three prongs where she was found resting, although the space from the prongs in which she was resting to the first limb below was nearly six feet.

The three prongs leading from the body of the tree had considerable bend, hence the dog may have gone higher and on her return to the body of the tree found it so straight she didn't feel safe in going lower unaided.

When she reached the ground, she immediately went to a certain place under the tree and tried to trail the fox. I suppose that on the previous day she saw the fox jump from the tree and remembered where he hit the ground; but the track was so cold she could not work it off. She had been in the tree thirty-four hours when she was rescued.

A dog that would make the effort she made to get a fox surely has the desire to mouth one. Nashville, Tennessee, April 27, 1915.

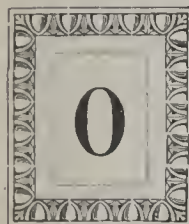


“When the Frost is on the Pumpkin and the Corn is in the Shock.”

"Wets" Versus "Drys"—The Case of The Plaintiff

The "Gentle" and "Modest" Dry Fly Man Is At It Again!

By Charles Zibeon Southard



H! My brother users of the wet fly, of what cheap and ordinary clay are we! Perhaps you do not realize how ordinary! For that reason I would call to your attention how graciously this "subtle relative" of ours, the dry fly man, in a recent article sets us down. At first he is really quite decent, fair and truthful, in his statements about the wet fly and then he proceeds to condemn and relegate it to the level of bait fishing. The fairness, truthfulness and apparent goodfellowship that is found in his first remarks about the wet fly is almost beyond belief; and one wonders if a "change of heart" has taken place, until you discover by further reading of the article its real sentiments. This is what he first has to say:

In order to increase the pleasure to be derived from the pastime of angling for trout it is wisdom's verdict, accepted to-day by many sportsmen, to use the dry fly whenever conditions will warrant the dry fly's supremacy.

That these conditions do not always exist the dry fly angler will admit, for there are times when the wet fly will catch more trout than will the dry fly at that particular time; but, on the other hand, there are also other times and conditions when the dry fly will do more effective work than will the wet enticer.

It is therefore again wisdom's verdict that the fly fisherman should use the dry as well as the wet fly without any consideration whatever of the relative pleasure in fishing with either the dry or the wet fly, the verdict being the possibility of capture by both flies.

Could anything have been said more fair and true about fly fishing than these words express

and where is to be found an experienced wet fly angler who would change a single expression?

There can be no difference of opinion in the slightest degree as to these statements, for time and experience, the two all important factors in most things, have proved them true beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Having thus written so fairly, does it not seem as if "wisdom's verdict" should be to leave un-said such remarks as these? Again I quote:

Why should a fisherman not derive pleasure from the method of capture as well as capture alone? The desire immersed entirely in capture must result very often in disgust to the wet fly fisherman, for often the trout caught is small and worthless, and should be put back in the water. But is it? Very often not, for the grab-all wet fly fisherman's sole desire is to fill the creel, which is done without any consideration of the fact that the bunch of trout caught is a worthless mess; while, on the other hand, nine times out of ten the trout caught with a dry fly is of a fair size and is worth keeping!

Certainly an angler, all anglers, have a decided right to fish with either the wet or the dry fly, whichever one they prefer and it is well for any angler to learn all he possibly can about both methods so that he will be able to use the one best suited to the waters it is his good fortune to fish.

But to say that the dry fly angling, *per se*, gives more pleasure to the fisherman of experience than does the wet fly is to put forth a claim and assume a position, as against the real facts, which stamps the claimant as being biased and arrogant in the extreme. To attribute to the wet fly fishermen the motive that they are interested

'entirely in capture' of trout is deliberately unfair because it is not true.

There are just as many high minded, educated, refined, and nature-loving anglers that fish with the wet fly as are to be found in the ranks of the dry fly men and to charge such motives to the wet fly anglers shows a lamentable lack of knowledge upon the subject of wet fly fishing.

"One swallow does not make a summer" and just because an occasional angler, be he a wet or dry fly fisherman, falls from grace and forgets the ethics of sport the thousands of well intentioned angling sportsmen are not to be condemned.

My own experience has been, covering a period of many years, on many waters and for three months of each year, that fly fishermen in the great majority of cases do not deliberately and needlessly kill trout. I have too high an opinion of fly fishermen as a class to believe for one moment that they wantonly kill trout when by so doing they are deliberately destroying their own sport.

Wet fly anglers will be interested in the following remarks, especially those who fly fish in Maine and Canadian waters, year after year, and they can best judge the accuracy of the statements.

Most of the trout fishing done on our Northern waters and in Canada is done with the wet fly, and many large and good trout are caught there. But is this large catch solely the result of the superiority of the wet fly? Not at all. This large catch is the result of these waters being crowded full of trout, and when a trout is surrounded on all sides by his many brothers, if he sees an object in the water which he thinks is food he makes an immediate dash for it, so that he will get it before some other brother does!

It matters but little what the fly is or how well or poorly it is cast in order to capture under these conditions, and a trout thus caught with the wet fly does not prove its superiority to the dry fly, because when the dry fly is used on these same waters, which is now being often done, just as many, if not more, are caught.

It is indeed quite true that the wet fly is largely used in Maine and Canada as well as in many other states and that many large trout are caught with them. The mere catching of large trout or trout in great number, without knowing the attendant circumstances or conditions, most certainly cannot be laid to the superiority of either the wet or the dry fly.

In the case cited, however, trout are caught in these waters and they are caught with the wet fly, solely because the trout will rise to the wet fly and will seldom rise to the dry fly, therefore in such cases the wet fly must necessarily be called superior to the dry fly. As to such a thing as a positive superiority between the wet



Wet or Dry? Take Your Choice.



Looks Like a Good Dry Fly Proposition.

and the dry fly, solely as such, I for one think there is no such distinction. As to the relative superiority of the wet or dry fly when they are fished by experienced exponents of each method of fishing it all depends, in my judgment, on the character of the waters fished and the attendant conditions of time, wind and weather.

There is no occasion as a matter of fact for any angler to set up the claim that one method is superior to the other because in the large majority of cases they cannot both be applied with success on the same waters at the same time.

What the wet fly anglers claim is not that the wet fly is superior to the dry fly but that the dry fly is not superior to the wet. In other words they claim no superiority either way.

They have been and are perfectly satisfied to live at peace with the dry fly men but they are not willing to remain silent under a fire of misstatements and in many cases abuse. They have no bone to pick but they will not be picked upon themselves by the dry fly advocates without defending their position, first, last and at all times.

The claim made by the wet fly anglers when attacked by the dry fly writers is, that the wet fly method of fly fishing is just as scientific and requires just as much skill and knowledge of the art of fly fishing as does the dry fly method. They do not claim "the earth and the fullness thereof" but they do claim the right to the enjoyment of their sport just the same as the dry fly man and this without fear and without favor.

Would it be asking too much on behalf of the wet fly men for information about where the trout waters are located which are spoken of in this manner. Remember it is positive information that is asked for, not hearsay.

This large catch is the result of these waters being crowded full of trout, and when trout are surrounded on all sides by his many brothers, if he sees an object in the water which he thinks is food he makes an immediate dash for it, so that he will get it before some other brother does!

The wet fly men would also like to know *just one lake or stream in the State of Maine* where the dry fly, fished as a dry fly, is used and catches "just as many, if not more" trout than the wet fly. The dry fly is used on some waters of Maine but it has not proved during its use in the last six years one-fifth part as successful as the wet fly. The dry fly has met with more success on Grand Lake Stream than anywhere else but even there not more than half the time was it fished as a dry fly, dry.

"Please pass the decanter, Mr. Wet Fly!" How nice this sounds among friends! What pleasure the wet and the dry might enjoy together if only the decanter could be passed between them under surroundings of goodfellowship. But now? Oh no, Mr. Dry Fly! Nothing doing after reading some of these lines which I now quote:

The dry fly angler derives much of the pleasure of the pastime of angling from the concentration of his mind and eye on the floating fly, also in the manner in which it should be placed upon the water, for the fly is always within his sight, placed upon the water as lightly as a feather, and then moving downstream in much the same manner as does a natural insect—*while the wet fly fisherman splashes his fly into the water, it sinks and is often out of his sight, he moves it around with the action of the rod, very often pulling the fly upstream, contrary to natural insect action, most of the time does not know where his fly is, very much after the manner of fishing with bait, and very often does not see the trout at all, and only knows the trout has taken the fly when there is a sudden tension on the line.* The dry fly method of fishing is of the far superior order in regard to all these considerations, and hence the dry fly method increases largely the pleasure to be derived from the pastime of angling, while the results of capture by both wet and dry flies are about on an equal basis!

The acceptance of these facts, followed by the proof of trial, will be a source of satisfaction, for all wise fishermen catch all ideas they can, and then increase their catch of fish! Acknowledged!

Acknowledged! By whom? The author of the article? Of course! Certainly no self-respecting wet fly angler would be hypocrite

enough to subscribe to such a bunch of misstatements. The author's attitude in regard to fly fishing as set forth in the portions of the article I have quoted, remind me of two old men in the country who had a difference, one said he was extremely desirous of being fair about the matter and invited the other to his house for a discussion. The meeting took place at the appointed time and as showing his fairness the host said: "Now let us discuss this matter impartially and dispassionately! In the first place you don't know a damn thing about it."

It seems, judging from the article in question that the wet fly angler has no mind and no eye and no ability, but on the contrary the dry fly angler, because he is a dry fly angler, is blessed with all these attributes and therefore assumes the divine right to render wisdom's verdicts, *ad libitum*.

It may be possible that perhaps a "higher court" will reverse the "lower" and say that while there may be a question as to the same equality of fishing ability on the part of the wet fly angler yet there seems to be sufficient evidence to warrant the conclusion that he at all events has some mind.

While I will not at this time pass the decanter although I hope to do so before "my rod is laid away for ever." I will differentially take off my hat to you, Mr. Dry Fly Writer, if you will kindly reconcile these two statements.

— while the results of capture by both the wet and dry flies are about on an equal basis!

— while the wet fly fisherman *splashes his fly into the water, it sinks and is often out of his sight, he moves it around with the action of the rod, very often pulling the fly upstream, contrary to natural insect action, most of the time does not know where his fly is, very much after the manner of fishing with bait, and very often does not see the trout at all, and only knows the trout has taken the fly when there is a sudden tension on the line.*

If wet fly fishing was carried on as here described, by the anglers who practice the wet fly

method, there would not be enough trout caught in all the trout waters of the United States in one season to keep this branch of angling alive. It would have a sudden and peaceful death with but few mourners, if any, and among the few not a single dry fly man.

Let me say to you Mr. Dry Fly Writer of this article to which I take exception, as I took exception to the one you published three years ago, that you make a great error in not playing the game fair and thus needlessly arousing a just feeling of resentment among the many users of the wet fly.

I realize fully that you are an ardent admirer of the dry fly and that you wish others to enjoy "the glorious sport with the floating and almost living fly" but to attain your end you have adopted questionable tactics to say the least.

No angler just because he uses the wet fly cares to be knocked down, walked on, told he is a bait fisherman and if he wishes to become a true fly fisherman he must give up wet fly fishing and use the dry fly.

All this talk is useless for it accomplishes no good results; first, because it wins no converts; second because it creates friction unnecessarily; and third because it acts like a boomerang returning only to discredit the source from whence it came. There is ample room for the wet and the dry fly method of fly fishing; they both have great merit and each is scientific, requiring great skill and knowledge to properly and successfully apply them. They are in no sense competitors for as a rule both methods can seldom be used upon the same waters at the same time to advantage.

For the good of the entire angling fraternity, the younger generation of anglers, the older and more seasoned fly fishermen and for the greater glory of the clean and dignified sport, let us do away with this eternal controversy of the "Dry Fly-vs-Wet Fly" by uniting all of our efforts in establishing the "Universal Angler," who will use each method of fly fishing as his fancy and judgment dictates without prejudice or ill will toward either.

On this basis, Mr. Dry Fly Man, I will not only pass the decanter and heartily join hands with you but I will drink a "bumper" and yet another "bumper" to you and the "Universal Angler" who not only has a part but the whole world as a fishing ground.

"Spoon Victuals" Seemed to Agree with this Pike

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The average fisherman sees stranger things sometimes than he tells about, even though proverbially accused of enthusiastic exaggeration. Probably every man who has cast a line has lost his tackle through the breaking away of a fish, and many have afterward recaptured these fish with hooks embedded in the mouth.

I send you herewith a photograph of a troll I took last year from the lower jaw of a big pike in a Canadian lake. Pete, the guide, and I, had some business down one of the lakes near where we were encamped and as Pete was doing the paddling I sat idly in the canoe and more from force of habit than in the hope of catching any fish, I was casting a fly—a red Ibis, if I remember rightly—here and there on the water. Northern pike as a rule do not rise to a fly, but in this instance one did, and after a lively fight I scooped him into the canoe. He was apparently about a four-pound specimen, plump and fat, and through his lower jaw the big troll, as per picture, was hanging. The queer part of the story is that the hooks were all inside the lower jaw and the troll was protruding through at full length. Evidently it had been imbedded there a long time, for a round smooth hole had been worn through the horny substance of the lower jaw and the troll was swinging at full length. The photograph makes the troll look better than it appeared, for the lure was a homemade specimen, the wire being roughly twisted and the spoon of rough tin, as though cut from a can. As the lake in which the pike was caught is never fished, the supposition is that some passing Indian had lost his tackle when he hooked the fish.

While the Northern pike is usually *anathema* to the fisherman, I took particular pleasure in this case in relieving the poor devil of his jewelry attachment and turning him loose in the water uninjured. It may be fancy, but I believe honestly that the wiggle of the tail of that pike as he disappeared into the water expressed as much thanks and gratitude as any fish, even of a higher order than the pike, could be expected to show.



"Spoon Victuals"

Naturally all this brings up the question whether fish suffer pain when hooked. The writer will not go into the question at length, as it has been discussed ever since the time when "Polyphemus bobbed for whales" and will be discussed till the end of time. We know that the large predatory fishes seem almost insensible to wounds, for a shark will continue feeding even after it has been ripped open, and it is a common experience to pick up trout almost immediately after they have snapped the line or leader, with the fly dangling from the mouth. Those who are not acquainted with the sport, and particularly the feminine portion of the family, usually upbraid anglers for their cruelty, but the charge cannot be well sustained. The real cruelty of anglers arises from ignorance and indifference, as with the man who will drag fish out of the water and leave them to gasp out their lives in a creel or on the bank. This sort of individual should be barred from the fraternity. It is so easy to despatch a fish that no excuse remains for him who tosses his victim to one side and allows it to gasp out its life in miserable torture. A short billet or piece of wood applied with a few brisk strokes just back of the eyes is a merciful application, or the blade of a sharp pen-knife, the point of which will touch the spine, is equally efficacious. If you want to keep your fish, try either of these methods as soon as the catch is taken off the hook. This shows the spirit of the true angler—the other fellow is not an angler—he is a butcher pure and simple, and can never belong to the brotherhood.

OLD CAMPER.

In flush times successful advertisers plug hard, because the going's good. In slack season, they plug harder, so they get theirs. One of the best mediums you can have plugging for you is *Forest and Stream*.

The history of successful advertisers varies in many details, but is surprisingly alike in one essential. They keep everlastingly at it!

The Private Fish Pond—A Neglected Resource

It Is Possible to Establish These at Little Cost, and with the Certainty of Pleasure and Profit

By C. H. Townsend, Director of the New York Aquarium



THE possibilities of small fish ponds as sources of food for the people have received little consideration in this country and the actual breeding and maturing of fishes in such ponds is an art which we have yet to put in practice. While certain foreign countries have long profited by the art of private fish culture, and have furnished notable examples, our own facilities for this industry have been neglected. It is probable that our resources in this respect are greater than those of other countries, as the United States already lays claim to the most extensive fish cultural operations carried on in the world, and nowhere is there so large a body of professional fish culturists as that connected with our national and state fishery commissions.

In these times when the value of running streams for water power is being widely con-

sidered, the possessors of brooks, springs and small lakes should be awakened to the value of their home resources for water farming.

It is gratifying to note that trout culture, in the hands of the private citizen, is making some progress in Massachusetts and adjacent states, and may today be found in American journals devoted to fish and game. Trout culture is, however, a branch of the work which requires special conditions, such as purity of water, comparatively low temperature, the construction of buildings and artificial fertilization. The possibilities for the private or commercial culture of many other kinds of fishes, which are more widely distributed than the trouts can be cultivated by simpler methods, should receive serious consideration. North America is abundantly supplied with hardy fishes which are available for this purpose. There are no serious difficulties in the way of obtaining them for breed-

ing, and under cultivation they would yield a food supply which would supplement to an important degree that derived from the public fisheries.

My connection with a public aquarium has brought me into correspondence with many persons who have desired to undertake the raising of fishes, but whose efforts have been limited to the mere stocking of natural ponds. Comparatively few have realized the necessity of proper equipment and actual cultivation, which involve the complete control of the waters and of the fishes contained therein. Very little can be accomplished with a single natural pond; it is necessary to have several artificial ponds which can be readily controlled, while the various operations of pond culture, require frequent attention and considerable manual labor.

The requirements for the successful management of several kinds of pond fishes have already been worked out at public fish hatcheries



and there is more or less official information on the subject. It is not necessary at present to give instances where success has been achieved; my object, as already stated, is to keep before the public the fact that success in private fish culture is possible and that considerable fish food may be produced with the same amount of labor and intelligent effort that is necessary for the raising of fowls. There has been much agitation over the high cost of living, and it is time to consider what the individual citizen can do in the way of assisting in the production of fish food.

In some of the countries of central Europe the cultivation of fishes in private waters has been going on for centuries. In Austria and Germany fish farming, as it is often called, is a common industry. While it is much practiced by small land owners, there are many large estates which maintain hundreds of ponds in active cultivation. Much of this private fish culture is based on the various forms of the carp, but other European fishes are also cultivated for sale, such as the tench, ide, rudd, bream perch and pike. Some European fish culturists are now raising American basses and perches. There are many villages in Austria where fish ponds are maintained at the expense of the community. In view of these facts, it is remarkable that immigrants from Europe have neglected to practice their ancient art in pond culture in this country.

Aside from commercial trout raising, which is practiced to a limited extent, we have nothing of such pond culture in America. Our numerous fish hatcheries maintained under the direction of state commissions are devoted almost entirely to the stocking of public waters with young fishes. Very little of the product is reared to maturity and none of it is sent to market direct. If our fish culturists could be commanded to bring their annual yield of fry to maturity and deliver it to the market, they would be at a loss how to proceed. We are really not fish raisers, but producers of fry. At that stage our efforts cease. The rest is left to nature, and negligently cast into waters that we imperfectly protect and utterly neglect to keep pure. While our achievements in public fish hatching are notable, private fish culture has made no headway. A few of our state fish commissioners are making efforts in pond culture for the benefit of farming communities, notably in Kansas, and it will be interesting to observe what progress can be made. Perhaps the vast natural yield from our coast, lake and river fisheries is responsible for the lack of private effort.

Our fish supply, in general, is large and well distributed, but we could consume a much greater supply, especially in view of the fact that in some sections the natural supply is being depleted by over fishing and pollution of waters. There are many sections of the country inadequately supplied with fish food which could be produced locally by pond cultivation and such supplies would find convenient home markets.

It is possible for the private citizen to obtain pond fishes for breeding purposes, but he needs assistance and direction. Object lessons on approved methods of fish culture could be obtained by visiting public hatcheries, but this is not likely to be undertaken. It would be advantageous to the country if state fish commis-

sions generally could supply the coarser fishes for cultivation in private waters and furnish the public free information as to the methods to be followed.

We should not rest content with the mere fact that such information exists in public documents. The edition of state documents are neither large nor well distributed, and rural populations may remain unaware that useful fishery information may be had for the asking. State fish commissions should not only prepare inexpensive pamphlets on the cultivation of common fishes, but see that they reach many communities and be announced and reviewed by the rural press everywhere. Model ponds distributed about the state for demonstrative work would, of course, be educational, like agricultural colleges and state experiment farms. I am not prepared to set forth the best means of doing this work, perhaps no two states would undertake it the same way.

I am convinced that some of the energy put

into the production of fry is misdirected. The output is amazing. Practically all of it is hurried into the nearest river and none of it raised. We are all doing about the same thing and have settled into the rut of fish hatching in hatchery buildings. No one is doing anything new except as connected with the competition for increased output.

Having practiced these wholesale methods for two or three decades, let us now consider whether we might not profit by a little less fish hatching and a little more fish raising. Does salvation lie only in a multiplicity of expensive Federal and state hatcheries? If our fishery establishments were equipped to raise and market one per cent. of the fry now being hatched and liberated, might not the quantity of food thus produced exceed that which eventually reaches market by way of the public waters? Let us simplify our art and teach it to the people, for they can surely help in the production of fish food.

The Fighting Qualities of the Hawaiian Game Fish

One perfect day in March last—such as is known only in Hawaii—four members of the Hawaii Tuna Club, E. H. Paris, Gerrit P. Wilder, the President of the Club, George Gooke and Theodore Cooke, decided, after business hours, to put in a couple of hours at their favorite sport with rod and reel off the Honolulu harbor. A mile offshore the green and opalescent shadings of the shallow waters of the bay change abruptly to the deep blues of the fifty fathom line. With a hundred feet of cuttyhunk trolling along in the wake of the slowly moving launch, and the rays of the setting sun adding to the revel of tropical color along the shore, there was no place for thoughts of war and turmoil in the minds of these anglers. In these same waters, where they were again to try their luck, many a hard tussle had been had with the dolphin, albacore, bonito, barracuda and ulua.

As all game fishermen with rod and reel know, the unexpected happens with a startling suddenness. No sooner had the party settled down to business, when the reel of Paris' rod began to screech and hundreds of feet of line were fast disappearing over the side of the boat. With rod bending double, he succeeded in stopping the line at five hundred feet. The well hooked fish made a leap in the air and then doubled back toward the launch. Reeling desperately to get in the slack, Paris brought the fish within a hundred feet of the boat; here it plunged into the blue sea. It rose to the surface again some three hundred feet out, and again made for the launch. It doubled and plunged and rose clear of the water repeatedly, and it was fully thirty minutes before the game monster was brought alongside the boat. Here the fish thrashed the water into a spume and made frantic rushes to free itself from the hook. After it was gaffed and hauled on board, the fish showed more gameness, and before it was quieted down, it had turned the deck into a shambles. Paris, the hero of the the occasion, was exhausted.

The fish belongs to the genus *Acanthocybium Gill*, and is a remarkable one, marking a long

step from *Scomberomorus* toward the type of swordfishes. It is a very large mackerel-like fish, widely distributed and especially abundant about the Florida Straits. The game fighter which Paris hooked was the *Acanthocybium solandri*, of a steel-blue color, with fins like the body. It is known by the Hawaiian name Ono, and which was said by the ancient Hawaiians to be the parent of the Opelu (mackerel). The fish was over 50 inches in length and was caught with the regulation light tackle. Many similar species have been brought to the markets at Honolulu and Lahaina by the Japanese, being caught trolling from their motor sampans, but this was the first occasion the Ono had been landed with rod and reel. The bait used was the brown tail feathers of a domestic fowl, with a tarpon hook.

H. GOODING FIELD,
Secretary, Hawaii Tuna Club, Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii.

A READER FOR 42 YEARS.

Covina, Cal., April 22, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Having been one of your oldest subscribers, a personal friend of Emerson Hough, Mr. Waters, Mr. Colville and other old-timers of the *Forest and Stream*, I want to congratulate you on the change of form. I kept *Forest and Stream* in bound form, from Vol. 1, No. 1, for twenty years, and on moving to California gave them to a friend.

E. H. LAHEE,
President, Covina Public Library.

ACTUALLY TELLS A MAN SOMETHING.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I think your paper is fine. I like the things that actually tell a man something, and not a lot of tommyrot, or a bunch of cheap stories not worth anyone's time to read. I consider *Forest and Stream* a high class magazine, and do not want to be without it; but I also liked it four times a month and did not even think of discontinuing it on account of that. Wishing you success, I am,

M. E. WISE.



The Bass Is King Again

JUNE marks the opening of the bass season in most northern States. Reams of poetry and tomes of ponderous wisdom have been accumulating for centuries on the subject of trout and the joys of capturing him, but the literature of the black bass, while modern in nature, from the fact that the bass is not a world-wide fish, is also growing apace. Dr. Henshall was the first American author to give the bass a proper place in angling literature. It is only fair to say, however, that the bass had been sung in song and stories for many years—prior to the time perhaps when the learned Doctor bent his first pin and impaled thereon the wriggling angling worm.

Some people of idle mind and superficial view call the black bass the fish of the bourgeoisie, reserving to the trout the title of real aristocracy of game fishes. This is snobbishness of the most flagrant kind. Never has there been born a man too good to fish for bass, and never to the end of time, or until the streams of earthly joy are merged in the pleasant channels of celestial existence, will such a condition arise. At the risk of incurring the wrath of the trout fisherman; at the risk also of inviting the sneer of the army that goes forth to tackle the lordly aristocrats of the sea, we repeat with good Dr. Henshall his famous dictum, "Inch for inch and pound for pound," the bass is the "gamest fish that swims." He takes the fly like the trout, he fights the fight of the warrior, he leaps like the silvery salmon of the Atlantic, and when he lowers his colors in defeat, proud is the victory of him who has accomplished the capture. But ye who love him—and all men should—be generous in your campaign against this noble American representative of the finny tribe. He is as the gift of gods to humanity, a delight that makes earthly existence more tolerable and keeps the blood and vim of youth across the path of advancing age.

The Real Friends of Game Laws

HATS off to the sportsmen who have worked faithfully during the past winter and passing spring to induce the legislatures of the different States to strengthen the game laws. In the majority of instances they have been successful, and as the records of the different State assemblies come to hand, it is plain that an era of better game protection is dawning. We have held always and have proved the point time after time that the real friend of game and fish conservation is the sportsman. Be his interest selfish or unselfish—and nine times out of ten, his enthusiasm partakes not of the selfish spirit—the fact stands out that it is to him in a larger measure than he is ever given credit for, that we have as much wild life left in the country as reported to-day.

Who has fought year after year to shorten the game season, to limit the bag, and stop the sale of game? The sportsman, individually and through his associations. We will not deny to

other organizations or other individuals the fullest measure of assistance and results, but the real hunter and the real angler have borne the brunt of the fight.

Take for instance the new Pennsylvania game law, which was put through the legislature largely through the work of the Wild Life League of that commonwealth. Pennsylvania, one of the largest States in population in the Union, has inaugurated a movement which will largely increase its game resources. The establishment of refuges in the different counties, the close protection of these areas by appointed wardens and the strict enforcement of seasonal shooting, is no longer an experiment. Under the new law the refuge idea will be extended to cover the whole State and with the sentiment of organized sportsmen behind the plan, Pennsylvania will become again one of the great game States of this country. The most notable victory from one standpoint was the success which Pennsylvania sportsmen met with in wringing from unwilling political hands some three hundred thousand dollars of excess license revenue, which otherwise would have been diverted from game protective purposes to separate funds. In the light of past experience this news seems almost too good to be true. In Minnesota the legislature has been induced to adopt the game refuge idea; Michigan has already put it into force, not to mention other States where progress is being made along the same lines.

It may be argued that these measures come late in the day and are made necessary only by the excesses of the past. That is not the point; the cheering fact is that the sportsmen of to-day are a unity in favor of game conservation and they are numerous enough and influential enough to establish, through commonsense conservation, their right to reasonable recreation and its continuance in the future.

No Passports Required

FROM some source or other, rumor has gone abroad that intending visitors from the United States to Canada will be required this summer, or during the continuance of the war which unfortunately affects our Dominion neighbors, to obtain passport privileges for use at the frontier. We are very glad to be able to deny these rumors. Not only will no passports be required, but Canada extends to her American brethren and sisters a very hearty invitation to visit her lakes and rivers and other resorts during the coming season. The larger this army of invasion, the better will our neighbors like it. *Forest and Stream* readers therefore may make their usual over-the-border preparations in full security. We might add, also, as a corollary to the passport question, that no extradition papers will be required to bring home any of the summer outdoor tourists from the Dominion. The outdoor man and the outdoor woman are not of that variety of citizenship.

Maine's Closed Moose Season

MAINE has placed a closed season of five years on moose. This legislation was not enacted any too soon—in fact, complaint has been made that all the good heads had disappeared from that State and that the results of several recent years of hunting have not been worth while. It is idle to discuss that phase of the question now, but it is a certainty that when the open season is proclaimed again,

Maine will be restocked plentifully with the grandest game animal on the American continent. The laws of the future may never be relaxed to the extent that prevailed in the past, but immense regions in Maine, which seem to have been designed for the subsistence and perpetuation of the moose, ought to be a guarantee not only of future sport, but with anything like proper conservation methods, the permanent restocking of one of the best hunting regions in the country.

Fur-Farming

THE breeding of fur-bearing animals in confinement for profit is a subject that is arousing more and more interest, and much experimenting is being done in this direction. If we could credit the newspaper statements of the enormous profits made from fox breeding, and the great prices said to be received for living animals sold for breeding purposes, we should all desert our ordinary occupations and take to fur farming.

Obviously, however, the matter is still in the experimental stage, though it has received some attention for many years. As long ago as July 2, 1874, *Forest and Stream* printed an article on the breeding of minks in confinement, and since that time many people have tried their hands at it.

Before a recent meeting of the Biological Society of Washington, Ned Dearborn, of the Biological Survey, who for some time has been experimenting with minks, read a paper which gave some interesting notes on the breeding of this species in captivity. He spoke of certain of the mink's habits, of its profound diurnal sleep, its polygamous nature, and the fact that it seems to like the same food as cats. The number of young at a birth is from one to eight. The eyes of the young remain closed for one month after birth. The young may be weaned at the age of six weeks. Minks breed when a year old, and their fur is suitable for market at a year and a half. Different foods do not seem to affect the quality of the fur. Finally, Dr. Dearborn concludes that the breeding of minks for commercial purposes is possible.

All this is extraordinarily interesting and suggestive. It is well within the bounds of possibility that a time may be coming when the fur markets of the world will be in great measure supplied from animals reared in captivity.

A New Idea For Refuges

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

At the Genesee County Home (otherwise the Poor House), there are about 300 acres of land. The Board of Supervisors have dedicated this as a bird and game refuge for ten years and the Conservation Commission has so declared it, according to the Conservation Law. The Supervisors also appointed a Committee with power to act and 31,000 trees have been ordered for reforestation. There probably are certain portions of the land at nearly every County Home throughout New York State which are untillable and suitable for reforestation and bird and game refuges. The reforestation is a matter of investment the Boards of Supervisors can not afford to overlook.

While a gain to the sportsman in the matter of game birds and game, the refuge will be of much more benefit to the farmers on account of the protection to the insectivorous and song birds. Here is a matter for all sportsmen's associations throughout the State to look into.

CHAS. W. GARDINER, President.



Real Wolves and Some Sportsmen

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The unsigned article called "Wolf Biography," in the Natural History section of the May number of *Forest and Stream*, raises three issues: one of literary plagiarism, another of personal slander, and a third of deer anatomy. Only the last has any place in natural history or in a sportsman's journal, but since the others are now involved they call for frank speaking.

Your contributor gave a few quotations from a recent work on big game, which might indicate that the author has been helping himself to my observations. That is an old story. Many other writers have done the same thing in sporting magazines and books of natural history. The only interesting feature of the phenomenon is this: that among these sportsmen and naturalists who crib my material I recognize several who once joined in an outcry against certain of my observations which seemed to imply that the animals have some rudimentary reasoning power; and the self-constituted authorities of that day were cocksure that the lower orders are wholly governed by instinct. Yesterday they followed the principle that "among wolves one must howl a little"; to-day they are silently appropriating the very stuff that occasioned the howling.

This is sweet revenge to me, and sweet flattery, but it is not very sportsmanlike. Morally, it is wrong to use another man's work without giving due credit, and practically, you can never "get away with it." Plagiarism is always found out.



Figure 1—Wedged Shaped Chest.

The second issue is of slander, and slander is like a crab in that it lives by hiding, scoots either way with equal facility, has plenty of legs to run away with, and if you scotch it by nipping off its claws, it promptly grows another set. It

dedicated" article raised an issue over the record that a big wolf had killed a young bull caribou (not a "big bull," as he misquotes) by biting into the chest; and that to meet the issue I said I "could get the affidavit of a man, who knew of another man, who had seen an ordinary wolf instantly kill a big horse by biting into the heart with a single snap." Nothing of the kind was ever by me said or written or implied. The



Figure 2—Showing How Near Heart is to Surface.

was inevitable that the writer of your wolf article should reveal his hidden purpose in characteristic fashion. First, he professes to quote from a certain article, and straightway misquotes or garbles it. Not one of his citations is correct; and he knows how to omit every inconvenient sentence which might disprove what he has said or intends to say. Next, he makes positive statements in the professed interest of truth, and every single statement is loose, or erroneous or unmindful of the commandment which says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

For example, he states that my wolf and caribou observation appeared "in a syndicated newspaper article." The matter was never syndicated. If, without my knowledge, it ever appeared in any newspaper, it was taken from a regularly published book, with exact specifications in the preface as to how the observations were made. He states, further, that this "syn-

facts are: That when the person who then occupied our highest office demanded an affidavit of the fact in question, I sent him three affidavits from eye-witnesses in his own hunting territory, and offered to send others from Newfoundland, Labrador, Ontario, and Alaska, if he would examine and acknowledge them in man fashion. Also I urged him to name any fair-minded naturalist to whom I might send the evidence and the witnesses; and I pledged myself in an open letter to withdraw my observation and never to publish another if his own appointed naturalist were not satisfied that the facts were as stated, and that wolves can and do kill deer and caribou in the exact manner described. Enough of this evidence has since been published, with signature and address of my witnesses, to convince any reasonable man who is interested in the truth of natural history rather than in the queer methods of natural historians.

Again your writer, in order to discredit my

wolf story, turns to the full moon (a far cry) which, he asserts, I carelessly allowed to rise at midnight. My article, which was before his eyes when he wrote, says as plainly as print can say it, "At sunset the gale blew itself out, and presently the moon wheeled full and clear over the dark mountain." Further on he ridicules the idea of my finding wolves "at the edge of a hamlet swarming with dogs and human beings." That is not an argument, since wolves have repeatedly entered a village by night, and have sometimes mated with the dogs, and sometimes eaten them; but my article leaves absolutely no room for such misrepresentation. After describing a lonely harbor on the Newfoundland coast, where I was once storm-bound, the record states plainly that the dogs appeared "on the lonely shore, miles away from the hamlet," and that the wolf appeared on the hills beyond the dogs. Now examine the paragraphs which your writer quotes, and you will see that he has carefully omitted that "miles away" from his quotation.

The same lack of candor characterizes the foolish, dogmatic assertion that wolves were extinct on the island at the time of my visit, and indeed every other statement that your correspondent makes. There is not one of them which a man who had regard for either natural history or humanity could or would have made if he had any imperative desire to find or to speak the truth. And, finally, he shows his breed and his quality by declining to sign his name to his slander.

The question of anatomy remains, and that alone will interest *Forest and Stream* readers who are also sportsmen, and who have enough regard for nature to prize one fact above many opinions or prejudices. Briefly stated, the question is, can a big wolf kill a deer or caribou by reaching the heart with his teeth? To me that is not a question but a recorded observation, and I so stated in my story of the big white wolf. The statement was ferociously challenged by one who thought himself an authority; he declared that the fact was "mathematically impossible." that "no wolf's teeth are long enough for the job," that "it would require the tusks of a walrus"; and I was exhorted to discover my error "by hanging a grapefruit in the middle of a keg of flour, and then see whether a big dog could bite through the keg into the grapefruit." This idiotic comparison of a deer's heart and chest to



Figure 3—Heart Held in Human Hand.

a grapefruit in a keg was echoed by some other naturalists who get their ideas of anatomy from their inner consciousness, or perchance by inspiration.

Your first accurate glance at any member of the deer family will show you how far astray is the notion that his lower chest is like a keg, or his own belly, or any other rounded object. If you get near enough to a living deer or caribou to examine him, or if you turn a dead animal over on his back, you will see that the chest between the forelegs is shaped like a wedge, a surprisingly thin wedge, and that the point of the heart is down in that wedge where the teeth of a wolf might very easily reach it. The thin ribs, with their cartilaginous endings are not very resisting; and between the ribs the heart has no pro-

wedge into his mouth and sink his fangs to the heart of it?

Photo No. 2 shows the brisket of the same deer with skin removed above the ribs and heart. The top of the heart is the speck of light to the left of the middle rib. The distance from the outer skin to the heart is five-eighths of an inch.

Photo No. 3 shows a man's hand grasping and compressing the whole lower chest and holding the deer's heart at its middle point on either side between the thumb and middle finger. The point of the heart comes down into the man's hand; the distance between his thumb and finger, as shown by the open foot-rule, is three and one-half inches.

Photo No. 4 is of a sketch of a buck made by Hon. G. W. Bartlett, Superintendent of Algon-



Figure 4—Wolves Have Killed Deer By Bites as Indicated By X.

tection whatever, save for a thin tissue. The shoulder blades are not attached to the skeleton, but slide loosely back and forth under the skin, exposing the heart at every stride; so that with a tiny penknife, or a thorn less than an inch long, you can strike the heart of any deer or caribou or moose if you catch him when his shoulder blade is either forward or back, leaving the thin wedge of his chest open to attack. This is not a matter of anybody's opinion; it is a plain matter of fact.

The accompanying photographs of a full-grown deer were taken by an amateur, in thick cover and poor light, exactly where the deer fell to a shot in the brain. They are not nearly so convincing as your own observation will be, but they reveal plainly enough the anatomical fact that I am trying to illustrate.

Photo No. 1 shows the wedge-shaped chest between the forelegs. The heart lies just under the folded foot-rule, at a depth of two and one-half inches. The point of the heart touches the thin chest wall at every beat. The distance through the chest and point of heart, from surface to surface, is four and five-eighths inches. Thickness of wedge at extremity, one and one-half inches. Does any man, who has ever seen a big wolf gape his long jaws wide open, doubt

for an instant that the brute could take that quin Park, in Ontario. He certifies that he has seen one deer killed by a wolf-bite to the heart at the point marked (X) one; another deer killed by a wolf-bite to the heart at point 2; and two animals (a deer and a yearling cow) killed by wolf-bites through the kidneys at point 3, the latter wounds being given after the animals had been thrown.

As for the wolves, long ago on my first expedition to study them, I had the luck to run into a large pack in their day bed, after trailing them for six hours; and the first wolf I ever laid hands on was a good one. He weighed, as nearly as I could estimate after dissecting him and putting the pieces on a spring-balance, something over 130 pounds. Even when his muscles were stiffening in death I opened his jaws a full seven inches, and his fangs were an inch and a quarter long. There were some others in the pack of apparently equal size; several others were smaller; but there was one huge brute (which I did not see at first, and at which I took running shots with a revolver) that made my big wolf look like a youngster. So far as length of fangs and spread of jaws and terrific snapping power are concerned, any wolf in that pack could readily have killed a young caribou

by biting the heart, as I stated; and some of the brutes could have disposed of any deer or caribou that ever walked by the same method.

Once I found a yearling deer that had just been killed by a wolf, and the fangs had not only touched the heart but penetrated it from both sides. There was not another wound of any kind on the body. At another time, in following the trail of the hunting pack at daybreak, I saw a full-grown buck thrown from behind by a wolf, and absolutely paralyzed by a snap over the kidneys. When I examined the buck, a moment later, the backbone was broken as by a blow from a sledge-hammer.

It is not necessary, therefore, to consult my inner consciousness, or to experiment with a grapefruit in a keg of flour, in order to discover what the timber wolf can do. What little I know about the animal I have learned by following his trail uncounted miles through the snow, by seeing him occasionally at work, by examining scores of his victims and noting their wounds and their measurements. If any of your correspondents know the wolf in this way, I shall heartily welcome their observation. For there is no other American animal about which so little is known, and so much foolishness written.

WM. J. LONG.

SEA GULLS AS BOMB DROPPERS.

Asbury Park, N. J.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

A recent article was going the rounds of the local press in New Jersey in which it was stated that much trouble was being experienced by a bridge and turnpike company in Ocean county below Barnegat on account of the mysterious sowing of broken clam shells on the turnpike bridge approaches, to the detriment of automobilists going that way. That a watch had been set to catch the perpetrator, when it had been discovered to be done by sea-gulls feeding in the nearby waters. The gulls had used the hard roadbed in which to drop the hard-shell clams from a height to break them open and thus get at the clam-food to eat.

To a great many persons this seems to be a ridiculous story and told to impress gullible people, but strange to say, it is one of the best authenticated facts known in connection with this peculiar marine bird. The sea-gull has claw feet or talons, large and strong, although the nails do not grow very long, and while it sets on the water like a duck it does little swimming because it does not have web feet, but constantly flies from spot to spot, diving and feeding in the salt water. It will also feed in fresh waters near the sea.

Its food largely consists of sea-clams, which it takes in its talons, rises to a height over the land and drops on a hard spot to break the shell and get the clam inside to devour. It is one of the most interesting sights to watch them at this work, as they display intelligence about it that would do credit to human.

Mr. Wm. H. Flaherty, of Brooklyn, who is best known to the public as the great marine diver and the man who has built more lighthouses on the coast than any other person, told me of his watching the gulls working at the mouth of Shark River on the Monmouth Shore, where he was engaged in some government jetty and bulkhead work recently. He said the sands-pit at the mouth of the river was covered with broad concrete piles ready for placing. The gulls would take the clams from the sea and drop them upon the concrete piles, and then swoop down and devour them.

The interesting part of his story, however, is, that a gull with a clam would fly a hundred feet in the air, drop the clam, swoop down to find it had missed the piling and fallen into the soft sand. It would snatch up the clam again and try it over, this time soaring from fifty to an hundred feet higher. Often a gull would miss the piles and try it over half a dozen or more times before breaking the clam, and each time would soar higher than the time before, evidently going by the experience of the height required to get force enough to break the shell. Their being able to search out the hard places on shore is the remarkable part of the whole performance.

WILLIAM K. FENN.

CERTAINLY UP TO DATE.

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 10, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have read *Forest and Stream* from its first appearance to the present time, and for many years been an occasional contributor. Permit me to congratulate you upon the recent change. It is certainly up to date. Long may you enjoy its prosperity.

E. S. WHITAKER.

Passing of A Noted Angler-Author

Theodore Gordon, One of the Famous Authorities on Trout Fishing, Answers the Last Call

On Saturday, May 1, 1915, in the little hamlet of Bradley, in Sullivan county, New York, on the beautiful and renowned Neversink River, a stream which he loved devotedly and of which he had written much that was beautiful, Theodore Gordon, famous as a contributor to *Forest and Stream* and other publications, passed away.

Theodore Gordon was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., on September 18, 1854, and was in his sixty-first year at the time of his death. On account of poor health he had spent the greater part of the past thirty-five years on and near the streams Neversink, Beaverkill and Willowmoc, in Sullivan county, N. Y. He not only was an ardent and expert fisherman but was also without a doubt the most proficient fly tier in the United States, having made a life study of this art. He was a man known by nearly all the trout fishermen of the United States and by many in Great Britain, as he had fished the streams and rivers of England for trout and salmon.

Writing of the lamented death of one of the most notable authorities on fishing and outdoor sports in America, a friend living near Liberty, New York, says:

"I knew Mr. Gordon for years and have spent much time with him. Always I found him most courteous and eager for new suggestions on fly tying and experiences on the streams. In the death of Theodore Gordon the world has lost a man who was loved by all who knew him, a man with fifty years of experience which he was always eager to give to his friends."

This little eulogy is not overdrawn. Readers of *Forest and Stream* who for many years have been familiar with Mr. Gordon's writings, will feel a personal loss in his death. He leaves a vacancy which it will be difficult to fill, but a memory which will live as long as the gentle sport of angling exists.

Forest and Stream makes some apology for presenting in this article the only portrait of Mr. Gordon that could be obtained. It was taken twenty-five years ago, in Savannah, Ga., and shows the subject as a younger man, although the general features are easily recognizable.

Hendersonville, N. C., May 14.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Some days ago I received a letter telling me of the death of Theodore Gordon. I had been



THEODORE GORDON.
An Earlier Portrait of the Well Known
Angling Author.

corresponding with Gordon and had a letter from him but a short time before, written in his usual cheery manner. Although I had never the pleasure of meeting Mr. Gordon, I have felt from the first letter I received from him that I knew him. It was a very pleasant friendship, and one greatly appreciated by me.

I feel that I have lost a friend—one though never seen was loved and honored. No man could write as Theodore Gordon wrote without drawing those fond of God's creations to him. He was a true man, and a true sportsman, and one who will be greatly missed by all who knew him in person and through his pen.

ERNEST L. EWBANK.

THE GAMEST FISH THAT SWIMS.

(Continued from page 332)

is a well-known fact that the black bass always strikes from the side, never from the rear, that is left to the wall-eye and members of the pike family. A single hook of proper shape upon either side of the lure is enough; the rear hooks can be removed. Let the bass fishman ask himself how many fish he has taken upon the rear hooks, if he doubt my assertion.

As there are so many casters of artificial lures, so many expert wielders of the short rod, overmuch information regarding the popular method is out of place. Casting is a preeminently the method for lakes and out-spread water, though there is sport in small river fishing for those who can handle the short rod beneath trees and knows the habits of bass in such environments. The bass, like members of the pike family, lie in wait for game along the edges of weed beds, about logs and snags. A lure cast in such places when conditions are right is sure to be met with an attack. That is the term to employ, "attack," for no other word describes the onslaught of the angry or ravenously hungry fish, mere curiosity will not account for the vicious rush with which a bass strikes. As to the particular pattern or style of bait which one should use, all depends upon the character of the water fished. Where the bottom is covered with snags the surface lures will be found most efficient, and they are gotten out in such a variety of shapes, sizes and colors that the most particular caster can find something to suit his fancies, and if as I think, the bass is not overly particular as to the precise pattern, surely all will be well.

That casting with short rod and artificial lures is the most popular method of taking bass there is no doubt, and it is extremely doubtful if the fly rod will ever be as popular. But there is a method of taking bass, well nigh fallen into disuse, which is perfectly legitimate and very enjoyable to a lineal descendent of Izaak Walton. I refer to plain, every-day bait fishing. True, there are some who use frogs and minnows in casting, but it seems hardly admissible to me, so perfect and efficient are the artificial lures. There are waters, and seasons in all waters, when it is almost impossible to lure a bass with surface or underwater lure. Then bait will turn the trick. In the middle of the summer, when the days are hot, bass will seek the deepest and coolest holes in the lake, and can be inveigled from their retreats only by live bait. For such fishing I use the old Henshall bait rod, six-and-a-half feet long, and either live minnows or frogs for bait. Fishing in twenty or thirty feet of water is an experience. When a bass is hooked the battle will be fought well below the surface, but it is un-bass like and unspectacular, it will be conducted in a tackle-testing manner. In addition to the two baits named one should mention craw-fish, the natural food of the bass, grasshoppers, crickets, and even the everyday earthworm. Fishing with live bait is well nigh a lost art, but with proper tackle it remains the contemplative man's recreation. The fly fisherman and handler of artificial lures must give his whole attention to the matter in hand, he dare not "bask and dream the whole day through."

Looking back over many years of bass fishing, recalling the various rigs used on many lakes and streams, east and west, I think I can honestly say I have derived the greatest pleasure from

live bait fishing. Fishing with flies is more finished, more artistic, the wielding of artificial lures requires greater skill; but both of these methods are strenuous, requiring the fisherman's undivided attention and thought. The live bait fisherman has time for introspection and retrospection while he waits for a bite, the waiting being not less enjoyable than the tardy "bite" itself. Sitting in the gloaming, while the thick shadows creep in from the east and the tuneful birds make the shore of the lake to resound with melody, even the rising and falling cadence of the frog chorus possesses a musical value before undreamed of. Night-hawks ricochet just above the surface of the water until daylight shades into night. Then the fire-flies flash in and out amid the shrubbery along the shore. Such, in part, is the setting of the scene for the bait fisherman's act, the twentieth century contemplative angler. Bait fishing, still fishing, call it what you please,—is good for what ails us these days.

Where is something about the fight of a black bass, the determined rushes, the aerial leaps, the deep borings, the never-say-die spirit he manifests, and appeals to our imagination if there be a single drop of red blood in our veins. The most phlegmatic individual takes fire, from mere-

ly beholding the struggle, and the blase angler, he who has been in at the finish of many a doughtily contested battle, finds himself growing more and more excited with every mad rush of the fish. Who can still the wild leap of his heart when the frantic fish goes into the air, shaking the water from his glowing sides in a silvery shower?

There are anglers who "pull the fish down" when he leaps, lest the hook be dislodged in mid-air, but I let them leap, the more times they "go into the air" the better I am satisfied. "But do you not lose fish?" Yes, many a time, but the fish that can dislodge the hook is welcome to his liberty. The black bass is an American and a fighter. He may be overcome, but never vanquished. Because I am an American, I have unbounded respect for his ability, pluck and endurance. If he succeed in breaking away or in smashing my tackle, God bless him! he is welcome to his liberty.

I take off my hat to this king of the sunfish family—large mouth or small mouth, it is all one to me. May his tribe increase and his fighting power never decrease! So he swims, pound for pound and inch for inch, dorsal fin above them all. Here is to the black bass, the greatest American fish!

Notes From Newfoundland

Where Salmon Fishing is to be Found This Year—Something About the Caribou

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Judging by inquiries received during the last couple of months the influx of American sportsmen into Newfoundland during the coming season will be larger than ever.

Several who have spent their vacations in Europe during the last few years, have intimated that they will turn their wandering footsteps this way, and enjoy "peace and much good fishing" beside some of our numerous salmon streams. We have room for all who are likely to come and for many more.

The official returns show that a goodly number of American anglers availed of the sport of kings last year. The number of rivers fished was about sixty-three, and the total catch amounted to about 6,000 fish.

Some of the rivers had a fair number of sportsmen and gave good results. Among the rivers showing the largest returns, may be mentioned Salmonier River, with 1,196 fish; Placentia, 589; River Codroy, both branches, 770; Harry's River, 256; Gande, 235; Trepassz, 255; Lang's, 103; Pitlaw Creek, 101; River of Ponds, 102; Hawk's Bay, 107, and many others with smaller returns.

The explanation of the large catches caught at Salmonier and Placentia, lies in the fact that those places are near St. John's and had many more visitors than the others, consequently the total caught was greater. Many equally as good rivers show only a few fish caught in them. This was because the visitors amounted to very few. We have sufficient fish and fishing to supply thousands more than we are likely to get for many years. American anglers from time to time have complained of the laxity of the supervision of the rivers, and have urged members of the

Game Commission to raise the license fee, in order that this service may be more effectively carried out.

Acting on this suggestion the Commission has appointed a larger number of wardens and has also suggested that the license fee be graduated as follows: Salmon license for 15 days' fishing, \$10.00; for 30 days, \$20.00, and for the whole season, \$50.00.

It is hoped by this arrangement to give the genuine angler the worth of his money.

Complaints have been made about fish-hogs getting fish by foul-hooking with flies.

Extra efforts will be made during the season to put a stop to this practice and to punish offenders.

It has also been decided to prohibit the catching of salmon by any guide, warden, packer or camp employe—complaint having been made that certain anglers, when tired of fishing themselves set their employes to fish in order to secure the pools against all comers, and monopolize them for their own private use and benefit.

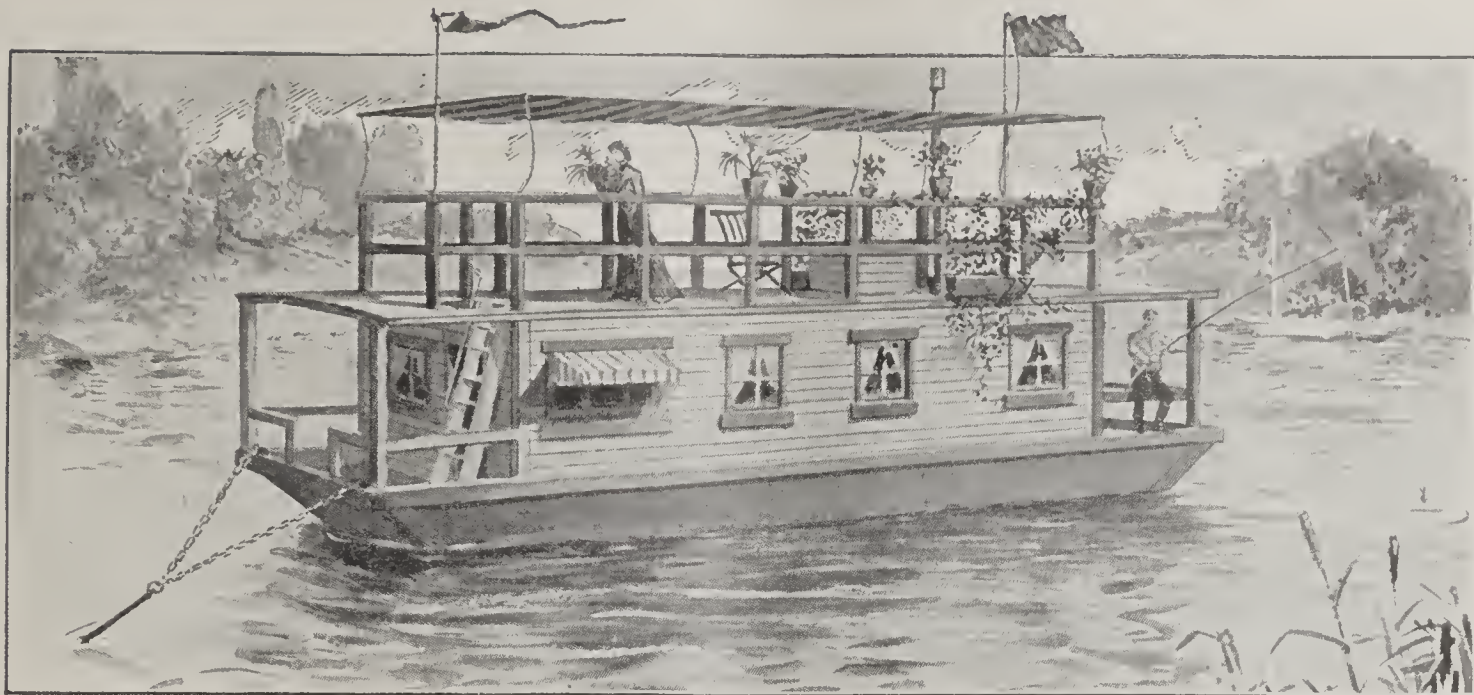
The number of caribou killed last season, according to the reports, show a great decrease to the credit of visiting sportsmen. The exact number reported killed was 2,291, of which 2,240 were killed by residents and 51 by licensed foreign sportsmen.

The weather is becoming somewhat more settled, and the outlook is that the season will be a good one.

Sea trout, the forerunner of the salmon, are reported as having already appeared in large numbers in Colinet River. A visitor to that locality returned recently with a box of fine large fish.

W. J. CARROLL.

St. John's, Newfoundland, May 14, 1915.



The Gentle Joys of Houseboating

An Expert Article on a Subject Not Generally Understood—Inexpensive As You Want to Make It, But Always Pleasurable

By Albert Bradlee Hunt.



HOUGH the houseboat has never been so widely used in this country as abroad, one hears a great deal nowadays of houseboating, and it is evident that this particular field of outdoor life is attracting attention. In England, houseboating has been popular for a long time, but in this country it is only within a few years that Americans have awakened to the great possibilities of the sport. From present indications, in less than a decade it will have become a recognized institution in the United States.

It has often been said that there is no river or water in America which corresponds in conditions and surroundings with the English Thames, where houseboating flourishes as nowhere else. This is far from true. Compare the natural advantages of a city like New York with those of London. True, the sluggish, winding Thames, with its historic piles lifting through copses of beech and oak; its towers, so ghostly in the moonlight; its cathedral spires and the clustering hamlets about, lend a certain charm to a houseboat cruise from the great metropolis of England. But from the standpoint of natural advantages, it is not to be compared with Long Island Sound, the Hudson or the Connecticut.

For scenic variety there is nothing in the world comparable to the diversity of interest found in our landscapes and sea views, picturesque riverways and mountain panoramas reached by the houseboat in only a few hours' travel. Even to one who has become more or less familiar with these routes, their charm is never ending. The Hudson may be traversed to its full length, and the northern canal is available should one wish

to houseboat through to Lake Champlain, and thence to Montreal and the Thousand Islands, or through the Erie Canal to the Great Lakes. The Connecticut River is navigable for a long distance through some of the most picturesque portions of New England. The St. Lawrence in New York and the Shrewsbury in New Jersey in summer, and the various bays and inlets of Florida in winter, are among the chief haunts at present of houseboats on the Atlantic Coast. On the Pacific they are numerous in the vicinity of San Francisco, and in the Middle West; indeed, wherever there are populous towns in the vicinity of sheltered waters.

Englishmen have for the most part been content to let their houseboats lie quietly moored along the shore or at anchor in the placid waters of their inland streams; but the more restless American temperament demands in many cases some motive power. Steam power, however, with its attendant fires and heat and smoke, is deemed objectionable by many, even on a craft of considerable size. Sails, whether carried on the houseboat or on her tender, are, at best, uncertain; but within a few years the perfection of the gasoline motor seems to afford just what is required; and, upon the whole, they are not very costly, considering the work they do. So the advance in houseboating in America is rather along the aforementioned lines than in the direction of the type so well known in England. This is probably due, in great measure, to the difference in the social conditions of the two countries and their way of taking their pleasures. In England, when a man has gained a competency, he retires at an earlier age and devotes himself to enjoyment. If he owns a houseboat, he prefers to spend the summer on the water. Weeks and

weeks are passed in this lazy drifting life, without a single visit to town or one thought of business cares. But the average American business man, though he possess more wealth than he can possibly spend in his lifetime, is still not satisfied to relinquish the reins to others, and must keep in touch with the office, even when he is supposed to be enjoying his vacation. So if he indulges in a houseboat it must be a fast one, that he can reach the city readily. He takes his stenographer and several clerks with him, and often transacts as much business on his outing as he does when at home. But there are many Americans, and their number is constantly increasing, who find the sport sufficient in itself, and who give themselves up completely to the *dolce far niente* existence which the English have made an art, and which, perhaps, the majority of Americans are too apt to regard as a kind of laziness, but which is nevertheless a great storing-up process of nerve energy.

Indeed, the pleasures, profits and delight of houseboating are quite limitless.

Many persons believe that Florida is about the only region in America where houseboats are used to any extent. It is true that in that land of sunshine and flowers are all the conditions which make the ideal place for houseboating. The sluggish waters of the rivers and bayous and the wide stretches of the lakes and lagoons, with the dense overhanging foliage of the tropical forest, make it, indeed, a wondrously pleasant place in which to enjoy an outdoor life. In Florida perhaps the houseboat is seen at its best; but it must not be thought that the southern waters monopolize all the advantages, for there are many localities in the North and West that are quite as well adapted to the sport.



The Ordinary Houseboat Can Be Towed Anywhere.

It is down on the Indian River, however, that one may find a houseboat colony flourishing under ideal conditions, and, in its social features, coming nearer to the houseboat life on the Thames than anything else in this country.

Many houseboaters spend four or five months of the year in traversing the Florida coast from St. Augustine to the Keys, stopping a week here and a week there; now anchored in the shade of a cypress forest; now drifting past mile after mile of deep, verdant savannas; now lying on quiet shoals in the delicate perfume wafted from orange groves and magnolia gardens. The more venturesome of the houseboatmen, when they have grown weary of the quiet of the sluggish lagoon, trail out into the ocean and thence to Lake Worth and into Biscayne Bay, through the Cards Sound and along the tropic shores of Key Largo; drifting in and out of the intricate maze of the upper Florida keys; skirting the fringe of the untrodden mangrove swamp; rounding Northwest Cape and floating into the White River Bay, and from there right into the heart of the Everglades.

But the Florida coast is only one of many regions in the United States which offers itself to the houseboat enthusiast. Within twenty-five miles of the New York City Hall there is ten times the extent of coast line available for houseboating that exists in the vicinity of any other great capital, not excepting London herself and her vaunted Thames. In fact nowhere in all this broad land nor the world over are the opportunities for houseboating so great as in the immediate vicinity of New York. A season can be spent drifting from one vantage point to another without beginning to enjoy the many charming locations which nature has to offer to the water nomad. Englishmen are convinced that no such stream as the Thames exists for this delightful pastime, but unbiased Americans who have traveled extensively assert that from the viewpoint of natural advantages there is nothing in England to compare with those New York has to offer.

Among the particular localities which afford safe anchorage for the houseboat are those along the Sound; Great South Bay, Gardiner's Bay and Orient Point offer many attractions, while New Haven Harbor presents the advantages of the world-famous college town, about which there are excursions innumerable which will gratify the mind as well as please the sight. The quaint old town of New London comes next in point of attraction, and if the seeker for variety desires further acquaintance with coast resorts and has the temerity to venture out from the friendly shelter of the Sound, there are Martha's Vineyard and Cottage City, quaint and charming resorts that are cool, refreshing and restful; Woods Hole and Buzzard's Bay and on into the famous old whaling harbor of New Bedford.

Within a comparatively few minutes of the Brooklyn Bridge are Jamaica Bay, Rockaway Inlet, and Sheepshead Bay. Parts of the Harlem and East Rivers are adapted for anchorage, and the west bank of the Hudson under the Palisades presents an ideal location, safe and out of the way of general traffic. The several bays along the Jersey shore are abundantly supplied with alluring hiding places, and the Staten Island shore, just below St. George, presents any number of attractive features, among them the ad-

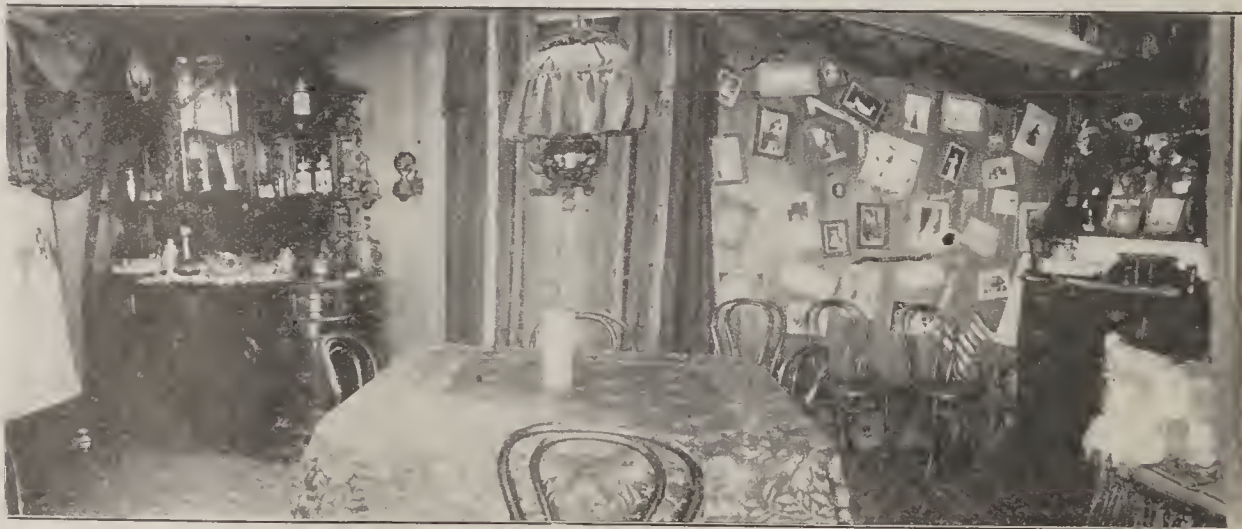
jacency to the city, the excitement of the arrival and departure of the big ocean liners, as well as the novelty of an ever-shifting water pageant in which the boats of all nations and of every sort and description take part.

An ideal place for a houseboat is on Barnegat Bay, where there are miles of landlocked water, with many little creeks and inlets for anchorage. You may be at the head of the bay, or up Toms River, where communication is excellent, and fresh meats and fruits within easy reach; or you may go further from civilization, with the corresponding gains and losses. With a catboat as auxiliary, a very comfortable summer may be spent in Barnegat waters, especially if good fishing is an object.

Nowhere can the amateur make such a record, especially when the bluefish begin to run, while the earlier fishing is hardly less satisfactory. The streams flowing into the bay are delightful for rowboat explorations, and the wild sandy dunes between bay and ocean are by far the most picturesque part of the Jersey coast. There are already a good many houseboats in this region, and new ones are added every year; but thousands of them would not use up the fine anchorages or perceptibly crowd the more desirable havens.

There are a large number of houseboats on the Shrewsbury River, and each year there will be additions to the fleet. The owners of these are near enough to town to make daily trips; but the river lacks the attractions of the wilderness, and the excellent fishing which Barnegat affords. In place of these are the Long Branch boats, the afternoon drives down shore and the fish suppers of Pleasure Bay, so the balance is more even than would at first seem. The Shrewsbury, though only a few miles in length, has many branches. The North Branch, or Navesink River, is a most delightful locality for houseboats. At Patterson's Cove, Clay Pit Creek, and other places, may always be found a number of boats during the summer season. On the South Branch, in the vicinity of Little Silver, there have been houseboats for many years. Passengers on the steamers from New York to Long Branch may locate a dozen or more of these craft at different points along the shore in among the islands after the point of the Hook has been passed on the down trip.

Lake Hopatcong is another place where houseboats are yearly built and occupied. The lake is picturesque and delightful and the boats pretty and comfortable, but cottagers are very properly exacting about pollution of the lake, so that



Something to Come Back to After Fishing.

disposal of waste is a serious problem. Further south, in the waters of the Manasquan and Shark Rivers and other places, primitive yet cosy houses are not infrequent. Up along the shores of the Sound, and the Long Island and Connecticut coasts, "the house on logs" is frequently to be observed. Where only a few boats were to be seen five years ago, to-day there are scores; showing that the fad, if the sport can be so called, is growing rapidly. The Hudson opens its entire length for the houseboat with or without engines or sails, and the houseboat turning its prow up the Hudson may "hit the long trail" across the canal to Lake Champlain, wander on into the St. Lawrence, and bring up in the far-off Fundy. Such a thing has been done. But this, like the outside cruising off the Florida Keys, is venturesome houseboating—houseboating Americanized, so to speak.

The houseboat as a pleasure craft has many advantages over any other style of vessel. The most important considerations are those of cost and danger, either of which, as compared with the like on the steam yacht, is infinitesimally small. Only the millionaire—and the multimillionaire at that—can afford the extravagance of a well appointed and properly manned steam yacht of any size, and in no other kind is it safe to venture out to open sea. Unlike the yachtsmen, the houseboatman is not at the mercy of a crew. He is his own captain and his own navigator, and if needs be his own cook. He is the most independent man on the face of the waters. His staunch little houseboat can push in where the most seaworthy yacht could not, and would not dare to venture.

Perhaps one of the reasons why houseboating is becoming popular is the opportunity it affords the feminine part of a man's family to join him in his outing. The cramped quarters of the ordinary yacht or sailing vessel do not permit of much comfort to a woman. But in a houseboat she is at home. The roof gardens that adorn many houseboats afford the women of the family ample opportunity to potter among the flowers and plants, always so dear to one of domestic tendencies and tastes. It is, after all, a matter of fresh paint, gay awnings, rattan deck chairs and flowers, for a houseboat is not the place for restraint in color. The little feminine touches here and there, the housekeeper's careful supervision, and the presence of woman herself, go far toward making it so thoroughly attractive, and altogether an ideal life.

One of the greatest charms of life on a houseboat is its complete freedom and independence. If the owner so wills, he can cut himself and his family off from civilization as completely as does the hunter and angler who plunges into the deep woods and travels afar, simply to avoid the crowd and to be alone with nature. The disciple of houseboating has many advantages over the man who seeks the woods and mountains. A comfortable habitation with a tight roof and a dry bed is always at hand. Plenty of supplies can be carried without any extra labor, which, supplemented by fresh meat and poultry and vegetables from the market or farmhouse a few miles away, will feed the houseboatman like a king. He may take his entire family away with him for months—something that is hardly practicable for the man who is camping out. In these days the average American is so used to certain conveniences of the city that he sadly misses



An Inexpensive But Popular Pattern.

them when sojourning in the woods; nearly all of them can be carried along on the trip of the ordinary houseboat.

To the person who means to take a clear two months' vacation, to the business man who wants a "week-end" house and amusement and to the ordinary autumn holiday-maker, the houseboat offers probably more change and refreshment than could be obtained by spending an equal sum on any other means of living, accommodation and amusement. Only one thing must be taken for granted or made a condition. The life ought to be more or less a lazy one. There can be no "energies and activities" of a very positive kind; very little entertaining, and in almost every case there must be a certain foregoing of very cherished household customs obtaining on land, which must not be expected on the water. Meals

cannot very well be so elaborate. Rather early rising will be the rule, as it is on board a yacht; and there cannot be much entertaining because for houseboat life a minimum of servants is essential. Servants are a difficulty always, as they hate not to have all their usual apparatus round them.

Here is a plan by which from three weeks to three months may be spent delightfully. It is a practical scheme, and if a party can be arranged with all members congenial, it can be made a red-letter year in the commonplace recreation record. At a cost astonishingly small many charming points of interest are available; and if the members of the party are inclined to artistic or literary tastes the time and material to indulge them will be furnished daily from the varied itinerary. It is a trip by canal boat, reconstructed into a houseboat, and includes a tour through the Hudson, Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence, Ontario, etc., with side excursions to Saratoga, Lake George, the Adirondacks, Montreal, Quebec, Niagara Falls, and the cities of central New York.

Near South Ferry, New York, is found an old landing place for the canal boat pilots. There are hundreds of canal boats there, and they come from many points of the north and west as far as the Great Lakes. For the most part these boats are commodious and well built, and as they are usually occupied by their owners, they are, naturally, very particular about the kind of freight they carry, their families living on the boats, the barques are kept in a fine condition and in worthy trim for human habitation from end to end.

These craft can be turned into houseboats for the accommodation of from six to fifteen holiday seekers for a summer's cruise at an expense not exceeding five to fifteen dollars per week each. The interior can be painted, carpeted with rugs, small partitions of wood or composit board made, cots put up, and conveniences for both men's and women's comfort provided. A library may be installed, cases and chests for cameras and fishing paraphernalia, a piano, and folding tables. It could not only be made a



A Georgian Bay Houseboat.

clean and sweet sleeping room, but a pleasant shelter for rainy days.

On deck above, newly painted and made presentable in every way, an awning can be stretched, and underneath chairs, settees, hammocks, rugs, etc., with appropriate flags at bow and stern. In the larder aft would be stored such necessaries as the city affords; canned goods, preserves, groceries, and wines and tobacco if desired. As for the staple articles of food—meats, eggs, vegetables and milk—they are available every day along the route, and this is one of the advantages of the houseboat cruise.

The owner of the craft will probably accompany her to act as pilot, and, if so desired, his wife or relative will serve as cook at wages of four or five dollars a week. If the party is composed entirely of men, excellent male steamboat cooks are to be found in the vicinity of the slip whose hire does not exceed forty dollars a month. These men are capable of serving a great variety of dishes.

The largest and finest of these craft may be had, including owner-pilot services, for about one hundred and forty dollars a month, although the smaller ones, known as "feeders" may be secured for a less sum. This includes putting the boat into condition for human habitation. Two boats going together will lighten expenses very materially.

If the time is short, a trip as far as Plattsburg, where an excursion into the Adirondacks may be taken, will be found pleasurable. This will include short stops at Albany, where a dash to Saratoga may be made; Glens Falls, where a trip to Lake George is a delightful day's journey; and Lake Champlain, with its historic associations. If, however, more time is at the excursionists' disposal, the boat may be carried on to Montreal, Quebec, Lake Ontario, and Niagara Falls, the return route being made by way of Eric Canal. Certainly, for diversity of scenery and interest, historical and legendary, as well as for opportunities to the hunter and fisherman, the itinerary could not be excelled.

With a congenial party, there is no limit to the sport. The route is one of the most picturesque on the whole continent. For artists the boat may be turned literally into a floating studio. A good camera as well as musical instruments will be found recreative, the former for odd moments of the day, the latter for moonlight nights on deck. Motorcycles, or even an automobile, may be taken with advantage for the sundry side excursions, and a tent for the Adirondacks and elsewhere if a land trip is indulged in far from the floating headquarters. With all these diversions, and the cruise an absolutely safe one, there should be no hindrance to a charming summer's rest cure.

To the lover of Nature in her calm and quiet moods, there is nothing more picturesque than some canals of the United States. Perhaps the old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal as it follows the Potomac River from Washington to Cumberland is as grand in scenery as any. The ragged crags of the Point of Rocks, the mossy grandeur of Maryland Heights, the superb beauties of Harper's Ferry, where the waters of the Shenandoah meet the Potomac on its way to the sea, are but a few of the glories along the line of this historic canal. A mule is the best mo-



Observe the Comfortable Uppér Deck.

tive power on a canal, for the swash from a propeller wears down the strongest banks.

On this canal the jaded man of business can spend a week or ten days gliding almost imperceptibly, parallel with one of the grandest rivers in the world, sleeping in commodious apartments, breathing the pure air of the mountains and absorbing the beauties of a prodigal nature.

In Canada, too, there are houseboat colonies, of which the one on the Kootenay is probably the best known and most popular. The railroad company was responsible for the innovation, building and equipping the houseboats as lures for hunters and anglers. The experiment was a success. Not only sportsmen, but mere lovers of primitive scenery and wildwood life found their way into the region, and the Kootenay houseboats are never tenantless from June until October.

California has her houseboats, and the "arks" of San Francisco Bay, sheltered by the island of Belvedere, are long established institutions. Here a bath is a matter of stepping off the porch, a stroll is taken in a boat, and the splash of oars announces butcher and baker. Many of these boats are owned by groups of young fellows who must be all day in the city, but in this way manage to make vacations of their early mornings and evenings. Whole families occupying others give the needed element of girl. A decrepit ocean steamer serves as one summer cottage, while another is made of four horse-cars of the variety known as bobtail set on a float. It is a life of good health and good fellowship, and winter has to announce itself with some sharpness to drive the colony ashore. In the Middle West, where the waters are sheltered, houseboats are not by any means of an unknown quantity. Several very elaborate and comfortable craft with numerous smaller boats are anchored on beautiful lakes. The Mississippi, whose strong current is somewhat of an obstacle to happy houseboating, has nevertheless one of the handsomest houseboats in this country. A wealthy lumberman living in a Mississippi River town has had built for him a luxurious summer home, and propelled by a sternwheel steamer. All through the long summer this houseboat, filled with jolly parties of guests, wends its way up and down the great river, anchoring where whim suggests, moving on when will dictates.

The Ohio and Illinois rivers have their houseboats. A favorite home of the summer house-

boat is on Georgian Bay and among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River. Some of these houseboats, both on Georgian and Alexandria Bays, are most elaborately appointed and decorated, and really are quite equal to many a summer villa or cottage. They are so large as to contain twelve to fifteen sleeping rooms, and kitchen and servants' quarters, and are generally two stories high, with a roof garden on the flat top of the second story. The English houseboats as a rule have the kitchen and servants' quarters on a small tender.

The most beautiful waters in America are inaccessible to the ocean-going yacht, be it steam or sail. The long shallow bays or lagoons, landlocked by the keys of shifting sands, are strangers to all but the fishermen with their flat-bottomed punts. The yachtsman casts a longing eye at the labyrinth of bays, inlets, and bayous, whose glassy waters are shadowed by primeval foliage. He knows that these waters are full of fish. The banks invite exploration, but his experienced eye, as well as his chart, show that there is not depth of water sufficient for the passage of his deep craft. Not so the owner of a houseboat. He can sail on any waters that will support the drifting wreckage of the sea.

When the purse permits, the problem of locomotion of houseboats is easy. Assuming that the boat is of simple type, without means of its own for propulsion, and that the cruise is upon waters where towing from the banks is not practicable, a small launch has been found best.

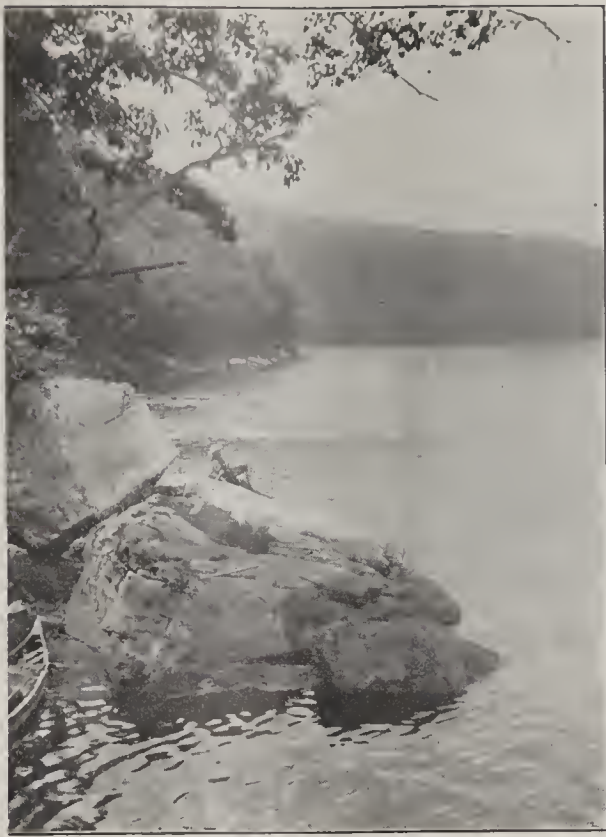
It is well known that a given horsepower will tow much more effectually than it can propel. Witness, for instance, a single tugboat towing a mile or so of big coal barges and making very good time, in spite of the enormous drag upon her cable. A small launch, with any of the improved motive powers, will walk away with a vessel of twenty times her displacement. Not, of course, against wind and tide, but under favorable conditions, and such are all that a houseboatman ought to expect. With a launch to go a-marketing, or for the mail, or to call upon neighbors afloat or ashore, the problems of houseboat navigation are greatly simplified without infringing upon the space intended for the accommodation of passengers and crew. However, the compact little engines which so swiftly propel the various types of motor craft are of sufficient power to give speed to the ordinary houseboat. There is no waste of power. Sufficient gasoline can safely be stored in bulkheads

at the forward end of the boat to last for an extended cruise, and there is no risk worthy of consideration.

As indicated, there are distinct classes of houseboats; those that only float and must be moored; those that may be towed; those with sails; and those carrying naphtha, gasolene or steam engines. The towing houseboat has been called the flower of its kind. Two men in a rowboat can move the average houseboat without great strain, and poling works wonders; but the canny houseboat skipper relies upon wind and tide for much of his work. Your true houseboater is altogether willing to wait on tide and wind. He is going nowhere. He has forgotten the meaning of the word "hurry." All he asks is that the views from his deck chair or hammock may be beautiful, that as he looks from his dining room window he may see long vistas of shimmering water and woodland greenery, or watch water and trees and sky drift by, slowly, gently, cloud-like, while he steals through a network of marshes, still lagoons, or shallow, winding creeks, rivers or canals.

A large houseboat is far more comfortable than any large craft even approaching it in size. It is "house" first, and "boat" next. In other words, no room is taken up with propelling machinery, stores, keel, shaft, masts, or other things needed in a yacht. All the space goes to accommodation. You bathe in the river or bay, your "hall" is the deck, and you have the minimum of lumber of all kinds.

Houseboats may be home-made at a comparatively trifling cost, or the product of the professional yacht or shipbuilder, running into thousands of dollars. The pleasure to be derived is not to be measured by their expensiveness. Health and comfort, the maximum luxury at the



A Houseboat Front Yard.

minimum cost, these the houseboat places within the reach of every one.

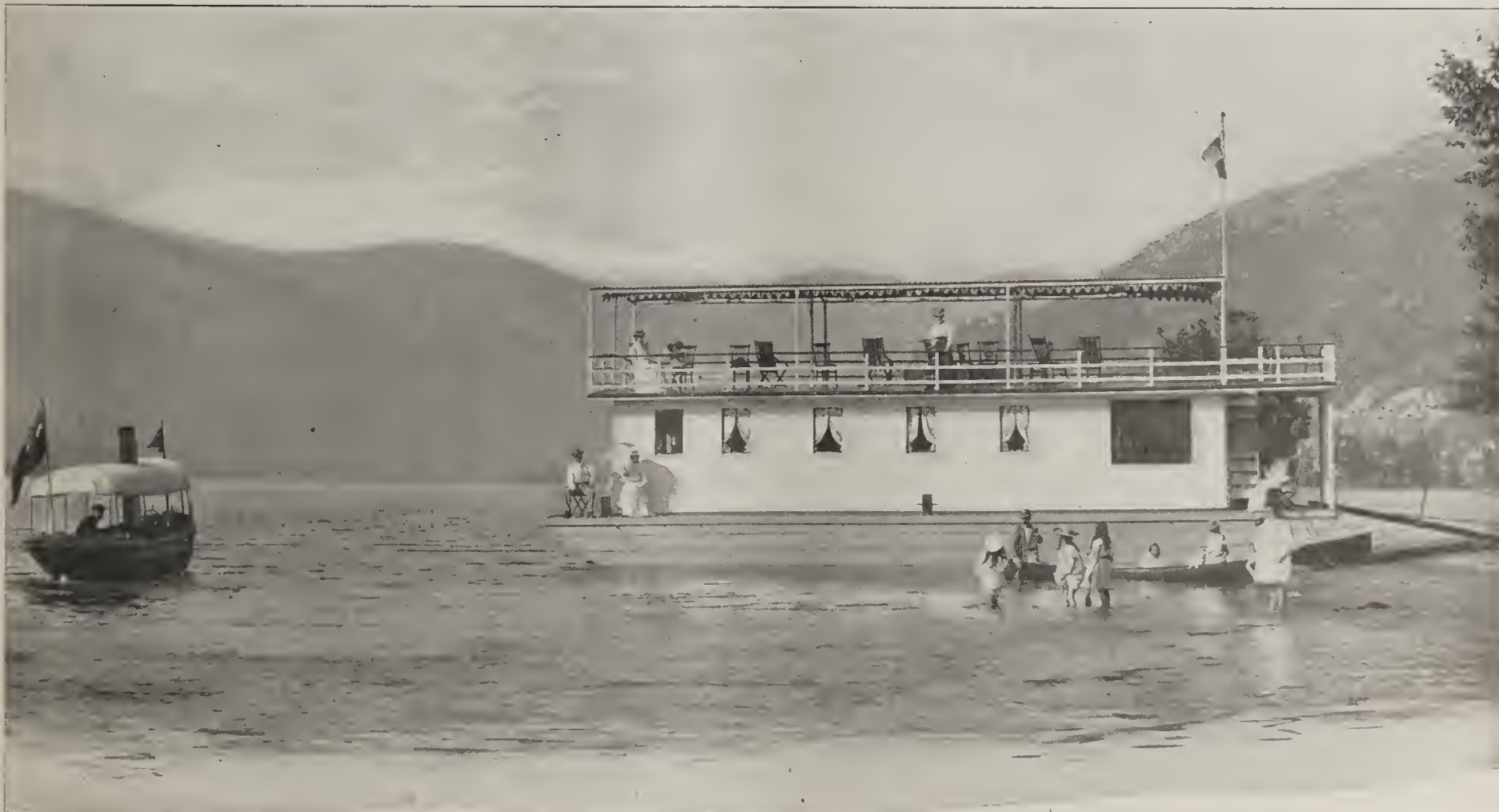
The average houseboat costs anywhere from one hundred to one thousand dollars. There is, of course, hardly any limit as to what may be spent in this direction, and houseboats worth from two thousand to five thousand dollars are by no means uncommon. In the latter the item of engine and machinery makes up a comfortable part of the cost. But whether the houseboat be

worth one hundred or one thousand dollars, there is nothing to limit the pleasure and satisfaction of the owner. For all practical purposes a houseboat costing in the neighborhood of five hundred dollars has been found to answer every need. Another hundred spent for furniture has given the happy owner a home that no one need be ashamed of. When one thinks of how many people there are who pay this amount or more for the rental of a stuffy little cottage at a summer resort for a single season, the argument is all in favor of owning one's own home for the outing months.

The houseboater has "troubles of his own," but they are not the familiar and sordid problems of the seaside cottage. Anxiety about the neighborhood is diminished, because, to a certain extent, your neighborhood can be changed at will. There can be no haunting anxiety about drains when the longest one measures two feet six and empties without a trap into running water. The twin questions of lawn sprinkling and grass cutting do not present themselves at all, and you may moor your boat to your front door knob and defy acknowledged thieves as well as nominal borrowers. A houseboat may be a reconstructed sailing craft or a shanty on a scow furnished in a style inexpensive or elaborate.

SPEED TROPHY AWARDED TO THE KOBAN

Competing against leading detachable rowboat motors, the Koban won the beautiful silver cup given by the Southern Yacht Club at New Orleans, Louisiana. The Southern Yacht Club is the second oldest in the United States. This silver cup is only one of the many speed trophies won by the Koban.



A Houseboat is the Kiddies' Paradise.



Live Notes From The Field

Being Reports From Our Local Correspondents

Overstocked Winter Ranges of Elk

In the years before the country was settled up, the Yellowstone Park was little used by the game as a winter range. When the valleys were settled the game still found feed and shelter to share with the stock. Then the country became fenced, stock ranges grew smaller, feed less, and the game was crowded badly into the higher mountains. Then came the Timber Reserves. These for a while made a winter range for game—though limited as to feed—then came the leasing of them to stockmen for their cattle and sheep. That was about the finish of the old winter range. Game was compelled to stay in the higher valleys in the Park where there was considerable feed, but under deep snow, but usually the game managed to live until spring, when they had the hardest time. One winter about 3,000 elk were seen in Hayden Valley and the Pelican Creek country. There elk got along very well until spring, when the snow was melted down to a slush and then froze to a solid ice, covering all the feed. Elk were seen dead in bunches of 20 to 100 so close together that you could almost step from one to the other. This was seen by Capt. Geo. S. Anderson and Captain Scott, and was published in *Forest and Stream* at the time. These officers saw not less than two thousand (2,000) elk in the two valleys. Next winter there were not over 50 elk in each valley. (This was in 1891 or 1892, I think.) Every winter some elk starve, sometimes more, sometimes less. Now and then they have a mild winter and spring, so that all except the natural loss came through in fine condition. The spring calves increase the herd, and should the next winter be hard, thousands die.

Many people interested in the preservation of game appeared to regret the slaughter of elk by hunters and tourists, and more and more stringent game laws were made to prevent the killing of game. Nevertheless, in years there have not been killed enough to keep down the annual increase and prevent the overstocking of the range, or to meet the constantly decreasing food supply. Jackson's Hole, the Yellowstone Valley and all ranches near the Park were troubled with the starving elk, which broke down pasture fences, ate up the feed, climbed the hay-corrall fences, dislodged the hay, and in some cases were killed by barbed wire fences, and many shot by ranchers to keep them away from

their haystacks. Still there was legislation and more of it to protect the game and permit anyone getting any in the fall, when it was fat, unless you paid for licenses and other expenses enough to make the meat cost more than prime beef. All this extra protection was given to let the elk starve.

Wyoming made a so-called winter range for game south of the Park, called it a game refuge. No game animal would ever winter there unless driven back by ranchers from the lawn country. Except during the most favorable winters there is not enough winter range there for 100 elk, and now cattle, during the summer, eat off most of this range. Montana made a winter range along the north boundary of the Yellowstone Park, and the section, consisting chiefly of very high mountains, with heavy snowfall and no natural winter range for game.

Where hunters were allowed to kill game, although much was wasted, enough were killed to keep down the number and allow for the constantly decreasing winter feeding grounds. For several years I advocated that the government of the several States about the Park permit people to have elk under fence and market their flesh as food, to catch live wild elk and other game and also beaver and other fur-bearing animals, and I also recommended and urged that as many elk as possible be captured alive and shipped to other States to re-stock the old ranges, parks, and game preserves. Fortunately, this latter has been done to a limited extent since I moved from Montana, but I can't see that domestication has been allowed by the legislature or encouraged by popular sentiment of the States.

Now it appears the increase is so great that there is talk of slaughtering enough every year to keep the number down to the limit of the winter range. This can be done and is a very sane way to dispose of this increase and surplus, but the meat should be carefully saved and sold. It could be shipped in ice to the East and sold at auction, but a better way to my notion is to do away with those so-called game refugees and permit the killing of game as it comes from the Park only, extending the open season until at least the first of January, allow the capturing of animals outside the Park for domestication, and the marketing of the increase by the ranchers.

Antelope, mountain sheep and mule deer should be protected as much as possible, and by protection I mean the killing-off of the coyotes, wolves and mountain lion in the Park. If something is not done there will be a loss of game some spring that will about wipe out the whole lot. It is not necessary to have a hard winter and spring. Let the game become too numerous and crowded, and you will have some disease that will carry them off. There was a time some twenty or twenty-five years ago when porcupine were very thick and plenty all through the mountains and Park. In one ride toward evening south of the Park I counted 42 porcupine along the trail. They were everywhere, and their sign, too. Next year not a porcupine could be seen and it was years before I saw any sign in the Park or the mountains around it. Nothing but a disease could have wiped them out. No hard winter can discourage a porcupine; he can climb a tree and live off the bark of one for the whole winter.

Now I see there is the same trouble in the Olympic Mountains, State of Washington. I saw an article in the *Post Intelligencer*, in which it was claimed that the Olympic range is getting overstocked by the increase of the elk there under the protection by State and United States laws, because the winter range there is quite limited. Of this I know very little by personal observation. What I have seen of the Olympic Mountains makes me think it's not a good elk country or winter range, still there is so little snow there, except in the high mountains, that the elk can get some feed on houses in the jungles. There is very little grass for winter feed; the grass appears to me to grow only in the higher country above timber line, and so deep under snow in winter, and, besides, not accessible owing to the roughness of the mountains. I also understand that most of the elk are on the westward ocean side of the range. I learn, too, that some elk were sent to the Olympic Mountains from the Yellowstone Park. Fortunately for the elk and game of that kind in the Olympic Mountains there are no cattle to range over their feeding ground.

Now we may ask, what are the National Parks for? What were they established for? Were they made to be a breeding place for game of all kinds, to be held there to starve to death or killed by the coyotes, wolves and all the other animals that feed on them, excepting man?

Years ago the government made a treaty with Shoshone Indians agreeing with them that they should have the right to hunt off their reservations. A little later the country was settled to some extent and then became a State. Then

game laws were made and no one could kill an elk or other game animal without a license. One Indian was killed (in Jackson's Hole) because he was hunting game the U. S. government had promised he could hunt and the State said he must not. Even when the Indians got, or tried to get, licenses, the whites would not let the Indians hunt off their reservations and on the reservations there was no game for them. The whites would not let the Indians kill any meat. Yet every one of these white men was killing meat in and out of season for his own use. I, personally, do not blame them for that, since the only thing they had to market was beef, and that could transport itself. Still they had no right to keep others from getting what meat they required and only let those who could afford the high license kill for pleasure or sport. Their law said they must use the whole elk and at the same time they know, or ought to, that a bull is not fit for food during the running season.

Another thing; to reduce the number of elk they should be slaughtered and not hunted. They can be tolled into enclosures and butchered. If an attempt is made to shoot any number on the open range, many will be only wounded and escape, only to be lost. It is true that some of the old buffalo hunters who could get a stand on a bunch could kill them all, but that is shooting them and so there would be considerable loss of valuable meat. I think that by building high enclosures with wings, the elk could be captured alive and sold alive. Then the purchaser could kill them or use them domesticated, could keep only what bulls they wanted and kill as required and in season. But the law would have to permit the sale of the meat. There are thousands of acres that would make good elk farms and bring in more to the owner than the same land devoted to sheep.

The great number of horses belonging to the transportation companies and pastured in the Park during the summer on Mt. Everts, The Swan Lake, Basin, and other parts of the Park, cut down the winter range as now used.

The alfalfa field first sown by Major, now Colonel, Pitcher was intended only for antelope, deer and mountain sheep, but I have seen cavalry horses and cows and horses belonging to transportation companies eating it, and the alfalfa crop has been too short to feed to the antelope at the proper time, and they have left the Park. I don't know how this field is handled now; before I left there were a few antelope that camped all summer with this alfalfa. They spent the day in the foothills of Sepulchre Mountain and came down evenings to the field, old and young returning in the morning to the foothills. There is a fine field on the east side of Gardener River that would produce many tons of alfalfa but would require irrigating. This would be a bit expensive.

I have already written about the starving elk getting into the pastures and fields and corrals along the Yellowstone between Gardener and Electric, but when one rancher (G. W. Reese) took a calf that had been tangled up in a barbed wire fence and badly hurt, fed and saved this animal, tamed it so that it ran with his cows, the game warden ordered him to turn it loose, told him it was against the law to have it in his possession. George let it run with his cows. One day toward spring it was missing; a Dago at Electric had killed it.

T. E. H.



Wild Ducks on Farm of Geo. Klein of Kansas.

Measures of Progress in Game Conservation

By Henry Chase

THREE prominent measures in particular of late discussion in the literature of game protection have attracted and riveted the attention of the writer, viz.: First, Judge Whitaker's proposal in New York for a constitutional amendment taking away from the legislature the power to enact game laws and vesting the same in the state game commission; second, the arguments for and against a "buck law," and third, the promulgation in several states of civil service rules for selecting applicants for the office of game wardens.

As to the first: Judge Whitaker's proposal appears to be a most excellent one; provided, of course, the selection of members of the commission is free from political influence, and they are capable and practical, and that the game commission consists also of practical men who have both the knowledge and courage to promulgate proper rules of conservation and will see to it that such rules are strictly enforced without fear or favor and encourage the wardens to do their duty conscientiously.

There can be no question at present but what the basic principles for all needful game legislation have been duly established by experience and science. These should never be departed from under any circumstances, and exceptions for special localities should be made only in rare cases. The difficulty nowadays is to prevent constant tinkering with the game laws. In almost every state we can scarcely get proper laws enacted before changes are made. To receive the benefit of good laws it is necessary that they should be strictly enforced for a number of years. But usually before this can be done the statutes are altered, amended or repealed, and the work of repassing them must be done all over again. The result is it now requires about all the energy of the game departments and sportsmen combined to keep good laws upon the statute book a sufficient length of time to be effectual. What we need, then, is stable laws founded on proper principles. How can this be brought about? It appears that no better way has been suggested than that proposed by Judge

Whitaker, and the conservationists throughout the country will watch the New York effort in this line with intense interest.

As to the "buck law" arguments: The opponents of this measure center their arguments round a single question of fact, which the other side will not concede one moment to be a fact. They readily admit, we understand, that the theory of permitting the taking of bucks only and sparing the does and fawns is the correct one as a true measure of conservatism. The fact is, no sane man can dispute this. If you went to a man raising poultry, cattle or sheep and suggested the indiscriminate killing off of a certain number of his stock annually without regard to age or sex, he would doubtless come to the conclusion that you were a blockhead and knew nothing about his business. This is equally true with respect to deer. Ah, but our opponents say, it is different where animals are confined and can be carefully selected from the stock. Why so? Their contention simply amounts to this: In hunting deer, when you get an opportunity for a shot you cannot wait to see whether it is a buck or doe or you will lose your chance altogether. In fact, their slogan is: "Shoot first, and look afterwards." This same theory has caused the death of many hunters who were mistaken for deer. It is the cry of the nervous, excitable tenderfoot who gets buck fever as soon as he sees something moving in the brush, and his trigger finger trembles for instant action. Also it is the argument of the doe killers that equally as many does are killed in this way as bucks and the former are left to rot in the woods. So the point is here: Do we want to make our laws to suit the convenience of this set of men who are a perfect menace and terror to the lives of all decent hunters in the woods? Again, are good game laws the result of compromise with this crowd? I apprehend not. They are the people we make laws to repress and subdue, and we shall never make the slightest progress in this movement by consulting their wishes and convenience. Rather let them attune their trigger fingers to wholesome laws.



Pheasants and Grouse, Reared by American Game Protective Association.

and not the laws to them. But let us see, is this really true that conditions are as these men say? As a general answer we feel safe in saying it is all nonsense and absolutely absurd as to the number of does killed this way annually. While the statement may be partially true in certain isolated sections, as a general proposition it is far from the truth. Does any man dare tell us that there were as many does killed unlawfully in the Adirondacks last season as there were bucks lawfully taken? We have accurate figures on the number of bucks killed in Vermont, and several other states, during the past open season. Now, we would like to see the color of the man's hide who will come forth and assert that equally as many does were unlawfully killed in those states. Where will he get his estimate from? Will it be from his own knowledge of the lawlessness he discovered in the section where he was hunting—all of which he has probably carefully secreted from the game department—or is not, as a matter of fact, simply a figment of someone's imagination? The true way to settle the doe killing question is to make a stringent law against this practice with a good, stiff penalty for its violation, and then turn into the woods during the open season a strong body of wardens and you will see this "Shoot first, look afterwards" proposition disappear from the columns of the sportsmen's press. We conclude, then, that the opponents of the "buck law" are basing their claim on false premises and are not entitled to consideration.

Civil service for game wardens is a good thing, no doubt. It is what some of us have been striving for for years. It is the most encouraging measure for real warden work that can be imagined. But we do hope that the men who prepare the examination will at least have a little practical knowledge of what constitutes an efficient warden; what a real warden is up against in his duties; how those duties are performed in practice and not on paper, and what kind of stuff it requires in a man to do efficient work. It is admitted that to prepare a proper set of questions for examination of applicants to get good men is an extremely difficult matter, but a man who has had field experience can tell you about every time the true from the false. If your humble servant were acting as a civil service commissioner the first few questions which he would ask an applicant would be these: Are you in favor of game protection by means of strict enforcement of the laws? Are

you fond of the wild life found in our forests and streams? Is your whole heart in this cause of protection so you would be willing to work hard to protect the wild life even though you did not receive a penny for your services? Would you be willing to serve six months on trial without compensation to show your good faith in your pretensions? Have you done much hunting and fishing in your time, and if so, when and where? Have you had experience as a peace officer? Do you know when a game warden may make an arrest without a warrant, and when one is required? Have you had much experience in tracking game? Would you walk ten miles on a wet, cold day to arrest a man who had unlawfully killed one little song bird? Here are a few samples of questions which, if answered properly and in the right spirit, show just what your applicant will be as a game warden. The thing to ascertain is whether the applicant's whole heart is in the conservation movement, or whether he is after the job for the money it pays him. If he is a sentimental crank in favor of protecting the wild life you will find that is his religion and he is sure to make a good warden.

BIG GAME IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Athalmer, East Kooteney, British Columbia.

April 12, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am located at the fork of the Kootenay and Vermillion Rivers, a little north of "Hornaday's Country," so called here, of which you will see a vivid description in Mr. Hornaday's book—"Camp Fires in the Rockies."

Since our local legislature—some few years ago—raised alien sportsmen's license fees from \$50.00 up to \$100.00, these alien sportsmen have fallen off at a rapid rate. Guides have gone elsewhere, and wealthy sportsmen being few, big game has increased enormously—moose, wapiti, bighorn, goat, grizzly (also black cinnamon and silver-tip), cougar and mule deer. Wapiti have been on the protected list for some years. Fine trout fishing abounds in river, stream and lake.

I have been trying to get the present \$100.00 charged alien sportsmen taken off and put on a scale of so much for each animal killed, say from \$15.00 to \$25.00 for a grizzly, or sheep, or wapiti, or moose, etc. On this system sportsmen would only be paying for what they got,

instead of paying a lump sum down, which is too much like buying a pig in a bag, for after all, big game hunting is like playing a game of cards with the most practical and experienced of men as the players, but so far have failed to move the powers that be, as one must when up against the fearful odds found here—that is, a legislature absolutely devoid of a single member who is a practical sportsman with the interests of either big game or the country at heart.

Big game! Every head of which is worth is worth from \$1,000 to \$1,200 per head commercially to the country, is left to the tender mercies of politicians, in sympathy and efficiency as far apart as the poles. Ye gods! the very thought of it makes all lovers of Nature's beautiful fauna jump 40 feet in the air!!!

That we have plenty of game here in East Kootenay and other parts of British Columbia is not from the protection afforded it by the civilized white man (look at the way they are murdering one another in Europe at present), but from the heavily timbered, rugged nature of the country and the game's own instinct. But I forget—I am taking up your time with what you are undoubtedly well acquainted with.

J. A. H.

GAME CONDITIONS IN KANSAS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

No doubt you are aware that the legislature of the state of Kansas at its last session allowed \$18,000 for the maintenance of the fish hatchery, and not one cent is to be spent for the welfare of our game birds. This goes to show that our game birds are being protected off the face of the earth. Our sportsmen paid through hunting license something like \$40,000 a year. Eighteen thousand is to be used for the upkeep of hatchery, balance, \$22,000, goes to state revenue—a case of sportsmen being robbed by legislature or, as the game politician calls it, class legislation. One thing that I am proud of is that Governor Capper appointed a man of fine ability for State Game Warden of this state—a man whom I think knows a little more than fish culture, who will look after the welfare of our game birds, or will, at least, use his influence in that direction. I will see the new Game Warden of Kansas and consult with him on game propagation, and should he adopt the plan, you can look for Kansas to go on the map as a game producing state.

GEO. J. KLEIN.

Spring Cruises for the Canoeist

Interesting Trips that Cost Little and Afford Splendid Scenery and Fishing



HERE are many short but exciting canoe trips within a short distance of New York. For those who wish to camp out—take just what you need—if anything less, for in many places a half inch means going over—or under.

It is more advisable to make the trip in a day—taking a change of clothing which keep in a duffle bag tied to about twenty feet of line. A sixteen foot canvas boat with low ends is best—with an extra blade. The total cost per man (figuring two to a boat) should not exceed \$5.00.

In most cases it will only be necessary to allow one week for the shipment of canoes. However it is best to consult the railroad company to insure your having a boat. After June 1, the water will be too shallow to navigate, so the sooner you get started, the better.

Delaware River (3 days).

A most exciting and enjoyable trip, good camp sites and many opportunities to buy at farms. Start from Hancock and finish at Port Jervis, Erie, R. R. Between these two points is the best part of the "white water." It would be useless to give the rifts and their location for at different water levels they seem to change considerably.

For safety sake with two in a boat a canvas cover for the bow is advisable. It is best not to get out to look over the situation, for it has never been known of anyone taking the course outlined, also because the longer you look at them the bigger they seem. You will find more excitement in taking "em as they 'cum," and once having made the trip you will surely go again. Taking this early spring trip is not advisable for inexperienced canoeists.

Saranac River.

This stream has its beginning at Saranac Lake Village and drains the waters of the three Saranacs, Upper, Middle and Lower, but the volume is not sufficient for a run to Plattsburg, excepting in May and early June. It is about seventy-five miles.

A light outfit, with a supply of two days' grub should be carried, to be used when necessary stopovers are made between villages. Before reaching Morrisonville a carry of about a mile is necessary around the falls. Six miles from Plattsburg and extending to the town itself is a series of a half dozen dams around which it will be necessary to portage. The banks of this stream are lined with trees for most of the distance, but some of it has been timbered.

To make a week's trip of this you could start at Old Forge and go through the Fulton Chain—or after arriving at Plattsburg continue down Lake Champlain.



Vistas That Spread Before the Touring Canoeist.

Susquehanna River (8 to 10 days).

Start from Cooperstown, the very source and go as far down as you like. This trip is entirely through farming country, with a steady current and some "white water." The latter part of May or early June is the best time of year. It will not be possible to hire a boat—allow two weeks for its shipment. For the first few days you are liable to find the stream dammed up with fallen trees—so be on the alert.

Upper Hudson.

Start from Raquette Lake, then to Long Lake, through a series of lakes—connection with portages—to Newcomb Lake then down the Hudson River to Glens Falls. This is about 200 miles and should take seven to ten days. After leaving the lakes there is plenty of "white water" and wild country. Take a light outfit and heavy clothing. After July 1 the water will be too low to navigate.

Pequonnick River.

This cruise may be started at Stockholm if taken early in the year or after a heavy rain. However to have enough water to take you over the shallow places it is better to begin the trip from Charlottesburg. On account of the numerous delays and possible troubles along the route it is well to arrive at Charlottesburg in the evening and stop over, thereby getting an early start the next day. The run down this stream

will be a strenuous effort and should be taken by those only who have had some experience in running "white water." There are several places along the river where eatables can be purchased, but it is better to provide yourself beforehand with enough to last throughout the day.

Care should be taken when rounding narrow parts of the stream where you cannot see ahead for a distance, especially where the water is running very swiftly as often fallen trees obstruct the passage. There is one bad spot below the first dam from Charlottesburg where the river runs through a small section of woodland and joins another stream. On rounding the bend you are suddenly brought to face with a fallen tree, and unless you have your boat under control there will be a "smash" that will prove disastrous to canoe and duffle, not to mention your own minor hurts.

Too much care can not be exercised in holding the boat in check and under full control at all times in running this stream. There is a drop of several hundred feet in fifteen to twenty miles. If fortunate, this trip can be continued to Mountain View.

Hackensack River.

Ship to West Nyack—The start is made underneath the railroad bridge. The stream is very narrow and shallow to start, and it means working together or your boat will be broadside

most of the time. However, there is no danger and any canoeist who has had a little experience can easily navigate. This is a very pretty trip to Hackensack. If you wish and have the time you can continue, making arrangements with some one to ship your boat home or to the start of the next trip.

Ramapo River.

This is somewhat longer and more exciting than the Hackensack. The start is made from Suffern, but those who are willing to chance a "ducking" (as a good canoeist never carries around) should start from Tuxedo. A few miles south of Tuxedo there are several drops; to be fairly safe go to the left, to be game go to the right, with some one below.

If you leave from Suffern and wish to make a real pleasure trip take a light outfit and buy all your supplies beforehand. Hudson River canoeists can ship from Edgewater or the week end previous paddle to Piermont, N. Y. shipping from there.

The first few hours there are many rifts, bridges and dams—the left side will in most cases have the deeper water. At Oakland there is another dam. If you think there is six inches of water take a chance and go over light. After passing through the Pompton Lakes, keep your eye open for the big dam, and carry around the left. Do not pass under the bridge below until you have looked it over. Take the second stream to the right below the bridge (the current will be against you), there will be another exciting drop, then after that there will be clear paddling. You can conveniently finish the trip at Mountain View or go further south if you wish.

Wanaque River.

Ship to Hewitt on the Erie—Owing to service and possibility of delay arrange to remain at Hewitt the night previous. What you wish to keep dry, put in the bag. It will be necessary to be ever on the alert, and have a partner whose eccentricities with the paddle you understand fully, for you will have no time to ask "which side shall we take" otherwise it will be "what shall I go for?"

Go to the left on the first drop, also carry around the first dam to the left. This stream runs into the Ramapo below Pompton Lakes, where you follow the Ramapo River trip to Mountain View.

Raritan (North Branch).

Start at Far Hills, which is on the Passaic and Delaware Branch of the D. L. & W. Put up Saturday night at North Branch, where there is a hotel close to the river, just below the dam—about fifteen miles from Far Hills. Next day continue about thirty-five miles to Bound Brook. From Far Hills to North Branch the water is shallow and can only be made at high water.

Passaic River.

Start at Chatham on the D. L. & W.—There is practically no fast water on this trip, but a good steady current. The scenery in May, however, when the leaves are coming out is very fine, and may be compared to the Everglades in Florida—especially at high water. The river winds its way in and out among the trees, and you must be ever on the lookout not to lose the main channel. The trip can be discontinued at many points—depending upon the time at your disposal

JAMES B. REGAN

Proprietor of the world-famous Knickerbocker Hotel, one of the largest and most fashionable hotels in New York, says:

"No day is complete for me without at least one pipeful of mild, aromatic Tuxedo to chase away big and little worries and bring me complete bodily and mental ease."

James B. Regan

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It's always picnic time for Tuxedo smokers. They make every day a holiday by packing their pipes full of Tuxedo soon as they see a big or little worry starting down the street toward them. You're bound to be a happy man when you smoke this mild, pleasant tobacco. It's pure sunshine in a green-and-gold tin—mellow, rich-ripe and perfect.

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Superb leaves of cream-of-the-crop Kentucky Burley—selected for mildness and delicious fragrance—treated by the famous "Tuxedo Process" which gentles the tobacco so it cannot bite your tongue: that's Tuxedo!

You can smoke pipeful after pipeful without the slightest throat-irritation or tongue-bite. Tuxedo is restful and refreshing, comforting and cheering—all that perfect tobacco should be. Next time you feel as if life was getting to be gosh-awful, just go 'round to any dealer anywhere and say: "Tuxedo." It's a synonym for sunshine.

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MOTOR FOR A CANOE.

For lovers of canoeing here is a type of portable motor installation that should prove interesting. The frame of the motor rests on a board about 2 ft. long, which distributes the weight very thoroughly so as not to strain the canoe. There is a movable tube surrounding the shaft of the motor which controls the direction in which the propeller is faced and this controls the movement of the boat—even reversing it just by moving the tiller. Surrounding the above-mentioned tube is another larger tube flanged at the bottom. This tube is run up through the bottom of the canoe till the flange (faced with a rubber gasket) is tight against the bottom of the

canoe. A nut over the top of this large tube clamps the canoe, the foundation board, and the motor frame securely as though in one piece. This makes a perfectly water-tight joint and a neat job of installing. No thwarts are used. The motor does not touch the canoe at any point; it rests on the board only.

The great advantage of this type of installation is that it keeps the weight of the motor low down—a vital point in a canoe—and does not mar the canoe in any way. One hole through the bottom is all that is required. This installation is exclusive with Joymotor made by Joy Engineering Company, Tribune Building, Chicago.

PHEASANT AND QUAIL DWELL IN HARMONY.

Cassopolis, Mich., May 12, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Reading in your last issue, I find a letter from Mr. Griffith, Columbus, Ohio, dated April 10th, in which he gives the views of General Speaks, the game warden of Ohio, on the subject, "Is the Mongolian pheasant a menace to the native game birds of the State, especially the quail?" I feel that it is due you that I should give you the facts within my knowledge on this proposition.

I am no doubt the largest and most successful raiser of game birds and quail in this part of the country. My Ringneck and Mongolian pheasants are penned in compartments fenced with two-inch poultry netting. These pens, holding the pheasants, run in a square about a field that we use for general gardening. My quail are turned loose in this garden field. They are not pinioned and their wings are not clipped. They come and go from the garden at their pleasure. We are accustomed to feeding them in the evening, and a great many of them always gather in from the outside alfalfa and other fields of the farm for the sweets that we throw to them.

In going from their garden, they must fly over or run through the pheasant pens, and as a consequence they usually pass through the pens, because they are averse to flying when running or walking will accomplish their purpose. They frequently remain in the pens with the pheasants all day. There is not a time when I go into the pheasant pens but what I find quail in some of them. I have never known a quail to be hurt by a pheasant and I have never known a pheasant to attack one. They eat together and appear to be either on the most friendly terms or indifferent to each other.

These statements of mine can be verified, if you desire, to have them verified, by the Hon. Wm. R. Oates, Commissioner of Fish and Game of the State of Michigan, and by his deputies, Messrs. Jones, Hunter and Condon, who recently visited my place and spent a pleasant half day with me among the birds. Mr. Oates on that occasion stated to me that it was indeed a convincing surprise to him, after all he had read on the subject, to see the pheasants and the quail in such close and peaceful association.

HELEN BARTLETT.

ST. JOHNS RIVER BASS FISHING.

Alanson, Mich.

For years I have heard of the big bass in the St. Johns River, Florida, and this last winter I decided to give these waters a trial. Taking the Clyde Line steamer at Jacksonville in the afternoon I arrived at Astor early in the morning. Being a little tired after my trip I did not fish any the first day, but spent my time doing some scouting to find out where to fish and what to fish with. Spoon-hooks are used but little down here and most everyone uses artificial minnows for bait. I had some of these with me and bought some others here that I was advised were good for these waters. I learned also that the bass were jumping but did not realize just what was meant by this. The next morning we started out and after we had gone up the river a couple of miles the old-timers began looking ahead to see, as they stated, "if anything doing." They must have seen something that I did not,

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or altering its normal speed. Has push-button control. Clamps to the stern of any square or pointed stern row-boat in a jiffy. Develops 2 H. P. Runs in salt or fresh water.

Has Magneto Built in Flywheel
 Can also be furnished with battery ignition or dual ignition if desired. Has silencer on the exhaust. Positively water-tight gear housing. These and numerous other features described in free catalog No. 10.

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for one of them said: "They are a-going it to beat the band." In a couple of minutes we were near the fishing grounds, and sure enough, they were going it, large mouth bass of all sizes, jumping in the air and throwing shad minnows around in every direction; sometimes twenty-five to fifty bass were in the air at one time.

The men who were used to it took their time and waited until they were within casting distance of a big one, but my first cast was, I regret to say, a failure, as I tried to swing my bait in midair to reach a big one after I had already cast for another one. Well, I guess for a few minutes I was about the most excited fisherman that had struck these waters, but after a while I settled down to take my time until I could cast

where a big one broke, and then I began to have real sport. They may not fight quite as well as our northern bass but they make a good fight at that, and they run all the way up to ten and twelve pounds.

Aluminum and white minnows are the most successful in these waters, both surface and underwater. A two-inch aluminum minnow gave the best results for an underwater. When bass are jumping the wiggle baits are the best and I have had my best catches on them. When the shad minnows are running to the ocean the bass feed on them and the wiggle minnows resemble the shad movements and fool the bass.

C. W. MEEKER.

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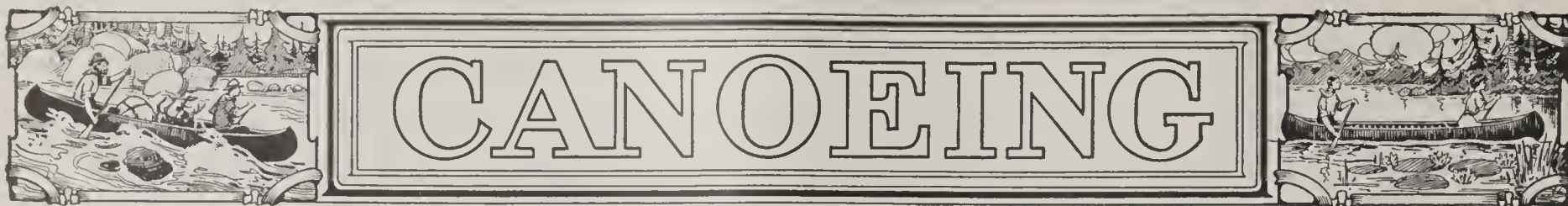
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CANOEING

Forest and Stream is Official Organ of the American Canoe Association.

LETTER FROM THE CHAIRMAN.

Fellow Members A. C. A.:

In this issue of *Forest and Stream* appears the official Regatta Program for the Thirty-sixth Annual Meet of the American Canoe Association at Sugar Island, August 6th to 20th, 1915.

Every endeavor has been made by the Regatta Committee to arrange a program that should prove satisfactory to the racing men and every effort possible will be made to have the races run as scheduled.

Friday, August 13th, is designated as "Paddling Day." It is thought that by devoting one entire day to the paddling races, it will not only do away with any uncertainty as to just when these races will be run, but will also give every one an opportunity to enter the paddling events.

Saturday, August 14th, is "Central Division Day." The Division will hold its meet and regatta on the island that day. The following four Division Trophies will be raced for by Central Division men:

Central Division Sailing Trophy—The Vice-Commodore Cup, the Ka-ne-en-da Canoe Club Trophy and a Central Division Cruising Trophy. The program also includes several open A. C. A. races.

On Monday, August 16, the Wilderness Cruising Contest will be held. Particulars of this interesting and instructive contest was published in the March issue of *Forest and Stream*, whose editor has so kindly offered to present a handsome Trophy Cup to be known as "The *Forest and Stream* Wilderness Cruising Trophy." This cup will be in addition to the prize offered by the association.

It is sincerely hoped that our cruising canoeists will turn out strong this year and that they will enter this contest in goodly numbers. Remember, it is not a race but a test of skill for the all-around canoeist and camper.

Great care will be used in selecting appropriate prizes for all the events, and everything possible will be done by the Regatta Committee to make the 1915 meet the best ever.

Canoeably yours,
A. F. SAUNDERS, A. C. A. 6187,
Chairman, Regatta Committee.

KA-NE-EN-DA CANOE CLUB.

Syracuse, N. Y., Central Division, A. C. A.

June 7th marks the opening of the eighth season of canoe activity for the Ka-ne-en-da Canoe Club. This energetic little canoe organization has grown from a membership of 16 in 1908 to a club of 70 active canoeists. The club's home is situated on picturesque Onondaga outlet, between Onondaga Lake and the Seneca River; no better waters ever flowed for canoe and paddle than this beautiful central New York stream. With its several tributaries it is canoeable for over a hundred miles, winding its way from Seneca Lake to Ontario. With such ideal cruising waters at its doors it is but natural that the



Camp of the American Canoe Association in the Thousand Islands.

K. C. C. is stronger on the cruising end of canoeing than in the racing game, not that it lacks interest in this sport, far from it. We hold an annual regatta and have made a fair showing at

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both the Division and General Meets of the A. C. A. Member H. W. Hart brought sailing honors to the club last July by winning the Central Division Sailing Trophy.

The club expects to send a large number of its members to Sugar Island next August, and our racing men will endeavor to make a good showing in the races.

Especial interest is manifest among our fellows in the Wilderness Cruising Contest and we are going to make a mighty effort to bring back that *Forest and Stream* Trophy so kindly offered by its owners.

A. F. SAUNDERS,

Vice-Commodore, Central Div., A. C. A. Officers and directors, K. C. C., 1915, are Francis Hall, Commodore; Karl J. Viola, Vice-Commodore; C. C. Brown, Treasurer; Robert L. Allen, Secretary; M. V. Gilbert, Measurer. Directors, H. W. Warwick, A. F. Saunders.

A. C. C. MEMBERSHIP.


NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED

Atlantic Division:—Aymar Wattel, 661 W. 183rd St., New York, N. Y., by L. B. Morgan; Thomas I. Conrad, 503 18th Ave., Newark, N. J., by Herman E Mende; W. Bonk, 465 Ninth Ave., New York, N. Y., by Thomas Blackwood; Terence Smith, 248 Audubon Ave., New York, N. Y., Evan W. Hughes, 248 Audubon Ave., New York, N. Y., Harold S. Hughes, 248 Audubon Ave., New York, N. Y., and Cyril V. Hughes, 248 Audubon Ave., New York, N. Y., all by Payne L. Kretzmer; Marion M. Wattel, 661 W. 18rd St., New York, N. Y., by Ernest B. Spence; Charles H. Joralemon, Jr., 7 Emmett St., Newark, N. J., and Mark Leitch, Jr., 128 Whittlesey Ave., West Orange, N. J., both by Clemons Schroeder; Wm. Frank Smidt, 425 West 160th St., New York, N. Y., by L. B. Morgan.

Central Division:—H. M. Schwartz, 20 Fourth St., Ilion, N. Y., by Geo. P. Stone; Emilio J. Buchaca, 504 James St., Syracuse, N. Y., by A. F. Saunders; Carl R. Delano, 542 Cortland Ave.,

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THE WEEDLESS "MASCOT"
NEAR SURFACE OR SURFACE BAIT

We guarantee that you can cast this bait among thick lilies, rushes, underwater weeds, logs, stumps, snags, etc. Also that it is a sure killer. It runs at varying depths from the surface to two feet deep and will either Wobble or swim straight as desired. Is also reversible. Made with Red Head and White Body or all Red, White or Yellow.

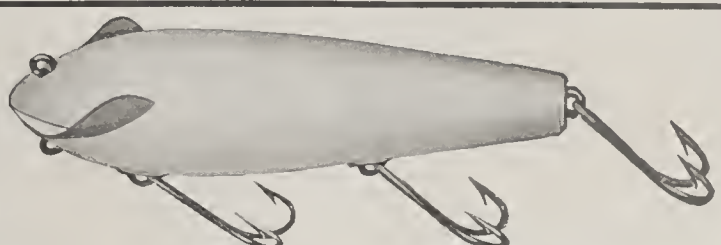
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DEEP WATER OR SURFACE BAIT

This bait is also very weedless and a deadly killer. It can be used as a strict surface bait, throwing a spray of water, or as a deep water bait, running five feet deep or more. It "Wobbles," dives and floats when at rest. Fully guaranteed in every respect. Made with Red Head and White Body or all Red, White or Yellow.

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RESIGNATION.

Central Division:—5,578, Ransom N. Kalbfleisch, Rochester, N. Y.

WOULD FEEL LOST WITHOUT IT.

Pennsylvania State Museum, Harrisburg, Pa., May 17, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Enclosed find my check to renew my subscription for one year. Would feel lost without this paper as I have been a reader of *Forest and Stream* for the past twenty-five years.

BOYD P. ROTHROCK.

REJECT IMITATIONS

There are no foods as good as SPRATT'S. If you desire to keep your dogs alert and sharp-witted you must feed them on

SPRATT'S DOG CAKES

They have no equal and their excellent quality is the result of long and costly experiments and modern methods of manufacture.

Below is a partial list of biscuits manufactured by SPRATT'S PATENT:—



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Send 2c. stamp for "Dog Culture" which contains valuable information regarding kennel management, rearing, etc.

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New England Agency, Boston, Mass.



TRAP SHOOTING



Forest and Stream is an Honorary Member of the Interstate Association for the Promotion of Trapshooting.

During the month past we have had so many gun problems put to us and they are of such general interest, we have decided instead of answering these questions by mail we will hereafter answer through the Gun Department in *Forest and Stream*. If any question comes to you concerning your gun or ammunition, or if you are going to buy a new gun, write our gun editor. He can help you.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Third shoot of Interurban League of gun clubs was won, April 25, by Chicago G. C. with 235. Other clubs finished as follows: Evanston, 280; Long Lake, 227; Arlington Heights, 221; South Chicago, 220; Valparaiso, 215; Riverside, 2,070. H. Gray was top individual with 49x50. W. D. Stannard was upper pro with same score.

Great preparations are under way for the mid-summer handicap to be held at Maplewood, N. H., under auspices of Maplewood Hotel. The tournament will be under direct management of Mr. Dunspaugh, president of the hotel company. He will have as lieutenants, Bill Joselyn, Jack Fanning, Leonard Clark, Lloyd Lewis, Charley North and Frank Sheldon. Many of the shooters

who were at Travers Island at the Champs, will be among those present. The location of the tournament is so delightful that it will afford a charming outing for Mr. and Mrs. Trap Shooter.

U. S. GALLERY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Hitting a half inch bullseye, at seventy-five feet, 499 times out of 500 shots, with a .22 cal-

iber rifle, gives A. D. Rothrock, of Ohio, title of individual gallery rifle shooting champion of United States. He shot against the best rifle shots in the country of whom there were 69 entered. Second place went to Langdon S. Chilcott of Bangor, Me., with 487, third to T. A. Tully of Bridgeport, who scored the same number.

FOR RENT

Salmon Fishing

A mile and a half of water on the Northeast branch Ste. Marguerite River, near Tadousac, Province of Quebec, owned in fee.

Affording fishing for two or three rods; five good pools within easy access of well equipped spacious camp beautifully situated on bend of river. Season commences about the middle of June and fishing is good until August 15th. Owners would like to rent or would consider an offer for the sale of the water.

For further particulars apply to

CAMERON MACLEOD

Room 350 Tremont Bldg.
BOSTON, MASS.

If you go after

TUNA

Use the lines that The Tuna Club at Catalina has used for the last ten years.

And if you go after

TARPON

Use the lines that The Tarpon Club at Aransas Pass has used for the last dozen years.

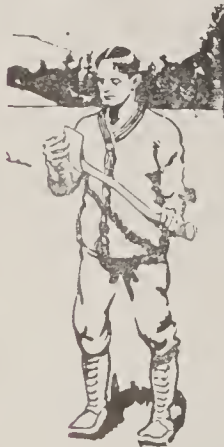
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ASHAWAY, R. I., U. S. A.



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A visit to our store will convince you that we have the most complete line of **Camping Goods** shown anywhere, they are displayed so one can see all the items, large or small necessary for the outing.

If you cannot call send 5c. for our Catalogue No. 67 F, illustrating these goods.

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NEW YORK



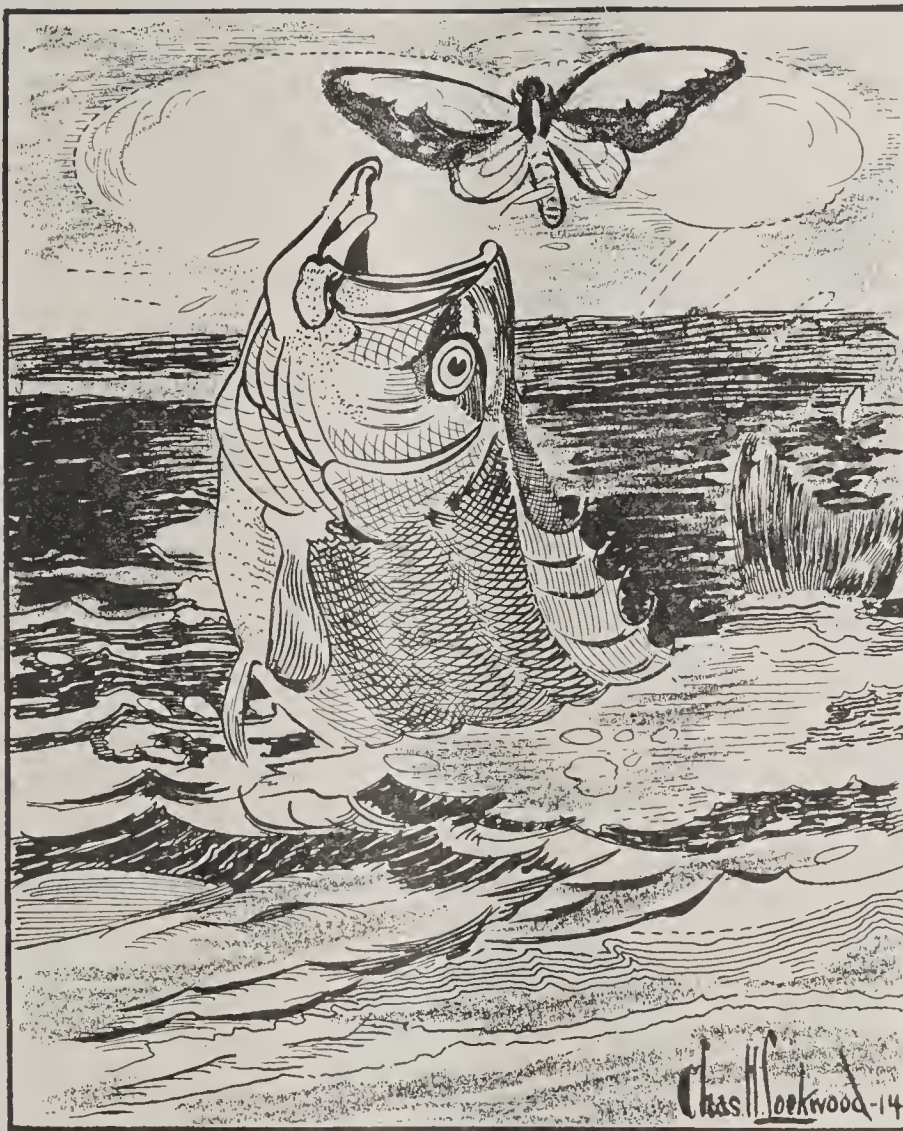
The Lure of Long Island

Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Shooting

There is a lake on Long Island, filled with **black bass**, only a short run from New York City. May we tell you the name of it?

There are two good **trout streams** you should know about.

Do you know where to find **leaping tuna, striped bass**, trolling and surf casting in your own front yard?



Have you selected your **camp site** for this season?

We know of some dandies.

Trap shooting is popular at many hotels and clubs on Long Island. Want to know them? From one end of the Island to the other, on both sides **wonderful beaches** are found---surf or stillwater bathing---in fact---Long Island is the

Sportsman's and Sportswoman's Mecca

May we tell you all about the ISLAND OF ENCHANTMENT?

"LONG ISLAND and REAL LIFE"

is the title of a new book, giving a tabulated list of the hotels and boarding houses, their charges, etc., and illustrates and describes the good times of summer sojourners of former years. FREE at ticket offices, 200 Fifth Avenue (Arcade), 170 Broadway, or mailed upon receipt of ten cents by the General Passenger Agent, Long Island R.R., Room 371, Pennsylvania Station, N.Y.

The Ridgefield Park Gun Club is hastening building operations on its new club house in Bergen county (N. J.).

President Tom Carroll is on the grounds each day overlooking matters and you can bet your pet gun on Tom's ability to have a thing done up shipshape.

The Du Pont gold watch fob bars for attachment to the fob, will be awarded to amateur and professional trapshooters, one bar for each additional run of 50 or over, as follows:

For a Run of	A Bar
50 to 74.....	2-16 in. wide (approximately)
75 to 99.....	3-16 in. " "
100 and above...	5-16 in. " "

A gold watch will be awarded to amateur trapshooters when 15 runs of 50 or over are made. It will take 25 runs of 50 or over for a professional to win one.

The other condition is that Du Pont powder be used.

Oregon State Shoot was won by F. M. Troeh with 288x300. Interstate Association amateur championship went to L. Rayburn, 98x100. There were 52 entries.

T. B. Trap and Gun Club, Las Animas, Colo., 26 entries. Winner, J. H. Rohrer, with 110x125.

Ridgefield (Conn.) Rod and Gun Club won by J. H. Finch of Greenwich with 141x150. This carries with it the Connecticut State championship. Dr. G. H. Martin was second with 140.

Western Pennsylvania T. S. L. at Pitcairn won by R. A. King with 142. There were 85 entries.

Central Ohio T. S. L. Springfield, Ohio, won by K. P. Johnson with 97x100 after shoot off with H. E. Smith; 105 shooters took part.

Lawrence Gun Club, Lawrence, Kansas, won by George Grub with 141x150. Sixty-nine shooters toed the score.

Grundy Center (Iowa) Gun Club won by Charles Hummel with 384x400. This was a two-day tournament with 29 shooters, among the pros being made in America Fred Gilbert, who showed his speed with 237x400.

Oklahoma State tournament, held at McAlester Gun Club, was remarkable for the number of ripping scores. Sam Huntley took high gun for the two days with 395x400, besides breaking 100 straight for State championship, for which, however, he was not eligible. Interstate state championship was won by J. A. Campbell with 99x100. W. Lambert made a run of 142. There were 66 entries. W. G. BEECROFT.

Spratt's Patent have been calling their customers' attention to the fact that at three shows recently over *three thousand* (3,000) prizes were won by dogs fed regularly and exclusively on Spratt's Dog Foods. Surely, this is a record that any firm might be proud of. A specimen of catalogue "Dog Culture," a valuable canine treatise, will be mailed on receipt of post-card addressed to Spratt's Patent Limited, Newark, N. J.

FOR SALE—Salmon fishing outfit. Complete, finest quality. Rare opportunity. A. B. J., care of Forest and Stream.

FOR SALE—A 10 oz. single fly, 7 x 9; wall tent, with poles and stakes, brand new. Address, Forest and Stream.

FOR SALE—Winchester .25-20, model 1822, first-class shape, 200 primers, 75 cartridges, first \$11 takes it; eleven volumes Putney's Law Library, first \$8 takes them. Frederick G. Banker, Travers, Minn.

FOR SALE—Savage .22 hi-power, shot 24 times, 36 cartridges, perfectly new, \$22.50. One .32 Colt's police positive, 4-in. barrel, new, with leather holster, \$11. H. E. Moss, Flovilla, Ga.

FOR SALE—4 x 5 folding camera; cost \$30; used 6 weeks; take \$18. Harry Semler, Lexington, Mo.

HUNTING AND CAMPING OUTFITS



I have completed a revised edition of our catalog and want to send a copy to everyone who is interested in outdoor life whether for health or recreation. I call it a

SPORTSMAN'S HANDBOOK

for it not only illustrates and describes the many things an outer-man or woman needs but tells of my personal experiences in the wilds when camping, fishing and hunting, with advice as to equipment and many "kinks" in wildcraft.

Let Me Send You This Catalogue

It tells of the goods we supply the camper, the angler, the hunter and all who enjoy base-ball, golf, tennis or in fact, any game or pastime. Every article is reasonably priced and sold with the distinct understanding that the money you pay is yours until you are satisfied. This 472 page book will be sent you free if you mention No. 625

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A Paradise for the Camper and Angler
Ideal Canoe Trips

The country traversed by the Reid Newfoundland Company's system is exceedingly rich in all kinds of Fish and Game. All along the route of the Railway are streams famous for their Salmon and Trout fishing, also Caribou barrens. Americans who have been fishing and hunting in Newfoundland say there is no other country in the world in which so good fishing and hunting can be secured and with such ease as in Newfoundland. Information, together with illustrated Booklet and Folder, cheerfully forwarded upon application to

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Indispensable to the BATHER to put your Eyeglasses, Jewelry, Bathhouse Key in before going into the water.

EVERY CANOEIST, FISHERMAN, HUNTER, ETC.!

should have one. Will keep your Matches, Cigarettes, Tobacco, Money, Jewelry Water-Proof, Dust-Proof Burglar-Proof. Small and compact, made of Brass, Nickel Plated, Gun Metal or Oxidized, and furnished complete with fancy canvas belt. Sent anywhere on receipt of \$1.00.

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This Portable, \$2.00 Electric Lamp

Puts the Light Where You Need It

The adjustable reflector focuses a clear, strong, mellow light exactly where needed. Keeps eyes in the shade, avoiding all strain. You can hang it above a writing-desk, clamp it to a bed rod, place it flat on a table, and direct the light at any angle. Try it; make clear thinking and hard reading easier. Carry it with you in your grip. It is compact; takes little room.

This is a Sportsman's Opportunity Presented by Sportsmen—No Risk.

If your retailer does not carry it send us his name and we will send you the lamp through him. Or send us \$2.00 direct, and we will send you the lamp beautifully finished in satin brass, for ten days' trial, parcel post prepaid.

If for any reason you wish to return it at the end of that period, we will refund your money without question.

You can use this lamp wherever there is an electric light current—in your home, or in your office. And is it not worth many times \$2.00 to save your eyes from strain caused by poor or ill-directed light? The price of the Leindorf light puts it within reach of every Forest and Stream reader. Write now to the

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226 West 42nd St., New York City

Please find enclosed \$2.00 in cash, money-order, or check, for which kindly send your Portable Electric Lamp on trial for 10 days to

Name

Address



Trout Salmon Bass

Biggest, gamiest fish in America.

6 and 8 pounders plentiful. 12 pounders occasionally.

1500 forest lakes to choose from, down in

MAINE

Only 10 Hours from New York
Only 5 Hours from Boston

Get up a party. See what a few days in the woods will do for you.

Good guides, comfortable hotels, splendid camps.

Send for free booklets, "Fish and Game in Maine," "I Go-A-Fishing" and "Maine Guides." They tell you where and how to go. Address

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New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.
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Log Cabin Hotel

Famous the world over for its Salmon fishing, Caribou hunting and healthful climate. 60 hours from New York. Built entirely of logs, modern throughout, on Georges Lake. We outfit camping parties. Special rates for long visits and parties.

WHITTINGTON & DODD, Props.
SPRUCE BROOK, NEWFOUNDLAND

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB'S AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA. George Bull Durham Lyon Gets Away With the Big Amateur Classic.

Ole Bull Lyon of Durham, where the cows come from, and New York Athletic Club wound up an unusually successful season, the chief event of which was taking home the N. Y. A. C. Amateur Championship, held at Travers Island, under auspices of the Mercury Foot organization, directed by George J. Corbett. Never before has Travers Island held such a gathering of trapshooters, nor has a more representative bunch of dyed in the wool, can't question 'em, amateurs shot a tournament. The entries were so resplendent with class that George L. had to shoot records full of holes, big enough through which to carry away the glory, laud and honor. Last year's winner, Ralph Spotts, generally conceded to be the best shot in this section, stepped down to fifth place, with good grace. As a harbinger of spring, a fine young wet rain allied itself with a wholesome wind, which led the mourners to announce that scores would be rotten. Alas for the mourners, they knew not whereof they mumbled; the scores not only beat high of last year but trailed the ground record in the empty shells.

Preliminary Handicap.

When entries closed the score showed 115 aerosaucer crackers in line, with a congregation of names with which to conjure. There were Spotts, Lyons, Burns, Newcomb, Snow, Richardson, Randall, Heil, Hendrickson, Billings, Gunther, in fact, as the appended score will show, the top register mud disc destroyers were there to make the win anything but a Christmas tree picking. Eight events of twenty-five targets were shot. Lyon missed two in his first string, one in the next three, made a full in the fifth, missed one in each of the next two and skidded off two in the last event, chalking up 191, winning the preliminary event with a record score.

A. B. Richardson of Wilmington, and Delaware State champion, finished only one target behind Lyon, after what seemed a hopeless chance for place. Richardson ran his last eighty-five straight. Third place went to Ralph L. Spotts.

Boston-N. Y. A. C. Inter Club Championship.

The last match between the class of Boston and Travers Island, which race has been going on all season, was finished, the Mercury Foot scaler chasers winning with 1,783 against 1,694. After the previous match the Bostonians had a lead of 27 saucers. This was soon chewed up by the metropolitan bunch and 62 tacked on to it. In a second one crack out of the box team championship N. Y. A. C. again put one over on the bivalve aggregation. The score was 1,648 to 1,433.

Championship Event.

George Lyon was touted to win this affair and true to form he did that little thing, with one target more than needed to win the preliminary, and at the same time kopping the record for smashes in this classic. He cleaned the ambient atmosphere of all but eight of the 200 swirling, driving, twisting clay saucers hurled catapultically over Shoal Harbor toward the shores of Long Island, five miles over yonder. And be it said in a whisper that there are no harder traps over which to shoot than those opposite the barns of the defunct menagerie across the creek, where John H. Starin dug a fortune out of the pockets of picnickers.

(Continued on page 374)

Book on Dog Diseases AND HOW TO FEED.



Mailed FREE to any address by the author.

H. CLAY GLOVER, D.V.S.

118 W. 31st Street

New York

Small-Mouth Black Bass

We have the only establishment dealing in young small-mouth black bass commercially in the United States. Vigorous young bass in various sizes, ranging from advanced fry to 3 and 4 inch fingerlings for stocking purposes.

Waramaug Small-Mouth Black Bass Hatchery.

Correspondence invited. Send for Circulars. Address HENRY W. BEAMAN - New Preston, Conn.

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Graphitoleo

a mixture of choice flake graphite and pure petrolatum, cannot gum or become rancid. Lubricates without waste all parts of the gun and reel. Not a liquid. Sold everywhere in small, convenient tubes. Write for sample No. 52-H. Made in Jersey City, N. J., by the Established 1827

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY

THE TURES LANTERN



Storm and Rainproof. 400 candle power, at 1/4 cent per hour. The simplest and most economical lantern for lighting barnyards, stables, dairies, warehouses, camping grounds, boats, etc. No chimney to break—no wicks—no smoke—no dirt—always ready.

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A PRACTICAL REPAIR KIT

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For Hunters, Fishermen, Campers, Canoeists, Guides, etc. Eight real tools. Each made of best grade of steel. Knife Blade, Hack Saw, Screw Driver, File, Leather Punch, Wood Saw, Gimlet, Can Opener, Cap Remover and interchangeable Handle—all in a Leather Case. Fits the hip pocket. Weight 10 ounces.

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Correspondence solicited.

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North View

Victoria Co., N. B.



IMPORTED NORWEGIAN BEARHOUNDS, Irish Wolfhounds, English Bloodhounds, American Foxhounds, Deer, Wolf and Cat Hounds. Illustrated catalogue for 5c. stamp. ROOKWOOD KENNELS, Lexington, Ky.

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Do you want to buy a dog or pup of any kind? If so send for list and prices of all varieties. Always on hand

OXFORD KENNELS,

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N. F. HOXIE,

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This Out Board Motor Canoe

is only one of the many attractive models that we make. The War Prices being offered at present, enable you to get a high grade, canvas covered

Canadian Canoe at prices as low as anything offered in the United States

Opportunity seldom knocks twice at any man's door. Take advantage of it now. Free catalogue of full line for the asking.

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Use with your favorite hook
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Attracts Fish by its Taste, Smell and Color
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BROOK TROUT FRY

Eggs taken from wild fish. Visit or write, **DRUMLIN TROUT HATCHERY**, Barneveld, N. Y.

CANOEING.

Regatta, August 6th-20th, 1915

SUGAR ISLAND

Monday, August 9th Inspection.

9:30 A. M.—All canoes and sails to be submitted for measurement and weighing.

- | Event | Time | Description |
|--------------------------------|------------|---|
| 1. | 2:00 P. M. | Open canoes, sailing twice around Sugar Island, time 1½ hours. |
| 2. | 4:00 P. M. | Decked canoes, relay race, three times around Sugar Island, time 2 hours. |
| Tuesday, August 10th. | | |
| 3. | 9:00 A. M. | Decked canoes, "Sailing Trophy," 1st heat, 6 miles on triangle, time 2½ hours. |
| 4. | 2:00 P. M. | Open canoes, "Sailing Trophy," 1st heat, 3 miles on triangle, time 1½ hours. |
| 5. | 4:30 P. M. | Mixed tandem paddling race, double blade, ¼ mile. |
| 6. | 5:00 P. M. | Over board race, paddling. |
| Wednesday, August 11th. | | |
| 7. | 9:00 A. M. | Open canoes, "Sailing Trophy," 2nd heat, 3 miles windward and leeward, time 1½ hours. |
| 8. | 9:30 A. M. | Open canoes, novice sailing race, conditions to be decided later. |
| 9. | 2:00 P. M. | Decked canoes, "Sailing Trophy," 2nd heat, 6 miles windward and leeward, time 2½ hours. |
| 10. | 3:30 P. M. | Ladies' paddling race, tandem single blade, ¼ mile. |
| 11. | 4:00 P. M. | Tilting contest. |
| Thursday, August 12th. | | |
| 12. | 9:00 A. M. | Decked canoes, "Sailing Trophy," 3rd heat, 6 miles on triangle, time 2½ hours. |
| 13. | 2:00 P. M. | Open canoes, "Sailing Trophy," 3rd heat, 3 miles on triangle, time 1½ hours. |

PADDLING DAY.

Friday, August 13th.

- | | | |
|-----|-------------|--|
| 14. | 9:30 A. M. | Racing class, one man, single blade, ½ mile. |
| 15. | 10:00 A. M. | Cruising class, one man, single blade, ½ mile. |
| 16. | 10:30 A. M. | Racing class, tandem double blade, ½ mile. |
| 17. | 11:00 A. M. | Cruising class, tandem double blade, ½ mile. |
| 18. | 11:30 A. M. | Racing class, one man, double blade, ½ mile. |
| 19. | 2:00 P. M. | Cruising class, record race, ½ mile. |
| 20. | 2:30 P. M. | Cruising class, tandem single blade, ½ mile. |

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------|---|
| 21. | 3:00 P. M. | Cruising class, juniors, tandem single blade, 150 yards. |
| 22. | 3:30 P. M. | Cruising class, one man, double blade, ½ mile. |
| 23. | 4:30 P. M. | Racing class, tandem single blade, ½ mile. |
| 24. | 5:00 P. M. | Tail end, race. |
| Saturday, August 14th. | | |
| CENTRAL DIVISION DAY. | | |
| 25. | 9:00 A. M. | Record "Sailing Race," 4½ miles on triangle, time 2½ hours. Open A. C. A. event. |
| 26. | 2:00 P. M. | Open canoes, "Central Division Sailing Trophy," 3 miles on triangle, time 1½ hours. |
| 27. | 2:30 P. M. | Decked canoes, "Mab Trophy," 7½ miles on triangle, time 3 hours, open A. C. A. event. |
| 28. | 3:00 P. M. | Racing class, "Vice-Commodore's Cup," one man, single blade, ½ mile. |
| 29. | 3:30 P. M. | Cruising class "Central Division Cruising Club Trophy," tandem single blade, ½ mile. |
| 30. | 4:00 P. M. | Racing class "Ka-ne-en-da" Canoe Club Trophy," tandem single blade, men from same club, ¼ mile. |
| 1 Mile, Open A. C. A. Event. | | |
| 31. | 4:30 P. M. | Paddling trophy race. |
| 32. | 5:00 P. M. | Cruising class, club fours, single blade, ½ mile. Open A. C. A. event. |
| Monday, August 16th. | | |
| 33. | 9:00 A. M. | Record combined sailing and paddling, 3 miles on triangle, time 1½ hours. |
| 34. | 2:00 P. M. | Cruising contest (not a race but a practical demonstration of the Cruising Canoeist's ability to care for himself and his outfit in the open. |
| Tuesday, August 17th. | | |
| 35. | 9:00 A. M. | Open canoes, "Gardner Trophy," 3 miles on triangle. |
| 36. | 2:00 P. M. | Decked canoes, handicap, 4½ miles on triangle, time 2 hours. |
| 37. | 3:30 P. M. | Open canoes, handicap, 3 miles on triangle, time 1½ hours. |
| 38. | 4:30 P. M. | Cruising class, juniors, singles, single blade, 150 yards. |

REGATTA COMMITTEE, A. C. A. 1915.

A. F. Saunders, Chair...106 Rugby Rd., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Farnum F. DorseyRochester, N. Y.
 Edmund Vonn SteegRoselle Park, Newark, N. J.
 C. Fred Wolters, Jr.Rochester, N. Y.
 Merideth ScatchardBuffalo, N. Y.
 George P. DouglassNewark, N. J.

(Continued from page 373)

A Record Crowd Calls Pull.

An entrance of 144 wrecked another record on the little green island. No such number as this ever has graced the shore line of Trappers Point. And that each one felt hopeful of giving a good account of himself could be seen by his hopeful demeanor. Lyons cracked 97 out of his before lunch offerings, Chamberlain, Newcomb, Conley each had one less, while Randall was two down on high. This indicated a rattling race as any one of these smashers is liable to go straight at any old time. At 175 Conley had bumped Lyon out of the way, and had him one down and only 25 to go. Chamberlain and Newcomb guarded the rear, ready to take the trench in case of a show of weakness. Ole Durham had been hiding the wallop and swung it on Conley in the last 25, when he dropped only two, while Conley skidded on five of his skimming presenta-



George Lyon (Left) Telling M. F. Church How He Did It.

tions. This let Marse George out with 192, Chamberlain came under with 190, Newcomb and Conley tied for place with 189, but the star from Quakertown pulled the trophy on shoot off with 24, while the ex-New York State Champion wilted on four of his endeavors. Richardson, who had finished Friday with a run of 85, continued to smash 'em straight until he had busted 131 targets, establishing the long run record for this event as well as a new ground record. Ralph Spotts finished seventeenth with 183. He was obviously out of form.

Five Man Team Shoot.

The five man team race went to Independent Gun Club of Philadelphia with 927x1,000. Newcomb being high gun with 189. N. Y., A. C.

NIAGARA TO THE SEA



A Glimpse of Fairyland

There is nothing quite like the scenery of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence—nowhere in the world you will see just that translucent “blue” of the water or just that delightful maze of island-dotted river scenery.

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took next berth with 922, George Lyon being high with 192, this was top gun for the team event. Bridgeport came next with 917, the rest finishing Boston A. A., Smith, Portland, Oriole. Scores follow:

FIRST DAY'S SCORES		Broke
G. L. Lyon	192	197
A. B. Richardson	190	190
R. L. Spotts	186	186
J. L. Snow	185	185
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I. C. Adams	176	176
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E. A. Randall	175	175
Al Heil	174	174
M. G. Gill	173	173
C. J. Stine	173	173
D. L. Culver	173	173
G. J. Corbett	172	172
A. J. McManus	172	172
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V. Oliver	169	169
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C. B. Platt	166	166
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A. E. Conley	165	165
B. E. Eldred	165	165
E. A. Wilson	164	164
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O. P. Weymouth	162	162
H. A. Galt	162	162
E. H. Hidden	162	162
Dr. W. C. Newton	162	162
W. H. Stobie	161	161
W. H. Luckett	161	161
G. R. Stine	161	161
E. L. Bartlett	161	161
T. Lenane, Jr.	161	161
W. B. Ogden	161	161
S. A. Ellis	161	161
Leighton	161	161

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In the Western Catskills, four hours from New York; four miles from Parksville station by good country road, or eight miles by extremely beautiful motor run from either Liberty or Livingston Manor; elevation 2200 feet. Tract of about 600 acres, three-quarters forested and one-quarter farm lands, in the mountains between the Beaverkill and Nevorsink valleys. Includes a mile of Willowemoc trout river and the whole of an exquisite 60-acre lake. Good fishing, abundant small game and bird life, unusual freedom from insect pests.

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ANDREWS & ELLIS, Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y.

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SECOND DAY'S SCORES.

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Worthy of the Name


This new Tackle Box will suit you. A place for everything. It is made of solid African Mahogany, Piano Finish, Waterproof. Tackle will not rust or rattle in this box. Not on sale in stores. Write to us for full description and our offer to send you this box to examine in your own home.

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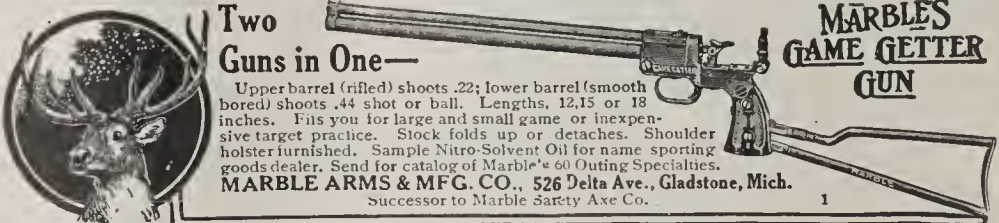
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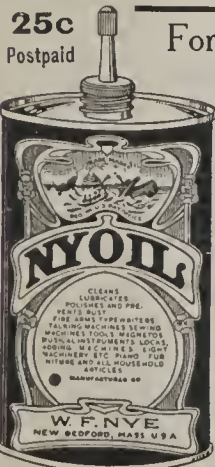
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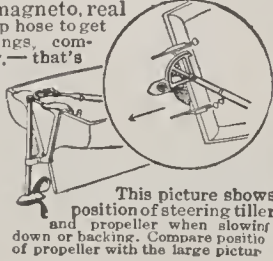
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C. Stine	78
J. McArdle	57

TEN-MAN TEAM SHOOT.	
NEW YORK.	
Bk.	
Geo. L. Lyon	101
R. L. Spotts	186
A. L. Burns	184
D. McMahon	169
G. J. Corbett	172
A. E. Ranney	176
Dr. D. L. Culver	173
Dr. G. Martin	176
C. W. Billings	176
John Hendrickson	180
Total	1783
BOSTON.	
Bk.	
J. L. Snow	185
L. H. Davis	168
G. L. Osborne	159
S. A. Ellis	161
S. W. Putnam	155
E. A. Staples	178
J. Clark, Jr.	183
T. C. Adams	176
F. O. Williams	161
C. F. Marden	168
Total	1694
FIVE-MAN TEAM SHOOT.	
INDEPENDENT, OF PHILADELPHIA.	
Bk.	
C. H. Newcomb	189
A. B. Richardson	187
Allen Heil	187
W. M. Foord	186
Jesse Griffith	178
Total	927
PORTLAND, ME., CLUB.	
Bk.	
E. A. Randall	188
C. Randall	177
O. Weymouth	176
S. B. Adams	172
W. H. Stobie	171
Total	884
ORIOLE, OF BALTIMORE, MD.	
Bk.	
M. G. Gill	182
S. O. S. Graham	181
F. W. Roseburg	174
E. L. Bartlett	171
D. F. Mallory	165
Total	873
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.	
Bk.	
A. L. Chamberlin	190
S. P. Senior	183
S. C. Wilson	183
Total	917

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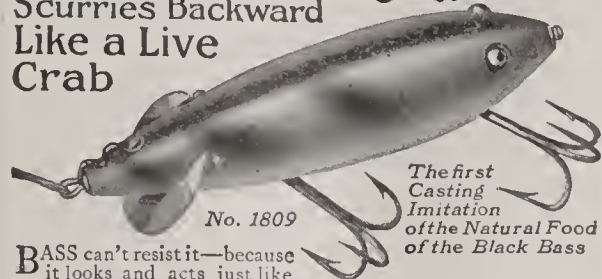
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H. H. MICHAELSON

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Heddon's Genuine Dowagiac Crab Wiggler

Scurries Backward Like a Live Crab



BASS can't resist it—because it looks and acts just like their favorite food, the crab or crawfish. Accurately colored in the wonderful Heddon Porcelain Enamel, guaranteed not to crack, peel or flake. Just the right weight and balance for casting. Floats when at rest, but dives and zigzags backward when reeled in. Hooks held in the patented "Dowagiac" sockets, so they can't foul each other or mar enamel—and they get the fish. Variable line fastening governs depth and action. You need this "Crab Wiggler" in your tackle box. It's a winner. Also in other Heddon colorings at same price **85c**

IT'S A YEAR OF WIGGLERS

More wiggling, diving baits will be used this year than any other style—chiefly Dowagiac "Wigglers," of course, because of their reputation and many advantages—non-cracking enamel, variable line fastening, "Dowagiac" book sockets, and superior workmanship. Dowagiac Minnow "Wigglers," deep water style (No. 1600) and shallow water style (No. 1700) sell at 75c in various colorings.

ART CATALOG. A book you'll prize. Shows all Heddon tackle in colors, including the famous Jim Heddon's Casting Rods. Full of practical advice on expert casting and more successful fishing. A postal brings this book FREE.

James Heddon's Sons, Box 17 Dowagiac, Mich. (Pronounce it "Doe-wah'-ji-ac")

FOR SALE

Thoroughly trained pointers, English setters and hounds. Also some untrained young dogs and puppies.

Prices and information cheerfully given.

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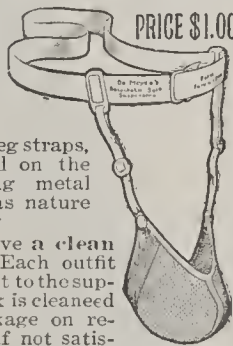
Telephone 29 M. Established in 1870



You Can Tramp All Day



You can do the hardest work or play without strain, chafing or pinching if you wear a **Suspensory**. The S.S.S. has no irritating leg straps, no oppressive band on the sack, no scratching metal slides. It is made just as nature intended. (Note illustration)



With the S.S.S. you always have a clean suspensory every morning. Each outfit has two sacks, you can clip one fast to the supporting straps while the other sack is cleaned. All sizes. Mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet.

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"EXPERT" MINNONS—June and July offer 3 for \$1.00. Keeling's St. Johns Wiggle was the big Bass success of the winter on the St. Johns River, Florida. It wiggles more like a live minnow than most wigglers. Attach a line to the tail end and you have a different wiggle. Add Spinners we furnish and it makes a regular top bait. Price complete with spinners—75 cents.

We want you to try our baits and for June and July we offer 1 Wiggle and 2 Underwater Minnows for \$1.00. Prepaid on receipt of price. If you do not want them we give you your money back. Or you can use them all summer. Return in October and we give your money back less 10 cents for the use of each bait. We are not afraid to make most any offer as we know what our baits will do. Will others give you the same show to try bait? Not over 4 offers or 12 Minnows sent to one party.

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and freight prepaid on the new 1915 "RANGER" bicycle. Write at once and get our big catalog and special offers before buying. **Marvelous improvements.** Extraordinary values in our 1915 price offers. You cannot afford to buy without getting our latest propositions. **WRITE TODAY.** Boys, be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our liberal terms on a sample to introduce the new "RANGER." Tires, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line half usual prices. Auto and Motorcycle Supplies.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. S339, CHICAGO

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Sportsmen's Supplies
Honest Goods, Bottom Prices, Square Deal
Send three stamps for Katalog
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Bait and Bait Casting Rods Trolling, Telescopic and Fly Rods

A vacation morning. Ripple on the lake. Bass, Pike, "Lunge," Pickerel, hungry as wolves.

City duds left at home. Arms free, neck open. The reel singing to the tune of 75 yards of line. "Bristol" is the greatest vacation on earth. No other sport like it, so interesting or so pleasant to remember. Nothing else so beneficial.

You can buy any kind of a "Bristol" Rod for any kind of fishing at a low, medium, or high price—depending on handle, grip, style, finish, mountings and agates. Prices range from \$3.00 to \$25.00. They are on sale in over 17,000 stores which handle fishing tackle. We guarantee every "Bristol" Rod for three years.

Write for New "Bristol" Catalogue FREE

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.
84 Horton St. Bristol, Conn.

16 FOOT LAUNCH \$96

Complete with 2 HP Engine

18-, 20-, 23-foot boats at same proportionate price. All launches and rowboats non-leakable because made with our patent lock seamed construction. **ABSOLUTELY SAFE.** All boats fitted with air-tight compartments, making them **NON-SINKABLE.** All boats tested before shipment and thoroughly guaranteed. The launches are fitted with Detroit two-cycle **REVERSIBLE FIVE-YEAR GUARANTEED** engine, which is so **SIMPLE** a child can run it—starts without cranking—has only **THREE** moving parts. A child can run it. Economical in operation.

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of practically all makes you can get Infallible. Ask for it the next time you buy shells. If you are interested in trapshooting write for our booklet called "Trapshooting." It is worth reading.
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the most satisfactory camp bed made. Can be used anywhere and when deflated occupies little space.

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and manufacturer of artificial eyes or birds, animals and manufacturing purposes a specialty. Send for prices. All kinds of heads and skulls for furriers and taxidermists.

363 Canal St., New York.

Please mention "Forest and Stream."

SPORTSMEN!

An opportunity to get a **Genuine Deerskin Waistcoat** at the price of cloth. We also have shirts of buckskin that are wearproof and waterproof and comfortable. Indian Bead Goods are our specialties. Send for price list—by the way the Waistcoat or Shirt costs you only \$4.00

INDIAN BEAD-WORK CO.
Poplar, Mont.

THE SOUTHERN TRAPSHOOTING TOURNAMENT

Tenth Southern Handicap Great Success.

The Interstate Association's tenth Southern Trapshooting Tournament was held at Memphis, Tennessee, May 11, 12 and 13, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club.

It was one of the best tournaments ever given south of the Mason-Dixon line. It far exceeded anything expected by the members of The Interstate Association and the Memphis Gun Club. States as far west as Colorado and as far east as Delaware were represented. Something like 170 different trapshooters took part, among them being three previous winners of the Southern Handicap, namely, C. C. Spencer, St. Louis, Mo., Geo. L. Lyon, Durham, N. C., and S. L. Dodds, Hickman, Ky.

Practically every man in Memphis who ever stood before a trap and called "Pull," was present some time during the Tournament. Many old-timers who haven't attended a meeting in years visited the grounds during the week to renew past friendships.

H. N. Bellinger, President, A. H. Campbell, Vice-President, and Ed. Crook, Secretary, of the Memphis Gun Club had attended to all preparatory arrangements and everything during the week moved without a hitch.

W. O. Le Compté and G. H. Hillman, both of Nashville, Tennessee, were Cashier and Compiler of Scores, respectively, and received many compliments for the able manner in which they handled the office part of the Tournament. Chas. A. North was in charge of the traps.

The Handicap Committee was composed of A. H. Campbell, Memphis, Tenn., J. W. Bell, St. Louis, Mo., G. M. L. Key, Meridian, Miss., Geo. W. Clements, Little Rock, Ark. and H. N. Bellinger, Memphis, Tenn.

Practice Day.

The field that gathered Practice Day was not a most brilliant one, the stars entered representing men who have taken titles ranging from the National Amateur Champion down to some half-dozen or more State Champions. It was stated that the 97 entrants on Practice Day marked the largest crowd ever competing on inaugural day at a Southern Trapshooting Tournament.

Charles G. Spencer, who won the Southern Handicap when that feature was open to pros and amateurs, was the highest of these honor men. Spencer, who is from St. Louis, had a 96. He was tied with R. A. King, a visitor from Delta, Colorado, J. H. Noel a Nashville entry.

C. C. Hawkins, the Memphian who beat out his fellow townsmen, and Wm. R. Crosby, a trade representative from O'Fallon, Illinois.

Bart Williams, a most consistent man usually, dropped three at the very outset, but tied with 94 when J. B. Duncan and R. H. Finley of Memphis and G. M. L. Key of Meridian, Mississippi, made similar scores. Williams is the mayor of Greenville and has long been noted as one of the South's most enthusiastic trap shots. Key last summer won the Mississippi State Championship.

The "Little Joker" trap was an added attraction and gave the contestants an opportunity to try their skill between events. This trap furnished much amusement and always attracted a large gallery of spectators.



Don't use expensive ammunition where a cheap cartridge is just as good. Buy a

Marlin

Rim Fire Repeater

.22 Rim Fire
All Marlin .22 Repeater shoot all .22 short, .22 long and .22 long-rifle cartridges—for rabbits, squirrels, hawks, crows and all small game up to 200 yards.

.25 Rim Fire—cheap, powerful and reliable—will kill foxes, skunks, woodchucks, muskrats, etc. as quickly and surely as more expensive ammunition.

Model 27 Marlin is the only repeater made for this splendid cartridge—so powerful it is used successfully for deer, so cheap you can shoot it freely at slight expense. Take-down: splendid sights; 8 shots; with 24-inch Round Barrel, \$13.15; Octagon, \$15.00.

.22 Lever Action
Model 1897—the best made .22 rifle in the world. Take-down: convenient to carry and clean; tool steel working parts; Ivory Bead sight; as steady and reliable as a big game rifle. With 24-inch Round barrel, \$14.50; Octagon, \$16.00. Model 1892 is similar, but not take-down; with 24-inch Round barrel, \$12.15; Octagon, \$13.15.

.22 Pump Action
Model 29 has 23-inch Round barrel; take-down; a first-class repeating rifle; 15 shots; \$9.25.

Model 20 has 24-inch Octagon, heavier barrel; take-down; Ivory Bead sight; 15 shots; \$11.50.

Model 20 Full Magazine Rifle—the only pump action repeater giving 25 shots at one loading; \$11.50.

.32 Rim Fire—Model 1892, with lever action—uses .32 short, long and long-rifle rim fire cartridges; also .32 short, long and long-rifle center fire; 17 shots. A splendid all-around rifle for settled districts. With 24-inch Round Barrel, \$12.15; Octagon, \$13.15.

Send 3 stamps postage for new catalog, showing complete line of Marlin repeaters, rifles and shotguns.

Ideal Hand Book tells all about reloading cartridges. Mailed for 6c in stamps.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
27 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

HANDY OIL CAN HANDIEST

It's the same Old Reliable 3-in-One Gun oil you always bought, but the can is new. Can't leak, don't break and just fits your hip pocket. Has patent self-sealing spout. 3½ oz., 25c.

3-in-One oils perfectly lock, trigger, ejector, break joints. Cleans and polishes barrels inside and out; also woden stock. *Absolutely prevents rust.*

FREE—Write today for a generous sample. 3-in-One is sold by all hardware, sporting goods and general stores, in 3 size bottles: go 1 oz., 10c.; 3 oz., 25c.; 8 oz., (½ pint) 50c. Handy Oil Can, 3½ oz., 25c. If your dealer can't supply you we will send a Handy Oil Can, full, by Parcels Post for 30c.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
112 New Street, New York

First Day.

Although hampered to such an extent by rain that the Double Target event had to be postponed, a field of 141 faced the traps on the opening day of the Tournament.

George L. Lyon, Durham, N. C., was the leader, breaking 147 out of a possible 150 targets. He was given a hard run by S. A. Huntley of Omaha, Neb., who finished the day with one less "dead" target than his North Carolina opponent.

Charles G. Spencer, a professional who won the Southern Handicap in 1909, when that event was an open competition, was third with a total of 145, while A. B. Richardson, who tied with

Woolfolk Henderson, Monday, for high amateur, was fourth with six missed.

A. B. Richardson furnished quite a spectacular—if that might be used to apply with reference to a trapshooting achievement—when he registered a long run of 113, far exceeding anything of the kind by other competitors. G. L. Dearing, who had 129 for his total, secured a run of 88. R. A. King, the Colorado representative, smashed 74 for his best run. Woolfolk Henderson, the National Singles and Doubles champion, and J. B. West, a Nashvillian, tied for another long string each getting 67 without a miss.

Second Day.

Shooting a wee bit erratic, yet in such good

form that he outfinished a field of classy amateurs, J. I. Chipley, of Greenwood, S. C., broke 92 of a possible 100 targets in the preliminary of the Southern Handicap and took first honors for the day. He was second only to Walter Huff, the Macon Ga., trade representative, who was, by rules of the competition, barred from shooting for other than targets only. Huff, shooting from the 21 yard mark, scored 95.

Chipley, while a veteran in the game and recognized as an able shooter, had never won a big event of importance. Old enthusiasts recall that he attended many meetings and always placed well up in the money, but to-day's laurels were



Why Not This Kind of An Advertisement?

(The advertising man thinks it is better than a puff in a hunter's story.
Read the ad and tell us what you think about it.)

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN:

"I saw in the July number where Mr. C. D. Watson of Big Pine, California, tested his gun for close shooting and penetration. He used a Sportsman magazine for a target and on forty yards with twenty-six grains of Ballistite and one and one-eighth ounces of seven and one-half chilled shot, and the penetration was twenty-six leaves including the cover. This counts clean holes only. The total penetration was twenty-seven leaves, twenty-three shot hit the magazine."

"Here is where I would like to tell my experience with a Lefever Gun. I used the same kind of load as Mr. Watson and the penetration was forty-three leaves, counting the clean holes, total penetration sixty-nine leaves. Forty-three shot hit the magazine. This was on forty yards measured. Would like Mr. Watson to see this as it may be to his advantage."

"I have shot about all standard makes of guns, the included. They are all good guns, but by my experience there is none that shoots like the Lefever. My gun is a 12-gauge, thirty-inch barrel, eight-pound Lefever, and if there is a better shooting gun made I would like to see it."

N. J. JOHNSON.

WRITE FOR CATALOG



\$25 Up

LEFEVER ARMS CO. 200 MALTBIE STREET
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

about his best. In winning the trophy and first money prizes, the South Carolinian displaced over a dozen favorites, including Woolfolk Henderson, S. A. Huntley, A. B. Richardson, George L. Lyon, and other seasoned trapshooters.

Chiple, who was shooting from the 18 yard mark started fairly well with 18 of his first 20, but slumped to such an extent that when he recorded 16 in his next event the outlook appeared pretty blue. A 20 and two 19's followed in order.

Seven contestants, breaking 91, tied for second and third moneys and the trophies offered for these places. J. T. Austin, Monroe, La., won the second trophy, in the 20 target shoot-off, losing one. Isaac Andrews of Spartansburg, S. C., when he broke 18, displaced the remaining contestants and took third trophy. The money, following an agreement between the men before the shoot-off, was evenly divided. Those in addition to Austin and Andrews, who were in this tie were Bart Williams, Greenville, Miss., S. L. Dodds, Hickman, Ky., W. F. Henderson, Lucy, Tenn., E. R. Tansil, Blytheville, Ark. and Andy Meaders, Nashville. Meaders did not compete in the last 20, leaving before the shoot-off was held.

Interest in the afternoon for the better part centered around the squad in which Woolfolk Henderson, Huntley, Richardson, King and Lyon were shooting. One of the largest galleries of the week walked from trap to trap as this quintette started down the line. Lyon was liked by many as the winner of the event, but when he dropped nine targets in the first 20 and immediately followed this with eight lost in the next event all hopes were given up. He finished with a 78. Richardson, though shooting with apparently all the confidence in the world and in an easy manner did not score better than 19 in any of the five 20's. King, who is from Delta, Colo., could not better this himself.

Third Day.

Fine weather, a clear sky and practically no wind had much to do with the high scores made the third day of the Tournament. The crowd, which had been increasing every day, was larger than at any other time during the Tournament. Every bench under the large shelter tent was filled with spectators, many of them being of the fair sex, who took a keen interest in the competition.

Among the amateurs, in the regular events of

L. C. SMITH



A REAL GUN

NEW DESIGNS WITH HUNTER ONE-TRIGGER and AUTOMATIC EJECTOR FOR **TRAP AND FIELD USE**

THEY ARE WINNERS.

PRICES \$25 TO \$1,000

Our Beautiful Catalog for the Asking

The HUNTER ARMS CO., Inc., 80 Hubbard St., FULTON, N.Y.

Fishing Tackle Parlance

If you are lucky enough to strike a big fellow be sensible enough to have the proper tackle to hold him. If you use E. Vom Hofe Tackle you need have no fear of putting on the strain.

Being practical hunters of big game fish we subject all of our manufactured articles to the most severe tests before they are turned into the sales department. If you really want the best you will send for our Catalog and you will find that we ask no more for the best than many dealers ask for the inferior grades.

E. VOM HOFE & COMPANY

105-107 Fulton Street

NEW YORK CITY

SPORTSMEN! An Exceptional Occasion!

BEAUSEJOUR FOR SALE

a PRIVATE PROPERTY of about one thousand Acres with small farm attached.

Rest, forest in Mountainous Region. Two good Bungalows, Barn, Stables, Ice House, Furniture, Implements and Tools, Boats, etc.

Seven beautiful Ponds abundantly stocked with fine and game trout; no other fish.

Beautifully situated on the St. Lawrence River, in the Peninsula of Gaspé.

Sea Fishing and Bathing. Best Hunting and Trapping Grounds in Quebec Province for Deer, Moose, Bear and Fur Animals, Wild Birds, Partridges, Rabbit, etc.

Fine communication by weekly boats from Montreal, Quebec and Gaspé.

Will sell at reasonable price. Correspondence solicited.

Apply to U. J. ASSELIN, Architect
Imperial Theatre MONTREAL, CANADA



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Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.
Ashaway, R. I., U. S. A.

It is a SWASTIKA Line

**For Dogs of All Nations, For Dogs in All Climes
For Dogs of All Sizes and For Dogs at All Times**

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Whatever breed of dog you keep and wherever you may be always insist upon having the genuine productions and refuse articles said to be "just as good"

Spratt's Patent Manufacture A Biscuit for Every Breed

Always look for the name "SPRATT'S" and the trade mark "X"

Send 2c stamp for "Dog Culture" which contains valuable information regarding kennel management, rearing, etc.

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED,

Main Offices at NEWARK, N. J.

Depots at SAN FRANCISCO;

ST. LOUIS; CLEVELAND; MONTREAL. Agency at BOSTON, MASS.

five 20 target races, A. B. Richardson was first with a score of 100 straight, followed by Dr. W. L. Henderson and Woolfolk Henderson with 99; S. A. Huntley 98; W. H. Cochrane and J. H. Noel 97; J. R. Duncan and J. R. Livingston 96.

Among the professionals J. R. Hinkle, G. W. Maxwell, Homer Clark, H. D. Gibbs and C. C. Spencer were in first place with 99, followed by Ed. Banks and T. A. Marshall with 96 and H. J. Donnelly and E. M. Daniel with 95.

Promptly at 1:15 o'clock Mr. Shaner called up the first squad for the Southern Handicap, the main event on the program, and many a heart beat faster in hopes of winning the big event. There were 149 entrants, of which number 3 forfeited. W. H. Cochrane, of Bristol, Tennessee, who broke 97 out of his 100 targets, his handicap being 19 yards, was the winner. Mr. Cochrane won the first trophy and the first money prize without having to shoot off any tie. George L. Lyon, of Durham, N. C., who broke 95 yards, from 23 yards, won the second trophy and second money prize without a tie. J. A. Hardy, 16 yards, J. B. Duncan, 18 yards, and J. B. Snowden 18 yards, tied on 94 for the third trophy and had to shoot-off for it at 20 targets. In the shoot-off, Snowden won with 18 to Hardy's 17 and Duncan's 16.

The handsome trophy presented by the Board of Trade of Columbus, Georgia, was won by S. A. Huntley, who broke 523 out of the 550 targets on the program for the three days, made up of the 350 from 16 yards and 200 shot in the handicaps. This trophy was presented by the Columbus Board of Trade to be competed for at each succeeding Southern Trapshooting Tournament, the man winning it three times to become the owner of the cup. Mr. Huntley therefore, becomes the holder of the trophy until next year's event.

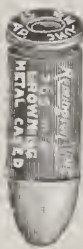
The trophies were presented to the respective winners by Mr. Irby Bennett, ex-President of the Interstate Association, whose home is in Memphis. Mr. Bennett made an eloquent address and received a round of applause at its conclusion.

With the presentation of the Trophies, Manager Shaner declared the Tenth Southern Trapshooting Tournament closed, the hour of closing being 6 P. M.

Haig & Haig

REMINGTON
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The Metallics that the Critical Sportsmen Ask For By Name

THE dominating demand for Remington-UMC Metallics among sportsmen all over this country must be a stunner to those who try to tell you that sportsmen will take the first thing the dealer shoves across the counter.

The fact that more and more sportsmen ask for Remington-UMC Metallics by name naturally won't mean anything to those who are not themselves critical about what they get. Nothing ever seems worth while to a man who doesn't care.

But the fact remains that Eighty Thousand and some odd dealers are featuring Remington-UMC—because their eyes are open to the trend of the buying public. They would change in a minute if their sportsmen customers didn't look for the Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC on every box of ammunition.

No real merchant cares to fight the desires of his customers—he gets his success by concentrating on the line that the keenest sportsmen in his community want.

If you are not a Remington-UMC user already, make it a point to get Remington-UMC the next time you need metallics.

Compare results—cartridge with cartridge and box with box, and you will see for yourself why the great body of American sportsmen and rifle shots swear by Remington-UMC.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
Woolworth Bldg., (233 Broadway) NEW YORK CITY



"THE PERFECT FISHING LINE"

Crandall's American Beauty, Narragansett and King Philip are three new members of the Swastika brand family of fishing lines which are being introduced this season for the first time by the Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co., Ashaway, R. I.

Crandall's American Beauty, which takes its name from the Messrs. Crandall, who constitute such a substantial part of the Ashaway company, is an enameled silk fly-casting line in which the makers take particular pride.

They believe it has no peer among either do-

mestic or imported lines, in fact, they characterize it as "the most perfect line made—the one by which all others must be judged," which coming from a house now celebrating its 90th anniversary, truly means something. It is put up in 25-yard coils, 4 coils connected in a box.

The Narragansett is a special silk casting line, special in that it is really a double line as the core used is itself a braid. The King Philip is a hard, braided silk bait casting line having a silver sheen or color. Both are of high quality, and are put up on 50 yard spools, two spools in a box.

COLUMBIA

The latest dance hits while they are hits—the latest in every class of vocal and instrumental music—are on Columbia double-disc records. A new list on sale the 20th of every month. And at a standard price of 65 cents—the price of more than a thousand Columbia double-disc records.

Buy Columbia records because they are better records—universal in selections and faultless in recording.

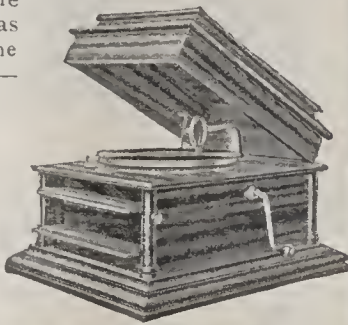
Hear the newest records at your Columbia dealer's. Today! And hear any other particular records you like, you have a choice of more than 4000.

And while you are about it—hear the Columbia Grafonola "Favorite" at \$50 as illustrated; the model that for more than four years has been sold to more people than any other instrument—regardless of price or make. It has every Columbia tone feature, including the exclusively Columbia tone control leaves. Other Columbia Grafonolas from \$17.50 to \$500—and on easy terms if you wish.



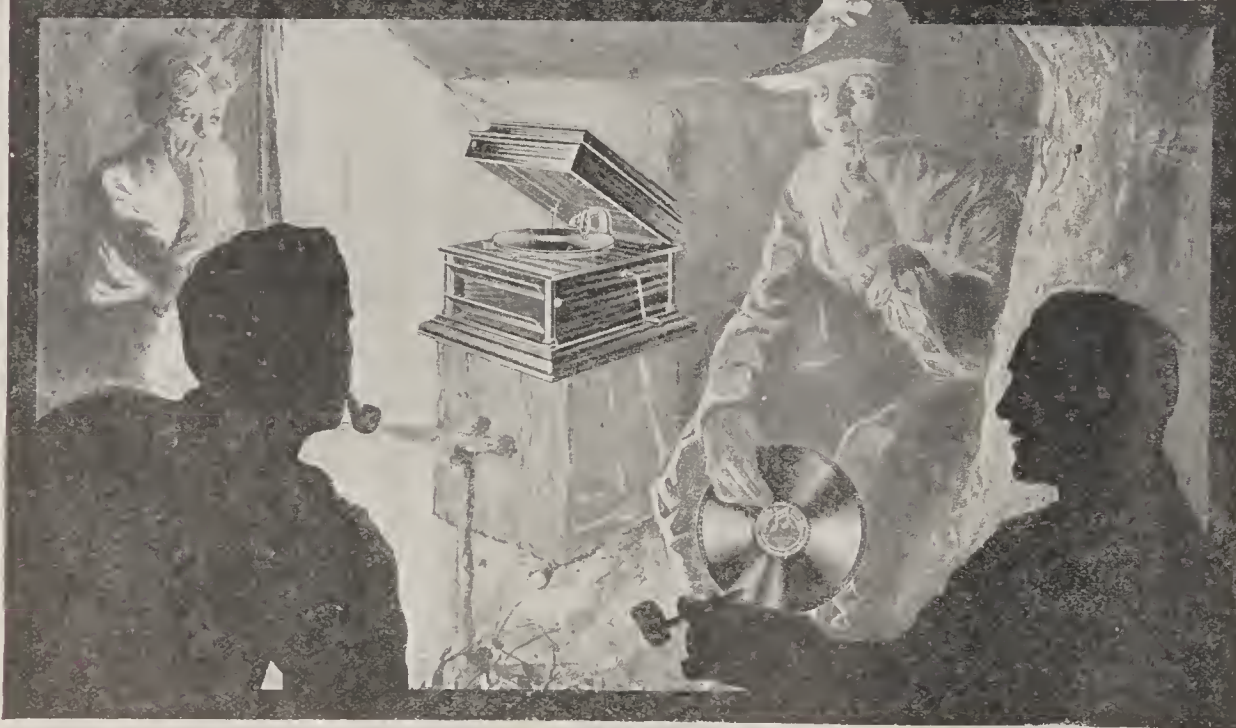
Columbia Graphophone Co.
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said the old "pa" Mallard, as he swam around looking for a "live one" among the decoys that had brought him from the blue dome—and then he found himself winging his way through a charge of number fours, as he rose from the life like wooden flock. Ask any dealer about our decoys. Write to us for catalogue.

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FOR SALE—Cottage, 2½ stories, 42 x 30 ft., handsomest fireplace in Maine; 2-story garage, 20 x 25 ft.; ice house, 15 x 20 ft. with ice; on 50-acre hemlock and hard wood at East Lake, which is headwaters and finest lake of famous Belgrade system. Artesian well 35 ft. in ledge. Dr. Edson E. Goodrich, 220 Main Street, Waterville, Me.

CARD—For rent—summer and fall; roomy furnished cottage on Western Maryland Railway, near Elkins, West Virginia; elevation, 1,000 feet; pleasant climate, lovely scenery, good roads, fine water, porches, shade.

hunting, fishing, natural gas; reasonable. Address 700 Cator avenue, Baltimore, Md.

FISHING LAKE FOR SALE—Fine old Virginia lake, about 150 acres under water, club house of 6 rooms, up-to-date, and about 130 acres of good land, also all boats and other conveniences for the best fishing for bass, pike and crappie. Lake located on railroad, one hour's ride from Richmond, Va., and is over 100 years old. It will pay you to investigate this offer. Good terms can be arranged. Apply to **Bowles & Jones Co., Inc.**, 14 N. 8th Street, Richmond, Va.

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Start right now to plan a "motor boat summer" for yourself and the family. In a few short weeks every lake and river in the country will be calling the man who has a tiny spark of the sportsman in him.

There will be endless opportunities for camping expeditions, picnics, fishing parties and daily expeditions up that shady cove where nature always seems at her best.

Of course, your blood tingles when you think of it. But—make no mistake—you must have a boat of your own—and a good one.

"Blue Bird" MOTOR BOATS

have solved the summer problem for thousands of healthy, "out-door" families.

These boats—exquisite in line and appointment—are made over moulds of highest grade Louisiana Cypress.

The wood work in decks and coaming are of best selected oak, the boats are very handsomely varnished and trimmed with the best "sun and water-proof varnish," and the hulls are finished in either blue or white paint. The engine is the Detroit two-cycle reversible—can be run slow or fast—has only three moving parts, **STARTS WITHOUT CRANKING**, uses very little fuel and is so simple that a child can handle it.

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Succeeding The MERIDEN Co. Established 1852

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July, 1915

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Years *the* Recognized Sportsmen's
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TUNA IS KING

If you've never tried it, arrange your booking now, for indications and reservations point to a big season in

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where the game has been inaugurated and where

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was first to introduce the sport and popularize it.

The Leaping Tuna

offers the finest big game fish angling in the world and the record fish was caught at

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(in the Adirondacks) Long Lake, N. Y. Open May 1st to December 1st. A country abounding in game. In season the best deer hunting in the Adirondacks. When you write to W. F. Emerson, Prop., for reservation (rates are \$20 per week and upward), ask about bass fishing under Buttermilk Falls, and your chances of securing Forest and Stream's Silver Trophy, which is here. Boating, bathing, motor boating, tennis, mountain climbing and every other holiday enjoyment at Long View.

Excellent brook and lake trout fishing and the ice will be out on opening day of season, April third.

Come to New Brunswick

for

Rest, Scenery, Fishing and Shooting

unsurpassed hotels and boarding houses to meet all purses—a delightful trip by boat or rail of wonderful educational value.

THE RUN DOWN MAN OR WOMAN

will find this country a nature tonic unsurpassed, with pastimes ideal.

Trout, Salmon, large and gamy. Moose, caribou, deer and small game.

Let us send you our illustrated booklets or tell us what you want and we will find it for you.

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Every facility for indoor and outdoor recreation. Boating, bathing, fishing unsurpassed. Rates \$10 to \$15 a week.

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Why not try the good trout fishing in the Willowemoc and Mongaup streams? It is being restocked every season and offers the best sport of any in this section. You can put up at the "Homestead," which offers satisfaction to fishermen, good rooms, good table, open fireplaces and every comfort due to fishermen. Write for booklet and rates.

(MISS) ADA COOPER

De Bruce, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

NEW SPRUCE CABIN INN

Where You CAN Catch Trout

We wish to announce the opening of New Spruce Cabin Inn, Wednesday, April 14th. Trout season opens April 15th and promises to be the best season we have had for trout fishing for a number of years.

The many trout streams surrounding Spruce Cabin Inn have all been restocked with thousands of brook trout—7 to 12 inches in length presenting an unparalleled opportunity, in fact the best ever offered trout fishermen in Pennsylvania.

Yourself and friends are cordially invited to be present.

Yours very truly, W. J. & M. D. PRICE
Canadensis, P. O. - - MONROE CO., PENNA.
Cresco Station - - - - Lackawanna R. R.

A Few Gentlemen Invited to Join an Exclusive Club of Sportsmen

The Club leases from the Government of Quebec and Province of Quebec a tract of land roughly about thirty miles square, that is thirty miles on the side running back from the Saguenay River. There is good moose and caribou hunting, plenty of partridges and duck, excellent trout fishing, good touridi fishing and a small salmon river which the Club has never developed but where there are plenty of salmon.

On the property are two large lakes several miles long and a mile wide, a dozen small lakes besides two hundred ponds. The country itself is very beautiful for any one who cares for natural scenery.

The headquarters cabin has a store connected where supplies can be purchased. A certain number of canoes are owned by the Club which are free to the members. Headquarters camp can be reached in forty-eight hours from Boston. Under the laws of Quebec members of licensed fish and game clubs pay only \$10 for a hunting license as against the regular \$50 fee.

No initiation at present.

DUES \$100 A YEAR.

A club where you will meet the sort of sportsmen with whom you want to associate.

Full particulars from Box J. Forest and Stream.

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By Water or Rail

Trout ½ to 3 pounds. Bass large and gamy. Brook, stream or lake fishing. Everything modern man or woman requires. Fare is \$2.85 from New York City—Table and service unsurpassed.

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Cook's Falls, N. Y.

Undespoiled by Crowds

Spend your outing where nature's solitudes have been, as yet, little disturbed by man. Good fishing and hunting. Private lake for use of patrons. Also stream fishing. Good eats, such as "mother used to make." New maple sugar and syrup of our own manufacture for sale.

Address: 71 FOREST HOME, Harrisville, N. Y.

Maine, Where the Fish Are

Why go way off into the wilderness when you can get near home, AS GOOD FISHING as is to be found anywhere in the world—

Trout, Salmon, Bass

Every convenience for the Sportsmen and his family.—Rates, table, accommodations to satisfy the most particular.

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Sporting Camps
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In the heart of America's best fishing. FLY FISHING for SQUARE TAIL TROUT and trolling for Lake Trout unsurpassed. Single cabins, fine table, conveniently reached.

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C. M. Quimby, in the Green Mountains

This advertisement wouldn't hold a reduced photo of one salmon caught here. Trout are marvelous in size and activeness. Within a stone's throw of the best fishing in Quebec and New Hampshire. The Booklet will convince you.

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"North and East Pond Camps"

Two Upper Famous Belgrade Lakes Large and comfortable cabins, with and without bath. Fly and bait fishing phenomenal—40 to 100 bass per day. Trout streams nearby. Our own gardens, two automobiles, excellent roads, and only 78 miles east of Portland, or 5 hours from Boston. Write for new descriptive booklet.

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BEST SPRING FISHING IN MAINE

Is found in Attean Lake from May 10 until July 15. Fishing begins right at the Camp Wharf. Particulars and booklet.

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for good fishing. Come to the Lake House. Lake is eleven miles long and three miles wide. Hotel for fifty guests, two bath rooms, hot and cold water. Write for booklet. J. W. Emery, Lake House, Manchester, Maine.

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Three in one at Mt. Livermore Estate, Holderness, N. H., on Squam Lake. H. B. Brown, manager. For those who don't care to fish—boating, bowling, billiards, motoring, tennis and bathing. Forest and Stream cup here. Write for booklet. Best of food. Rates reasonable. "The automobile and resort center of New Hampshire."

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On beautiful Lake Bomoseen, Castleton, Vt., in the Green Mountains, the largest and most attractive of all the picturesque lakes in Vermont; superb climate. A two hour catch of small mouth bass by W. A. Lee, Troy, N. Y., amounted to 30½ lbs. of these gamy fish. Forest and Stream trophy here. Rates reasonable. Cottages for those who prefer them to hotel. "The Prospect" will open June 2nd. Write for booklet. Horace B. Ellis, Prop.

Granliden Hotel

LAKE SUNAPEE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

At the gateway of the White Mountains. An Ideal Tour. Salmon, bass and trout fishing as good, if not the best in New England. Write for circular, W. W. Brown.

Excellent cuisine, unsurpassed service—Forest and Stream trophy is in competition here.

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WINNETT & THOMPSON, Props.

Excellent bass fishing. Here is every entertainment man or woman may look forward to during vacation.

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FISHING PRESERVED FOR YOU

The finest fishing in Canada is reserved for guests of this, Canada's greatest hotel. The Forest and Stream trophy is offered here—Come early.

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CHICOUTIMI, P. Q.

SEE MAINE FIRST!

Join one of our Tours this Summer, through "Maine's Waterways of the Wilderness," the famous Allagash and St. John River trips. See this beautiful Fish and Game region at its best. We furnish everything to make the trip a success. Talk it over with your friends and send for booklet giving places visited, side trips and cost. Remember the parties are limited to twenty, and there will be but three during the season, so it will be necessary to enroll early to secure accommodations. Address:

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A charming romantic Spot on the Bay of Fundy, Nine Miles from Berwick. A delightful place for a Chicken or Squab Dinner, or a quiet night's rest. Nine miles from Post Road. Delightful Road. Beautiful views.

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Brook Trout, Salmon
a number of cottages to rent.

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Finest trout fishing in Canada. An ideal virgin territory of twelve hundred square miles, hundreds of lakes and rivers, moose, bear, caribou, partridge and duck hunting in the fall. Send for map, booklet and rates.

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New ownership. New management. On the shore of Digby Basin, at the foot of Beaman's Mountain. Wide verandas, ample grounds, rooms with bath, singly or en suite. Deep Sea, Lake and Stream fishing. Rates low. Write for booklet.

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Where a fifty-pound "Musky" is a regular event—Bass are gamy and plentiful. "A place where no sportsman ever is disappointed."

Rates moderate—attractions extensive. Attractive booklet on request.

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In Heart of Adirondacks

On inlet to Cranberry Lake abounding in trout fishing and deer hunting in season. Unsurpassed cuisine, comfortable beds, good guides.

Address MR. & MRS. L. F. MOORE
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2,500,000-acre Forest and Game Preserve, offers a virgin Lakeland of 2,000 lakes and streams comparatively unfished. Rare opportunities for live game photography. 2,000 feet elevation. Immune from Hay Fever. Highest and Coolest Resort in Ontario

HOTEL ALGONQUIN

at Joe Lake Station is the Starting Point of the direct canoe routes North and South through the Park.

The hotel affords every requisite and comfort for guests within easy reach of fine Trout and Bass fishing. Complete Outfitting and Provisioning Store. Canoe and Boat Livery. Guides procured. Six hours from Ottawa, eight from Toronto. Pullman service. Season—June 25th to September 25th.

Information and booklet of

L. E. MERRELL - - Mowat P. O., Ontario

Good Trout and Togue Fishing

at our camps, New Brunswick. Also Moose, Caribou, Deer and Bear hunting. Photographing wild game. Many good canoe trips. We are opening up a new section of the country and can promise you a wonderful time.

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Twenty years' experience as guides.
Marston & Vanderbeck Sporting Camps
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Square Lake Camps

Individual log camps, with sitting room, open fire, general dining room. Eating, sleeping, fishing "as good as the best, better than the rest." May 15 to June 15 to get salmon, trout, white fish. Fly fishing great from June 30, September 30. Rates reasonable. J. P. Yerxa, Proprietor.

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Penobscot Lake and Camps

A mile from the Canadian line, yet convenient to reach. Cozy Cabins, and general dining room. Every game fish indigenous to Maine abundant here. Terms reasonable. Food excellent.

Illustrated Booklet on request.

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are well adapted to Eastern waters. Try stocking with some of the nice yearlings or fry from our hatchery, and you will be pleased with the results.

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This department offers the small advertiser an exceptional opportunity to get in touch with live prospects. Numerous interesting items are here offered for sale and exchange. If you have anything to sell or exchange or are in the market for something and do not know where to find it, place your advertisement herein at nominal cost of two cents a word—small investment, big opportunity—cash must accompany your order as the low charge for this space precludes expense of bookkeeping. August forms close July fifteenth. Cash enclosed with orders at our risk.

DECOYS

CANADA WILD GEESE, SWANS AND WILD MALLARDS, etc.—Mated breeding pairs. Buy now to breed this season. Whealton Game Preserve, Chincoteague, Virginia.

WILD MALLARD DUCKS—Raised and registered in old Wisconsin. Eggs \$1.25 per 12; birds \$1.50 each. Excellent as decoys. Order now as this is the last notice of eggs for this year. E. G. Showers, Onalaska, Wisconsin.

CANADA WILD GEESE—BUY NOW TO BREED THIS SPRING—Young pairs, right age to train for decoys, \$8. Mated, breeding pairs of trained decoys, \$15. Wild black mallards and English decoy ducks, \$4.50 the pair, also offer swans and other ornamental waterfowl. Whealton Game Preserve, Chincoteague Island, Va.

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CARBURETORS, slightly used, Model L Schebler, Stromberg and Rayfields, 1 inch, 1 1/4 inch and 1 1/2 inch, \$8 each; condition guaranteed. Henry A. Currier, Auburndale, Mass.

SPORTSMEN—Make big money this summer hunting pearls. I'll teach you how and send sample pearl for 50 cents. Investigate that stream—some pearls bring \$1,000 each. I buy them. O'Sullivan, B-141, O'Neill, Nebraska.

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FOR SALE—Finest strain of English ring-necked pleasant eggs for sale during June; \$15 per hundred, in lots of not less than 100 eggs. Apply to Duncan Dunn, Superintendent, State Game Farm, Forked River, N. J.

THE BLACK FOX Magazine, the trade journal of the Canadian fox industry. Free sample copy. Dr. Randall, Truro, N. S. Canada.

FREE!—Formula for coloring gun barrels, waterproofing, or fish lure. Send stamp. Dandolph Laboratory, 343-b West 18th Street, New York.

REMINGTON MATCH RIFLE—Wind gauge, Vernier and telescope sights, two stocks, cost \$70. Exchange for .25-3000 Savage or best cash offer. J. W. Shurrer, Gansevoort, N. Y.

PREMIER REMINGTON, 12, new. Smith, specialty, ejector, single trigger, 12, new. Want cash or single-barrel trap gun. J. Look, New London, Wis.

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FOR SALE—Mannlicher Haenel carbine, 8 mm., in first-class second-hand condition; price \$13; includes case, belt and two cleaners. J. Quinlan, Clement Avenue, Peabody, Mass.

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FIRST MONEY ORDER FOR \$12 takes .30-30 Savage, perfect shooting condition, few marks on stock; inside barrel and working parts like new. Roland N. Benjamin, R. F. D. No. 4, Towanda, Pa.

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FOR SALE—B-grade Fox, \$25; Colt army, \$10; Bisley model, \$10; Kodaks—3A, \$15; No. 3, \$10; 1A, \$8; 3A Brownie, rectilinear as case, \$8; 2A folding Brownie, case, \$4. Frank Wilkinson, 239 Blaine Avenue, Buffalo, New York.

MOSQUITOES—"Ever try to sleep in a room with mosquitoes buzzing around?" You can avoid this discomfort by using Muskeetonpunk. Ask your druggist or send direct; 35 cents per box or 3 for \$1.00. Money back if not satisfied. Dept. A, Muskeetonpunk Company, Pekin, Ill.

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ANTIQUÉ FIREARMS—Antique Guns, Pistols for sale.—Fine flintlocks, matchlocks, wheellocks, cross-bows. We pay freight and postage. No duty. Allen, Facade, Charing Cross, London.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Continued

SAFETY razor blades honed, stropped, sterilized, 2c. each. Stamps accepted. Toledo Sharpening Co., Toledo, Ohio. Desk A.

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GINSENG, JOURNAL—Arrowsmith, Illinois, 48-page monthly, 50c. a year. Vital interest to Ginseng seal growers. 100 seeds given new subscribers, when wanted.

FOR SALE—Ex-Lieutenant Governor Jones' private summer home, located 1 mile from Vergas, on the very best fishing lake; furnished; second to none in Minnesota; everything in first class condition. Write Brooks & Holt, Vergas, Minn.

OARS AND CANOE PADDLES
THE NEW YORK BOAT OAR CO.—For canoe or tender the best made. 69 West Street, New York City.

TROUT FISHING—For sale, one share in club owning lake and brook with fine fishing and club house. Address, B. Tuckerman, 118 East 37th Street, N. Y.

Hearts and livers of exceptional quality. Special attention given to prompt and safe delivery of Fish Food to all Fish Cultural Clubs and Trout Growers. Livers for the purpose guaranteed to be free from Disease and Parasite. Henry Abrams, 501 West 51st St., N. Y.

HUNTING AND FISHING; shares in sportsman's club in the Adirondacks for sale. Excellent hunting and fishing. 3,200 acre preserve with five lakes. Unusual opportunity for sportsmen. Write for details. W. H. Cadwell, New Britain, Conn.

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EDWARD SMITH & CO.—Floor varnish for homes and bungalows. Long Island City, N. Y.

STAMPS, 100, ALL DIFFERENT, FREE—Postage 2 cents. Mention paper. Quaker Stamp Co., Toledo, O.

SLOOP YACHT "VENTURA" FOR CHARTER—Will let to party of students or any party to go down east on Maine coast, or to Gulf of St. Lawrence, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland or Labrador coast on fishing and hunting trip; 16 tons and in commission. Address Archie Morrison, 38 1/2 Millit Street, Gloucester, Mass.

CALIFORNIA LAND—Money making little farms. High class, low priced properties and first mortgage loan on farms bearing 7 to 9 per cent. Call or write, the oldest land office in California. Catalog free. C. M. Wooster Co., Phelan Building, San Francisco.

FOR SALE in settlement of an estate. One of the largest pairs on record of horns of American Elk. Spread 5 feet 2 inches, depth from front to back 3 feet 7 inches, height from lowest to highest part of antlers, three feet 4 inches. Still on original head. Elk shot about 1870. For years the famous horns of Wyoming Territory. For particulars address, 50 Garden Street, Cambridge, Mass. J. S. Pray.

PRIVATE SHOOTING CAMP—Comfortable camp, fine motor-boat, competent crew, live duck decoys and best shooting outfit on Maine coast. Black ducks, sea ducks, coots and shore birds in season. Fine deep sea fishing. Sea food at door. Great place to improve health. Will entertain one or two guests. Address D., Box 55, Steuben, Me.

BELGIAN HARES—Some Extra Good Breeding Does, \$2.50 each, 50 cents extra when bred to my famous buck Rex 2d. W. J. Gibson, Station D, Columbus, O.

KENNELS

AIREDALES—Real terriers. A litter by the last Golden Gate Show winner, Bilmer Ruler, he by Erluge Monarch ex. a Ch. Prince of York bitch. Black as crows and great bone. If you want a real Airedale, try one of these at \$15 and \$20. Also a great litter from trained registered hunters, sire by Mountain View Volunteer ex. Imp. Tintern Daisy, \$10 and \$15. Yolla Bolly Kennels, Santa Rosa, Calif.

FOR SALE—One pair beautifully marked male coonhound pups, 6 mo. old. From very best stock obtainable. For full description and low price, write, R. A. Privott, Suffolk, Va.

AIREDALE TERRIERS of the best possible breeding. Puppies from prize-winning stock for sale at reasonable prices. Minnewaska Kennels (Registered). C. J. Carson, Owner. Glenwood, Minn.

KENNELS (Continued)

FOXHOUND BITCH—Black, tan and white, in welp to one of my best foxhounds; pups will make sure hunters. You can make money on these pups. Price of this nice bitch is \$25 cash. Fr. W. Probst, Box 60, Linwood, Ont., Can.

TWO YOUNG COON DOGS PARTLY TRAINED—\$10 each. Fr. W. Probst, Box 60, Linwood, Ont., Can.

FOXHOUND—Good hunter. Cash price \$15. F. W. Probst, Box 60, Linwood, Ont., Can.

ONE GOOD SKUNK AND COON DOG \$12—Fr. W. Probst, Box 60, Linwood, Ont., Can.

FOR SALE—Beagle pup whose sire and dam are field winners. James A. Whalen, Whitehall, N. Y.

WANTED—Field trial and shooting dogs to train. J. H. McPharlin, O'Neill, Neb.

FOR SALE—High-class English setter bitch, broken on quail, 3 years old, grand pedigree, from brood bitch and right in every way; price \$20. No fault of dog, but have moved to city and no place to keep her. Frank Madrid, 81 Hillside Avenue, Bradford, Pa.

PEDIGREE STUD DOG—Chesapeake Kennels, John Sloan, Lee Hall, Warwick Co., Virginia. Buck London, welped 9-29-1912; enrolled Vol. 13, F. D. S. E. Tony T. 12541 F. D. S. B. Water Meg, 20919 F. D. S. B. Punch 3rd, Fannie, Water King, Brown Juda, Sampson Lady Dewey, Kent Princess, Neptune Nettie, Grover Juda.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DUCK RETRIEVERS—Thoroughbred stock bred and raised on the James River and Chesapeake Bay. Shot over almost every day of the duck shooting season. Dogs and puppies for sale. Just right to break this fall. John Sloan, Lee Hall, Va.

HANDSOME, black and white dog and bitch, ten months, by bench show and field trial winner Victor Okaw II—Duces Tecum II; also beautiful orange and white dog, eight months, and black, white, tan bitch by well-known Sandy Noble—Belle of Noblestone. Noblestone, Toms River, New Jersey.

THE STANFORD SETTERS—Get The Best. Setter puppies ready to train. Champion Deodora Prince stock. Setter Carson at public stud. Stanford Kennels, Bangall, N. Y.

AIREDALE—The gentlemen's all-round dog. Collies of the best possible blood lines. We have puppies, grown dogs and brood matrons. Tell us just what you want and get our list. W. R. Watson, Box 202, Oakland, Iowa.

ENGLISH SETTERS, POINTERS, BEAGLES AND FOX HOUNDS, finest stock in the world, sold under positive guarantee. Our reputation is backed by Forest & Stream—a lifetime in the business, and hundreds of unsolicited testimonials from all parts of America. Trained dogs and puppies shipped on trial. Send 10 cents for catalogue, prices, photographs, etc. Hopewell Kennels, Stewartstown, Pa.

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(Continued on page 433.)

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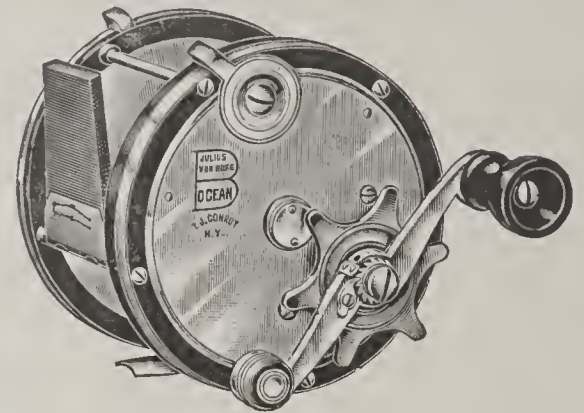
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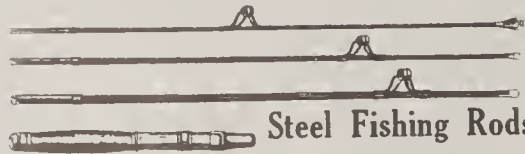
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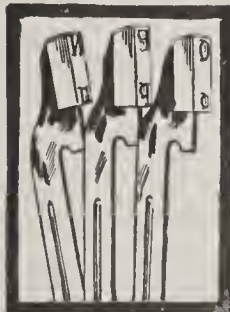
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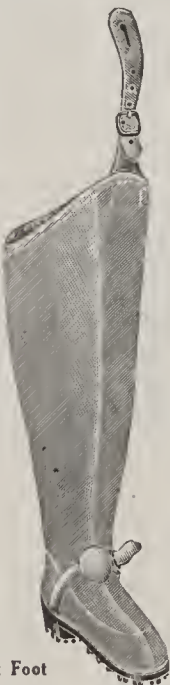
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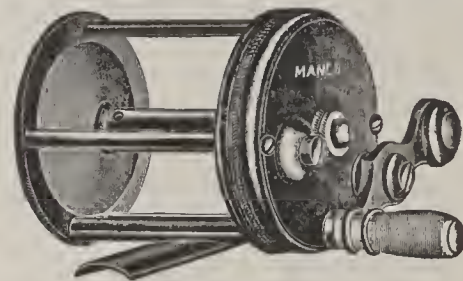
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VOL. LXXXV

JULY, 1915

No. 7

Up The Peribonca To Tchitagama And Manouan

A Canoe Trip Through the Wild Country North of Lake St. John, Quebec—The Indians Have Followed This Route for Many Years, but few White Sportsmen Have Tackled it

By John M. Maguire.



R. WILLIAM B. CABOT suggested this trip to J— as an easy-going affair, suitable to novices. Hence the following account, couched mainly in the vernacular, but to some extent in Anglo-maniac French.

We tumbled off the boat at

Chicoutimi about five o'clock, July 27, of a cold, cloudy morning. Since the first stage of our journey was to be by road, we at once locked horns with the gentleman who had an amazingly rickety cab at the landing. He would take us to Lac Claire—but it was a long way—fourteen miles—ten dollars.

Had he a wagon in which to carry the canoe and outfit?

O, *Oui!* there was *une autre voiture* of his across the river at Ste. Anne.

We haggled the price down to five dollars and engaged to meet our friend on the other side at nine o'clock.

By the time we had bought our supplies and breakfasted it was after

eight. A stiff breeze was blowing down the Saguenay. We tried the canoe instead of the ferry and had a tough pull against wind, wave and current. Our charioteer rushed along the wharf to meet us. So did half the population of Ste. Anne. It was most embarrassing. We heaped canoe and duffle on the wagon in a wild effort to escape. Our

man took the reins. "Where the *voiture* for us?" we inquired. Half a dozen benevolent persons promptly offered to assist us for prices running from seven dollars up. The wagoner indicated perhaps the least tottery conveyance, and said we might take that.

"*Vous payez pour nous?*" O, *non, non*, not a bit of it! That was our concern. He had promised to transport the outfit only.

We doubted, but our chances in argument were pretty poor. The owner of the carriage pointed out approached eagerly with a seven-dollar offer. We shrugged our shoulders and smiled. That jerked him down to five. J— pointed significantly up the road and tugged W— by the sleeve. No reduction. We motioned our wagon to proceed and set off ourselves at a good pace. It was a bald-faced bluff; nobody walks fourteen sandy miles in moccasins the first day he has them on. Besides, it was now raining dismally. Howls from behind. Four dollars mentioned. Competition in the



A Placid Stretch After Strenuous Rapids.



Hauling Up to Bile The Kettle.

field—a young chap says something to me about *tres et demi*. Jehu number one shouts *tres*: we engage him.

Our voiture was an amusing vehicle; room for two in the rear seat, facing forward; room for one in the front seat, facing backward; left hand half of the front seat twisted square around to face ahead, and here the driver rode. The carriage top leaked freely down our necks. The horse may not have seen better days, but was certainly not enjoying very good ones at the moment.

Proud of having secured us, our driver decided to show a turn of speed. Away he went past the jolting, springless wagon. The road was easily rough enough to shake some duffle overboard. We begged our man to follow instead of leading. This he took at first for rush orders, but a vigorous demonstration brought home our meaning. The idea was fortunate. Many things fell and had to be retrieved.

We wanted white lead. The men said there was a *magasin* not far along. The "store" stood at one corner of a cross-roads. Opposite it was a roadside shrine. The stock of goods hardly filled one end of a small room—tobacco, some boxes of crackers, a bit of cheap candy, and mighty little else. The girl in charge had no *plomb blanc*; she seemed uncertain as to its nature. J— remembered that Indians pitch their canoes instead of painting them. Smiling sweetly, he asked for *gomme*. I think the word was invented on the spot. But that intelligent girl understood. Smiling back, she produced from under the rough counter—a whole blessed box of chewing gum! J— retreated in disorder and indignation, remarking:

"Why, of course I knew she had *that*. Her jaws were going every minute we were there."

The road became softer and more overgrown.

On the grades we helped out by walking. Just before one o'clock we came to Lac Claire. Here was a large house. The road turned to a mere cart path, but kept on. Now we had drawn from our driver the interesting fact that he could take us to the Shipshaw, saving one portage. We proposed that he do so. He declined—too far—*Mille et demi*. J— made the startling assertion that was only *un demi mille par la map de la Government du Canada* and hauled out the map to prove it. Silence. I judged that money would make the mare go. We made a great show of unloading; also stated flatly that there would be no *diner* this side of the Shipshaw. More silence, exceeding glum. Then Jo, the wagoner, suddenly burst into a spasm of French. It must have been on our side, for we moved ahead.

With all due respect to the Government of Canada and its map, the distance to that river is more than half a mile. We finally jolted our way to the bank. At this point "the trails run out and stop." He who goes further goes by water.

Here and now we made a sad, sad discovery. The duffle-bag containing all our cornmeal, oatmeal, salt, and sugar, had either stayed behind in Chicoutimi or been lost on the way. J— raced back to Lac Claire in a vain hunt. We gloomily downed an unseasoned meal. Jo furnished the only hilarity, getting the idea that



Always The Last Outpost of Civilization.

because his horse had vanished it was on the way home. Away he ran up the road while we howled him back. After showing fine sprinting ability he heeded our cries and returned to find his steed placidly resting in a thicket not fifty feet off.

One of us was due to go back. Now when it comes to doing business in French I always try to follow the golden rule of childhood and be seen but not heard. So I proposed that W—, our prize linguist, be the envoy. He very properly repelled the suggestion—would not accept the honor unless it was forced upon him by lot. We matched pennies, and W— was the unlucky man. We paid our drivers and made a new bargain with Jo for the extra trip. The other man lost his temper because we did not give him the job, and refused to let W— ride in his carriage. Another explosion from Jo produced satisfactory results, however.

Left alone, J— and I started to put camp in shape. He started for the necessary poles to

pitch a tent, and like the well-known King of France, came back quite as fast as he went. One of his first axe blows, instead of being spent on a tree, was devoted almost entirely to his left foot, exposing the internal workings thereof to a cold world. A hazy period full of gore and excitement followed. At the end of it our tent was up and J— safe inside, his foot upholstered with a most beautiful bandage. The black flies had done a noble job on both of us, because I neglected to light a smudge. We were thoroughly down in the mouth. Nor was a supper of unsalted rice, sweetened with corn syrup, very cheering.

July 28—Breakfast was no improvement. I chose ham, because it was salty, and forgot to soak it. Still, the foot was better and might be good for traveling soon.

W— came back at noon with a tale of woe. He had not found the lost bag, but that was his smallest sorrow. It seemed that the carriage driver went only as far as Lac Claire. From that point W— was at the mercy of Jo's wagon and Jo was in a tooth-loosening hurry. Then the ferry charged W— just ten times the usual fare and noisy guests at the hotel kept him awake all night. He wasted no sympathy upon us.

After lunch we piled into the canoe and dropped down-stream to the first portage of the route which was to take us northwesterly to Tchitagama. On the way we passed a house which swarmed with Indians—the last inhabited dwelling we saw for two weeks. On a rise of ground behind it stood a great black cross, braced with wire stays. In front was a structure which looked like a wood-pile; inside this lived the cow. All along the water's edge lay birch bark canoes. During the paddle back to camp we took a fair-sized pike on the troll.

July 29—Next day we were slow in packing and did not reach the portage until mid-morning. We were hardly up to carrying all our stuff in a single installment. J— limped through once, loaded like a pack mule, and waited while W— and I made two trips each. The trail had not



Too Tired to Talk.



been cleared for weeks, and I had troubles with the canoe.

We had come out upon a little cove of Lac Brochet, which broadened out as soon as we rounded the point. There are several islands, on one of which stands a tumble-down cabin. The lake is three miles long. While we were going down it, W— diverged from the bow and had a short swim. He reported the water nipping cold.

We lunched at the beginning of the next portage, starting over it with light packs immediately afterward. W— went ahead with the gun, in hopes of partridge; while J— and I followed more slowly. Mr. Cabot reckons this carry as two and one-half miles. I think it nearly three; the back trip took fifty minutes' brisk walking. It was a tough bit of work for us to tackle in our battered, unhardened condition.

The trail first swings north. There are (or were) two overhanging trees to trouble a tall man carrying a canoe; also one tree fallen across the path with more projecting branches than a porcupine has quills. Beyond this last obstruction—say a mile from the start—the trail passes a small pond and swings westerly. Then it crosses a brook. Next comes a long stretch of bushy lowland. Then, perhaps, two miles and a half out, a second brook, followed by a slow rise; and at last a drop to Lac a l'Oure. The camp site is on a bluff, well above the water.

Our first crossing came easy, but the second, with heavier loads, was a real pull. In the end we were so scandalously tired that we had to sever and handle one by one a pair of small duffle bags which weighed barely thirty pounds apiece. On this carry, J— made an extra trip, foot and all. I led off with the canoe, J— and W— juggled packs.

The night was not altogether restful. Like most well-used camps, this was a rabbit warren. One of the beasts came around while we were eating. W— bowled him over with the shotgun. The real rumpus began after we turned in. Two or three rabbits can make more noise about a tent than you would expect from an elephant. They are highly inquisitive; come and snuff about; go into hysterics twice a minute and stampede off at full gallop; come back and kick the tent; stampede again; and so on ad nauseam. Worst of all, they love to eat holes in tanalite tents—seem to like the taste of the waterproofing. So we had to keep awake and beat them off when they began nibbling. J— and I each took care of one side of our tent rather easily, but poor W—, who

The Pictures Tell Their Own Story—Scenery, Fire, Work and Pleasure.

slept alone in great magnificence, must needs run round and round to meet attacks from every direction. At last one bunny sniffed right beside me. I lashed out and hit him on the nose. Away he bounced, much surprised, plunk into a trap we had waiting for him. I declined the office of executioner, so J— went out and slew our unwelcome caller. This incident quieted things down for the rest of the night.

July 30—Breakfast, rabbit—not bad, nor yet inspiringly good. We got off late. Stiff muscles a general complaint. Many bumps and shifts had reduced the outfit to a welter which was difficult to straighten out. Three miles of good paddling down a very pretty lake; then a short portage up a dry stream bed full of rolling stones, on which we balanced like performing bears at a circus. Beyond this portage is a pond not over three hundred yards across, from which a half-mile carry leads to the Riviere Blanche, a stream flowing into Tchitagama. That half mile seemed to stretch like rubber, and when we did come to the "river" it was far too shallow for canoes. W— subsequently dubbed it "The Sailor's Nightmare," and the name fits well. Where the trail first reaches the water is a camp site. We carried downstream until the path petered out entirely. I found two shod canoe poles in the bushes, which seemed to indicate navigability at some time. Certainly not now. The stream ran chattering over a bed of slippery stones. There was no choice, however, and after lunch we took to wading.

In point of fact, the going was far from impossible. Through the shallows we made a path by rolling aside stones, shifting our course from bank to bank to follow the current.

At "pot-holes" we straddled the canoe, hanging our moccasins overside to keep the packs fairly dry. The water was not particularly cold, which was lucky, as we often slipped in nearly up to our waists.

But the rough bottom hurt our much abused

feet, and as we found ourselves spending more than half an hour over what Mr C— gave as half a mile, we began to speak unkindly. A new crime and a new lineal measure came into being—Cabotage: gross underestimation of distance and the Cabot Mile: two ordinary ones in the morning and three at night. The portage appeared at last, and I found how comfortable my woolen trousers were in comparison with the wet khaki of the others.

This trail ran along the steep stream bank. There was some danger of taking a header into the water, but we refrained. After the portage came a small lake expansion. We waded a riffle at its lower end, and thus reached a second lake. And so on, paddling and wading, until we had passed no fewer than five of these expansions. We took a good pike on the troll. The camp at the next portage was uncomfortable and too high above the water. But it was now nearly six, so we settled down (or rather, up) for the night.

July 31.—The carry next morning offered ample opportunity for tumbles. We indulged to some extent. More wading, and another portage of the same brand. Then, while paddling across a deep spot, we were suddenly aware of a pleasant faced man with light hair and beard wading upstream toward us, pushing his canoe. Two little Indian or half breed children scurried alongside through the bushes. We gave the man *bon jour*; in return he asked (I thought) whether we had caught any fish. W— claimed the question had something to do with "feu." My answer passed muster, though. Our friend said there was *un portage* and then Tchitagama, the lake being a mile or a mile and a half away.

The last portage was deceitfully long. We came in sight of the lake fast enough, but what with low water and a very slightly sloping beach we had all we wanted before we could launch our ship.

Tchitagama is long, narrow, shut in by high hills, and well worth the seeing. We paddled four or five miles down it, passing a small Indian camp, and lunched on a stony beach. On starting again we put out the troll and caught a yard-long pike. That ended our fishing. We wanted no whales. I may as well inform the horrified reader that we made no try for ouananiche. We did not know there were any in the neighborhood. Ignorance is not always bliss.

Another Indian camp hove in sight on the south shore. Here the man of the house as soon as he saw us fled across the beach like one with a guilty



Long Stretches of Lonely Lakes and an Occasional Four-Footed Citizen's Home.

conscience, and seemed to hide or destroy some object. He then came down on a point in front of the tent and showed that he wanted to talk with us. This was a good, fat, brown, greasy Indian, very affable. The Peribonka, he said, was a mile or two off—already we could see the hills on its far bank. He rushed into a description of "chutes," "rapids," and portages at which we nodded gravely and said *oui, oui*, as occasion demanded. He must have been describing the route to Lac St. Jean. It sounded like going over Niagara Falls and through the Whirlpool Rapids all at once. Meanwhile two small boys had come down to look at us and taken to wrestling with each other. One was plain Indian, the other, quite handsome, seemed to have some white blood. A fat squaw, red skirted, appeared in the tent door and watched the proceedings.

It was still early afternoon when we reached the junction of lake and river. We camped on a bluff facing up-stream. The view is sweeping and rather majestic; lowland along the river, with timbered hills in the near background. About the camp was an odor intimately associated with a moose or caribou carcass which had been dismembered and carelessly scattered about. We hunted up most of the pieces and flung them into the water.

The current came in swift rushes and we hugged the banks to escape its full force. Lunch on a point at half past eleven. After starting again we went on the wrong side of an island, struck a shallow dead water, and had to wade some distance. The hillsides were now closing down on the river. Early in the afternoon we sighted rapids—a fine tumbling sweep, of which we could see perhaps a third of a mile; the upper end was hidden by a curve. We were tired and lazy, so camped on a level but sandy spot at the foot of the fast water.

August 2—On the morrow I routed the crowd out early—but not bright, for the sky was heavily overcast. As we were making the fire a violent rain-squall swooped down. Whereat we voted the day Sunday and retired for more sleep. It really was a calendar Sunday, but no camper

who has serious notions of travel can count much on the calendar. He ought to keep going while the weather is clear. Our unwritten rule, however, empowered the party to declare a whole day off on the strength of a single dash of wet. On this occasion the sky was clear as a bell by eight or nine o'clock.

After breakfast W— turned in to sleep again. J— and I ran a large laundry business. Finishing that, we put on what few rags we had that were not drying in the sun and tried poling the rapids with an empty canoe.

We had never had a shod pole in our hands, but we had read in a book that when two men worked at once they both poled on the same side of the canoe. The middle of that rapid looked rough and deep. Near shore was the place for us. Ergo, we would keep her in by poling on the outer side. No expert will need explanation of what ensued. It was a mad whirl of poles mysteriously vanishing under the canoe, frantic grabs for paddles, waves taken broadside on. We did not tip over, but only kind Providence knows why.

Lunch disposed of, J— and W— tried the poling job, while I scrambled along the bank and commented. Between us we caught the trick—push on the inside and keep your canoe at such an angle that the current forces it near the bank. The fellows went nearly to the head of the rapid before they were stumped by a stretch full of rocks. This we felt we could pass with one man on the tracking line. I got aboard and we flew gloriously down-stream to camp.

J— produced a genuine rice pudding that night—with raisins in it. He baked it between the frying pans. We felt like decorating him.

Before going to bed I noticed on the southerly horizon a strange columnar cloud, shot with lurid, fiery streaks. We speculated idly about the possibilities of forest fires.

August 3—When we tackled the rapids in the morning, J— and W—, who had proved their mettle, manned the canoe, while I went along shore with the tracking rope, which ran from stem to stern and was passed through all

the pack straps to prevent loss in case of disaster. My job was to take a firm stand above each bit of swift water and haul away like a good one whenever I could do so without tipping the canoe over.

At the very start we nearly came to grief. Somehow, when I was at the extreme end of my rope, the bow swung too far out. If I let go, the whole outfit would run its chances broadside in a lot of vicious waves; if I hung on—and was not pulled in—she might upset. I elected to stand pat. The current tugged tremendously; the canoe heeled over; for one awful straining moment, while J— strove to push the stern out, water came in amidships steadily. Just in time she swung right. We made the top of the first run of rapids without further adventure. There I climbed aboard and we paddled to the next swift stretch. Somehow W— and I got mixed up here, with the result that he landed on the bank while I took the stern pole. Much to my relief the going was easy. In fact, we poled so fast at times that W— had to run and sprawl over slippery boulders to keep ahead.

On arriving at more placid water we had mercy and took him aboard. This proved bad policy for J— and I made a wrong move of some sort. Unaided by the line, we suffered the full consequences, and were soon careering toward curling breakers. W— did not like the looks of things and said so. I had lively misgivings myself. But J— rose to the occasion and brought us safe to the opposite bank, not very far down from where we had lost control.

Starting afresh we went through some pretty bad water. At one place rocks near shore compelled us to go so far out that W— could not help at all. Three times we tried this passage and three times were beaten back, but on the fourth attempt won through. We had lunch at the foot of a long stretch where the current was only moderately swift. Here the others discovered to their delight that my left trouser leg was in tatters. We always had mild rivalry as to the relative merits of wool and khaki. It looked as if the drinks were on me. But upon

getting into the canoe again I found a nice sharp nail point projecting from the gunwale. It had ripped away vigorously every time I braeed for a push.

We felt experienced enough to dispense with the line and W— became a permanent passenger. Which was lucky for him, as we swung along fifteen or twenty feet at a shove and would have run his legs off had he been ashore. Toward four o'clock the river suddenly widened, giving a bully view of the north. Here the banks are nearly half a mile apart and run up into steep heights which may fairly be called mountains. The river bed is sandy and the current meanders exasperatingly. If you turn out of it by accident, barely submerged bars are ready to trip you. Nor is the paddling easy, for the stream makes a good two miles an hour. Tired by the unaccustomed work of poling, we were glad to camp early. We happened on quite an elaborate clearing, with a rough stage which I suppose had been used for drying meat. Above us was a very pretty stretch of river.

August 4—Next day we tried to shirk bucking the current and were promptly pocketed in a backwater, having in the end to double back nearly a mile before we shook free of the shoals. The lesson was learned and for the rest of the morning we pushed sturdily up mid-stream. At lunch we noticed that the wind was blowing behind us at a tremendous rate. The others, despite my prophecies of failure, turned one of the tents into a sail, and I am bound to confess that we bowled along merrily until nearly four o'clock. Just as the breeze flattened out we sighted ducks ahead and over toward the eastern bank. Furling the sail and bundling it aboard, we gave chase. Our prey at once made off, swimming quite as fast as we paddled. The birds held in near shore and soon ran us among shoals. W— hastily disembarked with the gun to have a run for his money, anyhow. At that moment one foolish bird decided that its safety would be best preserved in a hiding place on the beach. Naturally it collided with a whole charge of shot.

A cleared spot for camp soon turned up. The Indians must travel a lot up and down this river. I fancy one could find some sort of clearing within two miles of any point on its banks. This helps, for undisturbed Quebec underbrush is certainly heavy.

I proposed a fricassee of duck. "Good," said J— and W—, "but how do you make it?" My invention carried me only far enough to advise dismembering the victim and boiling him, I had a vague idea that frying pans then came into play. J— brightened immediately. Mention of a frying pan is to him as the scent of battle to the war-horse. He said that undoubtedly you mixed the result of the boiling with flour and water and chivied it about over the fire. Which things we did, and the conclusion was admirable. But whether it was fricassee, deponent saith not.

J—'s foot gave us a horrid start at this point. He had complained of pain and now investigated. Swelling there was beyond doubt, nor did the skin look right. Raeking his brain, poor J— produced the dismal recollection of a blood-poisoned member which had behaved just like this. There was tumult and affright in camp that evening; also much disinfectant and a de-

The Voice of the Old Guard



I don't believe in fightin'; the' is darned sight better ways,
To settle fam'bly scraps and bigger jars.
But, by heck! if nothin' else will do, then I'm one 'at says
Your Unele here, he ain't afeard of wars!

My own blood is most peace'ble, yet on thinkin' of it more,
It's strange how my own folks hez had their way,
In helpin' to establish as a everlastin' score,
The tune of Stars and Stripes for all to play.

Grand dad he fit at Lexington, and fell at Bunker Hill
Pap followed Jackson clear to New Orleans,
And as for me, in '63, I surely got my fill
And new respect for Stonewall's men in jeans.

termination to start down river in a rush if the morrow did not show improvement.

August 5—J— reported improvement in the morning and we decided to go on slowly, with an eye upon the treacherous foot. We noticed a small column of smoke half a mile above camp. It might mean forest fires or Indians, and we decided to investigate. It turned out to be a fire which had burned over an acre or two.

Running the canoe up the creek to the place where burning was going on we scattered and set to work. J— and W— began a trench inland, digging with the axes. I organized myself into a bucket brigade and proceeded to soak down the blaze along the top of the stream bank. Now that bank was fully fifteen feet high, steep, and made of clay. My buckets slopped over a bit every time I shinned up and its face was soon so slippery that my descents for more water were made after the manner of

My youngest boy, with Teddy, clumb the hill at San Ju-an
Another sleeps out in the Philippines,
I'm not as spry as they were, but careful like and ea'm,
I'm a oilin' of old Betsy till she shines.

So pass the word to Woodrow, a bearin' all the stress—
While we love him for his grand diplomacy—
That a million, more or less, old codgers I should guess,
Ken plug a squir'l from out a hiek'ry tree.

The' ain't no sense in talkin' war—it's foolishness at best—
We all agree, that's had part in that game,
But if Unele Sam'l calls us or puts us to the test,
There won't be ary hyphen in *our* aim!
—OLD CAMPER.

one shooting a toboggan slide. Sometimes I made a sudden unscheduled descent while on my way up, just to prove that it's not only a woman who can change her mind. All told it must have taken more than one hundred buckets of water to squelch the little flare.

But my job was easy compared with what the others did. I had clean fresh air to breathe and was moderately cool. They sweltered in their undershirts and were choked and blinded by smoke. Axes are not proper tools for digging through six or eight inches of vegetable matter to the bare ground, either. We had to scoop out the trenches with our hands. I helped them when the work on the bank was done, and in the end we put that fire in such shape that it could do no more mischief. It seemed hardly the best treatment for blood-poisoning, but J— never wavered.

(To be continued.)

New Lures That Are True to Life

The Author Describes Several Designs of Natural Baits for Trout and Bass That Can Be Cast on the Fly-Rod and Which Will Work a Revolution in Bait Fishing

By Louis Rhead.

Editorial Note:—For several years Mr. Rhead has devoted painstaking and diligent study of "Insects That Trout Feed Upon," of which many articles have been issued in a contemporary sporting magazine, and shortly to be published in book form. Last season and this coming one Mr. Rhead will carry on and take up the subject of the various creatures that game fishes consume as food, including different species of minnows, frogs, grasshoppers, caterpillars, dragon flies, helgramites, crawfish and the lamper eel. From his drawings Mr. Rhead will create exact copies and make artificial lures true to life and make them act in the water so that game fishes take them as they would their natural food. Mr. Rhead's next article will be: "Some Nature Lures for summer and fall fishing—Floating Grasshoppers, Dragonflies and Caterpillars."



FOR years I have vainly tried to get a fish strike on the various imitation lures, most of them made of rubber. They are all not only miserably poor copies on nature, but from their weight and clumsiness, they act in the water as dead, inanimate things. No matter how skilfully they are played, trout and bass take not the slightest notice of them. I would just as soon fish with a "shoe-string" at the end of my leader. Most expert anglers will surely agree with me in this after one trial of them. Particularly so, of the painted rubber frogs, grasshoppers, worms and other imitations intended to replace live bait.

This reference is aside from the "plug lures" which are not, I believe, intended to imitate any living thing. To the end that something may be available to anglers without using live bait (so hard to get, so hard to keep fit to use) I have spent most of my time this past winter in study and experiments to get at *just the perfect* nature lure that will act and appear as enticing as the natural food does to bass, trout and other game fishes.

A perfectly good and useful article is not dreamed of over-night, and completed the following day. I made twenty-three models of this jumping, floating frog, before I reached the desired result. Many hoped-for improvements were discarded because of some undesirable feature. These frogs (and those to follow) are the result of continuous effort in practical trials and experiments to demonstrate their superior value as lures in order to gain three important points heretofore not accomplished.

First: They must be light enough in weight to cast with a fly rod, to float upright and natural in turbulent water, yet strong enough to be chewed and not destroyed.

Second: Soft to the touch, without scaring the fish.

Third: Perfection in form and color when floating in the water.

For these and other reasons, I am determined to give the true angling sportsman a *lure to lure* and not to scare. Of this I am convinced: if the present style of bass lures continue to ac-

velop, that in a few years' time, Mr. Bass, likewise Miss Trout (both wise, alert and discerning fish) will absolutely refuse chunks of wood, rubber or metal. They know as well as I know, such lures, tearing through the water by them,



The Author Shows What His New Lures Will Do.

are not food. Their action in taking them is merely antagonistic caprice, which in time will utterly fail. This reasoning is sound, because when we miss a strike, we never get the same bass to go a second time. When we cast again, if taken, it is sure to be another bass.

The case is altogether different with live bait. When a real minnow, crab or frog is gorged, the fish is ready and willing for more, the effect in its stomach is obvious. It is most natural to suppose Mr. Bass is quite satisfied with one trial at a piece of wood. Bass are neither dull nor stupid but, as Dr. Henshall rightly says, "the gamest fish that swims."

The majority of black bass invariably prefer to abide near the bottom, in water from four to twenty feet deep. It is round the shallow edges of rocks, sandbars, and edges of lakes where they congregate. They lie still most of the time like other game fishes to pounce periodically upon

passing prey during the daytime; then at night, swim about the shallows foraging for food. They will follow a lure some distance before they grab it—in fact they often follow a lure within two feet of the boat and make a grab after much wary consideration. Not so with big trout, which dash for a lure like lightning, without careful observation, or wondering what it is. It is just these two opposite though characteristic habits, my floating nature-lures will furnish anglers with new thrills, a treble sensation heretofore not enjoyed.

With a fly-rod you may cast out these light nature fish food imitations. You play it at the surface; then in full view you watch the gamey fish go for it and grab it. The lure cannot drop like a plummet to get snagged on the bottom, and even a tyro caster may place it among the weeds to play it there without trouble till it is seen by the fish. There is no need of a rapid-reel-in, or any bother of a line tangle—which so often happens when a heavy plug sinks to fasten its numerous double and treble hooks on a sunken tree trunk. No weedless hook is needed for these lures.

It will be noticed these floaters have but one single hook, of good size, it is true. But aside from extra weight they give the lure, I think the treble hook a bad feature. Only one part of a treble hook takes hold on the fish. As to three or four treble hooks—with such a lure I should blush to meet my bass face to face.

With this preliminary to *Forest and Stream* anglers as a reason for offering these frog lures, I will now proceed to describe them and the simple method required to use them.

I describe the frogs first, for the reason I consider them my greatest achievement (so far) because of the difficulties to overcome in making movable legs and floating body. In making the frogs I copied the green leopard frog for use in Eastern waters, the spotted pickerel frog for the Middle West, the little red-bellied frog for Pacific Coastal States. The belly of the green frog is pure white, running to a bright yellow at the base. The pickerel frog has white belly spotted at the base with brown. The Pacific frog is white at the front with bright red at the sides, running at scarlet spots at the base of the

belly. All three weigh less than a quarter of an ounce each.

The size and bulk is the only thing against it being used as a fly. Nevertheless, it can be forced out and cast by the lightest trout rod. As it rests on the water, the slightest agitation of the rod-tip will make the frog move its legs in the attitude of swimming. It is taken for granted, anglers know that all artificial lures when grabbed, that a rapid, though slight wrist-movement must be made to embed the hook. All natural bait is first captured, held in the mouth and gorged at leisure. Only flies are gorged at once when taken.

I have a particular antipathy to that horrible method known as "trolling," and I don't much enjoy or find sport in "still fishing"—when you sit in a boat on a lake, chuck overboard a lot of ground-bait, then drop to the bottom a big night-walker worm, to shortly pull up a fat lazy trout, whom everybody says "can't be caught any other way" except on rare occasions in spring when they sometimes rise to flies.

I don't believe these methods to be the "only way" to get fish from deep water. I know these new floating frogs, or minnow nature lures, will attract fish to the surface of lake or stream. They will catch big trout and big bass.



An Artificial Frog That Floats and Kicks.

To reduce my argument down to "tin tacks" I offer brother anglers what are sensible, true copies—artistic lures that do represent food of game fishes, floating naturally at or near the surface, to be played in the highest fly-fishing style, yet very simple method.

I shall construct these lures for myself and possibly a few friends who might desire to try them at the lowest possible cost until a manufacturer is found willing to make them; then, of course, they will be very much cheaper. To those unable to get fish on lures or plugs, the latter being an art very difficult to learn, and forced to buy live bait, or catch frogs themselves, my lures will prove a blessing. It is amazing what price some people will ask for live bait, especially at popular resorts and hotels. When you do get the frogs, after a single slap on the water, the poor little beastie will refuse to move, swim or kick, and lying on its back, swells out like a balloon—and so would you and I, if sent swinging by our lips forty feet over the water. Setting aside the undoubted cruelty of impaling live bait on the hook as a lure, how much easier it is to fish with a good lure that attracts the quarry, the only real logical solution of the problem.

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Artificial Frogs That Wiggle Their Legs and Float.



Can One Snap of a Wolf's Jaws Kill a Deer?

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

As a mere yearly visitor in the woods, with but limited opportunity for close observation of what I find there, and depending, therefore, on the written works of the naturalist, naturalist-hunter, scientific investigator or other individual of recognized authority, for information on wild bird and animal life, I logically am an interested reader of such articles as that of Mr. W. J. Long, in June number of *Forest and Stream*, in which he defends his original portrayal in "Northern Trails," of the feat of the great, white son of Wayeases, the wolf, in biting at one snap into the heart of a young bull caribou.

The controversy over the possibility of accomplishing this feat is not new; and those even superficially interested in natural history have taken one side or the other of it, some with much heat. To me, Mr. Long's wild life stories are educational as well as interesting, and I believe



Captured on One of the Lures Illustrated Above.

I have gained a somewhat more sympathetic view of animal and bird character in reading them, than I should otherwise have had. Being a layman, any possible exaggerations of the reasoning power of animals that may occur in his writings or in those of like nature by others, have not stirred my resentment. Indeed, my knowledge of the subjects of which he writes is so limited, that I doubt if I should recognize an exaggeration of that nature should it occur. At the same time, now that controversy has drawn attention to the incident referred to, considerable skepticism has arisen in my mind that the anatomical demonstrations of Mr. Long in the article in your June number have not been sufficient to dissolve.

Having dressed out many deer carcasses in the woods, and subsequently cut them up at camp or at my home, I have only the knowledge of deer anatomy to be gained from such experiences. However, moved by a natural curiosity to establish the course of a fatal shot, I have frequently examined a carcass with great care, and sustained the surprise and wonderment of others at the vitality exhibited by a deer after, for instance, the aorta had been almost severed close to the heart. That a caribou with a punctured heart may be able to move a considerable distance does not, therefore, appear to be a strained contention, though I doubt the probability of external hemorrhage so profuse as described by Mr. Long, from such a puncture as could be made by the canine tooth of a wolf. I have in mind a deer that traveled several rods after its heart had been pierced by a Winchester, 32 Special bullet; while indications of external hemorrhage were so scant on the trail, as to afford but a very doubtful indication of its course after being struck, or of the extent of the wound.

But my incredulity in the matter rests almost wholly on what I conceive to be the peculiar

(Continued on page 447)



Some Noted Big Game Hunters of the World May Be Found in the Above Group.

Play Days for Big Game Hunters and Outdoor Experts

Camp Fire Club of America Seeks the Woods and Waters of Greenwood Lake on its Annual Pilgrimage

By Howard S. Hadden.

THE Camp Fire Club of America, made up of five hundred big game hunters, naturalists, artists and explorers, enjoys a unique position in club life and takes an active part in game protection and legislation for the best interest of the largest number of sportsmen of to-day and seeks to protect the game for generations to come throughout the United States, extending its influence indeed to Canada and Mexico.

After the winter's active work, it has been the custom of this club to hie itself to some wild tract not too far from Manhattan Island and spend three or four days under canvas at night—under the green canopy of the woods by day, and under the magic influence around the camp fire during the evening interval between.

In order that our unfortunate fellow sportsmen who are not numbered among the membership of this "great club" may yet enjoy somewhat the pleasures of this outing, I have been asked to relate my own experiences during the early June days this year while in camp at Pine Island, Greenwood Lake, New Jersey, about forty miles from New York. All eastern fishermen are familiar with Greenwood Lake, and know how rugged, wild and picturesque Pine Island is, yet only one-half mile in extent. David T. Abercrombie, chairman of the Outing Committee, leases the island and enjoys his very complete camp at the northern extremity.

The members of the Camp Fire Club arriving by train or auto were conveyed by canoe with their heterogenous collection of duffle and camp equipment to a dock at the southern end. The

office tent stood out prominently on the trail inland and signs compelled each arrival to register, invest in coupon books and make his desires known to the committee in charge. Camp sites were selected on either side of the trail beyond and soon canvas coverings of every design, shade and color began to spring up—A tents and wall tents, camp fire tents and freaks, large Indian tepees decorated with highly colored designs and animals of the chase were to be found in this canvas village.

Guy ropes extended in every direction and camp fires and cooking ovens of stone appeared in an incredibly short space of time. Within an hour some one hundred city toilers were smoking their pipes within and without their abodes, arrayed in hunting costumes as varied as were the tents, taking note of some attractive feature nearby to be added to their own camp to insure the maximum of comfort and completeness.

At the further end of this camping site "the Prairie Dog" offered its hospitality to all in need of liquid refreshment, while the commissary department occupied last position geographically, although first in activity and importance, at least three times a day.

It was my pleasure or misfortune to be domiciled in the Red Lodge tepee with several other congenial camp firers. This tepee, 20 feet in diameter, afforded ample room for the eight sleeping bags and still left a large central space for general living room activities such as roughhousing, pow-wows, fish stories and a four or six-handed game after taps had been artistically rendered by Bert Tilt. This tepee, belonging to

William F. Patterson, was indeed complete, and its interior presented a most attractive picture with its thirteen tepee poles, each hung with a rare skin of some big game animal whose habitation extended from within the Arctic circle of the grand Canadian northwest to the slopes of Kenia on the equator in British East Africa.

Now that you are entirely at home with us in camp I will attempt to describe some of the varied activities which made up the three days' program of events.

The printed booklet gave the schedule of events for every hour of the day from 6 a. m., when Tilt and his bugle made themselves heard in joyous notes even above the base strangulations issuing from every canvas covering, till 10 p. m., when again that bugle would put to sleep any wakeful eye in blissful content and thankfulness that dull care was far away. It explained in detail the exact conditions for guidance in each of the features listed.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

John S. Dickerson offered a trophy to be awarded the one gaining the highest number of points in rifle shooting, trap shooting, revolver shooting, fly casting, and bait casting, provided the contestant had entered all four events of both rifle and trap events, all three in revolver and all four in bait and fly events, and scored in one gun and one fishing. W. S. Bogart offered a second prize, same contestants and conditions.

The first prize was awarded to John W. Heslian.

Second—Eugene Du Pont.

Third—Howard S. Hadden.

The club offered an all-around championship prize, a gold bar, to the one scoring the highest number of points, provided the contestant had scored in one of the gun events, one of the rod events and one in woodcraft. Won by Wilbur Newsome.

Ed. H. Morse offered a special prize to the one showing the best lantern slides (limited to six) in hunting, fishing and camping subjects. Won by Dan J. Singer.

Dr. Godfrey R. Pisek offered a special prize to the one showing the best tent and equipment. Won by David T. Abercrombie.

RIFLE CONTEST.

John W. Hessian, Chairman.

All rifle competitions were shot at 100 yards and unless otherwise specified in the conditions of the match with big game rifles offhand, using full charge, factory loaded ammunition. No full metal jacketed bullets used.

Stationary bulls' eyes and circles and even clay birds flung from the regulation traps do not appeal to these men, but marksmanship embodying as near as possible hunting afield were made so attractive that the discharge of ammunition was continuous throughout the day.

Three ranges had been prepared for rifle, revolver and shotgun, with a committee in charge of each.

Thirty to forty men gathered with their favorite rifle and ammunition about the scorers' tent at one end of a hundred-yard range having for its background a rocky hill in the heart of the woods. The first event—"The Rising Bear," was unique. As the contestant took his position and stood with rifle loaded with five cartridges, a life-sized bear sprang from the ground and remained but three seconds, appearing four times more in like manner at irregular intervals—the 8-inch circle heart shot counting 10, back and head 8, legs 1, etc. Maximum possible score, 50 points. It looked

easy but it was remarkable to note how often that bear escaped before the guns of men who had successfully hunted big game in all parts of the world.

The leading scores for this event were as follows:

- 1 L. A. Sexton, 48
- 2 H. C. Cornwall, 48
- 3 R. F. Rice, 42
- 4 C. Cairns, 40
- 5 J. W. Hessian, 40

The second event—"Running Deer"—was very popular, the deer, being hung on a wire, ran on an overhead trolley across an open space of about twenty yards. A shot in the forward half of the body, not including head or neck, scored 10; a hit elsewhere on the deer scoring 7. Total possible score, 50.

The scores:

- 1 J. W. Hessian, 50
- 2 Wilbur Newsome, 47
- 3 Eugene du Pont, 40
- 4 E. W. Deming, 40
- 5 Alex Walker, 37

In the third event, "Disappearing Antelope," the target was small, being a rear view of an antelope, running away from the shooter. It appeared five times at short and rapid intervals by being raised and lowered quickly from the pit.

The competitor endeavored to fire five shots. He was not restricted in his choice of when to shoot, and could, if possible and so desired, shoot his five shots at any one or more of the five exposures of the target. A hit in any part of the figure counted 10 points; a miss, nothing.

The scores:

- 1 E. C. Delafield, 50
- 2 H. S. Hadden, 50

- 3 C. N. Hodgson, 50
- 4 L. A. Sexton, 40
- 5 H. C. Cornwall, 40

Event Number Four—"Rocky Mountain Sheep Match." The target was a figure of a sheep one-third natural size, being the equivalent of a shot at a sheep at 300 yards distance. The time limit was five minutes for five shots. Position, any, standing, kneeling, sitting or prone. Rifle, any; the rifle, however, had to be powerful enough to be suitable for this kind of shooting and effective at distances of 300 yards at least. Any sights including telescopic might be used.

The scores:

- 1 Julius H. Seymour, 50
- 2 J. W. Hessian, 50
- 3 A. Tilt, 50
- 4 G. Hubbell, 50

D. T. Abercrombie, 47

Unfortunately, other events kept me so busy I was not able to enter or in fact witness the revolver competition, but judging from the continuous reports of these small arms, the three events were well patronized and the scores proved that the revolver was not an entirely unknown weapon to some of the membership.

Rules of the United States Revolver Association governed the contest. The winners in the three events follow:

Event No. 1—

- 1 J. W. Hessian
- 2 L. A. Sexton
- 3 Joseph Root

Event No. 2—

- 1 L. A. Sexton
- 2 D. T. Abercrombie

3 J. W. Hessian

Event No. 3—

1, Eugene du Pont; 2, Harlow Brooks; 3, G. D. Pratt. The four shotgun events were made particularly interesting by the presence of Jack Fanning, the expert manipulator of the hand trap. The chairman in charge was Eugene du Pont. Event No. One.—Preliminary of twenty-five targets. Highest five scores made in the last two days to count. To qualify for the championship event on Saturday, a man had to be among the fifteen high guns in this preliminary shoot.



Upper Picture—Chiefs Patterson and Dickerson Having an Argument Outside the Red Lodge. Lower Left—The Judge Giving Final Directions to the Bait and Fly Casters. Lower Right—The Championship Gun Squad (From Right to Left), Dickerson, du Pont, Morse, Hessian, Warner.



Those to qualify were: 1, Eugene du Pont, 25; 2, J. W. Dickerson, 24; 3, E. H. Morse, 23; 4, Wilbur Newsome, 22; 5, J. W. Hessian, 21. Event No. Two.—Quail shoot—starting at 16 yards, shooter walked toward the trap with gun below elbow and fired twice at any two targets. Five highest scores made in two days (twenty-four shots) to count. Many of the contestants killed their bird with the first barrel but found it difficult to find and kill the second before it had sailed out of range. If they shot too quickly at the first one in order to obtain a close shot at number two the result was often a miss of the first. The winning scores were therefore quite low. The scores follow:

1 Eugene du Pont, 15	2 W. S. Bogart, 14
3 J. W. Hessian, 13	4 Elting Warner, 11
	5 Warren Miller, 10

Event No. 3.—Finals—twenty-five targets. The fifteen high guns of Event No. 1 (the preliminary shoot) were the only contestants eligible.

The five leading scores in this event were:

1 Wilbur Newsome, 24	2 E. H. Morse, 23
3 J. S. Dickerson, 22	4 Eugene du Pont, 22
	5 Warren Miller, 22

Event No. 4.—Hand Trap—ten targets thrown from hand trap. Five highest scores count. Camp Fire Club Championship.

This event proved to be one of the most interesting and enjoyable of the outing. Mr. Fanning was certainly an expert with this hand trap. Standing behind the firing line, he would call "Mark!" and the shooter would have to be wide-awake indeed to discover a rapidly disappearing blue rock skimming low over the tops of the bushes, straight up in the air directly overhead or perhaps at right angles to left or right flying off between the trees.

To make it still more difficult Fanning shot them out on edge and even upside down in dazzling curves, keeping the gallery in great glee to note the many misses of the expert shots.

The president, George D. Pratt, solved many a difficult shot but once at least the bird flew strong and safe without the marksman catching a glimpse of him.

OUTING OF THE CAMP FIRE CLUB OF AMERICA.
Upper Picture At Left—Eugene du Pont Being Instructed by Ernest Thompson Seton. Upper Left—J. W. Hessian, the Expert Rifle Shot, Making a Perfect Score at the Mountain Sheep at 300 Yards. Lower Picture—Tent and Camp Equipment of Messrs. Morse and du Pont.

The winning scores follow:

1 E. F. Warner, 8	2 H. C. Brown, 7
3 Eugene du Pont, 7	4 Geo. D. Pratt, 6
	5 C. W. Old, 6

As the purple shadows lengthened at the close of a cloudless, perfect day, the northwest breeze seemed to sink to rest with the sun and with the calm, peaceful stillness of the evening all the disciples of Isaac Walton gathered on the dock to try their skill with fly and bait both for accuracy and distance. The conditions are herein given just as they appear in the booklet of events, and I have added the scores and casts made, not records of wonderful achievements, but accomplished with outfits suitable for service. No one watching these out-of-door men could help but feel that they had tasted the real joys of the rod and reel and had cast the lure on the waters of far away little rivers—living over again many a thrilling moment.

FLY CASTING—ACCURACY.

Three rings, 30 inches in diameter, placed 25, 35 and 45 feet from the platform, respectively. Five casts to be made at each ring. A cast inside the ring counting perfect. One demerit given for each foot, or fraction of a foot, that the fly falls away from the target. In lengthening the line, in going from one target to another, the contestants could make as many casts in the air as they chose; but each time that the fly touched the water a cast was counted. The win-

ner was the one having the least number of demerits. Score: 1, Wilbur Newsome, 13; 2, H. S. Hadden, 19; 3, Lloyd Taylor, 19; 4, D. T. Abercrombie, 25; 5, George Hubbell, 44.

FLY CASTING—DISTANCE.

The only restriction on the rod was that it must be a single-handed fly rod, weighing not more than six ounces. To it must be attached the reel. The leader must be of single-gut, not more than nine feet long and not less than six. Each contestant cast from the platform provided and had five minutes to cast. Longest cast won. Score: 1, David T. Abercrombie, 76 feet; 2, Howard S. Hadden, 68½ feet; 3, George Hubbell, 66½ feet; 4, Wilbur Newsome, 65 feet; 5, W. S. Bogart, 65 feet.

BAIT CASTING—DISTANCE.

Any standard bait casting rod allowed, length not to exceed six feet; any reel; any bait casting line of no less than eight pounds breaking strength; lure—any lure not to exceed one ounce in weight and to have hooks removed. Highest average of five casts won.

Winners:

1 Warren Miller	2 Eugene du Pont
3 W. S. Bogart	4 H. S. Hadden
	5 Wilbur Newsome

BAIT CASTING—ACCURACY.

Same tackle as above, each contestant making five casts at 50 feet, 65 feet and 80 feet distances from platform, casts made in rotation by contestants at three distances respectively.

Each foot from rim of target counted one demerit; total demerits divided by 15 and subtracted from 100 to get percentage. Highest won. Winners:

1 John W. Hessian	2 Wilbur Newsome
3 Warren Miller	4 Kenneth Fowler
	5 D. T. Abercrombie

The woodraft activities were interspersed with the rod and gun and consisted of "Water Boiling," "Flapjack Contest," "Tomahawk," "Canoe Sports," "Swimming," "Archery" and "Fire Making Without Matches or Flint."

Space does not permit me to give the interest—
(Continued on page 438.)

Across The Heart of Newfoundland

Story of A Journey Through a Fish and Game Region at the Front Door of Civilization But
Hitherto Unexplored

Narrative of a Trip by Raynal C. Bolling and Livingston E. Jones From the Journal of the Former.

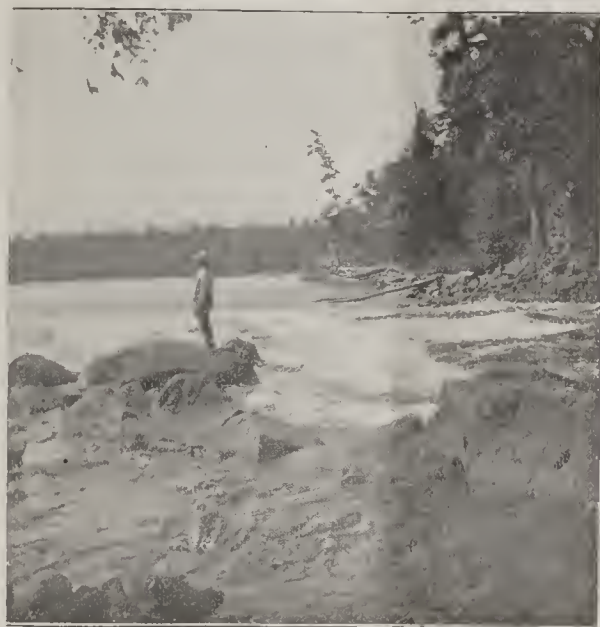
(Concluded From June Forest and Stream.)

This is the third and last installment of the story of the very interesting trip of Messrs. Bolling and Jones from Badger Station west and southe through the center of Newfoundland. As stated before the journey for the most part was through unexplored country. One of the bodies of water traversed—Maelpaeg Lake—while already known and mapped roughly, is called the Lake of One Thousand Islands, and is said to contain that number. Think of the fine camping and fishing spots which a lake like this holds for the future! This story will be followed later in the season by another one of caribou hunting in Newfoundland, equally interesting.



SEPTEMBER 15th. A fine day with light westerly wind. We started through a good stiff rapid just below the camp with more following. One after another, drops from twenty to fifty feet in a quarter of a mile with several exciting experiences. Twice John having only one good hand lost his pole in the deep holes between the smooth slippery boulders; the second time was at the head of a very violent rapid about a quarter of a mile long. Bolling and he were crossing to the westerly side when the pole got away and it was impossible to hold the boat without it. They hastily got under way with the paddles and for a few seconds it looked as if they were going over the biggest drop where the river sheared across, broadside on, but the paddles straightened them in the nick of time as they went through at express speed, shipping water. An upset here would have broken the canoe, the stuff would have been lost, while Bolling and John would have had a hard time to get out. Both times the pole followed down stream and was recovered. Another time, when they were lowering the loaded canoe and had to shoot it out into the heavy current, there was too much slack on the line and Bolling was unable to stop it. The knotted end came into his hands, jerking him off a high rock and it seemed he would have to let go or be dragged into the deep current, but by good luck his body brought up against a large boulder and the runaway canoe was checked and pulled into the backwater.

After lunch, an hour of the same heavy water, my canoe swamped in a backset while being lowered over a drop, but in the eddy below we were able to get the stuff out and the canoe was uninjured. Presently the character of the river changed. It broadened out and the rapids became shallower so that we were able to drop down easily enough on the pole or run with the paddle, occasionally getting out to wade the boats across long flat bars, the river like a narrow lake with swift current. Since noon we had been expecting to come to the big falls which we supposed to be some eight miles up Little River from the head of tidewater, but they did not appear and we finally had to camp,



Below Was a Series of Small Falls.

after having come probably some fifteen miles. Saw two doe caribou to-day, both very tame, one of which on a bar in the river let the canoe drift down within ten feet.

September 16th. Got away in the morning as soon as possible after breakfast, washing dishes and stuffing everything into the water-proof bags. Without these bags we should have been in trouble, for the boats not only leaked freely, but water was shipped in running the rapids and an average of one day in three it rained. The stepping in and out after wading in the water also kept several inches sloshing about in the bottom of the canoes.

Running through a rapid just below the camp where the river breaks through some slaty ledges unlike the previous rocks, we came into a long still water, with high birch-covered shores. Around every turn we were hoping to see the river break through the mountains to the southwest, but presently found it turning sharply to the east where was a telegraph line crossing at the lower end of a still water, and now we felt sure we were just above the last falls. There was half a mile of long, hard, rapid bending through the hills from east to west, down which we lowered the boats, until at the end there was a sheer drop of fifteen feet where we had to unload and carry along a narrow shelf some

three feet wide and twelve feet above deep swift water. The river ran off to the east again with sharp curves, rapids and islands. We now came to what we thought was the last fall before salt water. Crossing in the swift current just above the rapids at the head of the fall, we landed on the left bank. Below was a series of small falls and a third of a mile further down it was evident that there was a tremendous fall, for a column of spray and mist hung over it in great column. We afterward found this drop was in two falls, one of fifty and the other of several hundred feet.

Leaving the canoes we each took a load and started over the rocks along the shore at the top of the falls, intending to pack down and lunch below and then get all the stuff over and be out to salt water by night. Leaving the river and traveling back on the barren on account of the drop, we came into a country cut through with great ravines, and going on a short distance, looked over into a wonderful deep gorge where hundreds of feet down the river boiled like a caldron and appeared about six inches wide. This was not encouraging. Clambering down the precipitous bank of a ravine, Bolling and I left the men to cook lunch while we went on a half mile further to a point where we could see two miles of the river in a deep gorge and white with rapids. It seemed impassable for boats and looked as if it would take a week to get through with our canoes and outfit if the canoes could be gotten through at all.

As our time was short, we seriously considered abandoning the canoes and all the stuff except one load apiece with which to travel out over the high barren mountains the other side of the river to the southwest, and so reach the coast. Went back and down into the ravine where the men had cooked lunch. This was our last meat, and grub was running short—no sugar or baking powder, twenty pounds of moist caked flour, five pounds of mouldy green cornmeal, a little tea, a pound of dried fruit, a cup of beans and two pounds of soggy rice and macaroni mixed. This was enough to last us a week on very hard fare and the men responded in admirable fashion. Leaving our loads here we went south for two miles along the edge of the gorge to learn more of the river below; then Bolling and John went on some miles further to see around the



Whirling Rapids About a Mile.

bend where the river went to the southwest and where several miles below appeared to make its way out of the gorge, but with broken water as far as they could see. Allen and I clambered down the side of the gorge to the river to travel up the river bank and learn what chance there was of getting the boats through. In the places where it was not possible to run the canoes, we should have to get foothold along the rocks to carry the stuff, and if necessary, the boats, as once down in the gorge it would have been almost impossible to get the heavy canoes up to the heights above, where we could travel. The sides of the gorge were precipitous and more or less choked with blow-downs and heavy underbrush. It was after sunset when we got back and had decided that the canoes could be taken through, but that it was going to be a sporty bit of work.

September 17th. After breakfast we took two solid loads each a mile and a half to a place on the high barrens on the rim of the gorge but below the falls, and where there was a game trail zigzagging most of the way down to the river. It was hot work with the big packs over the uneven footing and up-and-down country, and our clothes were soon wringing wet. The sides of the gorge below the falls were seven or eight hundred feet high and most precipitous. We carried the canoes over land half a mile and then slid them down over the rocks and bushes, two men holding the tow rope to keep them from getting away. Often they were perpendicular as we lowered them over the side of the gorge.

Reaching the river we ran down the whirling rapids about a mile, had a bite to eat, and then climbed to the high barrens above for the loads that we had packed over during the morning. Started on about 4 o'clock with the inflated air beds lashed firmly under the thwarts. This saved the loss of some stuff in my canoe, which swamped in lowering through a pitch and would have capsized without the buoyancy of the air bed. Bad prospect for a camp, as there was no room at all between the river and the cliffs which rose seven hundred feet on the easterly side and one thousand or one thousand two hundred feet on the western shore, lined with immense blocks of rock that the frost had dis-

lodged from the sides above. There was so little space along the shore that when we had to get out, which was often, we either stepped into water waist-deep among the rocks or had to climb thirty or forty feet where the cliffs fell off sheer into deep rough water. "Many a chance for a fall and slipping off into the deep current, and difficult work to follow the shooting canoes and watch them so as to handle the rope aright and at the same time clamber over boulders and ledges." Just at dusk we noticed some alders growing on a little patch of sand, and cutting these down, made room for one tent. It was a lucky chance, as this was the only possible camping place we had seen on the river below the falls.

September 18th. Away early on a cold dark day that, however, gave us relief from the black flies that had been entirely too thick for comfort. It was against all rules to have flies so late in the year but it was warmer here than up in the center of the island. We made fine time for a

couple of hours as the river had widened and was smoother. To make the canoes handle better under a pole in running down stream, they were loaded so as to be down by the bow, just as in coming up stream they are loaded with the stern deeper in the water, it being almost impossible to handle a canoe down stream under a pole if the stern is lower than the bow since the water pushes on the deeper stern and shoves it across the current so that the man with the pole is pushing sideways on the boat, with the result that it gets away from under him. Bolling and John had trouble right here. They were ashore, John keeping the canoe off with his pole, while Bolling was behind with the line. The canoe was traveling so fast that it was hard to keep up with it and give the necessary slack on the rope as needed and he may have gotten a little too close, to have line enough in hand when it was needed on the shoots. Some distance out in the water was a boulder that he could not see beyond. As the canoe went around outside, he stepped into the water to get out on the boulder, but the water

was deep and it took some seconds; meanwhile John was a bit slow in getting out on some rocks below. Just then the bow of the canoe struck. John called to haul her back up-stream, but Bolling in the deep water behind the boulder was not in a position to haul to advantage. The canoe at once swung across stream with water pouring over her up-stream gunwale, and before we could get to her she was breaking in two with the down-stream bilge stove in on a rock from the steady pressure of the water. Three of us were unable to turn her over, for as we heaved the ribs broke, the gunwales went, the bags began to drift out and we had to hustle to save them. The small tent, two bags and an aluminum pot and pan got away, but the tent and bags came ashore in an eddy down stream.

For a few minutes we were somewhat dismayed by the loss of our best boat, before we were out of the gorge and with some twenty miles of river to travel before we reached the settlement. However, there was nothing to do



The Outfit Spread Out For Drying.

but accept the situation, and we loaded the whole outfit into the one leaky old canoe. The stuff was thoroughly wet and very heavy, and the old boat had all she could do to carry it, in addition to being partly unloaded every little while to bale. There was much to cheer us up, but the food supply was now very poor. Had it given out altogether, we should have had to take the time to climb up out of the gorge and hunt, but meat never comes when it is most wanted, and



the few berries that were here did not give much sustenance.

During the afternoon we were able to make good time with the two men lowering the heavily loaded boat, while Bolling and I to lighten it each took a load, making our way along the shore among the rocks and in and out of the water. It began to rain and was dark, dreary work. About six o'clock we had to camp, but had some trouble in clearing a place large enough for the tent. The loaded canoe could not be brought down the three hundred yards of rapids opposite the tent, and while the men made the camp Bolling and I packed the stuff over a litter of slippery wet boulders with water between them, in a cold driving rain. Even when the fire was going it was impossible to dry things. Water could be wrung out of Bolling's blankets, but he had a few dry clothes to put on and then snuggled under the wet blankets.

September 19th. We were not sorry to get away from such an uncomfortable camp, feeling somewhat worn from the day before. In a couple of hours we came to a fall where the river fell some thirty feet over a smooth shelf but with an easy carry around. Going on again through rapids, and something like half a mile below, was another fall of forty feet. This Allen declared to be the last fall before salt water, as he had been up to it some years before with a salmon fishing party. Carrying around, we cooked lunch, such as it was—tea, mouldy cornmeal and rice, on the wide flat ledges below. The sun was warm, and on the clean smooth rocks we set out all our gear, which in a short while was pounds lighter.

Allen said there was but six or seven miles of river and then eight miles of a deep narrow fiord from here until we reached the sea, where there was a fishing village or "Liveyerer," which is the native name for such a settlement. There were no houses on the fiord, except at the mouth, and the shores deeply indented and lined with steep hills and woods so that it was evident that there would be delay. Having but one canoe, which would not carry four of us and our gear, and as the fiord could not be traveled ashore except with much loss of time, it was decided to split the party, one of us to take Will, the canoe and all it would carry and push out to the village, the other two to bring the balance of the stuff down river as best they could until Will came back with assistance from the village; the one who went out first was to go across to Ramea and get a motor boat to carry us to Port-aux-Basques. John was sure he could build a raft and come down on it, but Bolling and I doubted this. Tossing a coin as to whether Bolling or myself should go with Will, the lot fell to him. His trip down river in a fast leaking, water-soaked boat, deeply loaded, that had to be bailed every little while, was exciting. Once they had to jump out into the rushing water waist-deep to save it. The setting sun shining in their faces made it impossible to see the rocks until the canoe was almost on top of them.

Bolling's journal reads, "As Will could not swim, the heavy water was a bit dangerous, but we ran through safely. The sun had sunk behind the mountains, and we were in the shadows and very wet and cold. Just at dark, and none too soon, we reached the two narrow sluiceways, one after the other, through which the river gets into the fiord. We had short carries round these. Hardly ever have



Caribou Land—View Down the Copper Mine River—Barren Lands, Canada.

I seen a heavier sweep of water. It was impossible to lower down because of the waves in the sluiceways and the astonishing backwash and suction below. Thoroughly chilled, we made a fire on a shelving ledge and ate our supper of heavy bread and tea. It was now pitch dark, and the prospect of paddling six or eight miles down the fiord against a strong tide in a canoe, heavily loaded and leaking badly, was not a cheerful one. While we were getting on a few dry clothes before our little fire I thought I heard a boat grate on the rocks somewhere off in the darkness. Presently we heard voices—the first outside our own party in twenty-six days. Will halloed and got an answer. He asked if the answerers had a boat, and if they would not come over. First, they said they would, and then that they were not coming. However, we persuaded them to come and they came to within 200 yards where they shouted that they could come no further for the rocks. We put the canoe in, just able to distinguish by our fire-

light where the water was, and paddled cautiously down to them. There were four men in a great heavy boat, with long home-made oars. As well as we could see in the darkness they appeared to be half-breeds, but they spoke a sort of English, hardly understandable, and said they were building a camp for lumber cutting. (I learned afterward it was timber for their boat building.) I said I wished two of them to take me out to the 'Liveyerer' at once, while the other two took Will to their camp and went back with him in the morning to help Jones and John down the river. To my surprise they said, "Yes, sir," to all my proposals without any parley or bargaining. We crossed to the shore where their camp was, and I took out all the stuff except Will's bag, and climbed into the stern of their ark, leaving Will and two of the men on the shore. I smoked and marvelled at the experience. There was a half moon for a little while, and then it went behind the clouds. The mountains on either side of the fiord

loomed huge and close about us, and we skirted great cliffs to get the eddies against the strong flood tide. I could not see which way the fiord trended nor where it went to. Presently it got cold, and I was chilled through, when we rounded a huge cliff, and came upon a cluster of houses close at hand. A few lights yet burned though it was eleven o'clock. Some twenty houses were huddled in a dark cove in indescribable confusion, much like a box of blocks tumbled out at random. Three or four ramshackle piers jutted out a short way among boats and hulks. These piers were mere rows of piles with small poles laid side by side across the string pieces for a foot-way, and apparently held in place by no fastenings. There were no streets, just passageways running in any and every direction, and winding between the houses, which were mere shacks for the most part, with half a dozen board cracker-box affairs of two stories. I was told I could stay with the postmaster, and followed my men (who proved to be half grown boys when I saw them in the light), all of us carrying my stuff. The postmaster got out of bed and came down with a light, and I was shown into a kitchen, into which presently crowded the family. My boatman asked \$2 (I had expected to pay \$5) for their night's work. Had to get out my roll (which was wrapped in oiled silk and pinned inside my shirt), and found a \$20 bill which was my smallest money. To my surprise, my host said he could change it, disappeared, and after being gone at least fifteen minutes upstairs, returned with a handful of ragged bills and small coin. For about an hour, the roomful of people sat around and asked me questions about my journey. The postmaster's son came in and said he would take me to Ramea the next morning. The start was fixed for 6:30 A. M."

Saturday, September 20th. "Up at dawn. Some indecision on the part of my boatman as to how he would take me over, for there was a heavy strata of fog hiding the tops of the hills—though the sea was clear. I was much concerned lest it shut down and prevent my crossing at all—also somewhat distrustful as to the skill and character of my boatman who was to take me fourteen miles along the open sea on the rockiest and wildest kind of coast. My host, who seemed a village chief, wouldn't vouch for the man's ability as a seaman—I did not yet know it was his son—but said anyone could take me to Ramea all right. We set out soon after 6:30 in a big, rough, but very staunch open dory, the boatman and his mate rowing steadily all the way. Entrance to the fiord about a mile below the village, and so narrow it seemed one might almost throw a stone across it. We passed out among the rocks, and rowed close along the shore where one great rock dome after another rose out of the sea. A very wild, bold coast, even beyond that of the Scotch coast of Argylshire. Here and there we passed fishermen in dories. I was told they lived in little harbors that were absolutely hidden among the cliffs. My boatman proved to be a rather pathetic creature, telling me of their lives with little trace of the fisherman's hardihood. They fished and built boats, but the fishing was poor and a big boat, twenty-eight or thirty feet long, a heavy, stout schooner, only sold for \$260. They sawed all the timbers and planks and everything by hand, for

"we are very poor people, sir, and can't pay for sawing them at a mill, even when there is one anywhere near.

"We were four and a half hours crossing to Ramea, part of the trip very interesting, but the end so cold that I arrived thoroughly chilled.

"Ramea is a very different sort of fishing village, clean and neat, most picturesque, with its remarkable little shut-in harbor on a channel between two of the four or five islands. These islands, while only a few miles long and all cut up by unexpected channels, are high and rugged. Practically no land for any sort of cultivation, yet each house has its garden patch, fifty or seventy-five feet square, and there seemed to be an abundance of cabbage and hardy vegetables. I suspect they have to make the land for the most part. All their water has to be hauled in barrels from pools in the rocky yet wet land on top of the hills. By good luck for us it seemed the S. S. Glencoe, which had been laid off for repairs, was due out of season that same afternoon or night, and if we could get back in time to catch her, we were all right and would be only two days late getting home. Made a good trip back to Little River in two hours in the motor boat, but I was too much concerned over the uncertainty of our situation to get much fun out of it. If the Glencoe came too early we should miss her; if she came too late she would miss the "Bruce" at Port-aux-Basques. On the way over, our motor went wrong several times, and it looked as though we might not get across. When we got to Little River, our party had not appeared, and we had to go on up to the end of the fiord. As we rounded each cliff and could not see them, I became very fearful that they had not been able to get down to salt water that day, and did not know whether I could keep young Penney and his man, boy and boat there till our outfit got down next morning. At last, nearly at the head of the fiord, we saw them coming, all seven men in the boatmen's ark, towing the canoe behind, and looking for all the world like a wrecked ship's company."

After Bolling and Will left, John and I began collecting logs for the raft, which John was sure he could build and run down river with, but darkness coming on we put up the tent and had our supper of tea, and some mouldy cereal, with breakfast of the same fare next morning. Getting the logs together and cutting them into lengths of twenty or twenty-five feet, we lashed them with the tow ropes from the canoes, but while the raft was large enough to carry two of us, it would not also float dunnage, and there were no more logs along the shore.

Failure of the raft scheme forced us to begin packing in relays the stuff along the river shore. About noon Will with two natives Bolling had sent to meet us appeared and we were very glad to see them. The black flies swarmed around in clouds and were busy beyond words; in spite of the head nets, they made a ring of bites around my neck that resembled a coral necklace; even in the smoke of the fire at dinner, they ate with more satisfaction than we. Late in the afternoon, we reached the fiord, and soon after sighted Bolling coming up with the motor boat.

Again the journal: "We paid off the boatmen, who were very moderate in their demands, took the leaky canoe in tow, and made a fast run on

the ebb tide to Little River village. Here we had an anxious twenty minutes while the village was searched, first for a lantern, and then for oil, so we could see our compass if fog should shut down unexpectedly. I was greatly concerned lest the Glencoe go by while we were lying just inside and out of sight of her. Once past the entrance, however, we learned from fishermen that the Glencoe had not been seen. The run across to Ramea just after sunset, and with the moon rising over the great, bold coast, was most beautiful. At Ramea, we got all our stuff and the canoe ready on the dock, and then went to the Jaynes. Though it was ten o'clock, Mrs. Jaynes got us some supper, and we lay down with most of our clothes on, expecting to be called any time for the Glencoe. Though it was our first night in a bed in a month, I slept poorly because of concern over the coming of the boat, as the fog shut in after midnight."

Sunday, September 21st. Waked to find no word from the dock as to the Glencoe, and lay abed until eight o'clock, pretty much disgusted over being another twenty-four hours late in getting home. Sent cables saying we could not get back till Thursday morning, and wandered about the delightful little village.

About ten o'clock, the Glencoe hove in sight, and we left Ramea toward noon. As she had to call at every port and discharge an unusual amount of freight, we had no hope of making the Bruce. The ship's officers were very kind, as Mr. Johnstone had written them, when we first intended to go eastward on their ship. Delightful afternoon all along the coast, which is very beautiful, calling at Burges and other quaint little villages, much like Ramea, but not so attractive. Straightened out all our gear and cleaned guns on deck with a large and interested audience.

As the ship was greatly crowded after being off service for repairs, it was not possible to give us a stateroom to ourselves, since four persons can be put in each room. We therefore chose to unroll our camp sleeping outfits for one more night in the open. Sleeping in the corner of the boat deck, just under the bridge we kept warm in spite of a half gale of wind.

Monday, September 22d. Just as we were wakened by the orders and commotion of coming into Port-aux-Basques, and while it was yet dark (4:30 or 5:00 A. M.), Will came running up to tell us the Bruce had not yet sailed, and we were in time for her. We were delighted and hastily got our stuff from one ship to the other, our trunks out of the warehouse, and our mail from Mr. Masdell. There was just time to say good-bye to the men who had worked so hard and done everything possible to make the trip a success; and the Bruce sailed. We stowed all the stuff in our trunks, had breakfast, went to sleep, and were in North Sydney at noon. At Sydney we had a luxurious bath, and our hair and beards trimmed. A big dinner left us still twenty pounds lighter than when we entered the woods, and we had not carried superfluous weight then. At nine o'clock we left for New York and Philadelphia.

Buy advertising now in the great field of the *Forest and Stream* readers. *Forest and Stream* goes into the homes of the richest class of sportsmen in this country.

Propagation of our Native Game Birds and Aquatic Fowl

A Distinguished Author Takes up the Question Practically and Points Out That the Road to Success Lies in Avoiding the Commoner Pitfalls

By J. C. Phillips, Wenham, Mass.



THE "Propagation of Wild Birds" by H. K. Job, which has just appeared, is a manual of American game rearing. The book will fill a real want, for the literature of the subject was so scattered and inaccessible that the beginner found it hard to obtain information for his simplest problems and preliminary steps.

The title of this manual is somewhat misleading, for it is devoted almost entirely to the propagation of game birds and wild fowl, only the last chapter dealing with the attraction of the perching birds. The propagation of native perching birds is not touched upon.

The subject of Mr. Job's book is receiving so much attention now from coast to coast, and the problems encountered are so many and varied, that no work can stand the test of time, but any sketch which brings our present knowledge up-to-date fills a very useful field. Throughout the book, too, there is very little attempt at arbitrary rules and dogmatic food formulas, and we are nearly always given a liberal choice of methods through the citation of the experiences of various experts or experimenters. This, the writer feels, is the strongest point of the book, although this very method of presentation has led to certain rather obvious exaggerations, and misstatements, as is natural where many different men are hurriedly interviewed, or where their letters and answers are not sufficiently checked up and allowed for.

The chapter devoted to the propagation of the Bob White and other American quails is, I think, the most valuable part, not only from the standpoint of the sportsman and the bird lover,

but for the economic farmer as well, for at present no American bird offers the possibilities of *colinus virginianus*. It is very encouraging to learn that the Southwestern Bob Whites are turning out so well. In my own limited experience these Mexican quail have proved better layers and earlier layers (this last an important point), and besides, they seem to be rather tame and more easily managed. This year I am trying three stocks of quail, first, Northern birds, second, Northern male and Southern female, third, Southern birds (*colinus virginianus texensis*), and I hope to have something of interest to report.

Mr. Job rightly says that quail lay irregularly in confinement, but most of all, as I well know, they sometimes in a most unreasonable way refuse to lay at all. He says captivity delays laying, but this has not always been my experience. This year, for instance, some birds, both Northern and Southern stock, were laying the first week in May, an extremely early date for Massachusetts.

The free range system, without fence (rearing under bantam), which has been so successful at the New Jersey State farm, and at other places, is fully described and almost no details are omitted. This system is, of course, not an ideal one from an economic standpoint, because many birds become too wild to catch up in the fall, so that the breeder must figure upon a good ratio going back to the land. For game preserves and for farmers who wish to increase their quail, this loss is no objection, but it entails besides much more work in vermin trapping than is necessary with the ordinary pheasant system of rearing yards. With the present unsatisfactory

state of our knowledge of quail disease, however, any other system seems risky.

The next chapter is devoted to American grouse, and it must be confessed that the difficulties and expense necessitated in rearing these birds has not been exaggerated. In fact, it has been underestimated, for the present status of our efforts with the bird are merely avicultural, not approaching an economic footing. Until grouse culture is carried far beyond this point (and the writer does not believe it ever will be) it ceases to have much more than a scientific interest.

English, Dutch and German bird fanciers tell us that an enormous number of species of rare and delicate birds occasionally breed under exceptionally favorable conditions, prizes sometimes being awarded where a new species yields, but this is a very different thing from game propagation, and the reader must keep aviculture, in the sense that I am using it, and propagation, apart in his mind. Failure to do this has resulted in many grave disappointments and huge waste of money.

On page 57 Job says the ruffed grouse is to "some extent" polygamous. This is hardly correct, for all evidence goes to show that the drumming male serves as many hens as he can entice within his "circle of influence."

The chapter devoted to wild turkeys is only fairly encouraging, and we are disappointed to find that very little pure wild stock is on the market. The writer has had no experience in this line.

The section on pheasants is necessarily brief, and fancy varieties are scarcely mentioned. I believe that experiments on fresh captured wild



Tame Ruffed Grouse, Captured Wild.



Young Ruffed Grouse Strutting.

Photograph from F. N. Maurer



Mallards at Feeding Time, Clove Valley Club.



Young Mallards Raised at Clove Valley Club, New York, 1914

stocks of Reeves pheasants should be tried where forests of oak and beech grow at good elevations. Mr. E. H. Wilson, the well-known plant collector, described the species to me as a most wonderful game bird in its central China haunts. The present depleted aviary stock is almost useless. On page 81 Job mentions individual pheasants as laying 70 to 100 eggs. This is, of course, very exceptional, and should be stated as such.

The writer does not share Mr. Job's faith in the eight-foot fence for penning breeding stock of either quail or pheasants on the average wild-land game farm, though it may work well at times. A six-foot covered yard is much safer and not over expensive when built of cheap material. Our author evidently places little faith in the Hungarian, at least for the Eastern States. His experience is common apparently to all, and that is that the birds make a fair showing the first year and are usually gone by the third year. There are more encouraging reports from the grain States.

Another chapter is devoted to vermin and directions for trapping it. A trapper is born and not made, and trapping is a large subject, but Mr. Job has condensed a great deal of information into a few pages. Some sketches of traps and trap sets would have been useful to the uninitiated. With the first paragraph of this chapter we can heartily agree, and all so-called bird lovers and "super"-protectionists would do well to ponder on it. The popular fallacy here exposed relates to the so-called "refuge." We know that the ordinary wild-land refuge is no refuge at all, and that posting does little or no good unless it is followed up by destruction of vermin, grain and shrub planting, and so on.

Chapter IX is devoted to wild ducks. The whole tone of the chapter is rather too optimistic, if I may be allowed to criticize once again. Optimistic articles on raising wild ducks have done a great deal of harm in this country, and have had no effect other than to discourage enthusiasts, and line the pockets of the game dealers. Job's chapter is correct in so far as it applies to mallards, and perhaps pintails, but the difficulties of getting most species to really lay well in small enclosures are perhaps not brought out. The English experiments are mostly on large estates, and could sel-

dom be duplicated here. Oftentimes there the ducks do not know they are confined even though pinioned. The methods of the Dutch should, I think, be more fully investigated, for success with such species as snow and blue geese by men like Blaauw of Hilversun, show that there is much to learn. Briefly, then, although ducks do at times lay in a city backyard (page 116) they certainly would usually *not* do so. Mr. Job, like myself and others, hears of the startling successes more often than he does the moderate failures, hence the general impression is not quite correct.

There are a number of points in this chapter which I should like to take up, but space is lacking. Facing page 133 is a picture (lower one) marked canvasbacks. These are certainly not canvasbacks, and I should guess them to be black ducks.

With wood-duck nesting boxes (page 133) I have tried posts both on shore and in the water, but have seen no difference. I have found tile pipes leading into underground boxes good some seasons, while other seasons they were never noticed at all. The psychology of the wood-duck follows no laws that I can see; not in confine-

ment, anyway. For the best essay on breeding wood-ducks see an article by Heinroth of the Berlin Zoo (Jour. fur Ornith. 58 page 100), which Mr. Job has not mentioned.

Page 138 describes the method of the late Wilton Lockwood. Mr. Lockwood *did* use horse-shoe crabs, for I saw him feeding these animals to young red-heads many years ago. I don't know whether he or Mr. Cox evolved the idea. In another place Mr. Job quotes Mr. McIlhenny of Avery Isle, La., as having bred the blue-winged teal in large numbers. This is strictly so, for Mr. McIlhenny induces large numbers of teal to stay with him in Louisiana, and he gathers wild laid eggs, but he wrote me this spring that the pinioned blue-winged teal was one of the worst species to lay in confinement, and he has no luck with them in enclosures. I might add that teal, blue wings more so than others apparently, grow long, secondary wing feathers after being pinioned well up under the bastard wing. This is never mentioned in the books, and has cost me many disappointments, for to really keep a teal permanently inside a low fence he must be bone-cut inside the joint or elbow of the wing, an operation disfiguring and rather dangerous.

Mr. Job quotes me as allowing wood-ducks to rear their own young. I have never done this, but have sometimes allowed them to brood for a week or two and then transferred the eggs to mallards for hatching and rearing. This worked well, only the young were very wild. Heinroth could never rear them with mallards, and says the young would never respond to the mallard-duck's call. All workers have different experiences. For several years I have gathered eggs daily after the ducks once started to lay, not even leaving one in the nest. In the small quarters which I provide, several females often lay in one nest, and eggs, if allowed to accumulate, are crowded out or fought over.

Cranes are bred much more frequently in England than Mr. Job apparently realizes, but of course only in an "avicultural" sense. Many species have nested, and some reared their young on the Duke of Bedford's estate. The demoiselle crane is easily reared, and a mated pair nearly always nests, though the eggs are not always fertile. The young, as Job says, must have constant and abundant insect forage.



Crows Shot by Farmer in Connecticut, and Hung Up by His House.

I have always lost them where they were crowded among ducks, and so starved of their favorite food.

In his chapter on refuges the blue-wing teal, gadwall, black duck, and mallard are stated to be breeding with Mr. McIlhenny at Avery Isle in a wild state. There must be some mistake here, for I am very certain that the mallard and gadwall do not breed in this region, which I have visited myself. Neither does the black duck, as we know him, only the local Southern race—*anas fulvigula maculosa*—and he has always bred there, though perhaps not so plentifully as now. The blue-wing has always bred in the South, even to Cuba, but not commonly except here and there. I am specific about this as showing the wrong impressions which easily find their way into print.

The last part, devoted to encouraging small birds, is extremely sensible—representing a host of information well digested. The part about bird boxes should be read with care by those who are now engaged in indiscriminately nailing up the Berlepsch type of nest box. Mr. Job's conclusions are that in general the bluebirds and swallows and the few other common species which take kindly to man's aid in nesting, do just as well in the old-fashioned board boxes as in the Berlepsch type of tree-nest box. After all, the placing of boxes for the tree nesters is only a small part of the work—planting and trapping should be given more emphasis. The Berlepsch box seemed to be a short cut for bird lovers, but it has not come up to expectations in this country.

In conclusion I wish to express my heartiest thanks to Mr. Job for his successful work in getting out a really good and useful book. It is easy to criticize, but hard to fare forth in a new field. This Mr. Job has done, and done well.

The large and steady gain in circulation and advertising space is most convincing proof of *Forest and Stream's* supremacy in the great field of outdoor advertising.

When Sport is Good

By Theodore Gordon

When the Brown trout *Fairio* have fairly established themselves in one of the old streams which have run down until they are not worth fishing, sport is apt to be excellent for several years, at least.

I have noticed this in nearly all the old streams in Ulster and Sullivan counties. Then a few brown trout are supposed to have escaped from a little pond in Vermont, into the fine brook near it, although the feat seemed impossible, but anyhow, extraordinary big fish are now taken every season, and these are brown trout. There is a large stock of fine native trout in this stream as no lumbering has been done for a great many years, it is fed by many cold springs and little brooks, so that the water maintains a sufficiently low temperature for our *fontinalis* to thrive.

The stock of Brown trout in the Willowemoc in 1906 and later was very large, and a considerable number of fine rainbows appeared, some of which weighed one pound each. These were said to have been introduced in one lot about the year 1900. The brown trout probably arrived from below as two dams had been allowed to get into a bad state of repair. For many years restocking of the upper Willowemoc was restricted to native trout.

For my part I must admit that I like the brown and rainbow trout, and considered the fishing much improved. One did not have to work all day for a few fish, a morning or late afternoon and early evening would give a moderate angler all the sport he required.

Sometimes we think that we prefer the lower reaches of the big streams because of the possibilities of very large trout; again we love the upper waters or smaller streams, where there is great variety and the wading and tramping are not so fatiguing. One sees so much on a well stocked water of moderate size. We are nearer

the sources and the water remains cooler during the summer months. Whenever a cool change in the weather sets in, or we have a shower to freshen things up, the sport improves at once. Then one can watch and study the trout to such advantage during the season of low water, and become quite intimate with a few big fish that only come out to take the air occasionally. They are "devilish sly," as old Joey B. used to say, these beggars, and usually, one's only chance with them is just after a good rise in the stream when the water first comes into fly fishing condition. That is, unless one perseveres at night, and of late we have had a feeling this is hardly fair to the trout, as they can not see their enemy.

Yet there is a great charm in being out on a wild stream on a perfect summer night, when the air is full of sweet scents and occasional weird sounds strike the ear. At times I have seen the fire-flies rise in untold millions, until they seemed to fill the whole valley with their tiny electric flashes.

I spent an interesting evening with a powerful reflecting lamp on the Esopus. The lamp was too heavy for comfort, but the light could be shut off and turned on suddenly, if anything attracted one's attention. I saw muskrats, two minks, and one (skunk) mephitis, and great numbers of insects with which I was not familiar.

There seemed to be a great deal of life on the stream that night, and the air was soft and balmy. I did not try to fish much, as the lamp hampered me, but I was reluctant to return to my quarters before 12 o'clock.

Altogether it was a very profitable evening. I caught only half a dozen small trout, but I noticed that summer that if the little chaps rose after dark the big fish never moved at all. If I caught large trout I rarely killed more than two, and these were usually taken after being spotted and specially fished for.



Mr. Heywood's Method of Wintering Waterfowl, in Most Places the Best Method. A Picture Which Tells the Story.

Photograph by the Courtesy of John Heywood

Through The Yellowstone In The Saddle

A Story of a Delightful Excursion In Good Company Amid The Magnificence of Natural Scenic Wonders

By Palmer H. Langdon

LOVERS of Nature who do not believe in rushing through one of Nature's Wonderlands will find a jaunt in the saddle the ideal means of traveling through Yellowstone National Park. With a horseback trip there is no rush and the tourist really gets a taste of life on the plains. Only a taste, to be sure, but with the ordinary means of transportation the traveler scarcely has a sight of the romantic side of the prairies.

However, before a city man undertakes a long journey astride a western cow pony, it is best for him to undergo a short spell of hardening, which he can readily do by visiting some of the ranches in the vicinity of the Park. It was the writer's good fortune to spend this preliminary training period at the Aldrich Hard Pan Ranch, situated on the South fork of the Shoshone River, 35 miles southwest of Cody, Wyoming.

On this real ranch there are rancheros, cowboys and cow ponies aplenty, and amid such surroundings and in such company a "dude" from the East is quickly saturated with the atmosphere of cactus and sage brush, and in short order becomes a horseman of the West. That is, he quickly casts off all "Eastern form" and rides in the free and easy Western style suitable for a horseback journey. He leaves with regret, however, the hospitable ranch and the beautiful Shoshone Valley with its celebrated mountain of the White Horse and its endless and fascinating bridle trails that lead in every direction up to and on to the mountain sides.

The starting point of the Park saddle trips is generally Cody, the town which is to hand down to posterity the given name of "Buffalo Bill," the celebrated scout. At Cody there are a number of outfitters who are ready to take an eastern man's money in exchange for giving him a western man's outing.

The equipment for our party was supplied by Nova E. Brown, a well-known plainsman and guide, who had also been in charge of touring parties in Africa and India. The outfit consisted of two great lumbering wagons, one of which contained all of the sleeping dunnage and the other the eating luggage. To conduct the party of seven Easterners headed by Julian S. Bryan, who despite the business depression had corralled five young men, there were three able-bodied plainsmen, in the persons of Walter Hope, the guide; Ted Boughton, the horse wrangler, and John Seibert, the cook. To drag and carry this small field party required four draft and ten saddle horses. The owner of the entire outfit, Mr. Brown, was also a ranchman and had

taken considerable pains to provide suitable mounts for the weight and temperament of each rider of the party—a thoughtful consideration.

On the evening of Fourth of July, 1914, everything was in readiness for the start, the party having spent the day in watching the National holiday celebration at Cody, where cowboys and cowgirls gave an exhibition of horse racing and rough riding, which is a part of the life of a real Western town. As the day was lost for traveling the wagons and horses were sent out thirty miles on the Cody road leading to the park, to a camp site called Hanging Rock, where the Easterners sped at dusk via automobiles to spend their first night in camp.

The party woke up next morning to find themselves on the bank of the raging Shoshone (North Fork) with natural castles and minarets embellishing the hillsides, for Nature has certainly carved out memorable landscapes in these Wyoming valleys. After a dip in the edge of the stream, then bacon and coffee, the signal of "Boots and Saddles" sounded in earnest, for Nova Brown and his chief aide, Walter Hope, were there to turn over the right horse to the right man. When this necessary ordeal was over with, the small troop of seven, in charge of Guide Hope, set out for the Yellowstone with their camp belongings carted ahead in the two wagons driven by the horse wrangler and cook.

To see "Hopie" the guide ride and to hear him talk was like a breath of bracing air from the

breezy West and he soon proved to be a man of consideration by breaking in gradually his party to horseback traveling, taking easy stages of twelve or thirteen miles the first few days until his tenderfoot followers were ready for more. In three days of gentle jogging on the Cody road amid the grand scenery of this rugged canyon country, the party had ridden over the 8,000-foot Sylvan Pass and down into Uncle Sam's Wonderland—the Yellowstone National Park.

The practice every night as we reached the selected camp site was to turn the horses loose to find their own living. They pastured all night by themselves until disturbed by the horse wrangler in the morning. A pleasant sound of the early daylight was to hear the jingling of the neck bells of the leaders as the herd was driven into the camp corral—simply a ring of rope around some nearby trees. And then a most interesting sight was to see the guide and his aides catch a pony and bridle and saddle him.

But the plainsmen were spared this particular labor this morning (July 8th) for they reported that either elk or mosquitoes had stampeded the herd and before we could proceed the horses would have to be caught, which meant an all-day hunt up among the wooded hills where the run-aways were supposed to have gone. The best riders went after them while the others had a chance to rest and reflect on the vagaries of camp life. At nightfall in came the horsemen with all of the herd except one, and as we had



Ready for the Morning's Start.

two spare horses there were enough to continue the journey on the morrow.

And a treat was ahead of us, for instead of following the regular wagon roads, the guide had planned to spend the day along the game trails to get a good view of big game. As we walked, trotted or loped over the trail our thoughts went back to the pioneer days on the plains and to the men who had

mount. At nine a. m. all campage is stowed and roped on the wagons and the peaceful cavalcade is ready for the march and another day of enjoyment.

The guide of course was the star attraction morning and night, for it was always a pleasure to see him work and ride; he was such a thorough plainsman and then to hear him relate his adventures as he was ranchman, born and



conquered them. The tenderfoot Easterner certainly has a picnic in his modern search for plain's life. He is simply guided by the skillful Westerner into the haunts of what wild animal life is left, which now consists mainly of the game that is protected in the National and State parks and reservations.

Upon riding some distance up hill and down dale we came upon a herd of 200 elk grazing on the valley bottoms and they were careful not to let us get very near, unarmed as we were, but wild animals even within the bounds of no-gun parks still look with suspicion upon the most destructive of all animals—mere man—and with justification.

Later we came upon small numbers of elk running through the open stretches of woods and at night, when we reached beautiful Yellowstone Lake, the guide shouted "There's a fine piece of meat," and coming down to the water's edge for its evening drink was a great bull elk.

A bear hunt was the excitement of the next morning for a young brown bruin lingered near the camp and Guide Hope jumped into the saddle and in a spectacular gallop across the plain drove the bear up a tree. All of the younger members of the party were after the bear in short order. Everyone shot at him with camera shutters to their heart's desire and took particular pains to retreat when bruin came down. Then the crowd went at him again—when he ran up another tree—but this time he struck some weak branches and tumbled to the ground, whereupon the camera hunters scattered in all directions and the bear went on his way rejoicing. The party then rode from the shores of Yellowstone Lake over to the bluffs of the Yellowstone Canyon.

The western and eastern methods of making camp are as different as the characteristics of the two localities. In the West the pyramidal tent or tepee is pushed up in a jiffy. This tent is all in one piece and has a canvas bottom. First the four corners are staked out and fastened, and then the tent is raised between two iron

Little Reminders of Camp Incidents and Scenery taken during a trip through the Yellowstone.

poles. A scant mattress and blankets complete the tent equipment. There is no work at each camp site of cutting tent poles and framing and no attempt is made to secure balsam boughs—no hewing with an axe to raise western tents, a contrast to the custom of the woodsmen of the Adirondacks or Maine woods. As our camp for several days was to be on the banks of the canyon of Yellowstone we had the opportunity of thoroughly exploring both a horse and a foot this fascinating region.

And then came the ride to the top of Mount Washburn and return, a distance of 26 miles, and an ascent above the valley of 4,000 feet; 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was one of the grandest horseback rides imaginable—zig-zagging up, up, up—on the hillsides with Washburn itself out of sight, until the last hour when the panorama of the whole park gradually unfolds itself. With regret the visitor leaves the summit and then comes the zigzag down with its ever changing vistas. It is a ride that lingers in one's memory for a lifetime as does the drives over any the famous passes of the Swiss Alps.

The next morning we broke camp and started for the geyser ground to remain there several days amid Nature's freaks. The first call in Western camp life is about six a. m., when the guide comes to each tent and shouts—"Roll out and roll up"—which means that after a plunge in any stream or lake available or the use of the time-honored bucket the rider is to pack his dunnage and tear down his tent ready for the pack wagon. Breakfast in the dining tent is next in order, and then to the corral for his

bred, and naturally had an experienced knowledge of horses, wild animals and plains craft. When the day's ride happened to be hard and dusty and made you feel "orny," as the guide said, but which was not often, Guide Hope refreshed the party in the evening with bear stories or tales of how Roosevelt's Rough Riders enjoyed soldiering—that is as they told it when they returned to their Western homes—not exactly as recorded in the newspapers.

When the geyser region had been examined to the eye's content and the party had reached the southwestern extremity of Yellowstone Lake, the horses' heads were turned toward the south that we might go down into the Jackson Hollow country for a week and see some of the wilderness and picturesqueness of this remote region.

Our first camp south of the park was on the banks of the Snake River, the scenery along which made up for the twenty-four miles of an endurance ride down through miles of lodge pole pines. A memorable sight was to see the horses cross the river night and morning for the better pasture land on the opposite side. With the horses wading across in single file, the plains in the immediate foreground and the mountains in the distance beyond, it was a scene that would satisfy a landscape artist.

Another day's march of twenty-one miles brought us down to a spot known as Pilgrim Creek, where in a cluster of cottonwoods and quaking aspens we pitched our camp for the night. The site of the camp being the location from which were drawn the scenes of a popular novel, the guide dilated on the book, expressing as his opinion that the author "had placed his Western hero between a barbed wire fence and worn him to a shadder." Whenever we had struck open country on the way down we sighted the sharp, jagged peaks of the Grand Teton Range, and now these truly grand mountains were within short range of us. The next day we set out to get a nearer view of them from the foot of Jackson's Lake.

A short but enjoyable ride brought the party

to the dam that the Government is building at the end of the lake, which construction work was hurting the business of the summer camps about the lake, but was said to be the cheapest water supply for the least money of any of the many recent irrigation projects undertaken by the National Government.

But the magnificent site at Jackson's Lake is



not the dam built by man, but the mountains reared by Nature, for across the moderate stretch of water there arose abruptly from the shores of the lake a range of classic grandeur—the Tetons—towering 6,000 feet above the surrounding valley and overtopping the ocean level by 13,000 feet. The sky outline of the mountains is sharp and rugged and certainly would afford attractive rock work for any ambitious Alpine climber who had the hardihood to tackle the forbidding slopes. When the party had taken a last, lingering look at the Tetons, the guide sounded a retreat, for we had reached the extreme end of our journey and now the horses' heads were pointed North toward Yellowstone and then to Cody homeward bound.

There was a little excitement in camp the next morning, for in driving the horses into the corral several slipped away and the horse wrangler had a chase after his wayward steeds, but man with the aid of a horse is master of the horse, and by skillful driving can bring back to the corral his mutinous mustangs. When once in the corral the ever ready weapon of the cowboy is the rope—not the pistol—and the way he can lasso a nag and then bridle and saddle him is one of the treats that an Eastern man gets in taking a Western horseback trip. With horses conquered the day's march was first along the shore of Jackson Lake away from the roads and even trails. It was a ride through timber, along the shore over the sage brush plain and then onto the road to again camp at Snake River, just south of the southern entrance.

Wishing to tarry at some of the restful points in the park the writer stopped off at the Wylie Camp on the lake to continue the balance of the return journey by wagon. The lake camp is considered one of the most peaceful stopping points in the park, and what a contrast in travel it was to see the regular touring tourists come in by the hundreds into the camp at nightfall—have one evening at the campfire, and at seven the next morning off to another camp—a daily rush; though they were not traveling with an uneasy automobile, but by the regular park coach. A joy it was to tarry, watch the scenery, go out and catch twenty good-sized trout (the legal daily limit), in an hour or so of fishing, and then watch the bears and other animals that can be found in the Yellowstone region. And the animals seem to have a fairly happy life, pro-

tected as they are from animal-killing man. The trout are abundant because the Government is continually stocking the park waters and during the past year has cast half a million fry into the nearby streams.

Another great joy was to be out of hearing and danger from the shrieking automobiles, from the clanging trolley car, from the roaring railroad, but even this freedom from the pursuit of the murderous automobile is threatened by the automobile interests, who are said to be working with all of their moneyed power to get their mechanical machines into the park.

Captain King, U. S. A., one of the park commands, explained to the writer some of the reasons why he believed that automobiles and railroads should never be allowed to enter the park.

First, it has taken a number of years for the game to get accustomed to the regular stage coaches; now the big game do not mind them and as a result visitors have a chance to see wild life in its natural surroundings. Autos would scare the game so that no one would get a sight of the animal life as they whizzed by in a machine.

And as Captain King remarked, "What was the sense of whizzing past the beautiful scenery of the Yellowstone region, when they could whiz about everywhere else?" The Captain had been on duty in the park many years and every time he rode or drove through he sighted something new, something worth seeing again.

Then the introduction of automobiles would be for the benefit of the few instead for the rights of the many. People from the surrounding country could not drive with any safety or comfort as well as those who came from a distance.

One of the sights of the park is the numerous variety of wheeled vehicles. It seems as if every conceivable style of carriage is represented from a one-horse cart to a six-horse coach, and from a rich man's nobby rig to the poor man's prairie schooner—men and women from all walks of life, walking, riding, driving through the park and without the fear of being run down by the modern engine of death.

So after a real outing in the park anyone is inclined to shout, "Long live the horse"—may he reign forever in the Yellowstone.

From the eastern entrance to the park the traveler again returns over the Cody road, and though an automobile can now bring him to and from this entrance, the way to enjoy the splendid scenery of the Cody road is to travel by saddle or wagon. If by the latter without a camping party delightful stops may be made at Pahaska Tepee, and Frost and Richards' ranch, both places of which cater to tourists. The Tepee was built by "Buffalo Bill," and is a fine example of rustic log construction. It contains many of Mr. Cody's famous trophies and no one should pass on without a visit to the retreat of the last of the great scouts. Frost and Richards' ranch is situated on a wide valley of the North Fork of the Shoshone with magnificent views up and down the river plain. The house contains a notable collection of trophies of the hunt and also has very comfortable accommodations, more comfortable in fact than anyone would expect in a ranch country.

From this last wayside inn it is an easy day's journey to Cody, and by taking the time to travel with horses there is ample opportunity to drink in all of the sights at Roosevelt Dam (highest dam

in the world), and the canyon of the Shoshone, which is now one stream after the junction of the North and South Forks and is bounding through the channel which for centuries it has cut in the rocks.

Jogging down the Cody road behind a buxom span of horses in an ancient wagon resembles the prairie schooner days of the early settlers, while straddling a cow-pony through the Yellowstone region recalls the adventuresome days of the plainsmen, before the wild buffalo, the wild Indian and the bad man of the plains had vanished. These phantoms of the past can be read about in that masterpiece on the early days of the frontier—Richard Irving Dodge's book on "The Plains of the Great West." The adventuresome cavalry days can be studied with delight by reading Elizabeth Custer's book, "Boots and Saddles." And the reservation Indian of to-day can be seen near the site of



A Subject for Protective Legislation.

the Custer battlefield at the Crow Agency. The remnant of the buffalo can be found in Yellowstone Park.

How thankful everyone should be that there are parts of our country which are retained in their primitive state and that they are protected from the destructive blight that comes with civilization. I believe that the influence of "Civilized Progress" on the western plains is expressed nowhere so fittingly as in Dodge's book of the seventies in which he sums up the pleasures of life on the plains as he knew them and then laments over their future. Says Dodge:

"To a fascination of a life of freedom from all conventional restraints of constraint and adventure, was added that other fascination far stronger to many natives—the desire to penetrate the unknown.

"Now all is changed. There is no longer an unknown. Railroads have bared the silent mysteries of the plains to the inspection of every shopboy. Civilization like a huge cuttlefish has passed its arms of settlements up almost every stream grasping the land, killing the game, driving out the Indian, crushing the romance, the poetry, the very life and soul out of the plains and leaving only the bare and monotonous carcass."

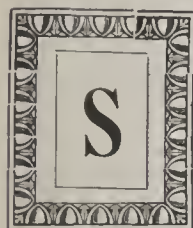
Fortunately for the modern generation the Government has left a little meat on the "carcass" by setting aside for the benefit of all the people National parks and reservations and they may still be visited in the style of the romantic days of the plains, viz., in the saddle.

Therefore let every effort be made to keep wild what little wilderness is left and let wagon and horse, lasso and lariat, boots and saddles reign supreme for all time on the last stray bits of primeval mountain and prairie land.

Where Fly-fishing for the "Speckled Beauty" Reigns Supreme

The Kennebago Certainly Possesses Charm for Those Who Love the Big Out-Doors

By Chas. Zibeon Southard



SOME two thousand feet above sea level, away up among the mountains of the northwestern portion of Maine in Franklin county, and distant from the Canadian line some twelve miles as the crow flies, are two of the most beautiful lakes of North America. They are known as "Big" and "Little" Kennebago and they are flawless gems of the finest quality; yet they differ from each other by virtue of their unique settings. Unlike so many lakes of Maine and other timber States these charming sheets of water have no dead timber nor any other unsightly features to mar their surrounding beauty. While a large part of the section in which these lakes are situated has been "lumbered" in the past, it was done in such a way that the natural beauties of the forests are to-day unimpaired. In some places where "old lumber camps" are still to be found the picturesque beauties have been enhanced and one's interest is more keenly aroused on that account. It is at such places that the nature lover, with his camera at hand, is in his element; here his life is full of real pleasure while taking pictures which will, in the future, enable him to live over again the joys of the past.

Up to three years ago Kennebago Section could only be reached by buckboard from Rangeley and it was a ten-mile ride. Over some six miles of its length—it seemed to the uninitiated about twenty—and, on account of its roughness, to double discount the old historic "rocky road to Dublin."

Only four species of fish in all are found in the waters of this section, which is a most remarkable and interesting fact; they are the Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, the land-locked Salmon, *Salmo salar sebago*, the Smelt, *Osmerus mordax*, and the minnow, *Cyprinidae*; the two latter varieties furnishing the food for the two former.

The waters of Kennebago Section furnish, beyond peradventure, one of the most, if not the most, remarkable natural breeding and propagating areas for the Brook Trout found anywhere in America.

Land-locked salmon are caught in both lakes and in the "Big" lake occasionally as large as six pounds, but they do not seem to breed well in these waters notwithstanding the fact that both lakes are abundantly supplied with smelt, which are their best and favorite food.

If I am mistaken and the salmon really do breed well, I then account for their scarcity, judging from the few that are seen and caught year after year, in this way: that the young and small salmon in the spring work out of the lakes into the stream and go down the stream and over the Falls. Once in the water of the lower section of Kennebago Stream, which is below



A Quick Lunch for Six on Upper Kennebago Stream.

Kennebago Falls, they never can return to the waters from which they came because the Falls offer an effectual barrier.

The fishing season opens in the spring just as soon as the ice goes out of the lakes, which time varies with the seasons from the fifteenth to the twenty-fifth of May, and continues to the first of October.

It is here that the angler can, among surroundings which are intensely interesting, instructive, ever-changing and beautiful, enjoy fly-fishing to his heart's content, knowing to a certainty that when he has a rise or strike it is from "the most beautiful fish that swims," the *Salvelinus fontinalis*, or from the salmon, the "Silver King" of game fishes.

These waters are restricted solely to fly-fishing with the artificial fly and during the entire open season trout can be caught; but the best fishing is to be had, and the largest fish will rise and strike, in June and September, although some fine fishing days come along in July and August, when specimens are taken which weigh from two to three pounds.

Right here I wish to say that when I speak of catching trout I do not mean that they are killed, because most of the anglers who fish these lakes and streams seldom kill a trout unless for food or for some scientific purpose. Trout caught and landed are carefully taken off the hook by the angler or his guide and immediately returned to the water unharmed.

I have discovered it to be a fact, after many years of investigation, that not over one trout

in one hundred ever dies, or becomes diseased, or is attacked by parasites when handled in this way and returned at once to the water. The returning of trout to the water after they have been caught has become, in this section, almost "an unwritten law," and this is one of the principal reasons why fly-fishing in these waters improves and remains above par, season after season.

The laws governing the fishing in Kennebago Section are wise ones, and as I have said, it is restricted solely to fly-fishing with the artificial fly.

Big Kennebago Lake is five miles long and its extreme width is about one mile; the southerly end is called the "head" of the lake, and the northerly end the "foot." This, however, is really a misnomer because the "inlet" and "outlet" to the lake are both at the same place, namely, the northerly end. The water flows into the lake from Kennebago Stream when the lake is low and into Kennebago Stream from the lake when the lake is high. The lake is also supplied by many springs and from Blanchard's Brook, Flatiron Brook and Wilber Brook, all of which are near its southerly end; and from the Big Inlet and Norton's Brook, which are at the northerly end.

This beautiful lake, not imaginatively but literally, nestles among the mountains that surround it, and on a clear morning, just as the sun comes creeping over the Eastern horizon, an early riser can, from the vantage point of a boat or canoe well out on the lake, count from twenty



"I hear de paddle dip, dip, dip! Wance more I hear de loon."

to twenty-five mountain peaks which, like sentinels, keep watch over its waters.

At the beginning of the season and up to the first of July the best fishing for big trout is to be had at the "head" of the lake. The likely places are off Wilbur Brook, Flatiron Brook, Snowman's Point and in Rocky Cove, Snowman's Cove, Skedaddler's Cove, and also along the rocky shores, and especially just off the many nameless small rocky points on both shores of the lake. It is at such places, where the water is from four to eight feet deep, that the big trout go after dwelling for many weeks on soft muddy bottoms in deep ice-covered waters; here it is they indulge in their "spring cleaning" by scouring themselves on the sandy, gravelly and rocky bottoms. At the other end of the lake, the "foot," good fishing is to be had at almost any place along shore, in Norton's Brook, the Big Inlet, Grassy Cove, off Atwood's Point and on the Big Shoals. Almost all of these places prove exceptionally good, year after year, and many good catches are made nearly every day, but the trout do not run as large as those caught at the "head" end of the lake.

The fall fishing (that is, during the last of August and all of September) for big fish as well as the smaller ones is at the "foot" of the lake around the lily pads, near the "outlet" and

the places already mentioned, and not at the "head" of the lake, where the best fishing is found in the spring.

Not but what there is some good fishing to be had at the "head" of the lake, but the average size of the fish caught will be about the same as the fish taken at the "foot" of the lake in the early part of the season. The tables seem to be turned and the turning process continues year after year, as I know from personal observation and experience of many years.

Little Kennebago Lake is situated about two miles north of the larger lake; it is one mile long and not quite three-quarters of a mile wide at its widest point. Its water supply comes from the upper section of Kennebago Stream, which enters the lake at the northern end. It is also augmented somewhat by the water flowing into it from Soule's Brook, which is located on the westerly shore of the lake.

Little Kennebago Lake empties into the middle section of Kennebago Stream at its southerly end. As a matter of fact, Kennebago Stream flows directly through Little Kennebago Lake from inlet to outlet.

Nearly everyone who visits Kennebago, if only for a short stay, makes a trip in boat or canoe up stream to this gem of a lake for a delightful day's outing. The start from camp is usually made early and the return from the lake is made

late, for one is nearly always very reluctant to leave such beautiful surroundings. Lunch is served in "the open," cooked over hardwood coals in a frying-pan or on a broiler by a guide, who is a past master in the art of preparing both wholesome and tasty food for such occasions; and it never goes begging but is often begged for by the honestly hungry campers.

Spring fishing in this lake is not good if one expects to catch good-sized trout, but there is hardly a time during the entire season that trout running from a fifth to a quarter of a pound (just the right size for eating) cannot be taken by an angler of average ability. The places to fish at this time are at the outlet, along shore, off Soule's Brook and near the lily pads on the upper west shore of the lake. Little Kennebago is noted for its "Big Pool," and many noted men and anglers have cast over it with wet and dry flies. It is situated at the "head" of the lake just to the south of where the main arm of the Upper Kennebago Stream enters. The extreme area embraced in what is called the "Big Pool," is about one hundred and twenty-five feet long by sixty-five to seventy feet wide; on the easterly side are a number of bunches of lily pads and there are two sandbars which run into and partially through the pool. These sandbars shift more or less from year to year but it is on them and around the lily pads where the large trout

are to be found and taken during the last of August and all of September, and many are caught weighing from two to five pounds.

It is seldom that good-sized trout are ever caught in the pool during the spring and summer season, and the smaller fish, for some reason or other, which I have been unable so far to discover, do not seem to make it their habitat.

In the early days of September it is not an uncommon thing, when the conditions are right, to see six or seven or more boats and canoes around this "Big Pool," and all the anglers catching trout, and some of them landing large ones.

Do not run away with the idea, however, that trout are caught in these waters with "any old fly," or that skill is not required to make them rise and strike, to say nothing about playing and landing them when once they are on your hook, because if you do you will be sadly disappointed and a much wiser angler after a very short experience.

Kennebago Stream both above and below Little Kennebago Lake is ever changing and has a beauty, charm and fascination particularly its own. There are many twists and turns throughout its length and each one reveals to the observer, as they are approached and rounded, many attractive features, which, when once enjoyed, are never to be forgotten. The stream's environment is constantly changing; so much so, that it is hardly possible, having traversed it many times with an interest keenly aroused, to decide which of the numerous places are the more beautiful and attractive.

The upper section of Kennebago Stream starts below the dam at the foot of the Meadow Grounds and runs south to Little Kennebago, a distance of about eight miles. The middle section of Kennebago Stream starts at the outlet of Little Kennebago and runs south to Kennebago Falls, a distance of about four miles.

The stream above Little Kennebago is navigable by boat for about two miles and by canoe for about three; these distances being governed entirely by the number of passengers and the amount of water in the stream, but the water has to be very low indeed to prevent making at least two or three miles. In this stretch of the stream there are many splendid places to fish, a number of them being particularly suited to the use of the dry fly and the opportunity to capture good-sized trout is of the best.

The middle section of the stream, that is, the section between Little Kennebago Lake and Kennebago Falls, is navigable its entire length with the exception of a short stretch from the dam to the Falls. From a point where the connecting stream from Big Kennebago Lake enters the main stream, to the dam, fishing is not allowed, but this is the only water that is so restricted.



One of the Isles of the Blest.

This middle section has many fine fishing places, some of the notable ones being Randall's Pool, Bone Yard Pool, Birch Tree Pool, and the Sand Bank Pool. During July and August there is very little good fishing to be had in this section, but in the spring and especially during the month of September, it offers the best of sport, and good-sized trout are taken by patient and persistent anglers; and by all odds the Bone Yard and Sand Bank pools are the two best places.

Anglers will naturally want to know something about the flies that are used in the Kennebago waters as well as the size best suited for the different periods of the fishing season.

The wet flies that have proved generally successful of late years on the waters of Kennebago Section, are the

- | | |
|--------------|--------------------|
| Silver Spot | Silver Doctor |
| Montreal | Light Tip Montreal |
| Grizzly King | Professor |
| Brown Hackle | Gray Hackle |
| Coachman | Royal Coachman |
| March Brown | Cow Dung |
| Black Gnat | Hare's Ear |
| White Miller | Parmachenee Belle |

As there are no clubs that fish this section no records are kept of the size and number of trout caught or the names of the flies the trout are caught on, except in a few individual cases; so it is impossible to give a list of the "most taking flies" in their order of success from authentic records.

While the Parmachenee Belle is still a good fly to use at times on these waters, it has proved less successful of late years and is not used

nearly so extensively as formerly on that account.

Speaking of the Parmachenee Belle, it is interesting to note that the lack of success with this fly in the Kennebago waters does not hold good in other waters, notably Parmachenee Lake, which is controlled by the Parmachenee Club. It may be that the trout of Parmachenee Lake (after which lake the fly was named by its originator, Henry P. Wells, who successfully fished its waters for many years), still continue to pay tribute to this great angler and his fly, by making it the most popular and successful fly year after year.

At the Parmachenee Club a careful record is kept of all trout caught that are three-quarters of a pound in weight and over, with the name of the fly used in each case. The club records show that for a period of sixteen years, out of a total of fifty-two different flies used, the Parmachenee Belle is credited with catching thirty-five per cent. of all the trout recorded. The following list gives, in their order, the first fifteen flies that have proved the best taking ones on Parmachenee Lake:

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Parmachenee Belle | 9 Royal Coachman |
| 2 Brown Hackle | 10 Queen of Waters |
| 3 Silver Doctor | 11 Professor |
| 4 Black Gnat | 12 Black Dose |
| 5 Montreal | 13 Black Hackle |
| 6 Jock Scott | 14 White Miller |
| 7 Lord Baltimore | 15 Gray Hackle |
| 8 Grizzly King | |

To return to Kennebago Section; the dry flies, when fished as wet flies, that have proved most successful, are the

- | | |
|-------------|-------------------|
| Red Ant | Greenwell's Glory |
| Hare's Ear | Pale Evening Dun |
| March Brown | Wickham's Fancy |
| Black Gnat | Silver Sedge |
| Coachman | Hofland's Fancy |

The dry fly when fished strictly as a dry fly has not as yet proved very successful, although it has been used to some extent for six or more years. Some trout have been caught on it, but the percentage is small as compared to the wet fly, and strange to say, more trout have been caught on the lakes with the dry fly than on the "dry fly water" of the streams.



In the early part of the fishing season wet flies tied on number 6 and 8 hooks are the best sizes to use; during July and the first half of August flies tied on number 8 hooks prove the best; while for the balance of the season, last half of August and all of September, more trout and larger ones are caught on number 10 and 12 hooks, except on the stream, where number 8 hooks prove more serviceable and successful. Dry flies in the Spring should be tied on number 10 hooks both for lake and stream fishing and for the rest of the season on 10 to 14 hooks just as one's judgment dictates.

There are two ideal months for the fly fisherman to be at Kennebago, one is June, the other September; these are the months when the very best fishing prevails and the largest trout are caught and this applies alike to both lakes and streams.

September has one advantage over June in that then there are no black flies, midgits, or other like insects to disturb the gentle angler, as well as the other visitors, and make them irritable and uncomfortable.

Of all months in the year September is the most beautiful and attractive, for Nature then bedecks herself in gala attire, which she changes from day to day, and at times from hour to hour.

If you want the best of fly fishing where the "big trout" are to be caught if you know how, or if you are not so fortunate but want to learn how, go to Kennebago Section. There you will find, if you love "the big outdoors," mountains to climb, trails to explore, streams and lakes to boat, canoe, or fish on, amid surroundings which are ever changing yet always beautiful, and where the best of health and goodfellowship prevail.

On the westerly shore of Big Kennebago Lake, about three-eighths of a mile to the south of Grant's Camps, there are two old log cabins where, during the months of August and September of each year, the writer is to be found with friends and guides. The camp is known as "Kishacoquillas," and its doors are always open, in fair weather and foul, to the anglers who visit this section; and here goodfellowship reigns from "early morn to early morn" because it is based upon the courtesy, tolerance and respect that "makes life worth living."

Should any of the readers of *Forest and Stream* who visit Kennebago Section care to (and have the time) let them drop in at Camp 4, which is another mark of identification for camp "Kishacoquillas," and there spend a quiet hour while talking "shop" and smoking a "pipe of peace."

Long live Kennebago and long live the lovers of angling and "the big outdoors"!

ANOTHER "BOB, SON OF BATTLE."

Dog books, books of adventure or romance in which a dog plays a leading part, must be hard to write or the success which has greeted them would have led to their multiplication. We now have an addition to the list in "Wolfine," which Sturgis & Walton Company have just published. This is a story with plot laid in New England that has for its hero an Irish wolf-hound of extraordinary power and intelligence. It will make its appeal to the same wide circle of readers who welcomed "Bob, Son of Battle" and "The Call of the Wild." The book is anonymous. Price \$1.25.



Four of the Predatory Cats Shot by Harry T. Rogers After Months of Watching, Which He Estimates Cost the State of New York \$1,000 in the Young Pheasants Which They Destroyed.

Coon Hunting in Old Kentucky

By Wm. J. Lawrence

It was on the fifteenth of November when we decided to accept the kind invitation extended us by Mr. Stanley Blake, manager of the Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Ky., for a good coon hunt in the hills of Old Kentucky. Upon our arrival at the picturesque little town of Berry, we were met at the depot by our host, and after partaking of a good old southern meal, we prepared for the hunt. It was 8:00 p. m. when Mr. Blake said "All ready," and we shouldered our axe and carrying our lantern, with a quick step and light hearts, started off for a night's sport in the grand out-of-doors.

It was an ideal night for coon hunting and we talked of good hunts that we had had, as all coon hunters will do when they are together. We had only gone about half a mile up the creek, when Bally opened up on the trail of a ringtail. He was quickly joined by Queen, Dinah and Ranger, the four dogs with us, and they were making the grandest music any coon hunter ever heard. We followed as fast as we could, but Mr. Coon evidently thought he could fool the dogs by going out on a log, which was lying at the edge of the water, crawling to the end and swimming across the stream, but he was mistaken, for the dogs lost no time in finding out what he had done and were once more upon his trail, and before he could get across the creek had treed him in an old tree upon the cliff. It was then that the ever-ready axe came into play, to cut down the tree to get the coon. The coon put up a game fight but he had no chance with the dogs. We all had our say as to its weight; one said it weighed eighteen (18)

pounds, and others more or less, which actually weighed twelve and one-half pounds.

We sacked our game and led the dogs away and it was not long before we heard them about a mile away ahead of us. By the time we got close enough, they must have seen the coon, for they were barking at every breath and jumped and seemed to be very excited, and sure enough, they had it treed this time upon a larger tree. Thinking it would be a shame to cut down this tree, we decided to climb up and shake the coon off, which was finally done, one of us holding two of the dogs so as to give the coon a fairer chance, and both the coon and the dogs put up a good fight and the dogs of course were victorious.

The dogs then cast ahead of us and we did not hear or see them for quite a while but kept listening very intensely, when suddenly we thought we heard them behind the hill, and sure enough it was; by the time we got there the coon had taken refuge in an old den upon the cliff and much to our disgust we could not get him out. We worked for some time and the dogs were getting very excited, for they were digging, biting and barking and trying as hard as we were to get the coon. Our host consulted his watch, and finding the hour close to 2:00 a. m., thought it best to wend our way homeward, so, catching the dogs, we started back. After a bit of sleep and a hearty breakfast we bid our host good-bye, but not until we had promised Mr. Blake, who is an enthusiastic coon hunter, that we would return soon for another coon hunt and in a different direction where we knew that the coons were more plentiful.

Education of the Waterfowl

Ducks of the Pacific Coast are Following the Lead of Their Brothers of the Middle West in Learning of Man and His Ways

By Edward T. Martin

THAT the ducks of California are gaining in worldly wisdom and knowledge of the ways of man, was very evident toward the close of the past season. During the previous spring, as a result of an early ending of shooting, through the Federal

law many hundreds of mallard, sprig, teal, with not a few canvas, bred in the marsh lands and low-lying hay fields around San Francisco Bay. These stayed in the reserves and fresh water ponds, occasionally perhaps visiting others of their kind up Sacramento way or along the Suisun marshes until opening day, October 1st. Then came such a cannonade that they picked up and left. Going perhaps to deep water in the center of the bay, perhaps to the big fresh water lakes in central California or possibly further north where they found less guns and gunners. Anyway, go they did and remained until the cold storms at November's end brought them and thousands of their Northern kindred back again.

Well, the ducks stood this heavy bombardment for several weeks. Their numbers did not seem to decrease although thousands were killed. There were great rafts of them in the bay. The baited ponds were still populous. Fifteen years ago they never seemed to wise up to blinds and decoys; now it was different. Each day they swung wider and wider from the line of blinds. Each day the main flight up and down the shore kept further and further out and fewer singles and pairs decoyed from the flocks, until after the middle of January all a blind shooter could do was watch a constant flight of canvasbacks and bluebills half a mile out, and sing, "It's weary waiting here." Those coming to feed by day lit two hundred yards beyond the outer blinds, then swam in, craning their necks and looking for danger with every stroke. They passed between the blinds just out of shot until reaching very shallow water where they stayed. If some gunner rowed in shore and put them up, they circled beyond his reach and flew just too far away for any occupant of a blind to kill, finding safety among their kind in deep and distant water. They had learned. They knew and were as wary as if each blind were labelled in big, black letters of the duck alphabet, "Danger. Keep your distance." Nor is this all. They seemed to know when it was quitting time for the hunters and as a result did most of their flying very early and very late. The Federal law, sunrise and sunset, was a dead letter, everyone around the bay, commencing half an hour before and continuing until half an hour after, as provided in the State law. A Federal district judge in San Francisco had some goose shooters who were arrested by a United States marshal, brought before him and—as the two laws conflict—released them because the present status of the Federal law is doubtful, having been decided unconstitutional by the district court of Arkansas, and the reverse by a court of like authority in North Dakota.

Even "inside the fence" on the reserves, ducks seemed to know when club rules allowed shooting, usually Wednesdays and Sundays, being less plentiful those days than at other times, or at least the members say so, and toward the end of the season the night flight, even in stormy

weather, was very light until after quitting time. "The air is full of sprig and spoonies every night just before dark," said one shooter to the writer. "We could do nothing but come away and leave them." Education. Education. The Pacific Coast ducks are learning as fast as their brothers of the Middle West.

There is no doubt of it; each year game is gaining in wisdom. Learning more and more the ways of their enemy man. Let them learn. They must, to keep pace with the wiles of the humans and the advance of civilization. Good luck go with them in their efforts at acquiring an education.



On the Road to the Arctic by Hudson Bay Steamer.

It is not generally appreciated that far beyond the last outflung line of civilization, on the great rivers of the Canadian north, the Hudson Bay Company maintains steamers that make trips of thousands of miles down rivers that the average sportsman knows only by seeing the name on the map. The above illustration shows one of these steamers, the "Grahame," tied up for the night on one of the sub-Arctic rivers. These boats are not for passenger service, but some day as the country is opened up they may be used as such.



Fishing and Hunting at Small Cost

THE liberal policy of the Province of Quebec in keeping open to United States citizens the privileges of the magnificent hunting and fishing opportunities of that great game country is not to be interpreted as foreshadowing a diminution either of game or fish. The Province has thousands of miles of free land in which its own citizens and American visitors may, at very reasonable fee, enjoy good sport.

But the policy of the far-sighted men in control of Quebec's natural resources is to consider the future as much as the present. The laws of Quebec permit the acquisition through lease, individuals and clubs, of lake waters, rivers and sections of hunting territory. This means that any citizen or incorporated body of citizens of the Province, or for that matter of the United States may, under proper arrangements, secure direct proprietorship in fishing or hunting rights in a particular territory. These leases are not given indiscriminately, and they are based on the assumption and in fact on the obligation that those to whom they are issued will become responsible for the enforcement of all laws through the engagement of guides or wardens, whose duty shall be to see that in as far as possible the game and fish resources are conserved, protected and increased. As a matter of fact, individuals and clubs to whom these valuable rights are granted come into possession and enjoyment of what might be termed natural refuges, with the result, growing out of the limited taking of game, that adjoining hunting sections find an increasing supply.

There has been some objection to the Quebec system of leasing lake waters and hunting territory on the ground that it restricts their enjoyment or use. The officials of the Government, however, have successfully combatted such objections by showing that the leasing system is bringing into the Province many thousands of dollars where previously the indiscriminate over-running of open territory, coupled with the impossibility of strictly enforcing the law, threatened discontinuance of revenue and foreshadowed exhaustion of the game supply.

Of course the Quebec system could not prevail in a densely populated section, but even so Quebec probably will have more game as population increases than the Province possesses now—in direct contrast to the experience of our own states and other provinces which have followed different policies. As it is, the Province of Quebec offers what may be termed the last opportunity for classes other than multi-millionaires, to obtain at small cost and in perfect security, fishing and hunting territory which really is owned in enjoyment if not in physical possession, by those to whom the privileges are extended.

It is idle to predict what the final outcome of

the Quebec system will be, but we have an idea that the Province will report a continuing abundance both of game and fish long after neighboring sections have seen these resources swept away or sadly diminished by the usual loose enforcement or lack of enforcement of laws, that have followed the opening of this continent.

Have You Seen Any?

ALTHOUGH convinced that the passenger pigeon is extinct, we must admit that at times our faith is revived by the plausible stories that come to *Forest and Stream* of the reappearance, in small isolated flocks, of that once numerous species. We are always glad to hear from our friends on this subject, and while the rumors are generally unsubstantiated, or the result of mistaken identification, once in a while we get word that seems credible. A friend in Bellevue, Ohio, sends us a clipping from a local paper to the effect that A. L. Smith, a farmer living near Washington Court House, observed a flock of passenger pigeons passing his place recently. Mr. Smith says he was familiar with the birds years ago and that he cannot be mistaken in his identification. Another Ohio resident, Albert Botkin, of South Charleston, also reports having seen a flock of forty wild pigeons near his home. Perhaps somewhere on the continent a few birds may have survived. Interest in the subject is kept alive more by hope than anything tangible. It will be a great day among ornithologists if a living wild passenger pigeon is found, and as far as ourselves, convinced almost unwillingly but none the less certainly that the last pigeon is gone, we will continue to hope with the larger body of sportsmen and naturalists that we are mistaken.

The Duck Epidemic in Utah

WITHIN the last few years vast numbers of wild ducks and other water fowl have died among the marshes along the east shore of Great Salt Lake in Utah and in other sections where similar natural conditions prevail. It is idle to attempt an estimate of the total number thus destroyed, but it runs well into the hundreds of thousands. Probably more water fowl have died mysteriously in the great alkaline marshes and swamps of the west than have been shot by gunners east of the Mississippi. This may seem like a startling statement, but when we read in reports of official investigations, of forty-five thousand wild ducks having been gathered and buried in a small district within the period of one month, and of thirty thousand birds having been picked up on another single stream (Weber River) with similar official reports from other districts, some idea of the mortality among water fowl may be had.

These statistics do not relate to the past year. The ducks have fallen victims to so-called but misnamed epidemics for many years past. From what is known now, following the investigation of state and national experts, the water fowl do not die as the result of bacteriological poisons, nor are they killed off by acid sewage from smelting establishments, as has been supposed. It is admitted that discharge of acid waste from industrial plants does not help matters and prob-

ably is, or at least could be, the cause of some mortality. The ducks do not die from a disease that they transmit one to the other. If the conclusion of official investigation of biologists is correct, the tremendous slaughter of good game birds is traceable to an alkaline poison from the soil, which is made active as drainage takes place or waters recede. The alkali is also taken up in solution as the wet seasons come on, and fed into marshy areas that the ducks frequent. In a word, between conservation of water by advancing settlement and natural drying up and re-flooding of marshes, the ducks stand little chance.

This is a serious matter and deserves more attention than has been given it. Several remedies have been suggested; one being to divert water from reservoirs into the marshes—for the ducks recover in a majority of cases when given fresh water. Another suggestion is that the ducks be kept away from the affected districts and a third is that the afflicted birds be gathered up and transferred to better surroundings. The second and third remedies appear impracticable, and as a matter of fact the first will be hard to put into effect. It begins to look as though the ducks of the alkaline districts around Salt Lake and in similar districts in other states, are doomed, unless indeed science shall find a way to save them.

The Starling—Is He a Pest?

THE Government is about to make another effort to ascertain "where we are at" as regards the imported English starling. The species is multiplying with amazing rapidity and is spreading at a speed that puts even the English sparrow to blush. Whether the starling is another sparrow pest or whether he will prove a valuable or even a tolerant addition to our bird life remains to be seen. The investigation which the Government is making will be complete and of particular value inasmuch as examination of the stomachs of the birds will disclose whether the starling is truly insectivorous or simply a scavenger of the English sparrow type.

The starling has been the subject of much poetic tribute, but the ordinary American citizen can see little in him that smacks of poetry. In flocks he parades the lawns of city parks and in his dusty black coat, his attenuated tail and ivory bill, he is already too familiar an object. When the starling first came to us as a stranger, he seemed to have some semblance of a song or a melodious whistle, but around the cities where he preferably makes his habitation this whistle is rarely heard, the ordinary note or conversation of the bird among his fellows being a sharp rasping sound, like the click of a fishing reel.

While writing only from city observation, we believe that the starling is driving out the remnant of wild bird life that has remained with us up to this time, and the only satisfaction that can be deduced from his presence is that he is occasionally seen knocking the stuffing out of the pestiferous English sparrow. As a matter of fact the sparrow, where the starling sets up his aggressive campaign, is becoming a tree bird. Of necessity, he may in time become really insectivorous. But the country could get along quite happily and to good advantage without the presence of either of these visitors.

The Will of Nessmuk—A Human Document

WHAT may be termed without figure of speech a human document, is published on this page. It is the will of "Nessmuk," written by him in 1884, and which, through the courtesy of the attending physician of Nessmuk, Dr. C. W. Webb of Wellsboro, Pa., has been loaned to *Forest and Stream* for the purpose of reproduction.

The document is characteristic of the gentle figure, the well-beloved author, poet, idealist and naturalist, who died without a thought of the fame he had achieved through his years of writing as a woodsman, although there is reason to believe that he must have known of the love, affection and esteem in which he was held by thousands of people who had followed his wonderfully life-like descriptions of experiences in the woods, who had profited by his knowledge of woodcraft, and who had been benefitted and uplifted by his commonsense teachings.

A strange character indeed was George W. Sears, the Nessmuk of thirty years ago and more. The fairy wand of genius had touched him lightly but none the less surely, and while he was set down by some as eccentric, this perhaps was because the orbit of his life did not center in the grooved, machine-like circle of ordinary routine.

Nessmuk loved Nature as few men ever did. He knew her secrets, and while shy almost to the degree of personal self-effacement his character was as strong as his integrity was upright. How well he loved the waters and the woods and the light of day filtering through the leaves may be judged in his expressed wish that his body should not be placed underground, but that his bones "be preserved where the blessed sunlight could sometimes reach them."

Writing to *Forest and Stream*, Dr. Webb states that the disposition of Nessmuk's body was not carried out according to his will, one reason being that there was no mystery in the cause of his death. It was an ordinary case of pulmonary tuberculosis, similar to that which carried off another great man and writer, Robert Louis Stevenson. "Another reason," says the doctor, "was that I knew the community, particularly the widow, would look on the proceedings with horror. However, I think you will admit, after reading the instrument, that it was legal and could have been carried out as he advised. Anyhow, good lawyers have told me so."

So Nessmuk sleeps beneath the shades and maples in the little cemetery at Wellsboro. Over his grave is a modest stone erected by his friends to mark his last resting place. Those who knew him in person and loved him, and the thousands more who knew him through his writings in *Forest and Stream* and his books will find a pleasant fancy in thinking that over that spot the sun shines a little more brightly, the winds whisper more soothingly and the birds sing still more sweetly.

Wellsboro, Tioga Co. Pa. Apr 17th 1884

In consideration of ~~medical~~ services rendered and to be rendered: and for the benefit of medical science no less than suffering humanity, I hereby give, bequeath, and devise my body after ^{death} to my friends, Dr. M. W. Webb and his son Clarence. I do this for what seems to me, good and sufficient reasons.

I have not ^{been} free from a pain in the side one day in forty three years. I have consulted scores of physicians, but they do not agree, and the case seems a medical puzzle which only an autopsy can solve. Wherefore I want it made. It may ^{be} of some benefit to the living. I also direct that the above named physicians - one or both - articulate my bones and preserve the same where the blessed sunlight can sometimes reach them. And I charge both doctors to set their faces firmly against the modern prejudice that would first make a funeral of me and then relegate my body to a cold, dismal hole in darkness and dirt. If a man has one indefeasible right on this earth, it is the right to himself: to his personality, the ownership of his own body: and let it be distinctly understood that I have bargained and bequeathed my body to the two above named physicians, both or either - as herein set forth. And let no one interfere.

Signed sealed and declared as his will by the aforesaid G. W. Sears, as witness our hands and seals. And done in our presence.

Geo. W. Sears
C. W. Webb
Chas. Williams

It is my request that the physician of this Barre be invited to assist, should an autopsy of my body ever take place, as contemplated in this instrument.

G. W. Sears to be my executor. Geo. W. Sears.

In the facsimile reproduction of Nessmuk's will, published herewith, the second paragraph has been omitted. This referred particularly and intimately with the symptoms of Nessmuk's condition, and is not of present interest. Poor Nessmuk lived for quite a number of years after his will was written. It was only his outdoor life for so many years that enabled him to withstand the effects of disease on a frail constitution. Think of the cheerful spirit which enabled him to write the best outdoor literature ever published, although there was not a day, he says, for forty-three years in which he was free from pain!

Inexpensive But Comfortable Shanty Boat for Camping

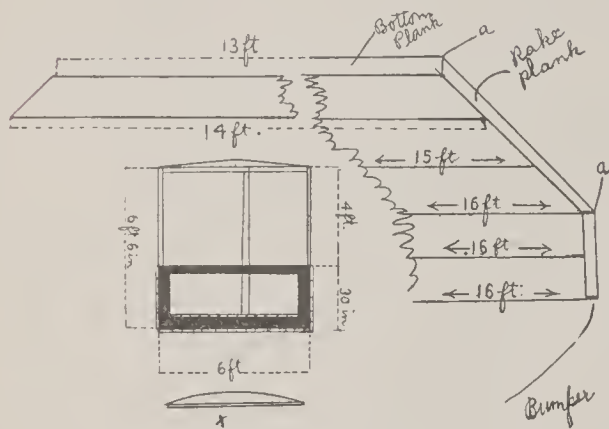
Plans, Specifications and Instructions That Tell you How to Build a Floating Home that Costs but Little More than a Tent, and Will Last for Years

By R. S. Spears



WHEN I was down the Mississippi River a few years ago, I saw hundreds of what the river people call "shanty-boats" or "cabin-boats," and what are generally known as "house-boats." Some of them were of huge size, used for theaters, store-boats and junking, but others were little floating homes, and I propose in this article to tell how one of these boats was built, for it was a small, safe and comfortable craft, fit for tripping down the Mississippi, or floating in a still water lake or pond.

In the first place, the man who built the boat



The Side and Hull.

did not have very much money. He could not build a fancy boat. But he had to have a craft in which he could float from a little landing on the Ohio River above the mouth of the Cumberland down into the Mississippi and thence about 800 miles to New Orleans. He had to have a boat which would not leak; which would ride waves and steamer wash up to three feet high; which would house him safely from the freezing cold of late autumn and winter winds; and which would not capsize or fill with water in a hard rain and wind.

Being a river man, he knew how to use what he had to make his boat. He had for tools a hammer, saw, square and plane. He took a piece of paper and drew on it, first of all, a little sketch of the boat which he proposed to make, and I have drawn a similar sketch which is labeled No. 1, and is reproduced on this page.

This is the side view of the boat. Its greatest length is 16 feet; the length on the bottom is 13 feet; the depth of the hull is 30 inches; the height of the cabin above the gunwales, or top of the hull, is 4 feet; the deck is 5 feet long; the length of the cabin is 11 feet. All of these figures are shown on the dotted lines.

Also, there is shown on this diagram two windows, each 18 inches square. One could have larger or smaller windows, and instead of hav-

ing two windows, one larger window, say one two feet square. There is no rule for building a shanty-boat. One can vary the plans according to whim or material. I knew a man who built a shanty-boat in which there was not a piece of wood more than four feet long, using only packing box boards. The boat was 10 feet long, 4 feet wide, and a clearance or headroom of 5 feet in the cabin. He lived in this boat all winter.

Now there are two other views to be had of the cabin-boat which the river man planned. These were the end and top views. No. 2 shows the end view.

This is the end view of the cabin, and shows the door from the deck into the cabin. This doorway is 28 inches wide by 4 feet high. The floor of the cabin is shown, resting on the stringers, which are 2x6 inches. The roof is shown. It is almost, but not quite, a flat roof. The center is six inches higher than the sides.

The bottom and sides of the hull are shown, nailed to the frame-work of the hull—the simplest kind of a frame. It consists simply of a piece of hemlock or other studding, 6 feet long, 6 inches wide by 2 inches thick. Then two pieces of studding 30 inches long, 4 inches wide, and 2 inches thick are sawed. (The studding may be had 1½ inches thick, if desired). These two short pieces are nailed to the long pieces in Diagram No. 2. For a boat hull 16 feet long, there should be seven of these frames, one every 22 inches, center to center, except the bow one, which will be 20 inches from the next one aft from it.

The arrangement of these frames is seen in both No. 1 and No. 2 diagrams—the wide, black lines. The three bow frames are rectangles; each one has two pieces six feet long, one for the bottom plank, one for the deck plank.

The planking for the hull, sides and bottom may be either matched lumber, or flooring, 1½ inches thick, or it may be planed boards, 1½ inches thick. The matched flooring is easiest to make water tight.

The hull, as the river man built it, was upside down. He put up the frames, and tied them at exactly the right distances apart with strips of

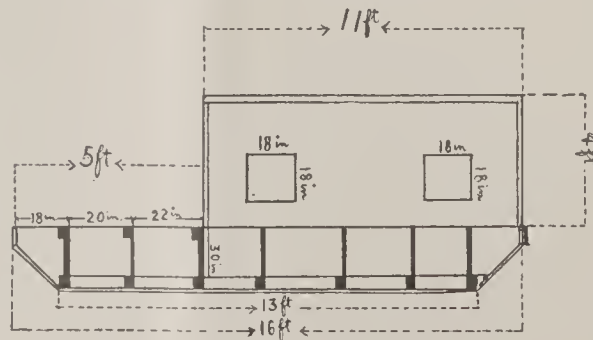


Diagram No. 1.

board, nailed lightly to each of the studding frames. The frames rested on boards on a level piece of ground.

Having got the hull frames accurately placed, he nailed on the matched flooring for the bottom of the boat. It was just like laying a floor, except that he painted each tongue and groove of the thick flooring with white lead, and stretched a light cotton cord in each groove, plentifully daubed with white lead. This was to prevent the water from leaking through the seams. As the flooring came in 14-foot lengths, one strip reached from bow to stern of the bottom.

The tongue on the first outside piece was carefully cut off and planed down. Also, the

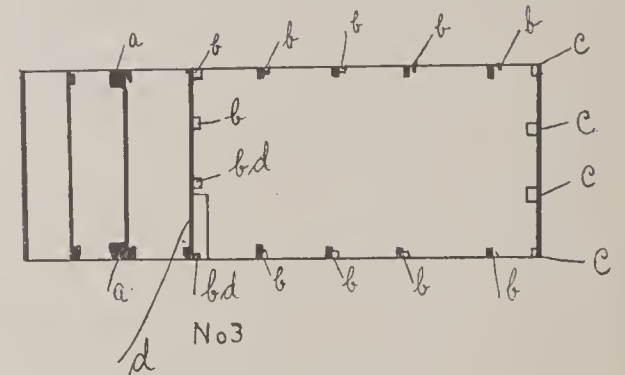


Diagram No. 3.

first board laid projected over the ends of the frames so that the side planking would rest upon it.

When the bottom was nailed on, the side boards were nailed on, the tongue having been shaved off, and plenty of white lead and cotton string being used to make a tight joint.

Now the side planks had to be 16 feet long. As the sides were 30 inches high, there were five planks six inches wide (not counting the tongue). Also, the ends of these planks had to be shaped for the rake at the bow and the stern.

The first plank was cut 13 feet long on the bottom, which rests on the bottom plank. The top of this plank was cut 14 feet long. That is, each end was cut at an angle of 45 deg., as appears in Diagram No. 4.

After the first planks have been nailed on the sides, the second planks are cut. As these planks are six inches wide, the second pair are 15 feet long at the longest, the next 16 feet long; and the two top planks are 16 feet long, and square at the ends. The five widths of plank make the boat hull 30 inches deep. Many houseboats have only 24-inch deep hulls, even on the Mississippi.

The hardest work on the whole boat, perhaps, is fitting in the plank for the bow and stern rakes so that they will not leak. There are two ways of covering the two rakes. One is to lay the rake planks lengthwise of the boat, as the bottom planks are laid. The other way is to cut

the boards into lengths 6 feet 3 inches long, and lay them across the bow, after fitting in studding to lay them on. Perhaps the better way is to lay them lengthwise.

Bumpers are spiked across the ends of the boat. These bumpers are simply two-inch planed plank, 6 inches wide and 6 feet 3 inches long. There are two at each end. When they are nailed fast, two pieces of studding are fitted in each of the rakes to back the rake planking.

The rake planking is sawed so that the ends will fit against the bottom plank ends and against the side of the bottom edge of the bumper. This is easily understood by looking at diagram No. 4 "a."

These short lengths are about 2 feet 3 inches long on the long side, and 2 feet long on the short side. But if the boat isn't built on exact dimensions, the best way to do is to measure for each piece—that's the way the unskilled Mississippi River shanty-boater does.

The great secret of a tight boat, that won't leak, is to use just enough of white lead and calking of cotton string—loose waste or cord or unraveled cotton rope or oakum, especially in such ticklish places as in the bow and stern rakes.

When the hull is planked, the boat is turned over. Then the deck is laid—ordinary inch spruce or pine flooring will serve for this. But it is a good plan to white lead each tongue and groove, and lay a cotton string, well daubed with white lead, along the grooves.

If the boat is going to lie at anchor, there is no need of oars and oar pin heads. But if the boat is to be rowed around, or float down stream, a little thought must be given to the question of oars.

Two lengths of white oak, or other good hard wood, 42 inches long, and 4x4 inches makes the best oar pin heads. Before the deck planking is laid, these posts should be squared off at the bottom and top, and then bolted or spiked to the side planking and through the studding frames in the position shown at "a," "a" in diagram No. 3.

In the tops of these posts is bored a 5/8-inch hole in the exact center. Then a 15-inch length of round 3/4-inch bar iron is driven into each hole till about five inches sticks up. On these irons the sweeps swing. Of course, instead of these pins, one can have oar-locks for the sweeps.

When the deck is laid, and the flooring is laid in the cabin part of the hull, it is time to build the cabin. Now there is the widest possible



There is no Camping Luxury Greater Than Good Reading on a Rainy Day.

range for a cabin. One can put a "rag house" on the hull. This is simply a tent, pitched on poles nailed to the hull, and the tent is perhaps the simplest of the shanty-boat cabins. The next simplest is the tar-paper cabin. There are hundreds of river people who live in tar-paper cabin boats down the Mississippi—they claim the tar keeps the mosquitoes away! Just as simple, and much more durable is the roofing paper cabin.

A frame is built out of 2x1 1/2 spruce or pine. Twelve pieces are cut six feet long. Five of these are put along each side of the hull, and nailed one in each amidships corner of the cabin, and one to each of the hull frame uprights (b, b, b, b, b, diagram No. 3). Four are cut five feet long and nailed in the corners "c," "c," where the rake comes.

On top of these uprights are laid two plates, each 11 feet 6 inches long. These plates are 2-1/2-inch material, like the uprights.

The carlins, which reach from side to side of the uprights, are 6 feet 6 inches long (diagram 4, x). They are inch boards, sawed in a curve so that they are 6 inches wide in the center, and 1 inch wide at the ends. Six are required, one for each pair of uprights. They are nailed to the plates, and the curve gives the pitch to the roof.

If the sides and roof are to be covered with roofing material—which makes as good a boat as any—thin boards are nailed on the uprights and on the carlins. Then the roofing is carefully fastened to this siding.

A space is left at "d," diagram No. 3, for the doorway, and windows are sawed out and glazed according to one's desires. The river man does not have a window facing the bow deck, as a rule. This is so that when the boat is moored bow to the bank, no one can look into the window.

In putting on the housing material, the main

thing is to have the boat tight, so that wind cannot come through anywhere. Every least crack should be chinked up tight.

The door is fitted in at the deck end of the cabin. Perhaps 28 inches is a good width for young folks, and many river house-boats have no wider doors. The door framing is made of planed boards, 3 inches wide, with a jamb of 2-inch wide material, nailed to the uprights (bd, bd, diagram No. 4). The door is four feet high, and swings on hinges, like a barn mow or garret door.

A step is put under the door, so that it will not be so far to climb out of the cabin onto the deck, through the doorway.

A small stove for cooking and heating should be mounted firmly in the cabin. The galvanized pipe should go through a piece of sheet iron with a hole in the center in the roof. The sheet iron collar is to prevent the roof catching fire, and the chimney should extend about two feet above the roof.

A pair of oars, fifty feet of half-inch line for



Your Glad Rags Can be Kept in Apple Pie Order.



This Little Boat Boasts the Luxury of a Brass Bed.



"Above the Deep Pool Where the Trout Are Carousing."

mooring the boat to the bank by the oar-heads, or to anchor it by a good iron chunk or real anchor, and 150-foot long $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch line for towing or emergencies, are the boat's equipment. A tin pump for bailing in case of a leak is good to have for emergency.

The furnishings for the cabin are a matter of taste. There should be a table, chairs, cot or iron bedstead, cupboard, stove, and window curtains. A woodbox by the stove, and a coal-box under the bow deck is a good arrangement. A cooler can be built outside hanging over the stern from the cabin—just a box with shelves, reached through a little trap door at the rear of the cabin. A toilet can easily be constructed over the stern of the boat, in the rear of the cabin, if desired.

It is always well to have a shelf for books, magazines and other reading matter on board a house-boat. There is no camping luxury greater than good reading on a rainy day.

It would be difficult to estimate the cost of such a pick-up shanty-boat. The river man sometimes builds his boat alongside a drift pile on the river bank or the head of an island. His expense is limited to nails, time and tools—and he uses old tools.

Cost of lumber varies in every town, and so does the cost of a carpenter, if one hires help. But even if one pays for good lumber and hires a union carpenter, the cost of a house-boat need not be more than \$30.00 to \$50.00. This first cost

could be cut down almost indefinitely, as the river man does it. With sides and roof built of roofing and a light frame, the cost of material may be kept down to less than \$15.00 for the cabin and well within \$25.00 for hull and all.

It would require from four days to a week to build such a boat as has been described—two carpenters would not take more than two or three days—four to six days' time—to construct the floating camp.

All the material for a very elaborate shanty-boat would cost less than \$50.00; the material for a plain scow and cabin, fit for an all summer camping out (not counting furnishings) could probably be had for less than \$10.00 in many places, for less than \$5.00 if one obtained second-hand lumber. One of the finest shanty-boats I ever saw was built from salvage of a worn-out coal barge abandoned by the company.

It is worth observing that the river man generally obtains his picked-up material first and then plans his boat to fit the material. Thus his boat will be long and narrow, or wide and short, according to the planking for the bottom, or the frame material, or his strake material.

INTERESTING BIG GAME STORY COMING.

Athalmer, East Kootenay, British Columbia.
Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am packed up ready to start on a grizzly bear hunt in the main range of the Rockies on the Kootenay River, which trip, with others I have

taken after moose, sheep and goat, will enable me to gather material for a story for you of this region and its big game possibilities, including some photos.

Some few years ago—I forget the exact date—when superintendent of the Canadian Camp Club, Missisauqua Forest Reserve, Northern Ontario, I was obliged to call sharply to account several members (from Chicago) who on their canoe trip down the Missisauqua River from Biscotasing to Club House—a two hundred and fifty-mile run—for shooting moose and deer out of season (July and August) and leaving them to rot on the river banks.

You published that letter *verbatim*, with splendid results. Several congratulatory letters came along from the big game sportsmen, and although the members' names were not mentioned, they took the hint and resigned from the club.

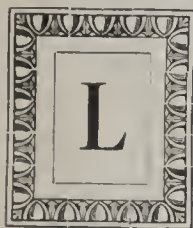
In my opinion *Forest and Stream* as a magazine is a big improvement on the weekly journal. I note several interesting as well as instructive letters in the two issues to hand, also some letters that come under my experience as a British gamekeeper.
J. H.

Rhineland, Wis.—In order to encourage fishermen and sportsmen to come to Oneida county, the Rhineland Advancement Association has prepared a two-color map showing the 232 lakes and 11 trout streams within a 12-mile radius of this city.

Good and Bad Cooks and Cooking In The Woods

Too Often Both are Bad, But There Is No Earthly Reason Why—A Few Cautionary Observations by One Who Has Been There

By "Old Camper."



LIKE the man who hastened to take the affirmative side of the proposition that honesty is the best policy—because he had tried both—the writer may be excused for saying something about good and bad cooking in the woods. He, also, has tried both, and has had both kinds tried on him. The old-fashioned camp cooking idea was simple. It involved merely the theory and practice of slapping a lot of fat pork in a pan, mixing up an indigestible mess of dough in any old receptacle that happened to be handy and raising Hades generally with otherwise good food.

We used to think in the early, but not the salad days, that grease, ashes and indigestion were compensated for and made bearable by the lot of fun which long trips into the wilderness included. But as years went by and the experience and reflection attendant upon sleepless nights began to bear on the case, the conclusion was that the man who goes into the woods and suffers physiological distress or semi-starvation, deserves all that he gets—or don't get.

One of the time-honored traditions that must be shattered, and which gets what may be called the "merry hoot" from those who have been there, is that all cooking in the woods is good. It is not. On the contrary, jail or worse yawns for wreckers of human health who sometimes in the woods pose as cooks. When the writer stops to think of the hundreds of pounds of exquisite trout and succulent game he has seen spoiled by woods cooking; when he thinks back over a record of seas of grease and dough that have been inflicted on the city innocent, he wonders sometimes that there are any guides of a certain stripe still unstriped. Marvelous indeed must be the soothing influence of the outdoors that has restrained some of the victims from rising up in their might and throttling the cause of their culinary troubles.

Do not think, gentle reader, that good cooking is impossible in the woods. That is the place to get it, but the secret does not come by inspiration. Also the man who can cook is more than a mere toiler; he is an artist gifted of the wood's gods themselves. More power and long life to him, as certainly a longer life will come to those happy enough to fall under his deft influence.

Making still another reservation, it is not always bad cooking alone that spoils wilderness journeys. Even good cooking of the wrong food points the way to indigestion. It is foolish for any man of sedentary habits to assume that he can break away from town, plunge into the woods and begin to live as does the horny-handed guide, who usually is no more than a human digesting machine anyhow. He cannot do it—that is, he cannot do it and be happy.

Now it may make this article look like a scientific treatise to begin to talk offhand about calories, proteins, carbohydrates, etc., etc., but to squeeze the science out of these observations and get down to the elementary facts of the case, what right has the city man to break away from civilization and celebrate by an initial stowing away where it is supposed that the most good will result, of two or three pounds of greasy beans, a corresponding quantity of still greasier pork and a case-lining of half-baked dough, hastily mixed up in a bread pan? It is no wonder that visions of terror form the dreams during broken slumber following such a repast, and that the waking moments are fully occupied with figuring out the exact location of each new pain.

Do not do it. Even if the rest of your party look on you as a tenderfoot, be choice about what you take into your system, until Nature knows of the harder work you are doing and fortifies you to the extent that you can stand something stronger. In these days of desiccated vegetables, evaporated fruits and condensed foods generally, to say nothing of the supplies of fresh stuff

which are not half as hard to get or lug along as some old saddle back of a woodsman would have you believe, there is no reason for eating the soles of your shoes and living generally as the foolish seem to like to do. Neither is it compulsory that you live off the country as you go through it. The men who say they do this are either liars or have been reduced to the level of the wandering Indian, who usually starves half of the time and renders himself useless the other half because someone hands him a meal, or mayhap he has been lucky enough to run across game or fish.

Do not be afraid to be a tenderfoot in the matter of eating; do not be afraid to insist that your guide shall follow your wishes as long as you are reasonable in asking him to do things not beyond his capability or circumstances. Twenty pounds additional of food when packed is much easier to carry than a smaller burden in the stomach in the shape of something that you cannot digest. If this is plain speaking, it is still the truth, and for that matter the outgrowth of bilious experience.

Let the man who boasts of being able to subsist on rock tripe and a few green weeds, or a few dried weeds if it happens to be in the winter season, do all the boasting and all the subsisting that it may please him to endure. You do not have to do it; no white man or white woman has to, and those who ignorantly allow others to make them stand for it, are to be pitied.

To change to the pleasant side of the subject, woods cooking properly done is about the best cooking in the world; first, because it is the simplest, and second, because those to whom it is offered usually have that finest of all sauces, an honest appetite and hunger.

This continent may have been, and probably was, opened to civilization through the medium of fat pork or its logical combination, "hog and hominy." At that, it is also true that our ancestors would have lived longer and been much happier if they had had less pork, or rather less grease and more broiled meat food. And they could have had the latter oftener if they had wanted it, so that the excuse of necessity does not hold here.

Is it not true, putting the question up to you, *Forest and Stream* reader, that your own woods experience has consisted of too much fat grease and too little of real food? You cannot go into the wilderness calculating ahead like the captain of an ocean steamer that you will need so many pounds of heat-producing fuel to keep things moving for a certain length of time, but you can at least rearrange your dietary to your own happiness and comfort.

I know without being reminded that after having been on a week or two weeks' trip in the wilderness anything tastes good and it is also true



Shades of Nessmuk! Where Did "Old Camper" Find This Tea Kettle?

that at such a stage of the game it is good—that is, it is much better than at the beginning of the trip. I have seen lumber-camp cooks do wonderful things with grease and the lowly but substantial bean. The big iron pot full of the latter, after a night's baking in the hot sand, throws an aroma on the air so enticing as not to be resisted, and the shanty bread, baked in corpulent loaves after the self-same style of a night's burying in the sand, sticks by you for a long time. Men get fat on it, and probably the sentiment of the real shanty man is as he expresses it through the magic of Drummond's verse:

"Some folk say she's bad for leever, but for man
work hard on reever,
Dat's de bes' t'ing I can tole you, dat was never
yet be seen,
Course dere's oder t'ing ah tak me, fancy dish
also I lak me.
But w'en I want somet'ing solid, please pass me
de pork an' bean."

I am not going to tell you what to eat, for as some wise man has said "One man's bed is another man's breakfast food," and as long as I do not tell you what to eat there is no sense in my trying to tell you how to cook it. There are several golden maxims, however, that will apply to the case of any city man going into the woods. One is, to eschew the pork for a day or two, at least, or until broken into the harness, and another is to chew well and long everything one does eat.

It is better to vary the dietary as much as possible, although some people do not like what is known as mixed cooking. Well do I remember the pride with which I once originated what to me seemed a perfectly balanced ration, consisting of vegetables, a little meat and one or two other odds and ends that chemically and mathematically figured out as ideal for any man who was undergoing hard physical labor. The friends to whom I presented this result of much deep thinking, not a few bad burns and a sleepless night or two spent in keeping the fire going and stirring the pot, ungratefully bestowed on my proud solution of the camper's food necessity the title of "Three in One." I never succeeded in realizing that record numerically, but I recall that I did get the proportions reversed; that is, I got one—the first one—into three, and those three time-tested friends persuaded me that if I lugged in the fish and game they would attend to the cooking. So I have had lots of time while attending to other things to study camp cooking problems, for no man who spends time steaming his anatomy over a boiling open-fire kettle has

the opportunity to think of anything, let alone the subject in hand. I know that, for I myself bear the scars and wounds of past culinary camp experience.

Having thus successfully dodged the main issue, we will close the subject and proceed to tell about a man who is not afraid to set down his own views in detailed form.

"Camp Craft"—The Best Craft of All

Latest of the Big Family of Outdoor Literature

THE author who is bold enough and confident enough in these days of portly sporting goods catalogues and the voluminous literature already on the market, to write a new book on camp outfitting and living, deserves more than passing notice. Not discouraged by any of the factors mentioned, Warren Miller in "Camp Craft" (Scribners'), has proven the right to immortality among the elect who have within the past quarter of a century or more, given us so much good advice on outdoor living. Probably old codgers will snort as they go through different chapter and chuckle



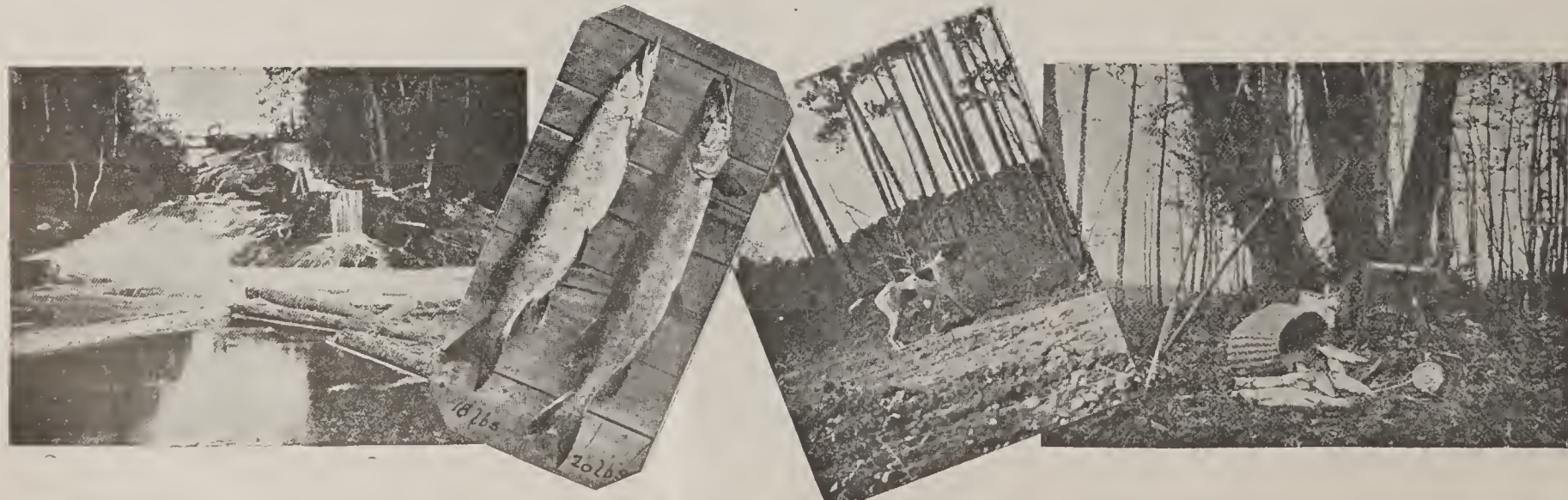
The Canoeist in Camp.

that "I knew that thirty years ago," or pass remarks of similar tenor, but what is the difference? The old codgers will read the book just the same, with as much interest as anybody else, and they will all buy it, too, for they as a class follow sporting literature closer than the younger generation. We can say, and we are rather old codgerish, too, that Mr. Miller has brought out a splendid volume, and even though, perforce, his illustrations of necessity do contain a reminder here and there of the sporting goods catalogue, the old story is as good as ever, and what is more surprising, every once in a while the reader runs to something new, which shows that Mr.

Miller not only is acquainted with all that the veteran of the woods claims as his particular knowledge, but a lot of things that the old codger has been too lazy to acquire. Perhaps the old-timer will smile at some of the author's descriptions of his improvements and will cry them down, but Mr. Miller is writing for the new generation more than the old, and he does tell a lot about things that the new generation will be wise to adopt in toto, or in a corollary sense as showing the way to more healthful living. Mr. Miller's book is a good one; it is practical, and even though his readers may not experience the boy-like enthusiasm of the author in doing things in a particular way, they will realize at least that Mr. Miller has not attempted to tell them anything that he has not first tried on himself with success and seeming benefit.

What an array of books outdoor literature has given us! There is the first—and best of all—Nessmuk's Woodcraft, still a classic. There is Kephart's volume, now split into several parts and still as popular as ever; there is Dr. Breck's *vade mecum*, than which there is nothing better in recent years; Stewart Edward White's "The Forest," with its charming language, its almost poetic beauty, and yet practical in every line—in fact, volume after volume might be mentioned, but space will not permit, even though the feelings of authors not included may be injured. They are all good, and in the multiplicity of expert advice tendered the man or the woman who would fare forth into the woods for enjoyment or health, Mr. Miller's latest production deserves highest consideration. If he has overlooked anything—and a rather careful reading of the volume does not indicate that—let us not worry. Someone else will supply it soon. In fact, the writer himself has been cogitating something of the kind for a long time past, but Brother Miller seems, through his greater industry and more expert knowledge, to have gotten there first.

OLD CAMPER.



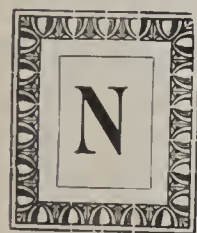
A Few Pictures That Anybody Can Arrange.



A Green Mountain Trout Stream.

Two Ideal Trout Streams Near New York

By Henry Wellington Wack.



NOT one of us understood how he did it. We borrowed his female Beaverkills, his Hares Ears, His Wickham's Fancy; but the trout merely dodged and sought the deeper shadows. We even wore our stocks backwards, made his odd little grimaces at the glinting swiftwater, and imitated his subtle dip at the end of his cast. But nothing came to our creels that resplendent afternoon in May.

Yet there he was; splashing through the tumbling stream, dipping now here, now there, and filling his creel with brown trout and natives as if they were members of his own parish. It was exasperating!

Away up in Sorrel, the *bas* Canada of his earlier habitat, the parish followed him in like manner, and maid and matron, and every seigneur loved him for that rare quality which no one had ever defined because of its elusive, transcendent character. The doughty Vicar of the Willowemoc was no ordinary gentleman, even

if he were a sporting cleric, as fond of the rod and gun as of the ecclesiastic function. To him the sky was the Great Temple; the rippling, purling brook the Song of Songs; nature's lambent colors the robe of state; mists at dawn, spiced incense, and her bounty manna to the worthy. Peace reigned in his kindly heart; the perception of the martin gleamed in his shy, blue eyes; and if his soft white cuffs frayed over his ruddy knuckles, that was beneath the notice of a proud little man without a wife to keep him presentably in repair. After all, the essential life did not reside in either end of a shirt!

Evidently nature had adopted the Vicar before the church called him to her service. Yet no one on the Willowemoc had ever seen him whip the stream upon the Sabbath. There are some things even a well-beloved sporting Vicar cannot do in the edge of Sullivan County where the winter gossip gathers stranger forms at every utterance. But he could soliloquize upon the piscatorial lie as well on Sunday as on any other day. And, oh, how graciously he could meet a lady wading his beloved stream, and assuage her

disappointment by slipping half a score of speckled little fighters into her yawning basket and bless the day and the sport for her with that indescribable flavor of speech of the Irish dominie at his best.

Quite natural, therefore, that we sought the sight and sound of the Vicar around that quaint little hamlet, DeBruce, which sits snugly near the bank of the Willowemoc, hardby its renowned neighbor, the Beaverkill, in Sullivan County, New York.

There are not over many anglers who have discovered DeBruce, albeit it has a host in Miss Ada Cooper, of the Old Homestead, whose cheerful hospitality forms one of its exceptional attractions. It is about 115 miles north of Manhattan, over good automobile roads by way of Fort Lee, Tuxedo, Monroe, Goshen, Middletown, Liberty and Livingston Manor. Whitcomb Riley's description of the Town o' Tailholt almost fits it:

"There ain't no style in our town, hits little like an' small;
There ain't no churches, nuther, jest the meetin' house is all."

Come to think of it again, there *is* a church at DeBruce, for where would the little Vicar expound the benevolent doctrines of that forest region if there were not? And there's more than

the meetin' house when I recall the Old Homestead, and Joe Cooper's general store and post-office, his deft way of tying flies and the deliberate authority with which he recounts the great catches that have been submitted for his approval by that group of skillful anglers from Monroe, whose catches are fast making DeBruce famous.

But it is not DeBruce that you will go to see. That tenacious and combative little fellow, the brown trout, lying in wait for you in the deep pools of the Willowemoc, is the real lure of the sportsmen who visit that exhilarating region where the laurel, pine and rhododendron jungle up the hills. And when you have been there once, you go again and yet again, just as the Monroe and other knowing Waltonians whip its streams regularly many times each year.

It depends, of course, upon conditions of weather and water, but May, June and July are big months with the trout around DeBruce, on the Willowemoc, and Claryville, on the Neversink. You may find the pink-faced and smiling Vicar at either of these points, though his passion with the rod generally centers at DeBruce. He or Joe Cooper will tell you all about the habits and habitat of *salvelinus fontinalis* in these streams. They will tell you what particular flies the game fancies when you are there, and how capriciously that fancy alters from day to day. So that, like most of the good things of the robust out-door life, there is nothing mathematically certain at the end of a cast, however skillful.

Speculate liberally with the contents of your flybook. I have tried twenty-seven different flies in one day and finally found the one for which they were greedy. When you do cast the fly they want you will have rare sport of a kind that lingers long in the memory.

The trout on these streams are a lively quarry, firm of flesh and full of fight. They are not the liver-fed, indolent variety of the flats around Manhattan. Theirs is cold mountain water.

Wear abundant wool within your waders. The air in these hills is rarified and bracing, for the altitude is somewhat high. The water is fast, but, except in the event of flood, always negotiable by the experienced and careful flycaster.

Equip with both warm and cool clothing from peak to pedal, for the mornings and nights are often cold; the midday generally warm. Amber goggles are a comfort. Late in June and July gloves prevent skeeter bites and profanity, albeit there are few pests to molest.

Garage accommodation and gas can be had at DeBruce. Flies, baskets, boots, nets and other equipment, can be bought of Joe Cooper—in case you lose yours on the way. In short: no worries await you in that hospitable land.

If you wish to remain upon the stream all day, Miss Cooper starts you off in the morning with a lunch which fits your pocket, then your outdoor appetite.

A blazing open hearth fire greets your return, whether you have the big fellow in your creel or not. You will find good company sitting around the fire, dreaming of or recounting golden days adown some likely stream. If your clothes are wet and you have been irresponsible enough to come without a change for dinner, you can hang yourself on a drying hook and—desiccate. But only idiots and amateurs of a certain noodle type

go fly fishing a week in one pair of pants. As our friend, Gen. Frank A. Bond, of North Carolina, vehemently declared: "From the bottom tew the top of a spoatsman's kit, there mus' be no lack of pants. It am mighty embarrassin' tew a true gentleman to be without 'em, no mattah who ain't lookin'."



My Lady Makes a Record of the Catch.

There is an exceptional charm about the Willowemoc near DeBruce. It is an ideal water for the woman who has risen to the gentle art of angling. A fair auto road parallels the stream at an average distance of an eighth of a mile. The angler may leave his car anywhere beside this road, assured that the natives of the region will not tap the lunch basket or appropriate the tools. Our friends of DeBruce and Claryville are not only honest themselves, but they insist

upon that and other virtues in visitors. They don't invite the dipsomaniac, the ruffian, and the game-hog to invade their country. Unless you find the conduct of gentility natural to you, and unless you can enjoy the stream in amicable relationship with your chance neighbor, don't infest the Willowemoc and the Neversink. They are not quite the right places for sprees, vulgarities and greed. Modern sportsmanship abhors these attributes.

Gilbert Palcn, Clarence Knight, Fred. Jacquemin, Stacy Gaunt, Harvey Anderson and other gentlemen from Monroe, N. Y., took out a fine lot on May 18th, ranging from eleven to sixteen inches. Of their several catches the brown trout predominated. With the advent of warmer weather the season on these streams and on the Esopus River promises to be very gratifying.

If your luck isn't just what you think it ought to be, sidle up to the amiable Vicar, make honest confession, and he will impart the secret of success on the swiftwater around DeBruce. If your waders spring a leak and you are thereby compelled to trudge home heartsick, cold and wet, chirp cheerfully and Miss Cooper and a hot toddy will rescue you in a truly maternal manner.

I have gone far afield many years and learned to recognize the cold, glass-eyed and calculating host on the one hand, and the warm hearted generous kind whose interest in the angler is not wholly measured by the check he leaves, on the other. Miss Cooper at DeBruce and Mrs. Brush at Claryville are both the right sort of members of the brotherhood of sportsmen. At Claryville the house is small and arrangements must be made in advance.

Finally, the Willowemoc and the Neversink are glorious streams for him who still thrills at a fine hard strike where the spurling foam laughs at its shadow and the cool, dark pool hides the wary big one which every cast seeks to catch.

On May 28th, Elwood C. Smith, an attorney, Dr. Wm. Sutherland, William Fowler and W. S. Jessup of Monroe, returned from DeBruce with a fine catch, despite the inclement weather. They reported the water of good depth, but the nights rather cold. An inch of ice covered still water on May 26th.

Since then, however, another party, composed of Dr. Rulison, Al. Anderson, John Martin and A. Jacquemin of Monroe, have found conditions ideal for this season's sport.



And Later Someone Returns the Compliment.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Midland Beach Fishing Club

A Progressive Body of Anglers

By William E. Simmons.

THE Midland Beach Fishing Club is not a hibernating body. When winter comes it does not go to sleep, nor lapse into indoor habits of yarning and overhauling tackle. It keeps in the open and substitutes long distance field casting for surf casting. Every Sunday, regardless of weather, led by such enthusiasts as Dr. Carleton Simon and Commodore Kurtz, the members assemble at Midland Park, Grant City, Staten Island, and vie with each

other in trying to hurl the lead beyond the 375-foot mark.

The accompanying photographs portray them in one of those winter meets at which the new game of angling golf is alternated with distance casting. And concerning that game of angling golf, it may be said, that, although new to this country, it has been played in England for years. The first picture represents the members in the field on Sunday, April 18. In the group are



Dr. Carleton Simon, Who Holds the World's Record For a Long Distance Cast.

Dr. E. Saberta, president of the club; Dr. Carleton Simon, holder of the casting record; Edward Merrell, captain of the field; Fred. Fitch, Commodore Kurtz, Sidney Rice, Edward E. Davis, who landed the record striped bass and bluefish in 1913, LeRoy Kurtz, J. W. Moore, Karl Durand, Robert Corson, Earnest Barnett, Willis M. Finch, E. Kronje, M. De Cocci, and Dr. Raynor.

The club is three years old and has about 150 members. It holds spring and fall casting tournaments every year, at which all casters of the different fishing clubs are made welcome. The club is the holder of the Finch Banner, which is the championship emblem of the casting world. This banner has been won two years in succession by Dr. Carleton Simon, and it needs to be won only once more to become the property of the club. The 1915 spring tournament was held on the 27th instant, at the Staten Island Fair Grounds, Dongan Hills. The fall tournament will be held in September, about the 15th. The officers for the current year are: Dr. E. Saberta, president; J. W. Kelly, vice-president; William Paul, treasurer, and Le Roy Kurtz, secretary.

The club is building a beautiful house at the Midland Beach pier, in Queen Anne style, and it will be ready for the coming season. The accommodations will include a general meeting room; a ladies' reception room, and individual lockers. The formal opening and housewarming will take place at the conclusion of the spring casting tournament, on the evening of June 27. The friends of the club are cordially invited to make its house their headquarters.

The Golf Casting Club of America, of which Commodore B. M. Kurtz is president, is making rapid strides at the new game and it invites all golf enthusiasts to visit its casting grounds at Midland Park, Grant City, where members will be found every Sunday. Any persons interested in the game will be welcomed and initiated into its intricacies. Mr. Sidney Rice is secretary of the club.



Top Picture—Members of the Midland Beach Fishing Club Assembled for Practice. Middle Picture—Just After the Cast. Bottom Picture—Breathless Interest in the Measurement of a Record Cast.

The Fighting Red Fish of the Gulf

Story of the Thrilling Contest and Information As to Where Great Sea Fishing is to be Had

By F. B. Jones.

Trout, bass, pickerel, muscallonge—all have their many admirers, but as to just why the red fish has escaped the notoriety usually given to the game fish is immaterial; the request for a fish story, however, recalls to our mind the most severe test of what little skill we had acquired in forty or fifty years' experience as a fisherman, yet at the same time the most thoroughly satisfying sport in that line that we ever enjoyed. Even the prolonged pleasure of bringing to gaff a sea bass of 63 pounds in the waters of Hell Gate, with both wind and tide against us (some fight of itself) some 40 years ago, or a tarpon of 124 pounds off the coast of Florida in more recent years only add to our exalted opinion of the fighting qualities of the red fish when in his prime and on his chosen feeding grounds.

Recalling the incident, brings the location and the surroundings prominently before us and as to why Galveston, Texas, that perfect paradise for fishermen, is seemingly so sadly neglected and other very inferior places in comparison, so thoroughly exploited, is possibly explained by a want of or lack of knowledge as to the facts. Little information therefore as to those points may not be amiss.

Galveston, as is well known, is on an island of that name on the coast country of Texas, the city itself being practically surrounded by water, the city limits extending to the waters of the Gulf on the south and east, and to those of Galveston Bay on the west and north. In these waters may be found tarpon (the silver king), red fish (not the red snapper of Campeche Bay), Spanish mackerel, salt water trout, sheep head, pompano, flounder, and many other species of minor importance in very large numbers. You can sit or stand in the city limits or within 500 feet thereof, and hook most or all of these fish every day of the year. We recall a day's fishing on the south jetties, just beyond the Forts, when we very frequently hooked and landed two large sheep head at a single cast, while our companion was doing much better, landing three at a clip and once four that weighed close to twenty pounds.

As the red fish only has to do with our story and it is not found in many localities, a short description might be in order. In color it is rather light, not red as the name would suggest; in younger stages almost creamy white, underneath, with a very faint bronze tint on the sides, growing all the while darker until joined at the center of the back. As the fish grows older the color takes almost a coppery tint much darker and more beautiful than in younger stages; hence the name red fish. When young they are built very much along the lines of the brook trout, but as they grow older become, evidently from their chosen environment, gradually thicker and broader until when about 40 or 50 pounds (very seldom taken) they become more like the fresh water "salmon," caught in the rapids of the Wabash river just below Vincennes, Indiana, some forty or fifty years ago, than anything we can recall.

The chosen element of the red fish appears to be just in advance of the coming tropical storm, when they come within touch of the shore line,

lie in the deep waters just off shore, allow both tide and wind to reach their utmost limit. Then, with the surf beating upon the beach in great violence, the ebb tide just beginning to flow, every particle of the Gulf in sublime turmoil and confusion, if you would enjoy genuine sport, are active, a man of steady nerve, cast your line—he, the red fish, the king of the finny tribes, weight for weight, is there in his element and will give you a fight that will not only test your sporting qualities but your endurance as well.

Under just such conditions we had waded out into the surf waist deep, cast our hand line about two hundred feet in advance, just had time to steady ourselves against the strong undertow, when we felt the strike. For a few seconds we thought 'twas a veritable whale, it was a struggle to hold our own, in fact, during the first fifteen or twenty minutes we had lost considerable ground, with prospects very favorable that we would either have to abandon our (?) prize (an unthinkable procedure) or be dragged into deep water. You can imagine our relief when we heard very faintly above the roar of the surf—"Need any help?" Instinct and experience informed us that those on the beach had realized our predicament, that help was within arm's reach if absolutely necessary. Too busily occupied to answer or even to glance behind, we picked up courage, renewed our fast failing efforts and by the aid of the now fast-receding tide, were soon in shallow water, in our element, with our prize sure enough now, in tow, and we landed, after two hours of the most strenuous labor and glorious enjoyment a red fish of but thirty-eight pounds; our weight at that time was about one hundred and sixty pounds.

Lying on the beach for a "blow" in the full enjoyment of our prize it was only upon examination that we found our catch to be a female almost ready to spawn. For the sake of a couple of hours of sport we had robbed Nature of millions of millions of fish, enough to provide all Manhattan with fish for a week, if left undisturbed, and a fact was impressed on our mind never to be forgotten—Nature provides in very great abundance, but mankind wastes more than consumes—especially Americans.



WITH THE SPECKLED TROUT IN NORTHERN CANADA.

Gowganda, Ont., May 29, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In May the thoughts of all followers of Isaac Walton naturally turn to the fishing haunts and many hot discussions arise as to the relative merits of rods, reels, lines and flies.

It was in the third week of May that Sheppard, Taylor and I, desiring to prove our various contentions, organized a trip up Calcite Creek, six miles east of Gowganda.

Picking up our equipment at Wigwam we commenced our journey and were soon poling up the short rapids at the head of Lost Lake.

We then entered Calcite Lake, a deep narrow stretch of water. After paddling across this lake we entered Calcite Creek and here encountered another portage.

Two men took the canoes and Shep, who is an old-timer on the trail, insisted in spite of all our protests on taking the heaviest and bulkiest pack. We made short work of this portage and then after another short paddle negotiated another short lift and were then headed up the creek with straight paddling to the fishing grounds.

Arriving at the junction of Wilson Creek with Calcite we unlimbered our rods and hurried to see who could catch the first fish.

Well, the first man ready caught the first one, and for a time we pulled them in almost as fast as we could bait the hooks. They would average about ten inches in length, but we caught one fourteen.

We kept moving up the stream and fishing down with the current, holding our canoes by the brush on the banks. About 5:00 o'clock Wilson and I went about two miles upstream to the rapids near Beauty Lake portage to try there. This portage goes about three and a half miles across country to Beauty Lake, where there is some of the finest lake trout fishing in the North.

In the rapids here we had about thirty minutes of as lively work as one could wish landing 20 speckled beauties.

We then went back to Wilson Creek where we decided to camp for the night. After a hearty supper we pitched our tent and unpacked our blankets. When we did so Shep discovered, to his intense chagrin, why Taylor had not insisted on carrying the blankets. Some joker in town had wrapped about 30 pounds of rock with them and Taylor had found it out. We all had a good laugh at Shep's expense.

We tried the trout again in various places, in the morning, but they refused to bite, so we left for Lost Lake. We were able to run two of the rapids going down and were soon at Wigwam waiting for the arrival of our rig, after a very pleasant trip on which, besides the outing, we were able to secure 75 nice brook trout.

G. R. CRANN, M. D.

BEST THAT EVER WENT TO PRESS.

Wernersville, Pa., May 26, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am sending you the names of a few of my friends who are very fond of fishing and hunting, and I am going to ask you to send them each a sample copy of *Forest and Stream* for June. I also wish to state that I think your May number of *Forest and Stream* surpasses any outdoor magazine that ever went to press.

B. L. LORD.

Live Notes From The Field

Being Reports From Our Local Correspondents

Successful Fox Ranching in Nova Scotia

The Brighter Side of the Picture

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In the June number of *Forest and Stream* there is a short article on "Fur Farming," and mention is made of enormous profits that have been made from fox breeding. I quote the following from that article: "Obviously however the matter is still in the experimental stage, although it has received some attention for many years."



Their Great-Great-Grandsire's Pelt Sold for About \$2,500.

Evidently the writer of the above is not cognizant of the progress that has been made in Canada in breeding the silver black fox in captivity. This business dates back about twenty years, and although many failures and discouragements were encountered in the pioneer days patience and perseverance have been rewarded, and to-day the breeding and raising of black foxes in captivity is just as stable as any other livestock industry. The writer is a shareholder in three fox companies. These companies all ranch their foxes under one management for the sake of economy.

We have at the present time in the ranch forty breeders, and the crop of pups born in April, 1915, and now living, is forty-three, or slightly over 100 per cent. increase for the year. We have three litters of six each; two of these litters belong to mothers only one year old. Our foxes

have been ranch-bred for generations. They know no other life, are semi-domesticated, and perfectly contented with their environment.

I send you a picture of black fox pups two months old. One of them is taking food from her keeper. These pups are bred in the purple. Their great-great-grandsire's pelt sold in London, England, for \$2,445. This picture was taken in June, 1914. The fox that is eating out of the pan bears the distinguished name of "Princess Alice." In April, 1915, "Princess Alice," not quite one year old, presented her owners with four beautiful black pups, conservative value in this year of war, \$6,000. If any of the readers of *Forest and Stream* would like to visit the fox ranch, and study this industry first hand, I will extend to them a cordial invitation to come to Truro, Nova Scotia, and I will introduce them to Mr. E. J. Anderson, our ranch manager. Mr. Anderson will deem it a pleasure to conduct visitors through the fox pens, and show them the black beauties that are under his care.

DR. E. A. RANDALL,
Truro, Nova Scotia, June 8, 1915.

IT CARRIED HIM BACK TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

Jamaica, N. Y., May 19, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Your May number brings word of an old friend—John Paul! In 1904 John lived at the head of Seal Harbor, with his wife and children and her first batch—she having been married before.

I went up to Pelly's Island on a tramp steamer and heard of John Paul there, so down through Pretty Tickle to Badger Bay and up Seal Harbor we went in the old "Greyhound" to find John. We were told he would be back toward sundown. To kill time the skipper brought a Victor out on deck and when John Paul arrived alongside in a rodney, it was playing "Come Back to Erin." A small kid (whom I think must be the same son referred to by Bolling in his story, "Across Newfoundland"), looked up to see who was singing. When he saw that infernal machine with a man's voice coming out of the horn, he made a dive under the bow sheets and nothing would coax him out. It was sure "Bad Medicine!"

I had a good trip with John and his stepson—

then a lad of 17. The boy was awfully green, but John knew his trade, and a more willing little Indian I never met.

Coming out we saw a cricket (a yearling caribou). John blatted to him and bobbed the antlers he was carrying on top of his pack. We approached within thirty yards. I was admiring the little fellow when John said, insinuatingly, "He do have nice haanches, Mr. Low!" They were nice but I did not take them. After we had played with him as we had, it was too much like looking upon Daisy's calf as a sporting proposition.

My! but that was a nice trip, and I am glad Bolling and *Forest and Stream* took me back there for a few minutes after all these years.

R. L. Low.

HOW DID GULLS LEARN THIS TRICK?

Germantown, Pa., June 4, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In the June number of *Forest and Stream* is an interesting communication regarding the manner in which a sea gull opens a clam by dropping it from a considerable height on a gravel road or broad concrete piling.

At Broadwater, Virginia, where there are no gravel roads, I have often watched the gulls at low tide drop clams on hard sandbars in the bay with a high percentage of smashes.

In that region it is a coincidence that low water, when the clams are found, is also the time that the bars are bare. If high water was the time for clamming, the gull there would be at a loss for a hard surface on which to break them.

The interesting point in connection with this habit of the gull is, how did he learn to do it? If ages ago a gull by chance dropped a clam from a great height on a hard sandbar, as there were no roads or concrete pilings in those days, what induced the gull to carry aloft the clam?



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SEAMAN

While you feel interested, will tell you of his kittenhood. Before he was two-thirds grown, he caught a full-grown rabbit, climbed a six-foot post with it, drawing it through a chamber, and threw it down the stairs for us to see.

J. C. POORE.

WILD LIFE IN MICHIGAN.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have been a lover and reader of your paper for many years and have enjoyed it always, and do not see how it could be improved except by advocating more and better protection for all wild life. I have seen the "passing" of the Passenger Pigeon, and I cannot yet believe that all are gone. I have also seen the wild turkey exterminated in Michigan, and the raven and sand hill crane are now rare. The wild elk also are gone with the bison, and moose are scarce. The deer are yet common in the Northern part of the State, also bears, but the beavers are being rapidly trapped off, after a ten years' close season. The marten are nearly gone and the fisher is rare. We have yet too many timber wolves as the bounty, \$25, is too little.

NORMAN A. WOOD,
Curator of Birds.

A GOOD RE-APPOINTMENT.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Our State Warden Mr. Oates has been reappointed and we are glad, as he is a good man and is doing all he can to conserve our fish and game. We have succeeded in getting the one deer limit but not in getting the does protected. W.

A BOOK FOR FISHERMEN.

The fisherman will be deeply interested in a publication just issued by the branch of the Canadian Department of the Interior in charge of the Dominion Parks, which is entitled "Classified Guide to Fish and their Habitat in the Rocky Mountains Park."

The Fish Guide is written for the sportsman and naturalist rather than the scientist. It is a compilation of first-hand information for anglers by one who has fished in all the principal waters of the park. It takes up each locality, describes the best means of reaching it, the different varieties of fish which can be secured, and the best bait to use. The game fish of the Rockies include five species of trout, one of which—the Lake Minnewanka trout—has been known to run as high as 40 pounds. The Grayling, the Dolly Varden and the Cut Throat trout are found in many of the lakes and streams of the park and a fish hatchery has recently been established at Banff for the purpose of re-stocking those which have become depleted.

This interesting publication on fish will be sent free to those applying to the Dominion Parks Branch at Ottawa.

There is one thing about *Forest and Stream* advertising that is worth bearing in mind, and that is, its readers have faith in its columns, from long years of acquaintance and experience.

It is hard to imagine that a heavy clam would be carried up in the air from a desire to play. Is it at all possible that a gull's toe was fastened onto by a clam when a gull was walking on a sand flat, and the gull flying up, in an attempt to escape, the clam let go, and was dashed to pieces?

This is a rather far-fetched solution, but possibly some of your correspondents can give the true origin of such an interesting habit.

LIVINGSTON E. JONES.

ONE CAT'S EVIL RECORD.

Boston, Mass., June 3, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The enclosed clipping I cut from one of our

Boston papers and to verify the statement I wrote to the owner of the cat and you will, I am sure, be interested in his reply, which I also enclose. He seems to be quite proud of the cat's accomplishments in the destruction of both our feathered game and the innocent rabbits as well.

W. B. N.

The clipping and correspondence follow:

J. C. Poore of Stewartstown, N. H., has a cat which has no respect for the game laws, as he brought in four partridges one morning last week

Stewartstown, June 1, 1915.

Dear Sir:—In reply to yours of May 27, would say that the birds were not full grown but fully feathered, about like a chicken broiler.

CANOEING

DOWN THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.

HAVING navigated the Hudson from tide-water, and wishing to enjoy our next vacation on a river trip near home, the Connecticut was decided upon. From information that was received it was evident that in the early spring the start could be



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No. 33 Light Bait Casting Rod, extremely classy, \$12; No. 35, New Telescopic Joint Locking Bait Casting Rod \$4.50 to \$5.50; No. 27 All agate, offset tip, Bait Casting Rod \$11; No. 30 Pocket Bait Casting Rod, new angle agate tip, \$10.

New Silk Wound De Luxe "BRISTOL" Bait Casting Rod in Washable De Luxe Glove Leather Silk-lined case, full jeweled, with extra tip \$25.00.

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THE HORTON MFG. CO., 84 Horton St., BRISTOL, CONN.

made from the Connecticut Lake, but not wishing a "Overland Canoe Trip," we arranged to start from White River Junction, Vt., where we arrived at 5 o'clock, just as the freight station was about to close, and to add to our pleasure it began to drizzle.

We had to make a carry across the railroad tracks, then down a steep embankment and across a soggy stretch of land. For a short distance down the White River, we had to get out and pull the boat off the sandbars, but once the Connecticut was reached, the water was deep and fairly swift. We soon went through our first rapids, and although they could not be called exciting, we enjoyed them. We landed on a sandy island across from West Lebanon, N. H. Camp was put in shape and then we went across the river to a farmhouse to buy some good old-



A Vista for the Canoeist.

fashioned New England pies, milk, etc., as it was our intention to live entirely on farm products. These we procured at very reasonable prices. Sunday: Left about 10:00. The scenery was most beautiful and reminded us of the Maine woods. There were many rifts and sufficient fast water to make it interesting. Owing to a drop of four feet, we made our first carry, as there was only a narrow passageway for the deep water, and after sending a log through, thought it unwise to risk the puncturing of our boat at the very start, especially as the carry was only a short distance. Windsor, Vt. was reached about 2:30. Just as we were about to land for lunch, we heard a terrific crash, and turned in the direction from which it came and saw the fall of a mighty pine. In the afternoon we met many fishermen, that is, we saw men who had lines in the river. The water was

fairly shallow, but it being very hot we found it very refreshing to wade for a time—then we would run into a few rifts, taking the boat as near as possible, vaulting into it.

Monday: For quite some distance the water was unusually clear, but always deep enough to permit us to go over the somewhat shallow places without any difficulty. The scenery again could not be excelled; for miles we did not see a farmhouse, or a person. At Bellows Falls a wagon was hired to make the carry, as it is quite some distance and it is necessary to go through the village. We then decided to stop for our daily swim, after which we thought we ought to paddle half the distance to Brattleboro, as a farmer told us it was only ten

The Biggest Moose Heads

come from the Province of Quebec. Several were secured in September and October, 1914, with antlers having a spread of five to six feet.

Mrs. H. G. Campbell, Jr., of New York has a record of a black bear and a large bull moose at Lake Kiskisink.

The big bull moose of Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago was killed in Northern Quebec.

Caribou and Deer

are abundant in parts of Quebec Province.

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Write for an illustrated booklet on "The Fish and Game Clubs of Quebec," which tells you all about them, and address all enquiries concerning fishing and hunting rights, fish and game laws, guides, etc., to

Hon. HONORÉ MERCIER
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is only one of the many attractive models that we make. The War Prices being offered at present, enable you to get a high grade, canvas covered

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CHESTNUT CANOE CO., Ltd., Box 120, FREDERICTON, N. B., CANADA

miles—and this acted as a stimulus. We "ate" up the space for some time. A church steeple could be seen far ahead and we were congratulating ourselves when we were told by another farmer that it was only fifteen miles, another said it was only fourteen, and the last said it was surely ten. At any rate we felt relieved to think that we were at least holding our own. We went to the Putnam Homestead in Vermont where we obtained some New England pie, after which camp was pitched a little south of Putney Falls, or about opposite Westmoreland, N. H. This section of the country is very picturesque, and we enjoyed the setting sun, with the rising full moon. At midnight we were awakened by something that was sniffing and snorting and had stumbled over our paddles, and upon investigating found we had the company of a life-sized bull.

Tuesday: It was very foggy, so that we decided to leave a little early—nit. We had deep water, the banks were very high and thickly wooded, making our journey very enjoyable. There were many summer villas, some situated near and some back from the water, and although we had gone some distance, we met but two boats. Below the Suspension Bridge we obtained the best spring water on the trip.

At one time there were very dangerous rapids at this point, but after the completion of the dam, with the backing up of the water, they disappeared. We soon passed Brattleboro, where we expected to find the dam, but after paddling for some time we were told it was at South Vernon. At last we reached it and got out to look around for the best way to carry, and took the right side as it was the more convenient. We spent the better part of two hours going through the power house, which supplies "juice" to the nearby country, also to a few distant points.

Wednesday: About 10:00 we reached Northfield, Mass., and within a very short time we came within sight of French King. After examining the head of the so-called rapids, and upon being told of their "death dealing" powers, we decided to carry. We soon changed our minds, and were indeed thankful later on, for had we carried, we would have missed the most beautiful part of the whole river, to Turners Falls. We were at first tempted to remain a week. At the Falls, we hired a truckman, and he told us that whether we landed above or below the Falls, he would have a job. At first we did not understand, but when he told us he was the liveryman also the undertaker, we "tumbled." We were therefore carted

to Montague City, where "Mac" did not hesitate to drive down a steep bank, and it looked to us for a moment as if we would be thrown into the river, but it was evident he had done this same thing many times before. Everything was soon packed into the boat and we were off, passing Deerfield River to the right.

Thursday: It had been raining all night and in the morning it was still drizzling, and as we had not yet remained in one place for any length of time, we thought the rain would give us a good excuse. However, about 10:00 we became weary and left in the drizzle. It was our intention to make Holyoke, and when we were told it was only fifteen miles distant, our speed surprised us. We paddled, paddled, and then paddled some more, and—at last we saw some people. They told us again—that ONLY fifteen miles. It had been raining all day, and what our feelings were we did not express. We passed as we supposed Mt. Tom and knowing this mountain is only a short distance from Holyoke, felt satisfied, but after two hours paddling, it seemed as far away. The water was very muddy, the banks were high and sandy, so that the paddling was very uninteresting, as a result of which and the continued rain, camp was made on a mud bank.

Friday: Left camp at 9:00, and soon reached the Holyoke Canoe Club, where in our eagerness to get to the town proper, forgot to ask for the mail. There were many cottages between the club and the city, as this part of river had very high banks and was thickly wooded. While in town we visited cotton mills, paper works and made a trip to Mt. Tom from which we could see the surrounding country for miles. Late in the afternoon, the carry was made around the dam to the left by wagon.

Saturday: Springfield was passed about noon, and later on, below Thompsonville, we stopped off for lunch. We had paddled but a short distance when we heard the roar of some falls and thought they were far below us. For some reason the both of us thought it best to go to the right of the river, in order to fill our water bucket, also to see what the lock was for. Had we gone to the other side we could have been carried over the falls—it was a drop of only about ten feet. We had to carry the outfit into the canal, paddle a few miles and then make another carry into the river. For quite some distance we had shallow water, and this retarded our progress to within a few miles of Hartford, where camp was made.

Below Hartford there are some sections that are very pretty, but most of the paddling is very tiring. June or early July is best, starting from White River Junction and continuing to Hartford, stopping at many of the good camp sites en route, especially at French King. Most of the towns have considerable historic interest, and much time could be devoted to visiting them.

F. E. AHRENS.

EASTERN DIVISION MEETS JULY 3 TO 10.
June 9, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Will you kindly publish, on the Canoeing Page of *Forest and Stream* for July the following:—

The Annual Meet and Camp of the Eastern Division of the American Canoe Association will be held July 3 to 10, inclusive, at Touisset, Mass.

A hearty invitation is extended to members of

"THE SUNNYSIDE CRUISER"

THE CANOE THAT MADE TORONTO FAMOUS



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WALTER DEAN, Foot of York Street, TORONTO, ONT

other divisions and also to non-members of the association, and can assure them a cordial welcome and a good time.

Those who intend to attend the Meet should notify Walter E. Gorton, Chairman, Camp Site Committee, 49 Ring street, Providence, R. I.

WILLIAM A. HEATH, V. C.

MORE ABOUT THE GIANT CANADIAN TUNA.

Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Montreal, June 8.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have read the article by Mr. E. J. Myers in

the current issue of your magazine on the taking of the Giant Canadian Tuna, which name I consider these fish should be known by, as they have only been taken in Canada, and I am inclined to think that by his description of the apparent difficulties attending the successful issue of this sport, he is defeating the object he has in view, which is the same as I have, viz.: getting this sport to "take on," as it is, undoubtedly, the finest of all fishing, if perhaps the most strenuous.

In saying that it is necessary to be "well attended by men and supplied by boats, etc.," he is unintentionally misleading. This sport can be in-

cluded in with success in the same manner as Farpon and Salmon fishing are now, at a title of the expense, and having had much practical experience in all three, and being, I believe, the second person to land a Canadian Tuna, and perhaps the first to do so from a rowboat and out at sea with only one man with me, I am in the position of being able to express a practical opinion.

Whether Mr. Ross, who, I believe, has successfully landed four or five of these monsters in about ten years, has ever got one under the above conditions or not I am unable to say, but I



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"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U. S. A." NO. 6

John Hancock—"Father of the Revolution"

UPON the Declaration of Independence his name may be read without spectacles. His signature was the first subscribed to the world's most famous State document. In the most realistic sense John Hancock pledged his life and his fortune to the cause of the Revolution. He was one of the richest men in the colonies, holding investments in banks, breweries, stores, hotels, and also owning a fleet of vessels. The seizure of one of these precipitated the Boston massacre. In Revolutionary days and until his death he was a popular idol. When it was proposed to bombard Boston, though it would have resulted in greater personal loss to him than to any other property owner, he begged that no regard be paid to him because of his financial interests. While Hancock did not sign the Constitution of the United States, he used his great influence in its behalf, which awakened the gratitude of Washington. "He was prepossessing in manner, and passionately fond of the elegant pleasures of life, of dancing, music, concerts, routs, assemblies, card parties, rich wines, social dinners and festivities." Until the end of his life the people of Massachusetts delighted to honor him. In the stirring events preceding the Revolution he was one of the most active and influential members of the Sons of Liberty. To this tireless worker for American Independence Liberty was the very breath of life. He would have frowned upon any legislation which would restrict the natural rights of man, and would have voted NO to prohibition enactments. It was upon the tenets of our National Spoken Word that Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. To-day throughout the length and breadth of the Free Republic their honest brews are famed for quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor. Their brand BUDWEISER has daily grown in popularity until 7500 people are daily required to meet the public demand. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

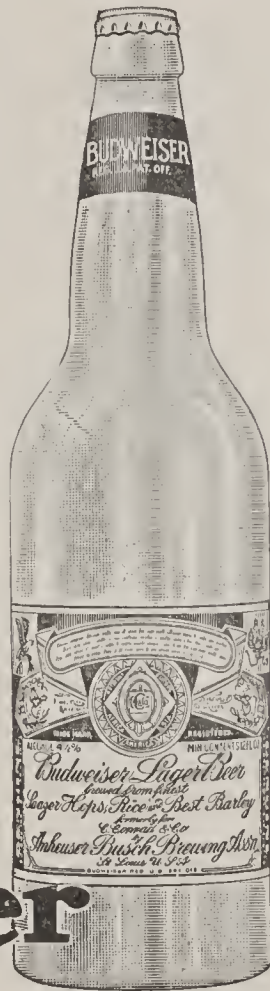
ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant — covers 142 acres.



Budweiser

Means Moderation



am inclined to think from what he has told me and from what he has written, that he did not think this possible and got his by "hand-lining" from the shore, but, nevertheless, we are all indebted to him for having shown us that it is possible to take one at all with rod and reel.

It is now to be seen up to what weight these fish can be successfully handled. That Canadian Tuna of 1,000 and 1,200 pounds exist, may be true, but we have yet to hear of a single authentic record of a fish having actually been weighed and found to be this weight. Personally, I believe that Mr. Mitchell's fish of 710 pounds will long remain the world's record, for the local fishermen

who have seen fish they considered a thousand pounds, said that his fish was one of the largest, if not the largest they had ever seen. I might mention that this fish too was taken on a rod of mine, fitted with my rod rest, to which Mr. Myers calls attention, and without the use of which I hardly think that any Canadian Tuna will be landed. I may say this as I am in no way financially interested in the invention and would therefore, like to give my brother sportsmen all the benefit I could of my experience.

If I may presume to say so, I do not see the object Mr. Myers has in view in trying to land a Canadian Tuna on a 21-thread line, when he and everyone else excepting Mr. Ross and my-

self have failed to do so on the 39 or 42-thread. As for 500 yards of it, this will not help the matter at all, for if once the 500 yards gets taken out, it will be well-nigh impossible to get it back, and, moreover, if Mr. Myers will try the experiment of letting all this line out, and while towing it, try to reel it in he will find that probably its own weight will break it. This I have tried with 200 yards of 18-thread line and found it would not bear its own weight; in all probability also he will damage his reel as I did mine, as being so tightly wound may spread the flanges. On the contrary, I am much more inclined to try at the outside 200 yards of a line, say of 60-thread. The two fish I landed last year of 520 and 480 pounds, respectively, did not get away with anything like this amount of line. This may of course have been due to the special brake I used of my own design, but the fact remains it did not, nor did Mr. Mitchell's fish. J. MITCHELL-HENRY.

SALMON IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Digby, N. S., May 10, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Four salmon killed in my river so far; 18½, 15, 10½ and 11 pounds. I am enclosing letter from old Haggie, just received. No fishing up that way yet.

H. A. P. SMITH.

P. S.—You will appreciate this I know; being the old Indian's best effort.

Paradise, N. S., May.

Sheriff Smith:

Dear Friend, your letter received and I am sending you to Day 4 Flies.

this River will not be Fit For Salmon Fishing For 2 Weeks longer the water is very High no Salmon caught up this way yet it has been So cold. Yours truly From HAGGIE.

THE FARMER AND GAME BREEDING.

North Rose, N. Y., June 7, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I wish to express my hearty appreciation to you for the article which appeared in the June *Forest and Stream* by Wm. B. Boulton, entitled "How Quail Can Be Planted Successfully." It is one of the best articles on game conservation that I have ever read, in that it begins at the right place in increasing our game: *i. e.*, "The Farmer." The farmer is the *only* man who can successfully restock our game; but at present he is tied hand and foot by the laws.

A year ago my brother and I wished to go into wild duck breeding so as to let some of our surplus wild ducks go wild again, and thus help the shooting in our vicinity. We applied to the Conservation Commission for a license so to do, but it was refused on the ground that they were permitting only persons who were operating amusement parks to breed wild ducks. Now it seems to me that they are foolish in trying to discourage the farmer. It would be much better if the farmer were protected so that he could *absolutely* protect the game on his property, and in so doing the overflow of game on public and state lands would furnish double the amount now obtained and would also keep the rural public better satisfied. Hoping to hear of more good articles like Mr. Boulton's, Very truly yours,

OSCAR S. WEED.

Send us the name of a friend to whom we may mail a sample copy of *Forest and Stream*, with your compliments.

Outboard Motor as an Adjunct to the Fisherman

By H. G. Canda

Time was, and not so long ago, when, if one stood on the shore of any of the coast towns, where fishermen and oystermen went forth to their catch at the break of day, all was still. The baymen slipped out from the shores like shadows, pulling at the ash propeller. Over the



After the Fishing Season is Over Come Ducks.

stern hung pike poles, oyster rakes and whatnot. Half the day's labor and time was spent getting to and from the bivalve beds or fishing grounds. Nowadays, if one gets up at the first streak of dawn and hies him to the shore, he is greeted, not with silence but with the put-put of hundreds of little portable motors that have come to save hours of time and enable the fisherman to make two trips or more a day to the grounds, increase his haul and—perhaps—reduce to all of us "the high cost of living"—on fish. This much the little outboard has done for the man who furnishes our dinner accessory and Friday bill of fare.

But what of the man who fishes for the joy of the catch rather than for the catch? Here too the outboard has found ready welcome. Many of us have forgone the pleasure of a day at the "outside buoy" for black fishing, because it was "too far to row." Now we "hook her over the stern" and before we realize it, we have hooked a three pounder and, when the catch is aplenty—if the fish have been generous to us—it's a turn of the "starter wheel," up anchor and—well, we have had the fun of the kill without being killed to have the fun.

Another item, not to be overlooked, is the indispensability of the "handy kicker" for striped bass trolling. This sport holds it all over any other salt water angling, excepting for the work attached to it—now "IT" is attached to the work.



[Courtesy Caille Perfection Motor Co.]
Among the Lily Pods.

Two miles to the grounds, covered in a half hour, then instead of miles of pulling, to and fro, over the waters along the sedge, we stop the motor down to its minimum and cover every likely spot, no matter how many times we have to go over it, where, when we "burned to the ash," many a likely spot was passed up because we didn't feel like going back. Mr. Bass seems not to scare at the little commotion passing over or past him, while the steady even travel of the bait bring out his striped highness, where he refused the seduction of the wiggler trolled by the uneven pull of the oarsman. If no other thing had been accomplished by the "carry it home with you" motor, we striped trollers would take off our hats for that alone, but the togue or lake trout troller, the man who fishes without a guide—and now all hands have passed the buck to the oar-pulling Indian—has come into his own. This delightful pastime was shied at by the lake angler, either because he objected to giving up his good coin to a lazy "guide" or because he objected to shoving the lake behind with oars or paddle. With his little "any-body-can-run-it" merrily chugging over the stern, he has a day's pleasure, whether the silly old togue fawns on his offerings or not. The day in the canoe or boat, chased around by the outboard, is a delight in itself.

SPORTSMEN!



An opportunity to get a **Genuine Deerskin Waistcoat** at the price of cloth. We also have shirts of buckskin that are wearproof and waterproof and comfortable. Indian Bead Goods are our specialties. Send for price

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Sportsmen's Supplies
Honest Goods, Bottom Prices, Square Deal
Send three stamps for Catalog
POWELL & CLEMENT CO.
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CLASSIFIED (Continued from page 387.)

LEATHER VESTS AND JACKETS—L. A. Nelson Mfg. Co., 305 Main St., La Crosse, Wis.

RED CUB FOXES—Booking orders now for spring and summer deliveries. Alex Wolstencroft, Fulda, Minn.

BRONZE your gun barrel with a beautiful, lasting, cheap, rust preventing bronze. Instructions 25c. D. Beck, Gunsmith, Herrick, Ill.

THOROUGHbred ENGLISH SETTERS—Males, ten; females, five dollars; whelped April. A. B. Burrus, Fordwick, Va.

LEATHER VESTS AND JACKETS—L. A. Nelson Mfg. Co., 305 Main St., La Crosse, Wis.

WHITES' PRESERVE—Wild celery and all kinds of wild duck, food seeds and plants. Also entertains sportsmen. Waterlily, Currituck Sound, N. C.

SETTER PUPPIES FOR SALE—English setter puppies, ready to ship. Champion Deodora Prince stock pedigree. Stanford Kennels, Bangall, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Lefever 16 gauge hammerless gun, D. E. grade, \$140 list, 28-inch Damascus barrels, automatic ejector only slightly worn, \$40. Fred Adolph, Genoa, New York.

AIREDALES—1 dog and 3 bitches, sired by Champion Gold Heels, out of a Ch. Prince of Yorke, bred dam, 5 months old, beautiful, long heads, with the best of ears, legs, feet and coats; these pups are sure prize winners; price, \$15.00 each and guaranteed to please. J. W. Murray, Verplanck, N. Y. Box 93.

Be First At The Hunting Grounds

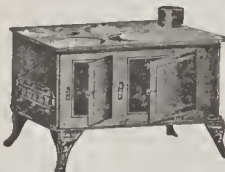
But don't row and tire your body and nerves—clamp a Caille Five-Speed Motor to the stern of your boat and travel to the hunting grounds at 7 to 10 miles an hour in ease and comfort. The



is a sportsman's motor. Has five speeds—high speed, trolling speed, neutral, slow reverse and fast reverse. All speeds secured by push-button control without stopping, reversing or altering speed of motor. Has

Magneto Built in Flywheel
Dual ignition if desired. Silencer on exhaust. Waterproof gear housing. These and many other features fully described in free catalog No. 10. If interested in marine motors from 2 to 30 H. P., ask for catalog No. 24.

Dealers Wanted
The Caille Perfection Motor Co.
1549 Caille Street
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



4 Hole Folding Camp Stove with a Perfect Baking Oven, Made of Sheet Steel. When folded package measures 30x19x6 inches.



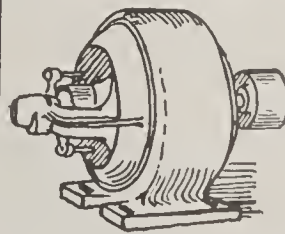
2 Hole Folding Camp Stove, Made of Sheet Steel, when folded package measures 19x19x5 inches.

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Boat Builders Catalog, the result of the cooperation of 50 leading Boat Builders with the Gray Motor Co. is yours for the asking. Tells where you can find any kind of a boat from a \$125 fishing launch to a \$2500 mahogany finished express launch, powered with 6 cylinder self starting 4 cycle Gray Motor. **This Book is Free.** Write for it today. Also Big Gray Marine Engine Catalog showing complete line 2 and 4 cycle marine motors \$55 upwards, 1 to 6 cylinders. 3 to 50 H. P. GRAY MOTOR CO., 316 Gray Motor Building, Detroit, Michigan Write Today



50 Light Dynamo, \$55
100 Light Dynamo, \$100

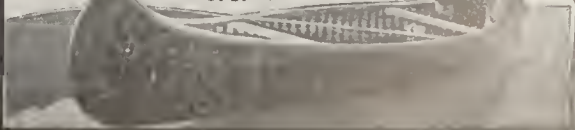
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Hobart Bros. Co., Troy, O.

Put Your Trust in an "Old Town Canoe"

It's speedy, easy to handle and safe—more so than any canoe that ever touched water. That's its reputation among knowing sportsmen and guides. Don't drag your arms out in a rowboat and don't gamble on other canoes. Come to canoe headquarters and buy an "Old Town Canoe"—\$30 up. 4000 new canoes ready. Write for catalog and name of nearest dealer.

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This 60-foot Pavilion Artistically Represents The International Silver Company at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition

IF YOU ARE GOING TO THE EXPOSITION IN SAN FRANCISCO, we invite you to visit the International Pavilion and see the Allegorical Group designed by our artists and cast in the metals used in our various wares, and all the other artistic pieces displayed in our Pavilion.

Magnificent as are the many specially designed pieces displayed there for the delight of thousands of visitors to the Exposition, the Pavilion has a worthy rival in the assemblage of handsome Wares exhibited in the International Silver Store, on 34th Street, New York City.

If you have Wedding or Anniversary Gifts to select during the coming weeks, you are invited to spend an hour or so, at your convenience, inspecting the unequalled assortments of silver pieces and sets in this block-long store.

AS A TRIBUTE to the spirit, achievements and destiny of the West, the allegorical group exhibited in the case in the illustration is offered by the World's largest makers of Sterling Silver and Silver Plate Designed and made by the Company's artists, it is wrought from those metals which they use to the largest extent in the production of their wares, i. e., pure silver, pure gold, white metal and nickel silver.

On the base are etchings symbolic of the changing conditions which accompanied the transformation of the West. The Indian Council and Buffalo Hunt are memories of a bygone day. The Forty-niners

and energy of the conquering West.

are represented with their prairie schooners eagerly seeking the land of golden promise and the miners delving for its generous wealth. At either end are the two figures of Commerce typifying the Trans-continental Railroad industry and ocean shipping with the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific united through the Panama Canal.

Surmounting the pedestal, upborne by life-like "grizzlies" are images representing the three great sources of western leadership—Stock Raising, Mining and Agriculture—and over all is the spirit of peaceful Victory which truly belongs to the youth

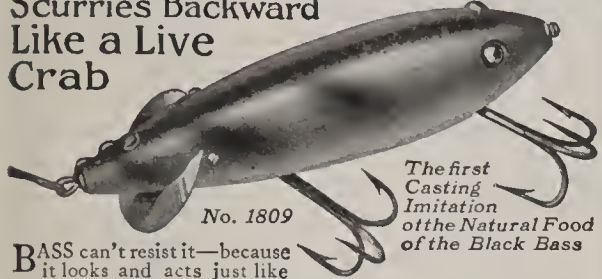
International Silver Company

Succeeding The MERIDEN Co. Established 1852

49-51 West 34th Street, Through to 68-70 West 35th Street, New York

Heddon's Genuine Dowagiac Crab Wiggler

Scurries Backward Like a Live Crab



BASS can't resist it—because it looks and acts just like their favorite food, the crab or crawfish. Accurately colored in the wonderful Heddon Porcelain Enamel, guaranteed not to crack, peel or flake. Just the right weight and balance for casting. Floats when at rest, but dives and zigzags backward when reeled in. Hooks held in the patented "Dowagiac" sockets, so they can't foul each other or mar enamel—and they get the fish. Variable line fastening governs depth and action. You need this "Crab Wiggler" in your tackle box. It's a winner. Also in other Heddon colorings at same price **85c**

IT'S A YEAR OF WIGGLERS

More wiggling, diving baits will be used this year than any other style—chiefly Dowagiac "Wigglers," of course, because of their reputation and many advantages—non-cracking enamel, variable line fastening, "Dowagiac" hook sockets, and superior workmanship. Dowagiac Minnow "Wigglers," deep water style (No. 1600) and shallow water style (No. 1700) sell at 75c in various colorings.

ART CATALOG. A book you'll prize. Shows all Heddon tackle in color, including the famous Jim Heddon's Casting Rods. Full of practical advice on expert casting and more successful fishing. A postal brings this book FREE.

James Heddon's Sons, Box 17 Dowagiac, Mich. (Pronounce it "Doe-wah'-jil-ac")

A WORD FROM MR. MYERS ON THE GREAT TUNNY AND THE TACKLE FOR CAPTURING HIM.

New York, June 19, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I regret that some criticism has been made concerning my article on tackle for "Great Tunny," which you were kind enough to publish in your Vacation Number, June, 1915.

The writer was attempting to give the results of his personal experience with tackle which he had purchased, and correspondence with fishing tackle manufacturers, in endeavoring to give news of the best tackle for this new and novel sport.

Therefore, in justice to dealers whose wares I have not been so fortunate as to possess, I wish you would permit me to convey to them my regret for the lack of experience which would have enabled me through *Forest and Stream* to give them due credit.

I am more than anxious indeed to have the wares of American make used and handled as I believe they should be by American fishermen wherever they may angle.

What I was describing in the article which you kindly published was, where the Great Tunnies had been taken on rod and reel and their weight, so that the writer omitted to mention the fact that a tunny claimed to have weighed between 800 and 1,000 pounds was taken off Long Branch, New Jersey—that Great Tunnies had been taken off Block Island weighing between 500 and 800 pounds, and one had been captured in Hermitage Bay, Newfoundland, weighing upward of 1,000 pounds, as all of these fish, as I am informed, were killed either by harpoon or captured in nets or traps.

Forest and Stream is the journal of sportsmen-anglers who I believe are not interested in the killing or catching of Great Tunny by harpoon or in trap.

The Editor of the *Anglers News and Sea Fishers' Journal*, of London, England, who by courtesy of *Forest and Stream* printed the article in question, says:

The Atlantic Tunny may grow to the weight of 2,000 pounds or more. Tackle has to be devised for the capture of Tunny of say from 700 to 1,000 pounds in which weight it is perhaps impossible for any human being to hold to successfully fight a sea monster with rod and line.

It is interesting to note that the English editor believes that Great Tunnies will be found off the west coast of Ireland, but his fear is, that if there located they will prove too big to tackle.

May I take the opportunity through your columns to say to the Atlantic Tuna Club and American manufacturers of tackle adapted for Great Tunny fishing that the writer did not intend either to trespass upon or belittle their efforts to encourage this great sport, and that I have taken advantage of the advertisement of the Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co., in the Vacation Number of *Forest and Stream* to ask them to make me a line of 600 yards of 18 or 21-thread to try and land one of these great fish (monsters of the sea) on light tackle, and that Mr. Edward Vom Hofe promises me to try a suggestion on the "Star Special" 9-0 Reel, which I own.

Trusting I have not trespassed upon your space, I am,

Very truly yours,

E. J. MYERS.

HAVE A REAL VACATION with a BLUE BIRD MOTOR BOAT

Start right now to plan a "motor boat summer" for yourself and the family. In a few short weeks every lake and river in the country will be calling the man who has a tiny spark of the sportsman in him.

There will be endless opportunities for camping expeditions, picnics, fishing parties and daily expeditions up that shady cove where nature always seems at her best.

Of course, your blood tingles when you think of it. But—make no mistake—you must have a boat of your own—and a good one.

"Blue Bird" MOTOR BOATS

have solved the summer problem for thousands of healthy, "out-door" families.

These boats—exquisite in line and appointment—are made over moulds of highest grade Louisiana Cypress.

The wood work in decks and coaming are of best selected oak, the boats are very handsomely varnished and trimmed with the best "sun and water-proof varnish," and the hulls are finished in either blue or white paint. The engine is the Detroit two-cycle reversible—can be run slow or fast—has only three moving parts, STARTS WITHOUT CRANKING, uses very little fuel and is so simple that a child can handle it.

All models are now in stock—16, 18 or 20-footers. Send your order at once. Every boat and engine is fully guaranteed and subject to thorough test and inspection before shipment.

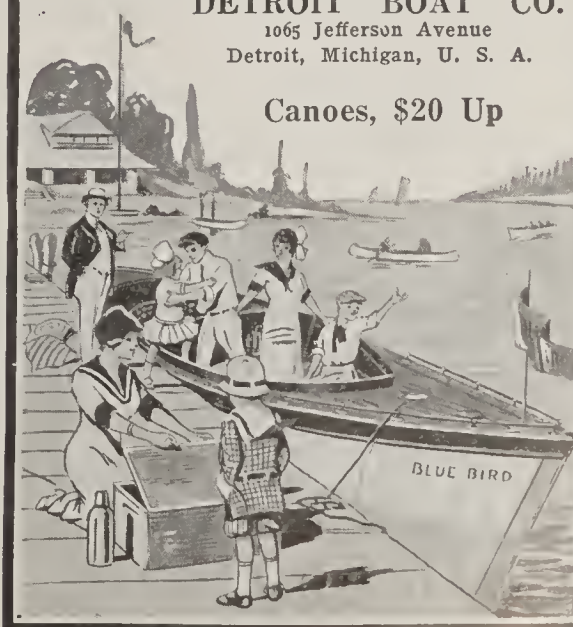
Agents Wanted Everywhere

Ask for Demonstrator Agent's Offer. Big reduction for first Blue Bird sold in any locality—World renowned Belle Isle and Hudson River canoes can also be handled in connection with the Blue Bird motor boats. If interested in canoes please specify in your inquiry and we will send you our New 1915 Dream Book of Canoes. Write to-day for 1915 Book of Blue Birds. A postal will bring it. All boating problems solved by us. None too small, none too big.

DETROIT BOAT CO.

1065 Jefferson Avenue
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Canoes, \$20 Up



Moerlein's BARBAROSSA
Bottled only at the Brewery
Snappy Delicious Well-aged Healthful
Barbarossa is the Beer that everybody likes best
Brewed and Bottled by THE CHRISTIAN MOERLEIN BREWING CO. INCORPORATED CINCINNATI OHIO. CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

PERFECTION Sleeping Bag
with Pneumatic Mattress
the most satisfactory camp bed made. Can be used anywhere and when deflated occupies little space.
SLEEP OUT OF DOORS
No sleep is more beautiful or restful than sleep in the open, provided your bed is right. Perfection Sleeping Bags fill every requirement.
Ask for Catalogue of our guaranteed Mattresses for home, camp, yacht and automobile use. Mailed free.
Pneumatic Mfg. Co.
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The 1915 .22 Cal. Rifle Matches

*A Succession of Victories
and New Records*

by users of

Peters

Semi-Smokeless AMMUNITION

Team Championship of the Short Range League - - -	} Won by Engineers Rifle Club of Cleveland, Ohio.
World's Record Individual Score - - - -	} 2200 out of a possible 2200 in N. R. A. Matches 2399 out of a possible 2400 in Short Range League 4599 out of a possible 4600 by T. K. Lee Far excelling any shooting performance on record
World's Record Team Score - - - - -	} 1000 out of a possible 1000 by Engineers Team, Cleve- land, Ohio, in the 11th match of the Short Range League
Short Range Individual Championship -	} Won by T. K. Lee, 499 out of 500 E. E. Tindall a close second
Inter-Scholastic Championship of U. S. - -	} Won by Iowa City High School Team with an average score of 972.4 per match Fred Cox, of Iowa City, made High Individual Aver- age, 195.66 per match

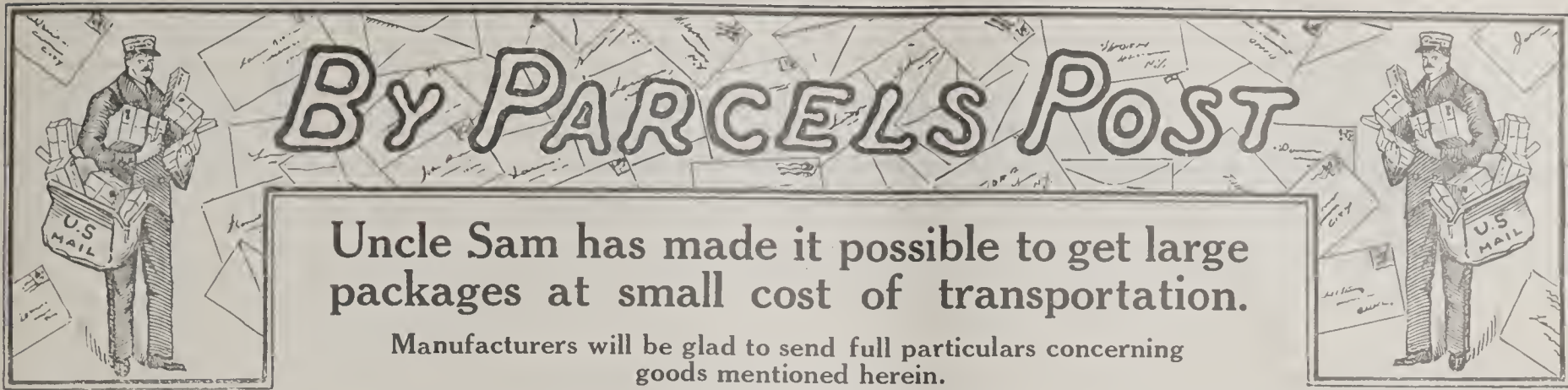
Make No Mistake! Peters Semi-Smokeless Cartridges are more accurate and uniform than any others, therefore insure the shooter every point he is entitled to. This accuracy is equally desirable in field shooting—you get your game if you hold right.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

NEW YORK: 60-62 Warren St.

SAN FRANCISCO: 583-585 Howard St.

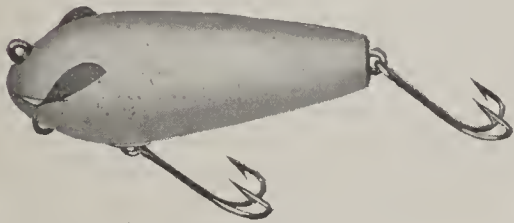
NEW ORLEANS: 321 Magazine St.



By PARCELS POST

Uncle Sam has made it possible to get large packages at small cost of transportation.

Manufacturers will be glad to send full particulars concerning goods mentioned herein.



Well, if you don't know: The Jamison coaxer put it all over the pride of Jersey in a two days' fishing match—and Jamie was sick at that. Well, to get back to this little factory, it is some place. Every turn of the Jamison bait is hand turned, except the dipping, which could not be done by hand, properly. We have lined up a few of the coaxers for striped bass trolling on Manhasset Bay, and, take it from us—and Bill Hyde, who made striped bass fishing famous on the north shore of Long Island—it will be some bait for the wariest fish known to salt water. The bait will trail along the bottom, two feet from bottom, or on the surface. For the fresh water star it is a sure killer—and we can prove it. By the way, there is another Jamison coaxer worthy of consideration—when you see Jamie, ask him about it. You'll never forget it after taking.

EVERY STATE SAYS YES FOR REMINGTON.

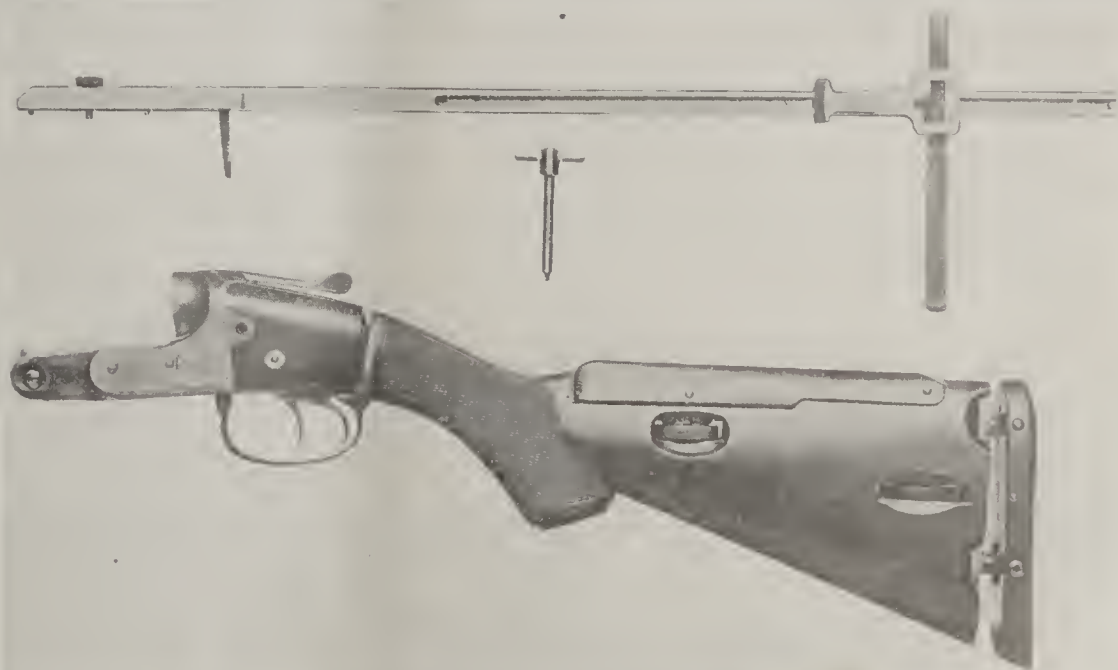
We all knew that there were good trappists in each state who would say a good word for Remington guns, but it took Tom Briggs to get them uniformly arranged in a booklet. Sir Thomas has just brought forth a booklet in which a prominent shooter in every state in the union says—"Remington is it!" The brochure is artistic in appearance and convincing in its inner works. If you haven't shot a Remington pump or automatic—this is called a self loader at headquarters—go to it.

MAKING ARTIFICIAL MINNOWS.

Ever been through a factory where your bass bait is born? No? Well, it's worth while. A while ago we were in Chicago and took a run out to California Avenue, where Brother Jamison turns out the bass bait par excellence. We knew Jamie's reputation as a fisherman long before we knew anything about his wriggling minnow. He could catch bass where the lake looked as inviting as a bald head to a microbe. So we journeyed out into the suburbs—that's California Avenue. Here we found a red brick three-story building bustling with energy. In the back room, working over a lathe we found Jamie. He was perfecting a dipper—not the too many times to the well kind, but a machine for dipping the wooden minnow into the liquid celluloid. After many attempts the machinery fitted like a "T" and the dipping began. And this dipping is some process. It is so arranged that it takes two hours for each dipping of a minnow. Forty-eight are immersed at one time and each is made of a wood that will not absorb like a blotter; in other words, the wood is the least porous that can be obtained. While the dipping was going on a dozen girls—all imported from the country where fly-tying was an art before the Beaverkill ever had a coachman dropped into it. These girls were making bunches of gaudy red feathers for the after section of the famous Jamison Coaxer—you all know what Jamie did with this against Anse Decker a year or two ago.

THE PARKER TRY GUN.

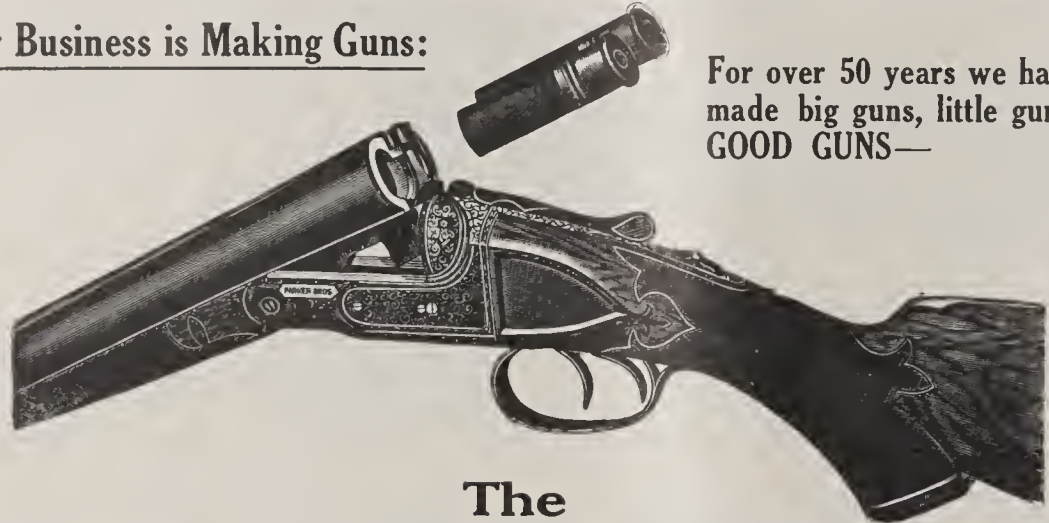
Parker Bros. Try Gun permits of being so adjusted that most accurate measurements may be secured for a perfectly fitting gun. In order to secure these measurements the makers have designed a Try Gun with a grip which moves in relation with the stock, thus giving a perfect fitting grip, no matter whether the stock may be made with very little drop or with the maximum drop. This is accomplished by means of a universal joint which is located between the tang and the trigger plate and is adjustable, both up and down, or to right or left. This permits any variation of heel drop, from one extreme to the other, and also gives any desired cast off, either to right or left. These adjustments are secured by means of socket headed adjusting screws, which are located in the tang and trigger plate and also on either side of the frame and are adjusted by means of the small wrench shown in the illustration. Adjustments of the comb are made by means of knurled nuts which are let into the body of the stock, and are held from turning by spring pressure. The rear end of the comb may be raised or lowered so that a Monte Carlo effect may be secured. The length of stock is also adjustable by means of similar knurled nuts, and the angle or pitch of butt plate may also be changed at will, so that any pitch desired may be secured. A still further refinement may be had by swinging the toe of the butt plate either to right or left in relation to the stock. This latter adjustment is made by means of a screw operated by the small wrench. After proper ad-





Parker Try Gun.

Our Business is Making Guns:



For over 50 years we have
made big guns, little guns,
GOOD GUNS—

The "Old Reliable" PARKER Guns

Send for Catalogue and 20-bore Booklet, **FREE!**

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.
NEW YORK SALES ROOMS, 32 WARREN STREET

16 FOOT LAUNCH \$96

Complete with 2 HP Engine

18-, 20-, 23-foot boats at same proportionate price. All launches and rowboats non-leakable because made with our patent lock seamed construction. **ABSOLUTELY SAFE.** All boats fitted with air-tight compartments, making them **NON-SINKABLE.** All boats tested before shipment and thoroughly guaranteed. The launches are fitted with Detroit two-cycle **REVERSIBLE FIVE-YEAR GUARANTEED** engine, which is so **SIMPLE** a child can run it—starts without cranking—has only **THREE** moving parts. A child can run it. Economical in operation.

MICHIGAN STEEL BOATS NEED NO BOAT HOUSE—Cannot Check, Crack, Dry Out, Nor Rot

Always ready for use and always dry. Orders filled day they are received. **ROWBOATS** \$20 and up. All rowboats complete with oars and locks and made with same patent construction as launches—all fitted with **air-tight compartments.**

Write for testimonials and **FREE** catalog. Send for it **TODAY.** Boats shipped to every part of the world. Do **NOT** delay. Buying a Michigan Steel Boat means a vacation every day.

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT COMPANY 1417 Jefferson Avenue DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



justments are secured, the gun may be used, as all parts are amply strong so to permit the use of the gun in demonstrating. In order to secure the dimensions after the proper adjustments have been made, a special measuring device has been designed. It is firmly fastened to the top rib of the gun by means of locating pins and a thumb screw, and a vertical slide, which may be moved from one end of the horizontal bar to the other, gives the correct drop measurements at any point of the stock. The pitch is also read by sliding the vertical slide to the end of the stock, and pushing it down across the butt plate, swinging it in its bearing so that the slide touches the butt at heel and toe. The graduations on the vertical slide holder are in inches and will show the desired pitch of the gun. The cast off may be also read by measuring the distance of center lines, which are on the heel and toe of the butt plate, from the end of the vertical slide, which is exactly central with the barrels. For determining the length of stock, the measuring device is removed from the barrels and is used as a pair of beam calipers, a small finger attached to the bar being held against the trigger and the vertical slide held against the center of the butt plate. The horizontal bar is graduated, and the length easily and quickly read.

PLAY DAYS FOR BIG GAME HUNTERS.

(Continued from page 400.)

ing details of these varied events but there were strenuous times on and about Pine Island during these beautiful June days long to be remembered by the Camp Fire Club.

The crowning feature of this outing was staged on Saturday evening by the chairman of the Entertainment Committee—James L. Clark.

A motion picture machine and screen had been arranged near the main camp fire and new reels of an African hunt were shown for the first time. Lady MacKenzie, who had just returned from this trip with these most successful and wonderful moving pictures, loaned them to the club. The hair-raising and all but disastrous charge of a lion was admitted by all to be the greatest example of photography ever depicted by the camera in real life in the open.

J. KANNOFSKY PRACTICAL GLASS BLOWER



and manufacturer of artificial eyes or birds, animals and manufacturing purposes a specialty. Send for prices. All kinds of heads and skulls for furriers and taxidermists.

363 Canal St., New York.

Please mention "Forest and Stream."

ARTHUR BINNEY
(Formerly STEWART & BINNEY)
Naval Architect and Yacht Broker
MASON BLDG., KILBY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Cable Address: "Designer," Boston



TRAP SHOOTING



Forest and Stream is an Honorary Member of the Interstate Association for the Promotion of Trapshooting.

During the month past we have had so many gun problems put to us and they are of such general interest, we have decided instead of answering these questions by mail we will hereafter answer through the Gun Department in *Forest and Stream*. If any question comes to you concerning your gun or ammunition, or if you are going to buy a new gun, write our gun editor. He can help you.

WESTERN HANDICAP.

Never was a handicap pulled off under better conditions than those prevailing at St. Louis, Mo., during the week of June 14, when the Tenth Western Handicap was held. The Tournament was held on the grounds of the St. Louis Trap Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Missouri Athletic Association. The grounds were in perfect condition; every imaginable detail had been looked after, and when Manager Shaner arrived on the scene, he found a shooting ground on which a Grand American could have been held. The perfecting of all the arrangements was due to the faithful work of James W. Bell, most ably assisted by Louis Ebert. The experience of Mr. Bell in arranging for Grand American Tournaments at Indianapolis stood him in good here, and he spared himself in no way to provide a fitting setting for the Handicap. That he succeeded in his efforts was evidenced by the many expressions of appreciation made by the visitors. Five traps were used in viewing off the events, and worked smoothly through the week. Not a hitch occurred to delay the shooting from start to finish. The entrance in the Western Handicap on Thursday was the largest so far recorded in the history of the event; 230 names being listed by the cashier. The local shooters turned out nearly 100 strong and helped swell the entry list. The Office force was headed by "Uncle" Jimmy Head, as cashier; D. H. Eaton, Compiler of Scores; C. T. Brantzell and J. P. H. Germer, Assistants. Wm. Tanner had charge of the Bulletin Board, and kept things up-to-date; this relieving the cashier of the additional work of running an information bureau. Herbert Dietrich, Ground Keeper, deserves mention for his efficiency in keeping things in shape and for having grounds and buildings fresh and clean each morning. The Missouri Athletic Association officers are: W. B. Willis, Chairman Trap Committee; F. P. Ford, Vice-Chairman, and J. O. Victor. They all took an active part in the shoot. The members of the Gun Club Committee were: H. W. Geller, Chairman, Col. J. A. Laird and Robt. Niedringhaus. The Handicap Committee was selected from the shooters present and consisted of: J. W. Bell, St. Louis; J. A. Campbell, Tulsa, Okla.; G. K. Mackie, Lawrence, Kan.; G. Dering, Columbus, Wisc., and T. L. Andrews, Lawrenceville, Ills. All these gentlemen are well posted on the abilities of the shooters of the country, and were entirely successful in performing what is always a thankless task, to the satisfaction of all concerned, at least no kicks were heard. On the morning of June 14th an open match for the Hazard Trophy was shot, with twenty entries, Guy Dering, of Columbus, Wisc., winning on a score of 93 out of 50 pairs; S. A. Huntley was winner up with 88.

Practice Day.

High scores were the feature of Monday, preliminary practice day, twenty-seven of the fifty-eight entrants going out with 96 or better. G. W. Akard, of Humansville, Mo., was the star performer, leading the field with a straight score of 100. J. B. Goodbar, Memphis, Tenn.; Woolfolk Henderson, Lexington, Ky.; J. Noel, Nashville, Tenn.; S. A. Huntley, Omaha, Nebr., and W. S. Spencer, and F. J. Reppenhagen, St. Louis, in a bunch on 98; followed by Guy Dering, Columbus, Wisc.; G. T. Hall, Laonie, Ills.; J. W. Bell, St. Louis, Mo., and C. H. Dittean, with 97 each. In the professional division, high honors were shared by J. R. Graham, Ingleside, Ills., and C. G. Spencer, St. Louis, with 99 each; Bart Lewis, Auburn, Ills., and J. R. Taylor, Columbus, Ohio, 98 each; T. H. Fox, Lynchburg, Va.; R. W. Clancey, Chicago; Ed. O'Brien, Florence, Kansas; H. Kennicott and Art Killain, St. Louis; F. G. Bills and Tom A. Marshall, Chicago, 97 each. The banner squads of the afternoon were Nos. 3, G. Dering, J. R. Graham, Wm. Ramp, John Noel, R. W. Clancey, 7; B. Williams, Art Killam, J. W. Bell, D. J. Holland and C. B. Eaton, each making a perfect score of 100 in the second event; in the fifth event the same squads tied on a total of 99; G. Dering and B. Williams each dropping one target. The records showed 27 shooters with scores of 96 to 100, an indication of the class of the contestants, and of what might be expected before the big races were decided. The day was cloudy with light showers in the afternoon. The Program of five so-target events was started promptly at 1 P. M., and finished at 2.55, being pulled off without a hitch of any kind. Several long runs were recorded during the afternoon. J. W. Akard heading the list with 100 straight; F. J. Reppenhagen, 82; H. J. Donnelly, 54; J. W. Bell, 65; J. B. Goodbar, 61, and G. T. Hall, 64.

The shooters were greeted with clear skies on Tuesday, the opening day of the tournament, and the weather was ideal, not too warm for comfort, and with no wind to disturb the flight of the targets. Under these conditions and considering the class of the contestants, good scores were expected, and were certainly made. The opening of the tournament was preceded by a short speech from Manager Elmer E.

Shaner, who mentioned the superb condition of the grounds, giving deserved praise to James W. Bell and his able assistant Louis Ebert, for their efforts which have given St. Louis one of the finest shooting grounds in the country; at 9.15, T. H. Fox, the popu-

lar southern professional fixed the first shot in the program of the ten 15-targets events, and at 2.10 the last squad sheet was brought to the office. The amateur class was headed by C. C. Plummer, A. M. Burr, G. W. Ball, and E. B. Winbigler, with 148 each.

**REMINGTON
UMC**

Cut Out Guess Work

Afield and At Traps

CHANGE over to the Remington-UMC "Speed Shells"—"Arrow" and "Nitro Club"—and your good old duck gun will give you new reason for liking it.

Shoot "Arrow" and "Nitro Club" against any shot shells in the world, afield or at the traps.

You will find that these famous Remington-UMC Shells are the fastest by a good round margin.

It is the Steel Lining that does it—grips the powder, keeps all the drive of the explosion in a straight line behind the shot. A Remington-UMC specialty that is giving the "Speed Shells" first place with Sportsmen everywhere.

Ask for "Arrow" or "Nitro Club." You can be sure of getting them from the dealer who displays the Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC. Go to him.

**Steel Lined
SHOT SHELLS**

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
WOOLWORTH BLDG. (233 Broadway) NEW YORK CITY

The "SPEED SHELLS"—

Write for descriptive circular

LYNN BOGUE HUNT

THE "MASCOT" WEEDLESS BAITS

Wobble, Dive, Float, Surface or Underwater



THE WEEDLESS "MASCOT" NEAR SURFACE OR SURFACE BAIT

We guarantee that you can cast this bait among thick lilies, rushes, underwater weeds, logs, stumps, snags, etc. Also that it is a sure killer. It runs at varying depths from the surface to two feet deep and will either Wobble or swim straight as desired. Is also reversible. Made with Red Head and White Body or all Red, White or Yellow.

PRICE EACH, 75 CENTS, Postage 3 Cents

These Baits have been tested and are endorsed and recommended by the leading authorities on bass and pickerel fishing.

WEEDLESS No. 1 WINGED "MASCOT" DEEP WATER OR SURFACE BAIT

This bait is also very weedless and a deadly killer. It can be used as a strict surface bait, throwing a spray of water, or as a deep water bait, running five feet deep or more. It "Wobbles," dives and floats when at rest. Fully guaranteed in every respect. Made with Red Head and White Body or all Red, White or Yellow.

PRICE EACH, 75 CENTS, Postage 2 Cents



EXTRA HOOKS, EITHER DOUBLE OR TREBLE 5 CENTS EACH OR 10 CENTS PER SET OF THREE

Send stamp for catalogue in colors describing the "Mascot" Baits, "Coaxer" Baits, Trout and Bass Flies, and Spoons, Weedless Hooks, Leaders, Non-Kinking Sinkers, Jamison's Special Bait Casting Lines.

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EXCELSIOR BELT SAFE--Absolutely Water-proof

Indispensable to the BATHER to put your Eyeglasses, Jewelry, Bathhouse Key in before going into the water.

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should have one. Will keep your Matches, Cigarettes, Tobacco, Money, Jewelry Water-Proof, Dust-Proof Burglar-Proof. Small and compact, made of Brass, Nickel Plated, Gun Metal or Oxidized, and furnished complete with fancy canvas belt. Sent anywhere on receipt of \$1.00.

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Ideal Canoe Trips

The country traversed by the Reid Newfoundland Company's system is exceedingly rich in all kinds of Fish and Game. All along the route of the Railway are streams famous for their Salmon and Trout fishing, also Caribou barrens. Americans who have been fishing and hunting in Newfoundland say there is no other country in the world in which so good fishing and hunting can be secured and with such ease as in Newfoundland. Information, together with illustrated Booklet and Folder, cheerfully forwarded upon application to

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The day of the block of wood decoy has passed, not that the duck has developed in intelligence but he has grown more wary, through increased peppering. Only a replica of his own kind will get him down. The Mason Decoy, of every breed of duck—is undistinguishable from the live specimen. For more kills, ask any dealer to show you Mason's Decoys.

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THEY ARE WINNERS.

PRICES \$25 TO \$1,000

Our Beautiful Catalog for the Asking

The HUNTER ARMS CO., Inc., 80 Hubbard St., FULTON, N.Y.

Following them were A. C. Buckles, A. C. Connor and Geo. K. Mackie, with 147 each. In third place were A. H. Campbell, J. B. Goodbar, W. Henderson, J. Noel, J. W. Akard, D. J. Holland, S. A. Huntley, J. S. Frink and P. Baggerman, with 146 each. Art Killam, who has taken a leading place in the professional ranks this season, tied with Ed. O'Brien for first place on 149. J. R. Taylor, the Columbus, Ohio, crack, and big Fred Bills, of Chicago, were secured with 148 each. I. R. Graham occupied third place alone on 147. The special event at 25 pairs, followed the regular events and was finished at 4.10. Forty-three shooters entered the event. D. D. Gross finishing high over all with 48. John Noel, of Nashville, Tenn., was at the head of the amateur class, and next to Gross, with 46, tying for second place with Ed. O'Brien, the Florence, Kansas, professional, on 46. John R. Taylor was third with 45. It is getting to be one man's job to keep track of the runs made by the long run trophy hunters, and it surely keeps him busy. A few of those recorded are A. M. Burr, 117; A. C. Buckles, 110; A. Killam, 109; W. S. Spencer, 106; J. W. Akard, 105; A. Killam, 100; E. S. Winbigler, 95; F. J. Reppenhagen, 90; thirty-five contestants made runs ranging from 50 to 89.

Messrs. Bell and Ebert evidently had made some deal with the weather sharps for a more beautiful day never greeted a crowd of anxious shooters than welcomed them on Wednesday. Preliminary Handicap Day—Fresh, cool and with a light breeze in the early morning, the day was all that could be asked for. Late in the afternoon a rain storm passed over the city, but the shoot was over and no damage was done. There were 124 entries in the morning's events at 100 targets, and this number was increased to 130 in the Preliminary Handicap. The quality of the contestants may be judged from the fact that considerably over half of the entrants in the regular events finished with over 90. C. L. Plummer, of Swan River, Manitoba, led the amateurs with 99; C. R. Ray, D. J. Holland and P. Baggerman, all local men, were only one target behind, with 98 each, and closely following them came W. E. Byrn, G. L. Dering, A. C. Connor, C. B. Eaton, W. Henderson and J. S. Frink, with 97 each. The professionals had a merry struggle among themselves, finishing in bunches, with Ed. Banks, R. W. Clancy and Art Killam in the first flight on 99 each; O. R. Dickey, J. R. Graham, Ed. O'Brien and J. R. Taylor, giving them a hot race, and losing out by only one target with 98 each; then came T. H. Fox, Bart Lewis and H. D. Gibbs, with 97 each. There may have been squads just as good as No. 18, S. A. Huntley, J. W. Akard, W. Henderson, A. Killam and J. R. Graham, but none could have been better, for in event 4, each member broke straight, making a squad record of 100; squad 8, in event 2, and squads 17 and 19 in event 4, each made a total of 99. The Preliminary Handicap was hotly contested, and good scores were the rule. The handicaps were awarded by the following committee which met at the Marquette Hotel, on Tuesday evening: J. A. Campbell, Tulsa, Okla.; J. W. Bell, St. Louis, Mo.; Geo. Mackie, Lawrence, Kan.; G. V. Dering, Columbus, Wis.; and T. L. Andrews, Lawrenceville, Ills.; all gentlemen of wide experience and thorough knowledge of the game, and well qualified to judge of the ability of the contestants. That their work was fairly done is evidenced by the fact that not a complaint was heard. When the last returns were in it was found that J. B. Goodbar, of Memphis, Tenn., with a total of 97, from the 19 yard work, was high, and he was awarded the first place trophy; F. Knittel, 16 yards, was runner-up with 96; a bunch of seven were tied for third trophy on 95; A. M. Burr, M. C. McGeehob, G. W. Ball, T. M. Ehler, each at 19 yards; Woolfolk Henderson, 23 yards; B. A. Erhlich, 18 yards, and J. S. Frink, 20 yards. In the shoot-off, J. S. Frink won with 19; A. M. Burr and T. M. Ehler, 18 each; M. C. McGeehan, 17, and B. A. Erhlich, 15; Henderson and Ball withdrew and did not take part in the shoot-off. In the professional class in the Preliminary C. G. Spencer finished in the lead with 95 from the limit distance of 23 yards, W. T. Crosby, also at 23 yards, and L. Ebert, at 20 yards, tied on 94 for second place; H. Kennicott, 22 yards, 92, and H. J. Donnelly, 20 yards, 91. Thursday Handicap Day was another one of ideal conditions for shooting. The attendance was larger than on the previous days and the contestants were closely watched by a large gallery of spectators, among them being many ladies interested in out-door sport. The morning events were well filled and many good scores were recorded. D. J. Holland set the work of 100 straight, and was followed by J. W. Akard, S. A. Huntley, C. Fundertrenk and A. H. Campbell, only one target behind with 99 each; in the next place in 98 were J. W. Bell, C. F. Linde, L. Seidner, W. J. Wauf, J. B. Goodbar and P. Baggerman. The professionals were just as classy as the amateurs in their work. J. R. Graham accounting for the whole century and Art Killam, W. R. Crosby, Ed. O'Brien and F. G. Bills, dropping but one target each. The Western Handicap event was closed with a record entry of 230. The contest was a close one. F. A. Snell, Carlinsville, Ills., 18 yards; W. J. Raup, Portage, Wis., 20 yards, and G. L. Grubb, Wetmore, Kan., 20 yards; tying for first place on 97; in second place were A. C. Connor, Springfield, Ills.; G. T. Hall, Laoni, Ills.; J. H. Noel, Nashville, Tenn., and C. C. Plummer, Swan Lake, Manitoba; all at 20 yards, with 96 each; then came M. L. Barr, Perry, Mo., 16 yards, and J. W. Bell, the well-known local shot, 19 yards, with 95 each. The shoot-off for first money and trophy was a hot one. In the first round the men tied on 18; the second round settled the winner of first place; W. Rauf scoring 19, and the others tying on 18; then followed the shoot-off for second and third trophies; the first two rounds resulted in ties on 18 and 20; the next time Snell won on a score of 19 to 16 and took second trophy, Grubb getting third. The professionals also finished well up in the list. G. H. Ford, Nashville, Tenn., 16 yards; Ed. Banks, Wilmington, Del., 20 yards; J. R. Graham, Ingleside, Ills., 23 yards; 95 each; H. D. Gibbs, Union City, Tenn., 22 yards, 94; O. R. Dickey, Boston, Mass., 18 yards; Bart Lewis, Auburn,

ills, 21 yards, and J. R. Taylor, Columbus, Ohio, 22 yards; 93 each. A complete list of long runs would require too much space; a few of the longest follow: C. C. Plummer 212; D. J. Hollans, 73, 82, 119; D. D. Gross, 106, 79; A. C. Buckles, 115; J. W. Bell, 79; Bert Waggoner, 83; C. Funderburk, 104; H. W. Cadwalader, 115; Dr. W. Spencer, 106, 61; J. W. Akard, 105, 101, and several of 50 and better; C. G. Spencer, 51 from 23 yards and 106; Art Killam, 109, 136 and 109; J. R. Taylor, 100, 79; J. S. Frink, 74; P. Baggerman, 71, 70; E. Winbigler, 95; J. R. Graham, 177; A. H. Campbell, 98; E. J. Linde, 81; G. T. Hall, 80, squads 3 and 17 recorded straight scores of 100 in events 2 and 5. D. J. Holland and C. C. Plummer tied for high amateur average on 344 out of 350; P. Baggerman, 342; J. S. Frink and S. A. Huntley, 341.

Preliminary Handicap Purse.	
82 entries at \$5.00	\$410.00
5 penalty, \$8.00	40.00
1 penalty for targets only \$2.00	2.00
42 entries for target only.	
130 Total	\$452.00
Added money	100.00
Total	\$552.00

Score of 97 first money, \$82.80; score of 96 second money \$71.75, seven '95's received \$38.65 each, one '94 paid \$22.10; five '93's paid \$14.35 each, twelve '92's paid \$2.75 each.

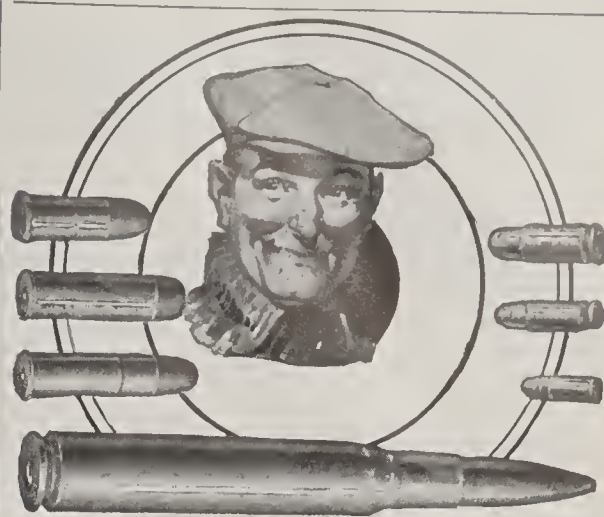
Western Handicap Purse.	
80 entries at \$8.00	\$640.00
3 penalty entries \$13.00	39.00
2 penalty entries targets only \$2.00	4.00
145 entries for targets only.	
230 Total	\$683.00
Added money	200.00

Total

18 moneys—First, \$132.45; second, \$114.80; third, \$88.30; fourth and fifth, \$70.65 each; sixth, \$61.80; seventh, \$52.95; eighth and ninth, \$44.15 each; tenth, \$35.30; eleventh to thirteenth, \$26.50 each; fourteenth to eighteenth, \$17.65 each. The \$5.00 optional on 100 targets had 10 entries. 3 moneys—99 paid \$25.00, 98 paid \$15.00, three 97's paid \$3.30 each.

Squier Money Back Purse.	
50,000 targets at 1 cent	\$500.00
90 entries first day at \$1.00	90.00

(Continued on page 443.)



Winners of Tests Yet They Cost No More

Official Tests made under Army conditions and measurements have time and again proved the superiority of



They are standards of manufacture not only for our own but for other governments.

You pay no more for U. S. Cartridges than you do for other cartridges, but you get the kind that win World's Championships. U. S. Cartridges have won practically every official test open to American ammunition.

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has been the favorite seaside resort in Greater New York for more than a quarter of a century. Thousands of Metropolitan visitors enjoy its charms each season.

Manhattan Beach, with its magnificent Ocean outlook, has many appealing features, including the esplanade where fashion strolls in gay parade, accompanied by the pounding of the surf.

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"New York's Most Popular Resort by the Sea"

"A Satisfying Dinner of Quality" served quickly on spacious verandas to the accompaniment of delightful music, is a memorable pleasure at the

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Concerts by Mercadante's Orchestra. The Dansants Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons, and Evening Dances. Under personal direction of Mrs. Ruth Runnion. Dinner Dances at frequent intervals.

Auto roads direct to hotel. Garage and parking accommodations.

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Telephone, 1000 Coney Island
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Fishing Tackle Parlance

If you want the lowest priced Tackle don't bother reading this—but if you are a fisherman and want the best value for your money, then read on.

Thousands of our customers will tell you we make the best Tackle that years of experience, skilled labor and the most up-to-date factory in the world can produce.

A first-class rod or reel can be made only by expert workmen and the greatest care. This fact is just as applicable to Tackle as it is to a watch.

Send 5 cents in stamps for our splendid illustrated catalogue.

EDW. VOM HOFE & COMPANY
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FOX GUN



Guaranteed for Life

"..... Guaranteed to shoot any standard smokeless powder, and never shoot loose, and the coil top lever spring and main spring are guaranteed against breakage for all time."

This is a quotation from the guarantee attached to the trigger guard of every A. G. Fox gun.

Add to this Fox simplicity (only three working parts) perfect balance and workmanship, a lightning-quick, unbreakable trigger, and you can understand why the Fox Gun has earned the reputation as "The Finest Gun in the World."

Prices \$25.00 to \$1000.00

Write for free complete catalog, showing all Fox styles, and ask for any special information desired.

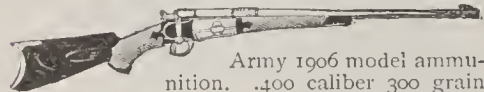
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Army 1906 model ammunition. .400 caliber 300 grain Blake Ammunition. Both giving 3000 F. S. M. V. "A RIFLE—NOT A TOY!" Adopted by American Army during the Spanish-American War. Send for Free Blake Riflebook.

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FISHING REEL ROD LINE

all need "3 in One" oil. It makes reels run right—ALWAYS. No sticking, no jerking, no back-lashing. Just an easy, steady action that feeds or reels the line evenly, smoothly at any speed.

"3 in One" prevents rust on steel rods, prevents cracking of cane or bamboo rods and makes all joints fit snugly. Makes silk or linen lines stronger and last longer. Prevents twisting and tangling.

FREE Try "3 in One" yourself at our expense. Write at once for sample bottle and booklet—both free. 3 IN ONE OIL CO., 112 New St., New York.



Graphitoleo

a mixture of choice flake graphite and pure petrolatum, cannot gum or become rancid. Lubricates without waste all parts of the gun and reel. Not a liquid. Sold everywhere in small, convenient tubes. Write for sample No. 52-H. Made in Jersey City, N. J., by the Established 1827

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY

NEWTON HIGH-POWER RIFLES

HIGHEST VELOCITY RIFLES IN THE WORLD. USE FACTORY AMMUNITION. New American made bolt action rifle ready for delivery about next September. Uses Newton high power cartridges in .22 caliber, .256 caliber, .280 caliber, .30 caliber, .33 caliber and .35 caliber, also .30 caliber Springfield. .256 NEWTON—123 grain bullet, velocity 3100 f.s. .30 Newton—170 grain bullet, velocity 3000 f. s. Price \$40.00. Send stamps for descriptive circular. We have been delayed in getting machinery on account of the demand for making military rifles for export; but it is now coming in. Sporting stocks and .256 barrels for Springfield rifles now ready, \$12.50 each.

NEWTON ARMS CO., Inc., 506 Mutual Life Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.



CANOEING



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Fellow Members Central Division, A. C. A.:

As you all know, this is Central Division year, an honor that comes to the division but once in three years. We should show our appreciation of this honor by doing everything possible to make it a big year in the history of the association. We are a large division in territory and rank second in point of members. We have a fond hope of some day bringing the Central into first place—not with the idea of beating the other fellows, as outside of a canoe race that is not the A. C. A. spirit at all—but we do feel a bit proud of our size and realize what great possibilities of growth the division offers if we keep plugging. In Commodore Spaulding we have an executive of whom the Central Division is justly proud. It feels that the association could not have selected a better man for this high office. Every one of us is confident that he will hold one of the most successful general meets in the history of the A. C. A.

Now, fellows, young and old, it is up to the Central to give him our hearty support. It is right up to the division to make a big showing at the Meet this year.

It is up to us to show the association that while the Central Division holds second place in point of numbers it stands first when it comes to holding a General Meet. Those of you who have been to Sugar Island surely need no urging to come again.

To those who have not been there, let me say, try it this year! You will have the time of your life! I feel sure that once you get there and see for yourselves what a canoeist's paradise Sugar Island really is, and what a good time everybody has, you will resolve to become an enthusiastic "steady."

Saturday, August 14th, has been designated as "Central Division Day." That means that the Division Regatta will be held on that day, also the annual meeting and election of division officers for 1916.

There will be a big Camp Fire and entertainment given by the Central in the evening for everybody on the island.

The following four Division Trophies are to be raced for by the men of the Central; The Central Division Sailing Trophy; The Ka-ne-enda Canoe Club Trophy; The Vice Commodore Cup, and a Central Division Club Cruising Tandem Trophy.

Now, once again, fellows, come to the 1915 meet! Stay as long as you can, bring your canoe and duffle, and come prepared to have the vacation of your life.

Canoeably yours,

A. F. SAUNDERS,

Vice Commodore, Central Div., A. C. A., 1915.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

New Members Proposed.

Atlantic Division:—Lester A. Neumann, W. 26th St., and Bolton Rd., New York, N. Y., by G. F. J. Neumann; Frank Dewan, 248 Sherman Ave., New York, N. Y., Oscar P. Lippe, 570 W. 183rd St., New York, N. Y. and William Paul Schott, 1951 Amsterdam Ave., New York, N. Y., all by Ernest B. Spence; Frithjof Sandersen, 1975 Cropsey Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., by Clemens Schroeder; John Leo McBride, 41 Park Row, New York, N. Y., by F. E. Ahrens.

Central Division:—A. W. Jacus, 7 Municipal Building, Buffalo, N. Y., by C. A. Spaulding; S. H. Pitts, Board of Trade, Toronto, Ont., Canada, by Lyman T. Coppins.

Eastern Division:—Henry S. Perrin, 27 Hillside Ave., Medford, Mass., by S. B. Burnham.

Western Division:—Louis W. Norgauer, 1212 South Ave., Toledo, Ohio, by Paul R. Sussman; Harold P. Geib, 75 N. Batavia Ave., Batavia, Ill., by R. F. Abercrombie; Paul A. Haas, 673 Second St., Milwaukee, Wis., by Harry Nelson; James L. Crittenden, 392 Lake Drive, Milwaukee, Wis., by John B. Henning; Paul L. Eastman, Box 234, Milwaukee, Wis., by H. C. Mueller; Ogden Cook, Kenilworth, Ill., by A. W. Friese; Harry E. Peter, 460 12th Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., by Harry Nelson; Hugo Stolley, 633 Cromer St., Milwaukee, Wis., and George K. Knowles, 422 Newberry Blvd., Milwaukee, Wis., both by J. B. Henning; H. N. Johnston, Byron, Ill., by H. L. Boynton; Claton A. Nott, Byron, Ill., by Edward H. Tryon; George N. Aulabaugh, 1827 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb., by Ralph F. Rogers.

THE RIGHT TEXT BOOK.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Enclosed please find my check, covering year's subscription to your journal for my son, John Rowell Cotton (17 years old), who is learning to catch bass.

A. C. COTTON, M. D.

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"Is it possible to shorten a rifle barrel without reducing its efficiency? What I have in mind is shortening of an 8 mm, 28½-inch barrel."

In answering this question much depends upon what is meant by "efficiency." As a convenient arm a shorter barrel would suit better. For instance: For a hunting arm a 24-inch barrel would be better. This, however, would show a falling off of 74 foot seconds velocity. To reduce it to carbine length (20 inches) would pull its "efficiency" down a trifle more. Personally, I would stop at 24 inches, as this will give you a good sporting arm. Care should be taken to find a reliable gunmaker or repairer in having the cut-off made. I will be glad to give you the names of such people, upon request.

Brook Trout of all ages for stocking brooks and lakes. Brook trout eggs in any quantity. Warranted delivered anywhere in fine condition. Correspondence solicited.

THE PLYMOUTH ROCK TROUT CO.

Plymouth, Mass.

FOR SALE—Salmon fishing outfit. Complete, finest quality. Rare opportunity. A. B. J., care of *Forest and Stream*.

WESTERN HANDICAP.

(Continued from page 441.)

101 entries second day at \$1.00	101.00
98 entries third day at \$1.00	98.00
Total	\$789.00
Losses paid in full	384.00

Surplus \$405.00
 Twenty-seven moneys—First, \$48.60; second, \$44.55; third, \$40.50; fourth, \$32.40; fifth, \$32.40; sixth, \$28.35; seventh, \$24.30; eighth and ninth, \$20.25 each; tenth, \$16.20; eleventh to thirteenth, \$12.15 each; fourteenth, \$8.10; fifteenth to twenty-seventh, \$4.05 each.

Optional \$5.00 sweep on 350 targets of regular program—21 entries at \$5.00, \$105.00—Six moneys—First, \$31.50 on score of 344; second, \$21.00; third, \$15.75; fourth, \$13.65; fifth, \$13.10; sixth, \$10.50.

Optional sweep on 150 targets on the 15th—20 entries at \$5.00—6 moneys—Three 148's paid \$21.60 each; six 146's paid \$5.80 each.

The \$1.00 optionals in each event had 21 entries—In event 1 the 15's paid \$2.10; event 2, 15's paid \$2.10; event 3, 15's paid \$3.50; events 4 and 5, 15's paid \$1.90 each; events 6, 7 and 8, 15's paid \$2.10 each; events 9 and 10, 15's paid \$1.75.

Optional sweep on 100 targets June 16—12 entries at \$5.00—99 paid \$18.00; 97 paid \$12.00; two 96's paid \$8.40 each; 94 paid \$7.20; 92 paid \$6.00.

Optional \$1.00 sweep on each event—16 entries—Event 1, 20's paid \$3.20; event 2, 20's paid \$2.25; event 3, 20's paid \$4.00; event 4, 20's paid \$3.20; event 5, 20's paid \$4.80; 19's paid 20 cents.

STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS TO DATE.

Remarkable among the scores made for the Interstate Association State championships is the breakage of A. B. Richardson who won Delaware State championship with a straight kill of 100, then come two 99's—C. Campbell of Oklahoma and E. J. Chingren of Washington. The Interstate Association contributes \$50 toward winners' expenses to Grand American Handicap in Chicago in August.

State	Champion	Score
Delaware	A. B. Richardson	100
Nebraska	H. Rebhausen	95
Oregon	L. Reyburn	98
Oklahoma	C. H. Newcomb	98
Pennsylvania	C. Campbell	99
*Washington	E. J. Chingren	99
South Dakota	A. J. French	98
†Ohio	Joseph Rummell	98
New Jersey	Fred Tomlin	97
New Hampshire	Elmer E. Reed	96
Maryland	E. W. Ford	97

* Broke 40 straight on shoot-off.
 † Broke 20 straight on shoot-off.

TO GIBBS AND FOX.

Lynchburg, Va., June 5, 1915.

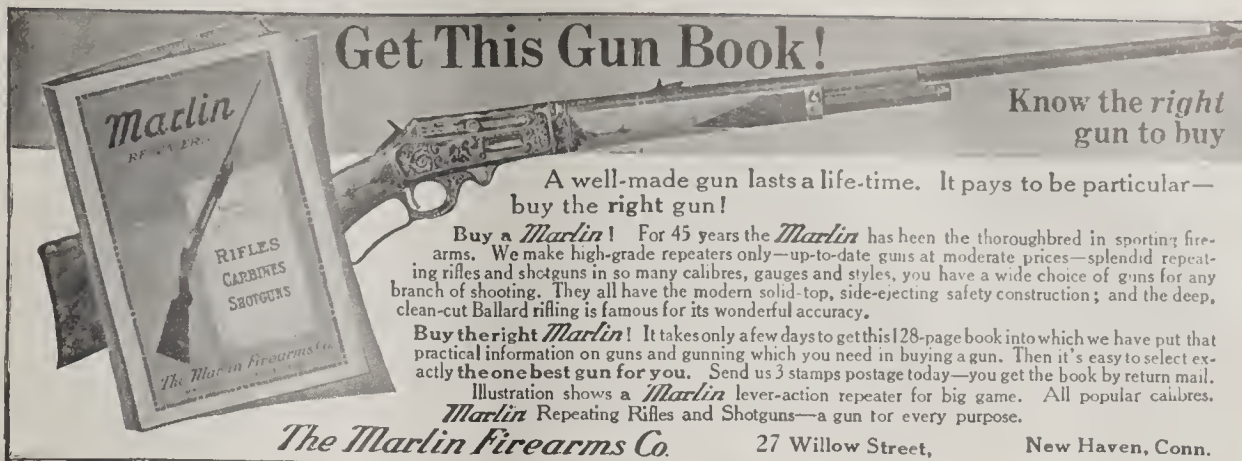
Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to protest most emphatically against your account of the Southern Handicap held in Memphis 11, 12 and 13. I believe in giving credit where credit is due, and would ask why no mention is made of H. D. Gibbs of the U. M. C. Company, and T. H. Fox of the Hercules Powder Co., who were the two high professionals in the main event, with scores of 96 out of 100 from the 23 and 20-yard lines, respectively. Not only was the shooting of these men consistent and high-class all through the tournament, but there was not one on the ground who did more for the comfort and pleasure of those participating.

E. A. WALTON

I willingly give credit where the same is due. I trust Brothers Gibbs and Fox will forgive me for the omission.—Editor.

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Know the right gun to buy

A well-made gun lasts a life-time. It pays to be particular—buy the right gun!

Buy a *Marlin*! For 45 years the *Marlin* has been the thoroughbred in sporting firearms. We make high-grade repeaters only—up-to-date guns at moderate prices—splendid repeating rifles and shotguns in so many calibres, gauges and styles, you have a wide choice of guns for any branch of shooting. They all have the modern solid-top, side-ejecting safety construction; and the deep, clean-cut Ballard rifling is famous for its wonderful accuracy.

Buy the right *Marlin*! It takes only a few days to get this 128-page book into which we have put that practical information on guns and gunning which you need in buying a gun. Then it's easy to select exactly the one best gun for you. Send us 3 stamps postage today—you get the book by return mail. Illustration shows a *Marlin* lever-action repeater for big game. All popular calibres. *Marlin* Repeating Rifles and Shotguns—a gun for every purpose.

The Marlin Firearms Co. 27 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

NEW HAMMERLESS

SAVAGE

The ONLY Automatic that has

Five Safeties

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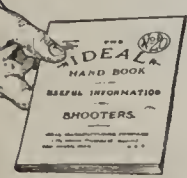
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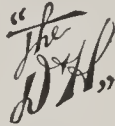
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The Mt. Morris Gun Club continues to hold themselves in the "limelight" of the shooting fraternity by conducting on June 4th, one of the most successful tournaments held in the Middle West this season.

Seventy-five entries were made for the Regular Program, and fifty for the Special, consisting of two 25 target events. Amateur contestants were handicapped according to their percentage made in the Regular Program.

Fourteen Half Century runs were made by Kennicott, Cadwallader, Bills, Kirkwood, Stannard, Sheffield, Rice, Miller, Vance, and Tucker, four of whom made double runs.

13725 targets were rapped in Regular and Special Programs.

The Professional 25 target event for trophy was won by H. Kennicott in shoot-off with E. S. Graham.

The Amateur 25 target event for three trophies was won by H. Cushing, first; Dr. C. B. Helm, second, and A. E. Savage, third.

The Gun Club appreciated the assistance given by the Trade Representatives, who in no small degree did much in making our tournament a flattering success.

THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

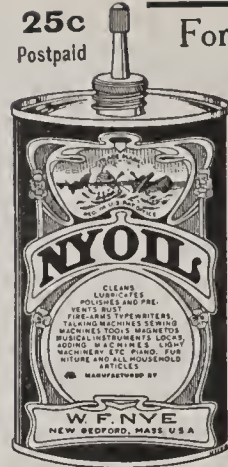
The program of the coming Grand American Trapshooting Tournament is now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready for mailing about July 15th. The program is not materially different from that of its predecessor, issued for last year's tournament. That program was so happily devised that it won the approval and support of the trapshooting fraternity to a marked degree. The schedule of events, in the main, follows the policy adopted by The Interstate Association in respect to its Grand Trapshooting Tournaments, and which have proven in practice to be popular, equitable and successful.

As was the case last year, The Interstate Association will donate numerous trophies to be competed for. These trophies will be well worth winning, and the winners will have the satisfaction of having something besides cash to take home with them as proof that they have defeated "the best in the land at the greatest trapshooting tournament in the world."

Ten automatic traps, an extra trap for professionals, and two "Joker Traps," will be installed. The Section System, slightly modified, will be used. By using ten traps it is confidently believed that, barring inclement weather, it will be possible to finish each event on the day it is scheduled to be shot with a total of 700 entrants.

The Interstate Association and the Chicago Association of Trapshooters will spare no trouble or expense to make this, the sixteenth Grand American Trapshooting Tournament, come fully up to the high standard set by its predecessors.

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GREAT INTERNATIONAL SHOOTING TOURNAMENT AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

Marksmen of California and of the whole Pacific Slope are jubilant over the decision of the Exposition authorities to permit the use of the telescope sight in the great international Panama-Pacific shooting tournament to be held on the Shall Mound range from August 8 to September 26. The question whether the telescope sight would or would not be permitted was a mooted question all over the country. The decision means that the greatest marksmen of the country are to be relied upon to take part in the tournament. Some of the leading marksmen of the bay district are practicing daily for the great event, the most important shooting tournament in the history of this country. There will be shooting for soldiers, sailors, recruits and veterans, cadets, students of academies and colleges, indoor and outdoor contests, natural and artificial light, rifles, pistol and revolver shooting.

The tournament will be inaugurated by a brilliant military demonstration, in which civic bodies will participate. The officers in charge predict that fully 40,000 men will be in line on that occasion. Many shooting societies from all sections of the country will be represented.

UNCLE JOHN REDFERN.

Sioux City, Ia.—Probably in no gun club in the United States, or in any other country, for that matter, is there an active trap shooter who is as old as "Uncle" John Redfern, a member of the Soo Gun Club. "Uncle" John is 78 years of age and will add another summer to that list in August, when he will have reached the ripe old age of 79.

"There's nothing like it, boys, to stay young," said Redfern, in commenting on trap shooting. "I have been a member of the Soo Gun Club since it was organized in 1895, and I have not missed one of the tournaments in all those years. I have been out in the woods and shot at birds of all kinds, I fired many a shell during the Civil War, but nothing ever gave me quite the pleasure that a pop shot at a flying blue rock does.

"If you want to keep young, just get out every Sunday morning and feel the recoil of an old blunderbuss against your shoulder. I tell you, it puts spice into your life and makes the red blood tingle through your veins in a way nothing else can do. I expect to be standing in front

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TROUT, R. F. D., PLYMOUTH, MASS.

of this old trap, boys, when the century of years rolls around and I am only sorry that I can't pass away with my favorite gun in my hand."

John Redfern took part in the recent tournament of the Soo Gun Club. He did not shoot every event, but what events he did shoot in he managed to "show up" a bunch of youngsters. He is prouder of his old Lefever than he is of his thirty-odd grandchildren. He divided his time here during the tournament with the annual encampment of the G. A. R., veterans of Iowa, and the gun club managed to get most of his time. He's a good scout and a good sport, and if they shoot targets in the Great Beyond, "Uncle" John will be at the traps on the first day of his arrival.

Bill Tolen, of Fort Dodge, Ia., practically a new man in the trap world, carried off high honors in the twenty-first annual tournament of the Soo Gun Club, which lasted over three days, closing June 10. For three days "Wild Bill" hammered away at 180 targets daily and when the smoke had died away from the muzzle of his gun on the 540th bird he had dropped but eighteen, his total for the entire tourney being 522 out of a possible 540. He shot at an average of 96.666 during the three days.

Never in the history of the local club, one of the oldest gun clubs in the country, has such a gathering of amateurs shot a tournament. When the entries closed it was found that 201 representative shooters from Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota and Minnesota had entered. Of this number more than forty shot every event, which included nine events of 20 targets daily and one trophy event each day.

The weather was anything but ideal for trap shooting. On the first two days a young gale breezed over the course. The birds performed all stunts familiar to expert shooters and some that were not on their list. But despite this fact some remarkable scores were made. Tolen, the high gun for three days, dropped but seven out of 180 on the first day, followed up with a similar score on the second day, and closed up the shoot by missing but four. This is Tolen's second year out. One year and two months ago he was persuaded to leave his place of business in Fort Dodge and accompany Joe Kautzky to the traps. Kautzky agreed to teach Tolen how to do it. He succeeded in every sense of the word and at the local tournament Kautzky had to bow to the superior shooting of his pupil. Kautzky was sixth high gun for the shoot.

The Liberty Cartridge Company trophy, which is put up each year, was won by Joe Kautzky of Fort Dodge.

The Interstate championship trophy, the feature event of the tournament, was won by Ernest Sasse of Stanton, Neb. Sixty-seven shooters tried for this event. Fifteen birds were shot at by each and at the end it was found that nine had tied. Using the "miss and out" system, these nine men battled away until Sasse captured the cup on his forty-eighth straight "dead." Tolen was runner up, while third money went to R. McKenzie of Sioux City.

On the final day the feature event was the competition for the Davidson Brothers' trophy, an unusually handsome and valuable loving cup, standing two feet high. H. G. Taylor of Vermion, S. D., won this event.

Among the professionals to take part in the meet were Fred Gilbert, a member of the local



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NOTE: The dial is golden. We show it here in black to give an idea how it stands out at night.

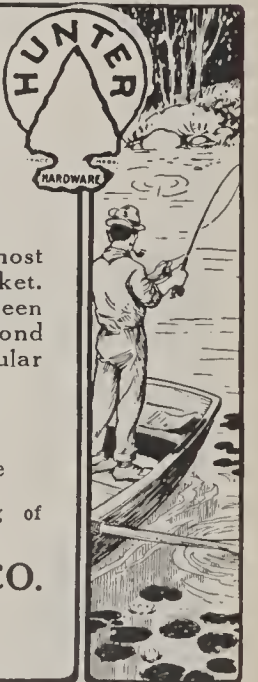
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Uncle John Redfern.

club and the most popular professional in this neck of the woods; George Kreger, George Maxwell, the one-armed wonder; J. R. Graham, star of the Olympic games at Stockholm; D. Flanagan of Minneapolis, and "Skid" Clancy.

MODERN TENNIS.

Although many books have been written on the subject of tennis by amateurs and professionals, by champions and would-be champions, heretofore they have mainly been of two distinct classes. Either the general outline of the game and the tennis experiences of the writer or the purely technical often too theoretical descriptions of the game. Mr. P. A. Vaile, in his "Modern Tennis," has happily combined these two classes and in a book of some 300 pages has given us a complete, interesting and extremely readable account of tennis as it is played to-day. Nothing is omitted, from his opening chapters on "The Court" and the "Implements," through lucid explanations of all the technicalities of the game, ending with very valuable chapters on the "Laws of Tennis."

To the man who is not a student of the game but who enjoys it alone for the exercise and pleasure in the playing, the most interesting are Mr. Vaile's chapters on "Tennis Personalities" and "The Davis Cup." The many pictures and descriptive plans add greatly to the general charm of the publication and are at the same time instructive and helpful.

Mr. Vaile has succeeded in handling a subject, of interest to all lovers of sport, in a clear, practical and extremely interesting manner from cover to cover.

To the tennis "has been" for reminiscences, to the present champions for advice, and to the inexperienced tyros for instruction we heartily recommend this book. (Funk and Wagnalls Co.)



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CAN ONE SNAP OF A WOLF'S JAWS KILL A DEER?

(Continued from page 397.)

physical impossibility of the wolf's being able to obtain such a grasp with his jaws on the chest of a caribou—a larger animal than the white-tailed deer—as would enable him to sink his teeth to a sufficient depth to puncture the heart and produce profuse external hemorrhage. Though the exterior surface of the heart of a deer may lie but five-eighths of an inch within the chest wall of hide, muscle and bone; and though the jaws of a wolf may be powerful enough to send the teeth through the amount of matter it represents, if advantageously presented to his grasp, it is not clear how such an advantage could be obtained

under the conditions described. Furthermore, to produce such a hemorrhage as is described, the wound in the heart must be deep enough to penetrate into its cavities. The body of that organ is composed of tough, fibrous, muscular tissue, with a blood supply of its own independent of the main blood flood that it encloses and protects, as well as maintains in circulation; and it may be considerably injured without producing death. The muscular walls of the heart would certainly add another five-eighths of an inch to the matter, making an inch and a quarter in all, to be penetrated by the wolf's teeth in order to produce the hemorrhage described, and the consequent weakness that almost immediately brought the caribou to earth. It does not seem,



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therefore, that Mr. Long's mere demonstration that the heart of a deer lies but five-eighths of an inch below the surface of the chest, constitutes conclusive proof of his contention.

The chest of many quadrupeds, when an animal is laid upon its back, presents roughly the shape of the uncrossed letter A. Even in a caribou, the apex or ridge thus presented is probably thin enough to enable as large an animal as a wolf to grasp it between his jaws; but the heart is so far distant from the apex that only the anterior portion of the jaws carrying the small incisors would reach it, if, indeed, it would be reached at all. Assuming now that the jaws are

powerful enough to compress the wide base of the "A" sufficiently to send the small incisors through the chest wall and heart muscle into the cavities of the latter, such a grasp could not be obtained unless the caribou were on its back, or the wolf in that position beneath the standing caribou. But Mr. Long's contention does not cover this hypothesis. The wolf is represented as inflicting the fatal wound directly through the side of the chest—a practically perpendicular wall—as he was running beside or directly up to the caribou.

The difference between enclosing the chest with the jaws over the apex of the "A," and grasping

the practically smooth surface of the side wall, appears clear. An exaggerated illustration of this difference is that between the edge and the flat surface of a board or plate. The former could readily be seized between the teeth, while it is impossible even for any animal to seize the latter. If, then, the board placed on its edge, be rapidly moved forward, and its surface be obscured by the interposition of an object such as the oscillating shoulder of a running deer, the task of the wolf in cutting into the heart at one snap, may be appreciated. It is true that in the original story the caribou is not flatly represented as running. Just what was his attitude, except by inference, is not clear. That, in the curiosity attributed to him, he would stand at rest till the wolf rushed up and seized him, does not appear credible. Instinct would certainly lead him to spring away as the wolf jumped toward him; and the agility of the deer family is well known. But even, if the caribou were standing at rest, and full opportunity were presented to the wolf to snap at the chest, the heart would then be somewhat protected by the shoulder, and the task be made no less difficult.

It is possible, of course, that lack of close knowledge of natural history such as Mr. Long possesses, is responsible for my skepticism. There may be loop-holes both in my premises and my deductions; but if so, I do not now see them. In any case, I shall continue to read such books and articles as he may hereafter write, with undiminished interest and with regret that opportunity to see the things of nature as he has seen them, was never presented to me. That I am not yet ready to admit the jaws of a timber wolf are sufficiently powerful to penetrate to the depth of an inch or more, the hide covered surface of a mass of bone and muscle as it is presented in the chest of a living caribou, is merely a point of disagreement with him, and does not constitute disparagement of his interesting and useful research work in the realm of natural history.

W. H. BENTLEY,

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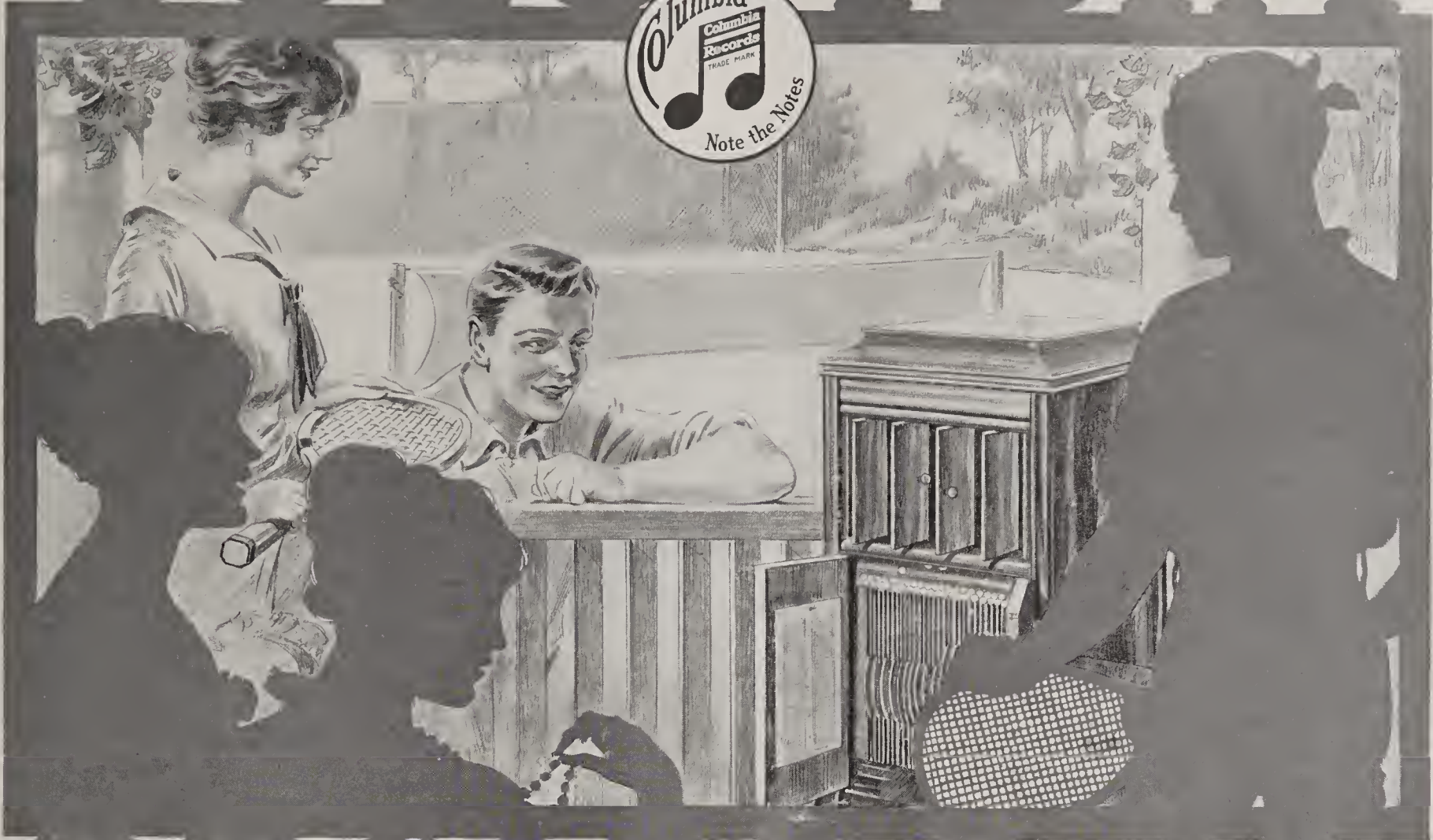
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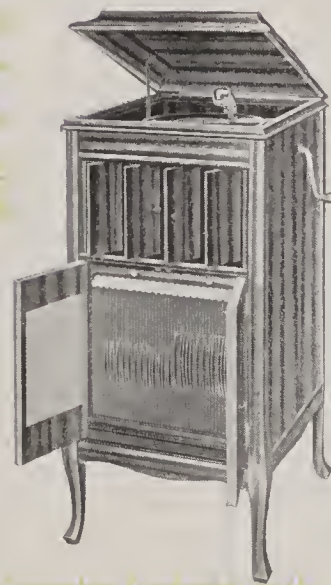
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August, 1915

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United States and Canada

Edited by W. G. BEECROFT

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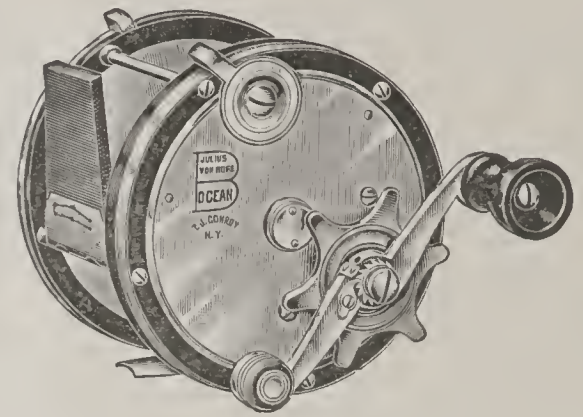
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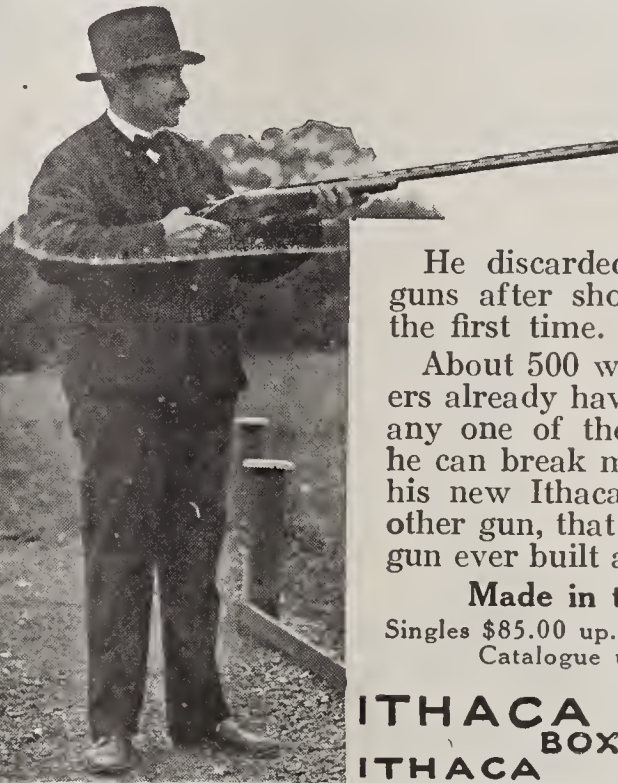
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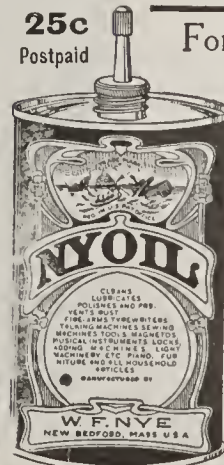
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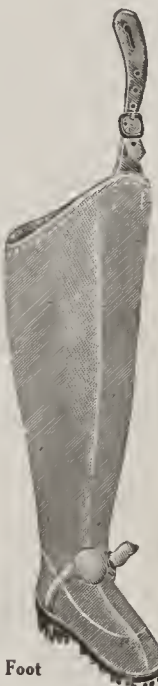
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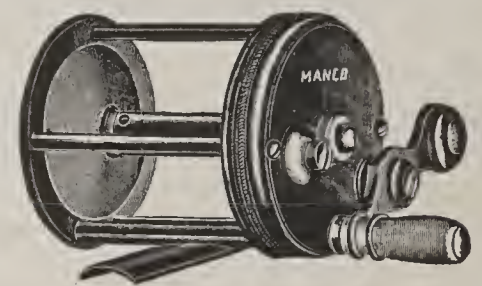
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Off The Beaten Path For Moose In Nova Scotia

There are Districts in That Province Which are Little Known to Tourists, and Which Contain Some Mighty Good Hunting, to Say Nothing of Splendid Fishing

By Edward Breck, Ex-President, Nova Scotia Guides' Association.



I KNEW there was good hunting and good fishing in Guysboro. In the first place had I not spent two months in the woods up there, with our head camp on the island in Big Lis-cum Lake, when I proudly counted ten years? And did I

not shoot my first partridge there, and see my first bear trapped and shot and my first moose called? Aye, marry, I did! And since then lots of folks who know, from the Chief Game Commissioner down, have been telling me that I ought not to spend all my time in my old haunts, but go north, young man! go north!

"Come with me," the Rev. Mr. Harley of Windsor has been calling for years, "and I will show you some of the best sea-trout fishing you ever saw!" Most of this was along the southeast shore of Guysboro, and I have yearly shed tears that I could not make plans to go under such delightful auspices. Finally, however, I yielded to a tempting invitation from Chief Game Commissioner Knight, and in about the time it would have taken us to go from Boston to Colorado, I reached the little town of Guysboro, the county

seat, from Annapolis Royal, having to spend two nights before arriving at our camp on Lawlor's Lake, which is presided over by one of the really good guides of the woods, Dave Graham, who is a game-warden to boot. I had heard of Lawlor's before from Dr. Jost of Guysboro, who stands for all that is good in sportsmanship in that part of the world, and who is ever ready with advice and assistance. In fact, the camp

on Lawlor's is his property and great pride. Commissioner Knight, besides his nephew, Fred, had brought along with him a favorite Indian guide from Sheet Harbor, Frank Paul, turning Dave over to me. It was a matter of a ten-mile drive to Ogden, the hamlet where Dave lives, and from there to the lake a long hike over a good trail, the stuff being drawn in on a horse toboggan (tabbigan, the Indians call it in Nova Scotia). "Well," said I to myself, "this is out of the tourists' path, to be sure, and there's got to be something done to make up for this journey." And it was so. People who demand their fishing off the veranda of the hotel, where they alight from the train or an auto, don't usually get it. The excellence and the charm of a place are apt to increase as the square of the distance—from town.

In this case the journey was long, but pleasant, the scenery along the Dominion Atlantic and the Inter-Colonial railways being charming, and the last stage, a steamer run from Mulgrave, jumping-off place for Cape Breton, being most interesting. As yet Guysboro town is innocent of such a modern horror as a railway, so that you get an atmosphere of primitiveness from the



The Ten Hours' Hunt Was Over and the Bull Was Down.



When the Moose Hunter Gets Down to Business.

very start. Thus the Dominion Atlantic Line takes you through the incomparable Annapolis Valley and the storied haunts of the Evangeline Arcadians, while the Inter-colonial shows you the lands of the hardy Scottish settlers, mostly Roman Catholic, and lands you anywhere on the northern strait that borders romantic Cape Breton. And what sporting territory is on all sides!

Lawlor's looked very good to me, the comfortable cabin facing a scene of beauty and sporting promise, a far stretch of blue water studded with shaggy islands and shut in by hills on every side. We arrived before the moose season opened, and intended to spend the few days before hunting in exploring and fishing. I spoke of fishing off your veranda. At Lawlor's Lake it is done. I had not come for fishing, and expected nothing, but Dave took me on a cruise round the lake in one of the heavy boats generally used in that district, and I found that my experience as a trout expert, though wide, did not tell me all there was to know about the habits of the *fontinalis*; for here the fish apparently swarmed all over the lake, the secret being a series of shoals that had to be known. They were there by the score, and good sized ones, too, and gamy. It was easy to take home a fine lot, even without taking a female, my plan being always to press the fish a little in the autumn, when the spawn is easily pressed out; that is, if there appeared a doubt about the sex of the fish.

Next day an expedition was undertaken to Rocky Lake, a matter of a couple of hours' tramp, as the lake belongs to another branch of the Guysboro system. Here no boat or canoe was available, but we launched a bulky raft and cruised the water to the end. The literal fact about Rocky is, that it must teem with trout of a large size; I mean from one to two pounds, and some much bigger. Though the wind that

day was north we got what we wanted, and but one thought possessed me: Oh! for a canoe in these waters! Unlike western Nova Scotia, the canoe is not appreciated in the east.

If anybody is looking for trout fishing in comparatively primitive waters, let him take a canoe with him and go out from the town of Guysboro in one of many directions, and he will get his fill in the spring, or any old time for the matter of that. I found that Lawlor's and Rocky were not considered the best at all. There is one big lake near by, on which the former lieutenant-governor had a fishing camp, where two-pounders and over are common. It is often very rough, so that boats are commonly used, but an expedition across country with a light canoe, the carries not being too long, would take the fishermen to lakes and streams fished hardly at all and yet filled with good ones. I am going there in spring, sometime.

But after all this is not a tale of fishing, but of hunting. Our appetite has been whetted in Guysboro by the sight of a wonderful head that Dave had called the season before for Dr. Jost, with very massive antlers, and Dave, though he wanted to guide us to what he considered better territory, consented to show us the ground where this monster had been lured to his death. Hence Lawlor's, this country being situated beyond the far end of the lake, along the upper reaches of the Isaac's Harbor River, which flows through typically rough territory.

The river, the valley of which is separated from Lawlor's by a reach of high barrens, flows from Costley's Lake down through a series of ridges and black spruce swamps to the forks of both branches, the whole country being very hard going. We were early, as aforesaid, and the inevitable question might as well be disposed of

right here: "Were we right to shoot in the mating season?"

No and yes; yes and no! As a rule no beast or bird should be disturbed in the mating season. With moose there is however one factor in the problem that may or may not influence the individual sportsman. The majority of bulls, particularly the big fellows, mate before the sixteenth of September, and the next spring's crop of calves has been looked out for before that time. As for the sportsmanship of "calling" in general, I have already wasted a good deal of ink discussing its ethics, the result being that calling is just as fair as still-hunting and a trifle more so.

To prate of really sportsmanlike hunting (I am speaking American now) is sheer cant. Until we teach the beasts how to hunt us with repeating rifles there can be no such thing. All we may claim is, that certain circumstances compensate for the unfairness of our methods and for the killing, which latter may be eliminated with ease by leaving the rifle in camp and bringing a camera. Did it ever occur to you that many a man who sees nothing unfair in letting a dog put up every bird he shoots, will exclaim against the unfairness of calling moose, forgetting that the skill of the guide and his "handling" of the bull when once started are as interesting, and often more so, as the working of a bird dog? Of course it may be considered more sportsmanlike, as it certainly is more fun, to call your own bull, but, in general, the bull stands far more chance for his life in calling time than when a good hunter gets after him later on, when he is more off his guard, especially when there is snow. Do not argue with me on this subject unless you have called moose more than I have.

But a truce to preaching! Let us go down river with Dave and watch him solve a difficult proposition. When the season finally opened the party separated. The chief and his nephew, Fred Knight, taking Injun Frank part way down the trail, while Dave and I started for the forks of the Isaac's Harbor. This was generous of the chief, for Dave alone knew the country.

Just a moment to describe Dave's lean-to tent, which was composed of two long triangles of cloth, one end of the tent (the rear) reaching out along the ground in a long point, while the front end towered far out ahead, so that it was about over the camp-fire, though high enough to escape being burnt. It looked pretty good to me, though on the whole I prefer some other variety, say the Baker tent, which is my favorite on all occasions except in winter. How anyone can use any tent but the lean-to for fall shooting is beyond me.

God made the Isaac's Harbor River a thing of beauty. Man has turned it into a ditch flanked with from one hundred to two hundred yards of dead trees and stumps and windfalls on both sides. It was the electric light men, they told me. A curse upon them—may God wither 'em! May they join their worthy fellows, the lumbermen, in some torrid region expressly reserved for the *la bas*.

On the east side of the river rises a huge bluff, or series of bluffs, the descent to the water being almost sheer. The view would have been glorious had the human vandals not have visited the place.

When we reached the shore we found it so



Across the Lake on a Home-Made Raft—Dining With a Moose Antler as a Table—What the Lumbermen Did by Backing Up the Water.

strewn with a wild jumble of dead logs and limbs and shingles that carrying a pack through it was a most difficult task. We were bound across, but how? We had no canoe or boat. "A raft," said Dave. But how build it, and where? There was no real shore; just a ragged edge of logs and sharp sticks, as you may see in the picture. It was with a good deal of trouble that, without my pack or rifle, I worked my way through to it. For an answer Dave Graham got out his axe and began cutting logs, which, one by one, he carried through and over that tangle to a kind of landing that he smoothed off, where he moored them until enough were cut to be witted together. I helped with some of the lighter ones, but mostly I sat and marvelled. I am sure I can do several things better than can Dave, but that which he did that day I could not do to save my life. And he did it apparently easily, as if he were accustomed to throw off a little thing like that every morning before breakfast. My hat is off to Dave Graham, quiet, modest, genial, strong and efficient! Best type of that grand chap, the northern guide.

Well, we finished that raft and, strapping or tying the duffle and rifles to it, we pushed off, only almost to founder, and to get back to the shore just in time. Three more big logs were added, and our short, but long-drawn-out voyage was accomplished round the turn of the forks into the west branch. But here was another difficulty. The shore where we desired to land was as bad as that we had left, and it was only after an hour's hard work that we at last succeeded, by means of relaying the articles one by one, in getting ashore and to a little knoll in the quasi island between the forks where it was smooth enough to pitch a tent.

I have said that Dave was modest, and a proof of it is that, although he had called many moose, nothing would move him to call while I was in the party. If modesty could be made into an extract and put up in bottles, I would have operated on Dave, and flooded the market with this rarest of virtues. The child-like fellow had read some articles and books of mine, and artlessly concluded that, since it was all down there in real print, I must know it all!

There is, however, no use in telling you all that happened and didn't happen on that tour. Let it suffice that we "had a bully time," and things came to several heads. It was not good

calling weather, perhaps, because there had not been a good frost yet, a circumstance that supplied us with all the berries we could eat, a sweet boon in the woods. I have seldom seen so many blueberries, raspberries and blackberries.

It was a matter of climbing to some lookout, whence we had a view over the surrounding country, sitting tight, and sending the sonorous whining bray of the cow-moose across the shaggy hills and vales. The very first morning we had a couple of gruff answers, but they were far off. After an hour's waiting for them to get nearer, we saw a couple of black specks moving slowly down the ridge on the opposite side of our valley, perhaps a mile and a half away. They were coming toward us in a general way, but it was a mated pair, and evidently taking no slightest notice of us but making for the black swamps with which the narrow river was covered.

After another hour, which was made interesting by the quarrel of a raven and a Cooper's hawk, that always stopped short of actual battle, we trailed over country to the spot where the pair had entered the river valley, and, first trying a "couple o' blats," as guide Willie Rogers would say, I left Dave on a knoll and took a cruise up-stream, only to discover that the moose had been moving pretty rapidly in that direction, and so we gave it up for the day.

That was a characteristic morning, but I must tell you the most interesting thing that did happen to me, and I shall take the liberty of adding an account of the killing of a bull, that is rather typical of what I call still-hunting in calling-time.

After Mr. Knight and his party had rejoined us down river, we concluded to hike to another country, and therefore started back to Lawlor's Lake camp. Now one of my favorite pastimes is to stroll off alone in search of adventure, and a new country is ever fascinating. So, taking on my back my lightweight Comfort Pocket (air mattress and cover) and speed kodak, I shouldered my old reliable Winchester thirty-five, and started up the Isaac's Harbor stream.

I had a compass and an excellent map (one of the Canadian Geological Survey, I think). Besides this I had nothing, not even a lunch, as I planned to make only a detour and be at the head of Lawlor's by noon. Thus we see that these invariable rules, even when laid down by one's self, are oft sadly neglected! With the

thirty odd pounds on my back I took a compass course across country, and easily found the other branch of the river, only a brook in its upper reaches.

It came on to drizzle, miserably of course, but that made it still better weather for going along quietly. The inevitable occurred! I came upon fresh tracks and browsings, and the excellent feed conditions were proof that moose must be near. It was about nine o'clock and I would gladly have divested myself of my sleeping-bag, had I been sure exactly where I was, so that I could have picked it up on my journey back to the lake. Thirty pounds, or so, with a heavy rifle and a camera case, do not seem much on paper, but experience has told us all how such a weight grows "as the square of the distance." The river valley was a gulch for the most part, and grown up on each side with scrub trees of various kinds. The trail was lost time after time, and it was only by following little meadows that occurred once in a while that it could be re-discovered.

For a couple of hours it always came back to the river, but at last it persistently ran off to the west. This was disappointing, as I had hoped to go east, or toward Lawlor's. However, I was in for it now, anyhow, and felt pretty frisky, so I consulted map and compass, and started up over the ridge after the tracks. Oh! that ridge, and the next, and the next! For the dratted beasts seemed to choose the very highest and densest the next half hour. Worse than that, the trail finally disappeared, and no amount of grunting and calling through the bark horn elicited a response.

It was twelve o'clock, and where was that piece of "Dot" chocolate and that biscuit that I always carried for times just like this? It was a great berry year, but up on these scrub spruce ridges berries did not grow. It was a case pull the belt in, take a drink of delicious spring water, munch a mouthful of cress, and wait for a better opportunity.

Giving up the chase, I made a compass calculation and started straight for Costley's Lake, for it was that body of water that I really wanted to see. The compass said it could not be far away, and I reached its to me unknown shores in just twenty minutes, a proof that the map was a good one. Costley's is big and round, but I had to verify it by finding the outlet, which

was really the Isaac's Harbor River. Of course I had to make nearly a complete detour before coming upon it, so that I had begun to think I had chanced on another lake and was therefore lost. But no, what was that? The faint rushing of water? To be sure, and here was the outlet itself with a big log across it, as described to me by Dave.

By this time I had begun to feel rather peckish, though the berries were plentiful. I had reckoned on a partridge or two, or at very least, a young porcupine, that should furnish me with my favorite woodland "dish," roast porky's liver on a stick. But I saw but one flock of grouse, which was wild and unapproachable, and never a porky, young or old. And that thirty pounds on my back—how the weight increased. And how that dratted camera case banged against my side with every step. I had another fine drink of spring water with a mouthful of cress, and began to follow the river down. But it was not long before I discovered that it made a rather wide bend westward, and that, before I got back to the place on the map where the west branch was nearest to the east, it would be pretty late.

I had a council of war with my compass and watch, and concluded that, if I hoped to get to Lawlor's by dark I should have to cut across country. It wouldn't have mattered much, except Mr. Knight would be worried about me, knowing that I had never before been in this end of Guysboro county. I then started straight for the head of Lawlor's Lake, but it was in the sweet confidence of ignorance, for, had I known what I was to go through, I would have had gone "any old way" round that was easier.

The fact was that the compass led me over a series of ridges that were separated by deep gulches, filled up with briar-covered copses and entangled scrub growths. Much of the traveling was done literally on my hands and knees, with my pack getting caught every minute or so.

There is no need to describe at great length this seven or eight mile scramble up and down that virgin wilderness. The last part of it was

no fun at all, and I should probably have made camp before dark had it not been for a peculiar sound that came to me as I sat resting with my back against a log on the top of a ridge about six o'clock in the afternoon, after ten hours of continuous travel. From time to time I talked through my bark horn, occasionally letting out a loud call, but the air was heavy in the drizzle, and the sound could not go far. Below me, according to the compass, lay the east branch of the stream, and from there came this noise, a peculiar whining howl.

"A bear!" I thought at first, for a bear can make almost any noise on earth. But again it sounded, and this time it was so deep and cavernous that no lungs in the northern wilderness but those of a moose could produce it. I rose and slung my pack on my back, and looked to my rifle. It was extraordinary how quickly my fatigue left me. In a minute I was tearing down through that awful tangle of branch and rock and briar, until I stopped after going about half a mile, on the edge of a little meadow, through which the east branch ran. Listening for some time I heard nothing, but I soon found quite fresh tracks leading down-stream, which suited me, as that was my way back to camp. It was ideal weather for still-hunting, for the ground was heavy and wet and dripping woods drowned almost any sound. Proceeding swiftly but carefully, I soon heard the old bull grunting to his wife, and occasionally a whine of impatience from her, as if saying, "Behave yourself, you silly old fool!" There was no wind that I could perceive in that deep and dense valley, and all I had to do was to steal up on them with greatest care, guided by their conversation, which was constant though desultory.

All at once, as I rose to my feet after creeping across a little stretch of long grass, I saw standing before me with legs apart and staring eyes, an awkward little idiot of a calf-moose. For a second we stood gazing at each other motionless. I expected every moment that it would let out a squeal, as usual, and stampede the rest of the family, but, for some reason as yet un-

known to man (I have long ceased wondering about the acts of moose), the little chap did nothing of the kind, but backed slowly into the thicket. Very carefully I followed until, when we had gone ten yards or so, it wheeled and ran off to my left. Putting my horn to my lips I squealed like a calf and dropped silently into the wet moss. The mother whined and the old fellow grunted and I could hear the swishing of the trees in front. All at once I saw something black on my right, and I instinctively covered it with my rifle, while waiting to see more clearly what the sex of the animal was. The cracking of a stick on my left made me turn quickly and there I saw the bull standing half facing me, but apparently not seeing me. It was the work of a second to whirl, bring down the muzzle of the terrible .35 to his neck and pull the trigger. A subdued crash followed the shot, and then a short struggle and silence. The ten hours' hunt was over, and the bull down.

When it was all over and my blood had returned to its normal temperature, my great fatigue came over me again. For the life of me I could not have cut a steak off that beast. Nor was I hungry at all. I was just sleepy. I calculated that it could not be far now from the lake, but dusk was upon me, and I had just time to collect some dry stuff out of stumps, make a small fire, and crawl into my Comfort Pocket at a spot just a few yards up the ridge on higher ground. My eyes had closed and I was almost over the way into the Land of Nod when I heard a shot very near me. It was the men in the canoe at the head of Lawlor's. I could not say whether I was glad or sorry. I did not like staying out all night in the rain, and yet I did so want to sleep!

But the upshot of it was that I had a fine hat supper at Lawlor's Camp, and saving my host a lot of worry.

Guysboro is an undiscovered country for the Yankee tourist. When you go, take Dave with you, and a .35 Winchester is apt to come in very handy. But don't go traveling off the trail for all day without an emergency lunch with you!



Some Nature Lures for Summer and Fall Fishing

Remarkable Imitations of Well Known Insects, Grasshoppers, Dragon-Flies and Caterpillars That add a New Chapter to Modern Angling

By Louis Rhead.

IT would be madness for even the very foolish to deny that game fish seek localities where food is most abundant; also to deny that fish will and do prefer lures and baits different from the regular food they are wont to eat. My contention is, give a fish the food he likes, or if that be not possible, offer an imitation of that food, as near as can be made with the materials at command. This I am endeavoring to do at the best of my ability. An artist is particularly favored in that, he can (with more or less success) copy nature and after patient effort produce what less favored persons would scarce attempt.

All rivers or bodies of water contain certain kinds of fish food that preponderate over others. Thus it is some lakes of deep water and few weeds have abundance of minnows and few frogs. Shallow lakes with plenty of weeds, grass, lilies and scum, breed frogs, dragon-flies, grasshoppers and much other surface food. Rivers that have muddy and sandy bottoms breed entirely different insects to those rivers with rocky or pebbly bottoms, and whatever the water conditions are, the food varies considerably according to season.

Just as the summer's heat gets powerful aquatic insects become smaller and scarcer. Then nature supplies certain fish food of a larger kind. After June the water is thick with the larvæ of various big stone-flies and dragon-flies; the land in close proximity to the water is fairly alive with grasshoppers (winged and wingless) and the river and lake-side trees are loaded with different species of caterpillars. It is quite true that from early spring to late fall, minnows certainly do form the major part of fish diet. But minnows are sharp enough to haunt the shallows where big fish fear to go. It is only during the night time in summer that large fish prowl around the sides to get them.

The minnows here shown are in many respects an advance on the "feather minnows" described last March in another magazine. They are by "long shots" harder to make, because the two parts are separately constructed, the back of cork and the belly of wood, so made that it floats upright and requires less movement in playing—in fact, fish have taken them while perfectly still in repose. In this minnow I discarded the plume (which forms a prominent feature of the feather minnow) and used a pair of quivering feathers placed at the forward side of the body as pectoral fins. It is most effective when cast down stream, then to be gradually reeled

back from side of the river, covering as much water as possible. I am confident no minnow heretofore invented is so deadly as anglers will find this lure to be.

is seized by the first large fish in sight. If you hook one, float it alive, nay, if you do so half a dozen times you will see how cleverly the fish nip them off without touching the hook. This



The Above Illustrations Have Been Reduced About One-Sixth in Process of Illustration—
Note the Marvellous Accuracy With Which Their Originator and Designer
Has Followed Natural Life.

I do not propose in these papers to describe the (more or less) remarkable success of these lures, though I could do so, but I cheerfully leave such tales to those amateur or veteran anglers who delight in reciting wonderful exploits to their angling brethren. My sole object is to study and investigate how to get the best sport in the highest and most skillful manner, and supply the means. In order to do this I have during the last three years made careful color pictures of every kind of food that game fish eat and by the end of this year I hope to have a complete line of nature lures, as perfect in every detail as it is possible to make them by hand, all ready in good time for next season's fishing.

A live grasshopper that floats down stream in the daytime has little chance to go far before it

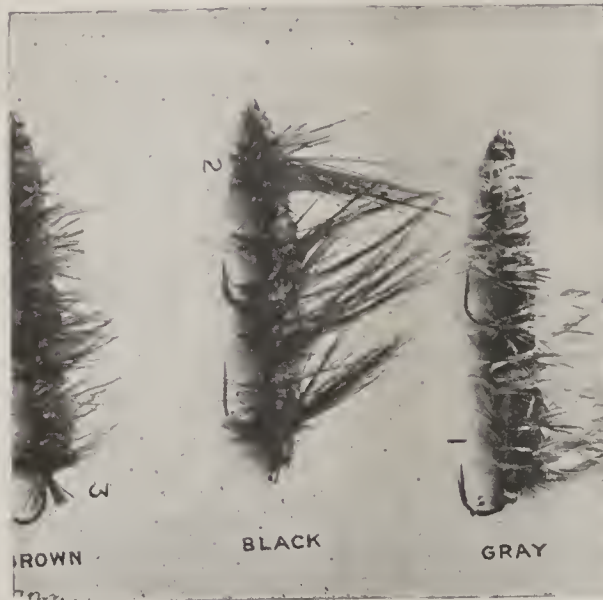
smart trick is not so easy with my nature lure grasshopper, which is made to float and stand upright on the surface. If you cast it out where trout lie, either on a clear glassy surface, or down a rippling runway, you should use a long, fine six-foot leader though strong enough to hold a big bass or trout.

Attach the leader neatly to the bait without any additional feature, spoons, sinkers or other attractions whatever, playing the rod tip so that the bait skips in short jumps, like the natural insect does, when by accident it falls on the water. Strike instantly the bait is taken, for the fish can immediately tell the difference between artificial and live bait. The advantage of grasshopper fishing is that none but large fish will go for it, and also that you may fish with fairly

good success on hot, sunny days when flies are not so effective, though evening fishing is (as always) the best, because both trout and bass are at that time more active in their search for food.

The dragon-flies, of which there are two sizes made, will be found best to use as an ordinary floating fly. Cast it out on the surface to float awhile, whip it off again without being wetted, and keep repeating the cast. This fly is so light it can easily be cast among the weeds and lily pads where they will be greedily taken by large perch, pickerel, pike and bass. For river fishing, almost any plan will induce a rise where fish happen to be.

Modern anglers, I believe, do not take a fancy to caterpillar fishing, probably because there are no decent imitations. They do use the brown and black hacklefly of various sizes, such being supposed to imitate the brown, also the black hairy caterpillar so abundant in early spring and summer. Seventy years ago in the time of Ronalds, excellent caterpillar imitations were made, not in the shape of a fly, but copied with fidelity and truth from the natural insect. The samples here shown are brown, black and gray, the two former being most plentiful in the spring and the latter in late summer and fall. They should (like the grasshopper) be attached to a



Three Caterpillar Lures.

long fine leader, and floated leisurely along the surface over which trout may lie.

A short description of the varied lures here illustrated will give the angler a better idea of their value, made more necessary because it is impossible to show them in color.

No. 1 is a copy of the shiner, or dace. The belly is solid silver, being wound alternately with silver twist and tinsel. Along the sides is a

strip of vivid green and blue which tones down after being wetted. The back is olive green with black stripes. The quivering side pectoral fins are black and deep yellow, which feature forms an entirely new idea in artificial lures. However tranquil the water is, these fins have a gentle waving motion that is very life-like and attractive. This is a large minnow and along with No. 3 will be found equally killing for big brown and other trouts, bass, pike and salmon.

No. 2 imitates a small red-sided minnow familiar to fishermen as the red stickle-back. It has a white belly, red sides and green back. It has killed and is highly suitable for good-sized brook trout and rainbows.

No. 3 is a copy of the red fin, the belly is silver, the quiver fins are red and the back is of the same color, with a stripe of pale orange and green running along the sides.

No. 4 is a very small minnow with white belly and olive back and is intended to represent the young of various species of larger fish.

No. 5 is a dragon-fly with a solid body of cork reinforced with strong wire and wound tightly with green raffia grass. Its exceeding lightness makes its possible to cast as a fly.

No. 6 is the June green grasshopper made of solid cork wound in vivid green raffia. It floats upright and the quivering back wings of red cock's hackle make a juicy, irresistible lure.

Yukon White River District—A Paradise for Big Game Hunters

As the great territory of Alaska on either side of the international boundary line is being developed through discoveries of new mineral wealth, the world is beginning to learn more of the game resources of that vast region. Within the past year or two what is known as the upper White River District, comprising a section of from 50 miles to 100 miles in length, lying on the international boundary line, has received the attention of the Canadian government surveys, and as a matter of fact, the Canadian government has been putting through pack trails to the district, while the White River, supposed to be unnavigable, has been found available for all manners of river craft, from shallow steamboats down. All the Canadian routes proceed from tidewater at Skagway over the White Pass and Yukon Railway to Whitehorse, a distance of 110 miles. From Whitehorse, which is situated at the head of navigation on the Yukon and its principal tributary, Lewes River, the various Canadian routes diverge.

The district has been found to be prolific in game of all sorts, wild life being plentiful throughout most parts of Upper White River district, sheep, moose, and caribou being particularly numerous. In fact, were this locality only slightly more accessible and somewhat better known, few places on the continent would be more attractive to the sport-loving hunter.

The sheep are the white Alaskan variety, *Ovis Dalli*; these feed during the winter months in the main valleys, but with the approach of summer, they work farther and farther back into the higher mountains, and choose especially the lofty, rugged, craggy summits, and are frequently found in

the vicinity of glaciers. They rarely return to the valleys during the summer except in crossing from one mountain to another. The writer one day in July of last season, counted over 400 sheep, all of which were plainly in sight at one time, on the hills to the southwest of Rabbit Mountain.

The moose are the large giant moose, *Alces gigas*; these magnificent animals range the lowlands in considerable numbers and are particularly plentiful in the flats bordering White River. Caribou are also somewhat numerous, and are frequently seen on the low open hills in different parts of the district. They are, when seen, the least difficult of any game to procure, as their curiosity is greater than their fear, and they will follow a horse or watch a man until scent gives them warning. Black and grizzly bear are sufficiently numerous to make it unsafe to leave a cache unprotected for more than a day or two, and they have been known to disturb provisions in the presence of the owner. Rabbits also abound throughout the district. Lynx, mink, martin, wolverine, and red fox are fairly numerous and cross, silver and black foxes are occasionally found.

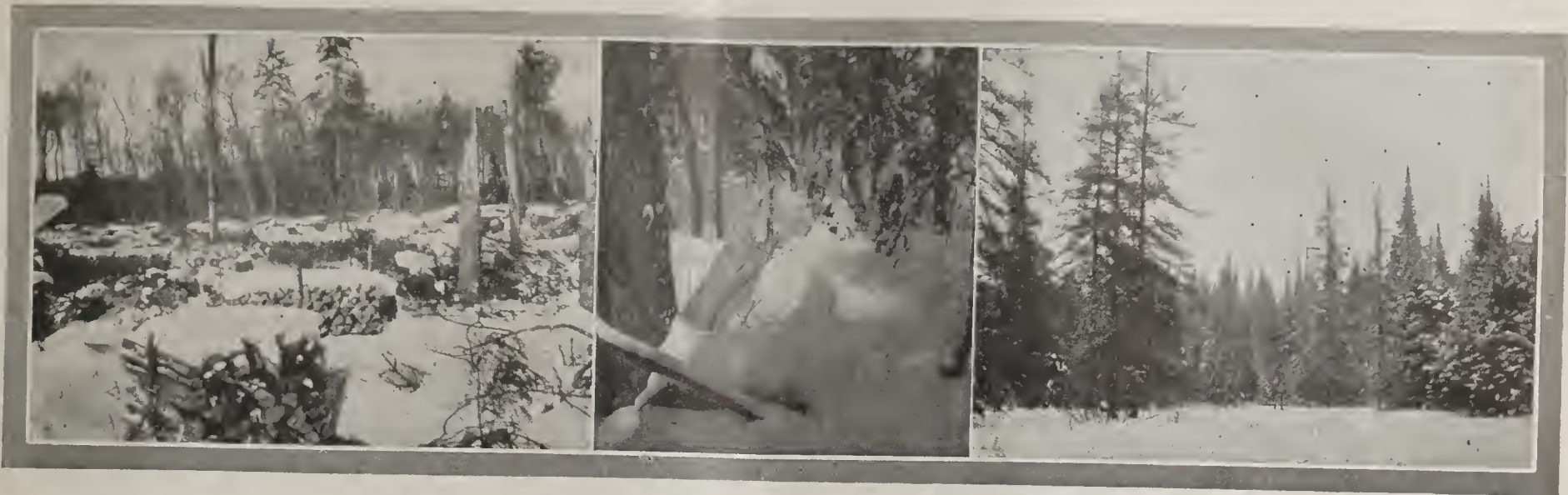
The chief game birds noted are rock ptarmigan *Lagopus rupestris rupestris* Gmelin, willow ptarmigan, *Lagopus lagopus*, Alaska spruce partridge, *Canachites canadensis osgoodi* Bishop, fool hens or Franklin grouse, *Canachites franklinii*, willow grouse or Oregon ruffed grouse, *Bonasa umbellus sabini*, and several varieties of ducks and geese. The rock ptarmigan are found above timber line, and during the summer months live mainly on the highest, often snow-capped summits; the willow

ptarmigan live during the summer season at above timber line. Both varieties are very plentiful in Upper White River district as well as in adjoining portions of Yukon and Alaska. These birds are very easily obtained and can often be secured with sticks or stones. Consequently many a stamper to Chisana last autumn, depended on them partly or entirely for subsistence, and in some cases lived entirely on ptarmigan for days or even weeks at a time, after his other provisions became exhausted. The spruce partridge, fool hens, and ruffed grouse are much less plentiful than the ptarmigan, but still are quite frequently seen.

The streams and small lakes are generally well supplied with fish, chiefly greyling, *Thymallus signifer*.

While it is hardly probable that big game hunters will penetrate this region in large numbers this year or next, the district certainly ought to be protected against the slaughter that goes on wherever mining camps are established.

Forest and Stream readers have some rare treats in store during the coming season. In the September issue we expect to begin the publication of one of the best stories of Newfoundland Caribou Hunting ever written; in the same issue, or perhaps in October, an account of one of the most remarkable Grizzly Bear Hunts ever made in the Canadian Rockies which resulted in the location of no less than sixteen grizzly bears, and the taking of four of them—one a monster that had been known by reputation to trappers for years.



Picture on the Left Shows Scientific Lumbering—Center Picture Illustrates How Heavy Forest Growth Holds Snow and Moisture—If Open Lumbering Was Allowed in the Adirondacks Every Tree Shown in Picture On the Right Would Be Cut Down.

People Of New York Must Fight To Save Adirondacks

The Proposals Now Pending Before The Constitutional Convention, if Adopted, Mean That The Last of The State's Great Playground is Doomed Forever

By Raymond S. Spears.

HERE are pending before the New York Constitutional Convention proposals to cut over the lands owned by the people of New York in order to supply certain politicians who own lumber mills with raw material. This is a plain statement of the condition that confronts the public.

The idea, as advanced, is to cut and carry away the "dead and down timber." This is an old fraud of an argument which has long been used by the advocates of getting public rights at bargain rates. Anyone who knows anything about the woods, especially the interests advancing this argument, knows that it would cost more to remove the dead and down timber than it would be worth, and that after its removal the timber would be of poor quality, at best.

So we have a propaganda based in the first place on a contemptible subterfuge of an argument and proposal. The real demand of the gang which is after Adirondack state and timber is that they can be permitted to take the live, green timber of the Adirondacks and put it through the mills.

These interests have shown on their own lands what they are after. I will cite the upper West Canada creek valley as an illustration of what happens when logging is conducted on woods lands without restriction, and there would be no real restriction on state lands.

Twenty-five years ago the West Canada was a black-water stream, with a deep flow of water, so cold that only for a brief period during the summer months did the fish go onto the cold beds. Year after year, the water poured down in deep flood, but a mill located at Hinkley was remodeled so that it would take spruce, balsam and hemlock of any size and kind.

A cut of several million feet annually began, and for years this was kept up. The lands of the Adirondack League, the great Ballou hold-

ings, a large acreage of state lands (timber thefts) and lands in small acreages (from fifty to a thousand or two acres) were cut over.

On Mill creek, Indian River, Jock's lake outlet, Black creek—on all the watersheds much green timber was cut away. I suppose that more than thirty per cent. of the actual stand of timber was cut down, in the course of years. Every one knows that the swamps hold the water back—the swamps of green timber, of spruce (knoll country), balsams, and hemlocks (points and rocky ridges).

In the hardwood, the ground dries out rapidly. In natural conditions in the Adirondacks, fires

start and run in the hard woods long before they begin in the swamps. But now there were no longer any swamps in many of the places where the snow had lingered long after it was gone from the ridge flanks.

The swamps dried up literally. Streams that were never dry in the old days—the "beautiful cold-spring brooks" dried up. Even hardwood cutting dried up these brooks. There are at least three brooks in three miles on the north side of the West Canada that dried up after the hard and soft wood was cut. One of the largest and finest of the West Canada brooks, Conklin brook, was reduced to a thread of water because of operations on Maple ridge and nearby swamps over toward Little Black creek.

Higher water in the spring—lower water in the summer. Anyone can see what happened to the West Canada. It is no longer a black water stream in the summer. It is a white water stream. The water which used to flow undefiled over the clean, pure-colored stones and boulders is now hazy and it leaves a scum deposit on the stones, and it is so warm for so many months that the seiners skin the cold beds at the mouths of the few remaining brooks and boiling springs on the stream bottom. One can walk across the stream dry shod where there was formerly a torrent.

I understand that the State authorities have recognized the fact of the deterioration of this famous brook trout stream. There has been erected at Hinkley a huge dam—90 feet high—and the flow has been stocked with brown trout, instead of with brook trout, as I was told the other day up in that neighborhood.

Here is a stream that logging operations have ruined compared to its former condition. It is a stream draining old choppings and old burnings and old clearings—land that should be in



Contrast Open Character Of Cut-Over Forest With Center Picture Above.



Combination Feeding Station for Game and Non-Game Birds on Foxhollow Farm, Rhinebeck, New York. Estate of Tracy Dows, Esq.—Note Shelter of Sheaves of Grain Which is Particularly Adapted to Feeding Game Birds in Winter. (Courtesy American Game Protective Association.)

forest. Tens of thousands of acres have been cut over.

But there still remain a good many thousand acres of State land in this watershed, some of it old cutover (now growing up with a new cover) and a great deal of virgin timber. From this state land comes most of the water that still runs into West Creek in the summer. Metcalf brook, especially, is such a tributary. Much of the Adirondack League land was cut over before the present "skinning" process was gotten down so fine, so it supplies a fair runoff in the summer months through Jock's Lake (Honnedaga) outlet and Jones brook. The West Canada Lakes region is also in pretty good condition, although there were heavy operations around the mud lake locality near the Brook Trout and main lake.

Now the state has in the Adirondacks hundreds of thousands of acres of virgin forest. This land was so far back in the old days that the timber thieves and land grabbers of the '70s, '80s and early '90s did not think it worth while to steal them from the public. They let them revert to the state or left them in the state hands. Now these same companies, and in some cases the very men—grown a bit old and hoary—are behind the movement to get at the fortune which they neglected to observe years ago. Some of the most active are at this moment under civil suit charges—instead of criminal—for taking state timber and state lands.

They still have tens of thousands of acres of the land that they filched from the public by "redemptions" and "cancellations," and they have sold tens of thousands of acres to various makers of private preserves. They have persuaded the state to build huge storage reservoirs on the outlets of streams whose flow has been ruined by the timber operations on the public and private lands, as up the Hudson River, on Raquette, Sacandaga, West Canada, Black and Moose River, and various other famous streams.

Not satisfied with the ruin they have wrought upon their own lands and not satisfied in having kept the New York state authorities from getting back the hundred thousand acres of public lands held by the log companies and other money-making companies, they are trying their best to persuade the delegates of the Constitutional Convention to let them in upon the public playground, which is just now becoming accessible to the public through the construction of state roads into the wilderness.

That is to say these men are trying to get at the state lands just when it is beginning to be of greatest service to the public. They are like Old Colonel Fox who argued that "the public doesn't know the difference between hardwood and evergreen timber—they never miss the spruce hemlock and balsam trees."

They would ruin the public playground if they could. They would turn the swamps into thin growths of shrubs and low bushes dry and hot and playgrounds of fires instead of camping places of the people and the reservoirs of the streams. The forest fires this year and in previous years have been completing the devastation created by the saws of the loggers; they burn in the cut-over lands, burn through where the waters used to lie and feed the summer brooks of old.

The deer lived, and the few remaining Adirondack deer live, in the swamps during the rigorous winter months. The reason hundreds of deer died on the Adirondack League's lands twenty years ago was because this organization had cut over the swamp lands, and so exposed the yarding places of the deer to the rigors of the winter winds.

If the state permits these men to clean off the Adirondack state lands, they will cut over the winter harbors of the deer. Of what use is there keeping a force of game protectors and fire patrols if the state is going to throw the woods open to the most destructive agency known, so far as the timber and the game is concerned?

GREAT SALMON SEASON IN NEW FOUNDLAND

Reports from the various salmon streams are calculated to make one drop everything and hie off and take a hand in the sport.

Two anglers from Salmonier report the river teeming with fish—in fact, the wardens report that this year's run beats all records, and is a complete vindication of the Game Commission's extra expense and efforts to protect the spawning grounds. The two anglers mentioned report for fifty beautiful fish.

F. J. Morris, K. C., returned from Placentia yesterday. He caught eighty pounds of fish and he says the like of the salmon was never seen in Placentia before.

A fair number of American anglers have arrived on the west coast.

They are doing very well, and I would not be surprised if *Forest and Stream* published some records from here in the next few weeks.

The weather appears to have settled now. It has got pleasantly warm and bright, but not too hot.

American anglers who want good salmon fishing, can obtain all they want during the next couple of months.

St. John's, N. F., July 12. W. J. CARROLL.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION SCIENTIFIC ANGLING CLUBS

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The N. A. S. A. C. International Bait and Fly Casting Tournament will be held under the auspices of the San Francisco Fly Casting Club, San Francisco, August 12, 13, 14, 15; banquet, evening of the 19th; fishing, Aug. 21 and 22, at the Club's lodge, on the Truckee River.

The Pacific Northwest Tournament under the auspices of the Tacoma Bait and Fly Casting Club, Tacoma, Wash., will be held August 26, 27, 28 and 29; fishing in Puget Sound and mountain streams; an Inter-State Tournament will be held by the Southern California Rod and Reel Club, Los Angeles, Calif., August 7 and 8, with fishing at Catalina Islands.

These clubs urge all anglers and fishermen to enjoy their hospitality; their prize lists are in keeping with their reputation as sportsmen.

J. W. SMITH, Secretary.



Colonel Theodore Roosevelt; President M. L. Alexander of the Conservation Commission of Louisiana, (center) and an Audubon Warden Examining a Royal Tern's Egg on the Breton Island Bird Reservation, Louisiana.

The Glorious Upland Plover and Upland Shooting

It is the Cream of All Sports, But The Author Himself Confesses That Duck Shooting is Not An Inferior Sport

By Sandy Griswold.

HOW many sportsmen are there, and real enthusiastic sportsmen, at that, do you think there are, who could give you the correct significance of the term "upland shooting?" The fact is, I don't believe there is more than one in every one thousand, who can give the correct definition of just what upland shooting is and is not.

And while in this upland business, let me add, it is a puzzle to many why the Bartramian sandpiper is called an upland plover, instead of a lowland plover, where it frequents just as numerously as it does on the highlands. In explaining these problems let me take the last first by announcing that the bird we know here as the upland plover is not a plover at all, but a sandpiper, the Bartramian. The name plover has been given it, not only in this section of the country, but in other localities, as an easy way of distinguishing it from its long-legged confreres, and on account of its similarity to the real plover genus. Unlike the plover, however, it is truly a bird of the uplands, and on account of this striking characteristic, it has been given the prefix "upland" to the name "plover." There is no season in the whole twelve-month when this royal little game bird is found with any degree of certainty near water or on low, damp, boggy ground. While the killdeer is frequently seen where the upland plover is found, and will feed with it on our broad hay fields and plowed grounds of late summer, the plover is never found in the killdeer's favorite resorts along the muddy margins of ponds and lakes and streams. It is sometimes found in the vicinity of these places, but never right at them, although it has even longer legs than the killdeer, and just as long as the yellow-leg, it never ventures to wade in the shallow waters, and feed entirely upon the coleopterous insects of the newly upturned wheat fields, grasshoppers on the haying lands, crickets, beetles, worms and larvæ, wherever it can find them.

The upland plover is very abundant throughout all the plains country of Nebraska, and used to, before the national migratory bird law went into effect, afford the grandest sport of all our visiting game birds at a season when all others, save the dove, are exempt from the gun.

And it is on account of this relegating the plover to the category of autumn birds, that I have had frequent occasion to criticise this law. No upland plover are seen in this locality until after the tenth of July, or later than September fifth, and yet the National law makes our open season on this grand little game bird beginning September first, when the birds have all left the country and gone on to the plains and plateaus

of southern New Mexico and Texas. While the birds are here from July tenth to the last week of August, and full grown, perfectly able to take care of themselves, as well as in prime condition, we are denied the pleasure of going out after them. And yet, as unaccountable as it will probably strike those interested, we are allowed to shoot turtle dove from July fifteenth to August thirtieth, as one of the fathers of the law wrote me, they are not included in the law as they are non-migratory birds. If the dove is not a pronounced member of the migratoria, neither is the tanager, the oriole, the bluebird or the robin. The real fact is, we should be given our upland plover shooting when the birds are here, or not at all; as the law now stands it is a joke in this one particular, as you will certainly acknowledge. But we'll let that pass.

The upland plover come up from their winter home on the broad plateaus of Texas and Mexico during the latter part of March; linger here a day or so for rest, then continue on to the breeding grounds farther north. Some go as far north as the valley of the Saskatchewan, but the bulk of them breed in the Dakotas, and not a few in the northern part of Nebraska. While shooting up at Pender, one July, several years ago, I ran across a brood of young uplands, little comical, yellowish, downy balls, but with a speed of foot that was something remarkable. The season of nidification is comparatively short,

and by the time the golden-rod is pluming our broad prairies with its topaz shafts, along about July 10, they return to this latitude and linger here until the arrival of the first tinges of frost, when they again mount the nocturnal air and move on to southern climes for their winter sojourn. From the middle of July to the last of August should still be the proper shooting season on uplands for Omaha sportsmen, as it always has been, for there is no season of the year fuller of charms than this.

The upland is, indeed, a royal bird, and as a tid-bit for the gastronome has but few equals. Some fancy him more than they do the delicious jacksnipe, and others rate him even above the quail. They abound here in great numbers during this brief midsummer stay, our broad hay fields, reaches of plowed ground and sunny sloping hillsides being a favored abode. They are extremely shy, and are found scatteringly together over the same feeding grounds, and when flushed never fly off in a bunch, but each bird takes his individual course such as killdeer, phalaropes, English snipe and yellowlegs.

With the close of the upland plover shooting, the gunning for the summer months used to end, but now we have the doves, but doves, only through this period. When the delicate purple of the meadow beauty and the soft azure of the lobelia show their sweet faces beneath a clear sun-lit sky, you need no longer listen for that



The Woodcock—An Upland Bird that, Alas, Is Becoming Too Rare in This Country.

plaintive whistle rippling across the fields or longer watch for that circling blot of gray against the horizon and over the distant woods, then gradually turning to that yellowish hue of the waning dog days. The golden-rod is fading and the sumach reddening in the shadowy gulch and remote fence corner. Then is the time for patience. The uplands have gone, but autumn, that most jocund season of all, is coming. In a few more weeks the woods and the fields, the crested lake and murmuring stream will form one great hunter's elysium. With the cool night and cooler mornings, with the sere prairies, gray sandhills and gayly tinted river valleys, comes the vanguard of those quacking hordes that will one more start the sportsman's heart to beating and make him forget the melancholy but plaintive "tur-wheetle! tur-wheetle!" of the upland plover.

Now for our leading proposition:

The term upland shooting is used not to distinguish the sport of the highlands from that of the low, but that of the inland country, from that along the sea-coasts. The phrase includes a large variety of game, both birds and animals, all those that find habitat in our fields and woodland, on our mountain tops, hillsides and in our lowlands; the birds of lake, marsh, streams and lagoons; the long-legged denizens of the stubble, corn-field, prairie and tangled copse and thicket.

In other words, we understand by upland shooting, all that is sought by the aid of the dog and the fowling-piece, as opposed to that pursued in boats or over decoys on the lake, the bay or estuary.

It is the cream of all sport, although there are thousands of the gun's votaries, and I am one of them, who deem duck shooting the most fascinating, the most exciting and pleasurable of all, but on the uplands is required a greater combination of the qualities which go to make up the skilled and successful sportsman. He must know just how to handle his gun, must thoroughly understand the habits and haunts of the particular variety of game he seeks, must know how to manage his dog, must have a keen eye, perfect hearing, good nerves and an inexhaustible stock of perseverance, patience and physical endurance and determination.

It is a stupendous job, a day's tramp, under the broiling September sun, over our broad, grassy prairies and cloggy sandhills, and through seas of hot standing corn, after chicken; a heroic task to force one's way through the network of vines and interlacing briar and bramble, through tiresome stubble, up hill and down dale, through the woods and across the meadow, after quail; a struggle to wade through the boggy marsh and quaking mire, tussocked to the belt, and full of treacherous sink holes, hidden beneath a sheet of muddy water, over ditches and drains, and back again, after the elusive jack. To do this one must be endowed with the bodily vigor of perfect health, and must have in his veins the inherited blood of a sportsman. He must know all the signs of the weather and depend on his own sure foot and sturdy leg, as well as his keen eye, to keep pace with his tireless four-footed friend; upon his own knowledge of the likely places his wary quarry may lurk, and his own skill to secure the booty when once the keen scent of his canine ally has located it and it cuts the air in its whirring effort to escape.

We have many great field shots and successful hunters in Nebraska, in fact, the whole state is a veritable sportsman's home. The wildest and wariest, the fleetest and sharpest flying of all game birds, and the choicest, from an epicurean standpoint, too, is to be found here in exhilarating abundance. And then our timbered river valleys are full of squirrels and the creeks courses veritable rabbit warrens from source to mouth. And our waters, too, are full of gamy fishes, and our marshes the haunts of myriads of wild fowl, from the king of the sky and the

main, the swan, to geese and ducks and crane and waders of all kinds and varieties.

From the above intimations it will be an easy matter for any sportsman to determine what game comes under the head of upland shooting—the grouse family, quail, jack snipe, plover, and several varieties of the waders, all the wild fowl family, when shot on passes and not over decoys, doves, and squirrels and rabbits. Thus it will be seen that all upland shooting is not necessarily found on the uplands, and the term is only used to divide the sport from that found on the sea and sea-coasts.

In The Real Original Wilderness

Amid Rain, Wind, Cold, Salt Pork, Misery and Desolation a Correspondent sends a Brilliant Little Article

RAIN, wind and cold; salt pork, misery and desolation, and all the et ceteras that help to make life in a seven-foot tent uncomfortable. However, rainy days are good for something, for then we mend our ragged corduroys, clean our guns, look over and repair our fishing tackle, and plan future excursions. Rainy days are also days of letter-writing, and as I want to ask *Forest and Stream* a few questions I will at the same time try and give those who have not "been there" a notion of roughing it in the Canadian backwoods.

If this is not backwoods, where is it? Looking out of the tent door this same rainy day, one sees a small lake with very black water, weeds and a few pike and dore. The surrounding country is brule—forests of dead and blackened spruces and windfall and second growth, hills and valleys of sand, the valleys usually occupied by lakes, with here and there a mountain of the old Laurentian gneisses showing his head up through the remains of a forest that partly clothes him, as though he were not ashamed of his ugliness. When a cold wind is blowing, sky clouded, and heavy rain falling, such a "bit" does not send a matter-of-fact individual into ecstasy over the beauty of the country. But to the country's credit be it said that it is not at all like this. There are beautiful lakes among these old hills; and they are the more charming to the sportsman who, as he begins to put his rod in order, sees many a large trout break the surface into ripples.

What to call this particular region I have not decided—"Land of Rocks and Lakes," "Paddle and Portage," or "Land of the Mosquito and Blackfly." A mixture or combination would suit it best, I think, for all the above are in strong force, and the two last will not allow themselves to be left out of the program.

Here I sit in my tent, and the musical mosquito takes his dinner while I wait for mine. The blackfly contributes his quota to the general amusement, and though he will vanish at sunset his place will be ably supplied by the brulot or midge. I don't know who first originated the yarn, but yarn there is, that the blackfly goes to his long home in the middle of July, and that when their feet are white they are going to leave. I say I don't know who was the inventor of this bit of natural history, but if I

had him here, provided he were a small man, I would inflict severe corporal punishment, and the "injun" fashion, tie him to a tree in his bare pelt and let the flies at him. Why, the blackfly bites until the frosts come. I have seen them, yea, and felt them in October and three days after winter set in. Very like a fish story, but true.

But to the country. Around us stretches for miles a vast wilderness—it is little better—of lake, rock forest and brule; lakes abounding in trout or bass or pike and dore, supporting broods of ducks, and so naturalists say, producing all kinds of blood-thirsty flies; river-valleys well stocked with grouse, ruffed and Canada, hares, beaver, otter, mink and lynx, for small game; and moose, caribou and black bear for large. But I have forgotten the muskrat, or musquash, an unpardonable fault, for many a meal of savory bouillon of that same "rat" have I eaten by the camp fire, and though of course one would prefer deer, bear, or beaver, rat is not to be despised when there is nothing but "cookooosh" (salt pork) in camp.

In spite of these numerous attractions in the way of game we are not likely to be overrun by sportsmen from the cities for a few years, as there are grounds more accessible. However, the country will keep, and will not spoil by keeping, either, as far as settlement is concerned. It offers no attraction to the farmer, as none of that class with the average amount of sense would come in here. There have been found as yet no minerals of importance, so that mining is not likely to be an enterprise, and to the chasseur and trapper does it belong. Lumbermen have had a share in it, but not much is done in that line.

Of course, in such a country things are done in a different style from on the Western plains where it was a saying that a horse and buckboard can go anywhere. Here roads do not exist in summer, and to travel with a horse in these mountains would be as absurd to attempt as impossible to accomplish. Canoeing and portaging are the only means of transport in summer, and every pound of outfit that comes into camp comes on a man's back a great part of the way; so little is taken on a long trip save necessities that no fellow can do without.

I think I should have been a six-footer if I had not taken to the tump line, and firmly be-

(Continued on page 491.)

Up The Peribonca To Tchitagama And Manouan

A Canoe Trip Through the Wild Country North of Lake St. John, Quebec—The Indians Have Followed This Route for Many Years, but few White Sportsmen Have Tackled It

By John M. Maguire

(Concluded from July *Forest and Stream*)

Sooty and hot, we climbed aboard a little before twelve and paddled to a place for lunch. The wind was blowing great guns from the south. A curtain of smoke covered the sky and gave the sun a coppery glare. Clearly there was a large fire below us, the first sign of which had been that peculiar cloud seen at the rapids. Some miles ahead the smoke of another big fire boiled up, heavy and oily looking.

We hoisted the sail and sped along. The wind had kicked up a sea, but as the waves went slowly against the current we outran them and they did not bother us. When we lost our breeze, with the approach of sunset, we took the paddles and headed through a narrow gut between the shore and an island. That island stretched prodigiously and the dogged current pushed strong against us. For an hour we paddled wearily, then came simultaneously to the end of the island and an excellent camp on the mainland. Others had been there recently, apparently for a long stay. Fire-wood and tent-pegs were ready cut. A toy canoe of birch-bark lay on the beach. Most eloquent sign of luxury, a barrel converted into a bee-hive hung from a pole! Smoke from the southern fires drifted mistily about. The view down river was rendered particularly beautiful by its cloaking of distances. Directly opposite us burned the big blaze which we had seen at noon. It was leaping along the side of a steep hill. Every now and then flames spread into view as a new clump of trees caught. Amid the lighter colored smoke rose a dark, twisting pillar, slanted toward the north; it swelled and shrank rhythmically, like a beating pulse.

We unwrapped J—'s foot and delivered opinions. Appearances were improved. J— continued to examine it morning and eve with the same care bestowed by Lars Porsena's wise men on their soothsaying linen documents. But he never had reason to worry again. No doubt the wound's feelings were hurt by neglect, and in revenge it proceeded to hurt back.

Even with all the comforts of home we had a poor sleep. It was a very hot night. J— and I did not adjust our mosquito protection properly. The tent soon resounded with howling carnivorous insects. I went through successive cycles of discomfort. While awake, I could keep the blanket over my head and swelter. Once asleep, I reverted to the primitive desire for cool, fresh air. Off went the fold of four point Hudson Bay and zee-e-e, bang! an alert mosquito



We Straddled the Canoe Across Pocket Holes.

dug an inch or so into my nose, bringing me to with a start. Then came the dismal round all over again. At last, like that fellow Glamis, the heat and bugs pretty well murdered sleep. I lay head out, slapping at every bite. Occasionally a breath of air dragged heavily through the trees

diagonally across stream to avoid shallows. The current was right on the job, as usual, and when the south wind came up we gladly ran ashore and rigged the sail. We drove along past good scenery on the west bank—cliffs, detached hills, and one or two small waterfalls. Smoke obscured most of the east. The more the wind blew, the hazier things became. During the afternoon we could see no sky at all. I distinguished myself by steering up the wrong side of an island and sticking tight on a sand bank. We had to carry everything two or three hundred yards through mud and water. When it came time to camp neither shore looked promising. The western seemed to hold out the best possibilities. Search there turned up an old clearing, overgrown with what J— said was poison ivy. I thought he was wrong and we bickered a bit. Neither could prove his contention, so we compromised by looking for another place. Well, upstream I stumbled at last on a large but long unused camp site. The others were by the



The Ever Changing Vista of Lake and Mountain Scenery

over our heads. But it brought no comfort. The smoke had blown away and I could see the moonlit sky. Of course, I went off finally. One always does. But preliminaries are weary affairs. August 6—Starting in the morning we struck

canoe half a mile behind, and came paddling up on my signal. The river ran fast and they worked most laboriously, arriving tired and disgusted. We had expected surely to reach the Manouan this day. The wind was our undoing.



Settling the Duffle for a Long Day's Pull.

Had we abandoned the lazy sailor's life and paddled, all would have been different.

It was a still evening. Smoke cut off all distant views. The air was warm and muggy. Mosquitoes and other bugs of prey bit furiously.

August 7—Dashes of rain, mingled with thunder and lightning, woke us early. We held council of war and decided (1) that nature obscured by smoke had few charms, (2) that it was nearing time to turn back, (3) that if we turned back now, it would be impossible to prove just where we had been; hence (4) we should paddle in the empty canoe as fast as possible to reach the Manouan and return to camp before night.

That was a gray and melancholy journey. The sun scarcely showed. But soon we arrived at a place where the current, running like a race-horse, had undercut the western bank and taken out a great semi-circular gouge from which arose a precipitous sand slope. We had a hard struggle here, and might not have got by but for some friendly driftwood that gave a chance to catch hold and pull. Almost immediately above the swift water we found the mouth of the Manouan.

We ought to have been ashamed of ourselves for not getting twice as far. Instead it was with much satisfaction that we right-about-faced and started back as tight as we could go. Our former friend the wind at least doubled the work for he was blowing hard and had a choppy sea running. As we pulled into camp rain began, and that day's lunch consisted of chocolate and hardtack, eaten in one of the tents.

The rain soon stopped and I found the sun shining dimly through the smoke. At a second council we resolved to pack up hastily and hie us to the bee-hive camp. It sounded like a big order to cover a day's up trip in three or four

hours, but we worked vigorously. Camp struck and everything packed in twenty-one minutes. Off a little past two, with the wind much diminished and paddles going like fun. W— in particular seemed to fancy himself a steam engine. Away we slid down stream, the sandy bottom reeling past at a dizzy rate. Before five we had made the distance.

August 8—After another warm night with many insects we got off early and continued our breakneck course. Everything favored speed. Our spirits were high, for again we had sunlight and a clear sky.

By eleven we came to the first rapid, tied our duffle into the canoe, and began to do some real going. The stretch of swift water is four and one-half Cabot miles. It took less than half an hour, although we halted for five minutes while I landed and worked into position to take a picture.

(That picture might have been a thing of painful memory. I noticed that the fellows had paddled at a terrific clip while bringing the canoe down opposite me and thought they were playing to the gallery somewhat unnecessarily. Then I realized that they had not swung wide enough from a rough swirl in midstream and were being sucked toward a hole at least six feet across and garnished at the lower edge with a curling wave full four feet high—a regular back-breaker for the canoe that stumbled in. I fancied myself fishing colleagues and fragments of outfit from the drink and walking home. But they slipped clear by a narrow margin.)

Lunch just below the rapids, on an unpleasantly sunny beach, from which we were too lazy to move. Early afternoon brought us to the Tchitagama camp, where the odors both of caribou and pole-cat had pleasantly decreased.

August 9—Another day of smoky sky. We got away early and headed up the lake, assailed

by clouds of black flies. Prayers for wind to drive these pests off received a sudden and disconcerting answer. Within fifteen minutes we were clawing our way in the teeth of a south-east gale that roared along the narrow lake, raising a heavy sea. After a desperate pull, with the waves smashing against the cliffs beside us and thin streamers of smoke whipping past above, we reached the first portage up the Blanche.

Much difficulty in landing because of low water. The river itself was a mere trickle; as W— said disgustedly "not big enough to get a drink out of." But there was better going above the first carry.

Wading, and then a small lake before the second portage. We all straddled the canoe to paddle across, W— in the stern, J— and I near the bow. She trimmed badly with this disposition of weight and was hard to steer in the

wind. Curiously enough the crankiness increased as we approached the trail and came into quieter air. J— and I paddled full tilt to send the bow right; we could hear W— puffing away behind us, presumably in the same effort. The ship balked more and more obstinately. At last she declined to move in the desired direction except broadside on. We bow men stuck to it for awhile and then gave up the struggle. Violent conversation followed, and it developed that W—, entirely ignorant of the portage, had been resolutely steering us toward the inlet, many yards to the right of the real landing. We finally arrived, with roars of laughter.

We started lunch. While the erbwurst was boiling, a large, shaggy black dog popped up in our midst. Two Indians came soon after, each carrying about enough to furnish a seven-room house. They grinned cheerfully, set down their packs, and rested. Next we heard high pitched chattering on the trail, and in a minute out trotted two Indian children, carrying loads like veterans and smiling from ear to ear. It was



At the Close of Day.

amusing to see them turn grave when they clapped eyes on us. The older man told us that his party was going up country for a month or two, that the big forest fires were south of the Saguenay; that was *pas d'eau* (to which last sentiment we said "You bet," in all the languages we knew). The men brought through another load while we were eating, but the youngsters did not return.

When we took our stuff across we found quite an encampment at the other end of the portage. Yet the whole crowd had only two canoes. They seemed to travel on the instalment plan.

Of course a novice cannot fool Indians into thinking him a real backwoodsman, but he always tries. J—, for instance, instead of dropping his canoe on land must needs dump it right into the water. Fortunately he did not hit a rock. W— also pulled off a very professional trick by putting his packs aboard without first piling them on the bank. It remained for me to give away the whole show. My bottom pack somehow twisted right around and I staggered through the midst of the Indians holding things in place with both hands and my teeth. The younger man saw the joke and winked at me.

J— gossiped and found that these people had come from Chicoutimi by another route than ours. Out came *la chart de la Government of Canada* and everybody grouped around it while things were explained. The effect was most picturesque. It looked like an early Christian missionary expounding gospel to the heathen. The new route was impracticable for us, and after taking a picture we said *au revoir*.

The wading was easier because the Indians had cleared a channel, and we were now doing portages in one clip with man-sized packs, so we were able to camp early on Lac l'Oure. Unwisely we washed our clothes. I say unwisely, because there was no heat in the sun and my well-meant efforts with a fire resulted more in smoking than drying. Rabbits were thick, but we held a big killing and had a quiet night.

August 10—Next day the sky was clear and the weather sultry hot. I had the canoe on the long portage and experienced a frightful downfall. There were lots of reasons, perhaps. For one thing, the inverted canoe was like a furnace. But logic does not lessen discomfort. I blew up entirely half or three-quarters of a mile from the end, and W—, having polished off his job, relieved me. He reported more Indians ahead.

J—, also pretty tired, met me and we walked slowly through together. We were literally drenched with perspiration and bruised and strained by our loads. We felt quite sick of life.

The reader must pardon my hazy idea of this incident. If recollection were to be trusted, we found four Indians sitting at a table near the water, their eyes gravely fixed on an object about fifteen feet in front of them. Of course there wasn't any table; they probably squatted behind a log. But they certainly were too concerned with what they saw to return our *bon jour*. Now the cynosure of those steady eyes was a canoe on the ground, bottom up. It looked somewhat familiar, but I was much startled to see it heave about and to hear W—'s voice issue from beneath imploring help. It resembled a communication from the spirit world. The explanation was simple. The trail branched near its end, one branch being blind—running over a six-



Montagnais Indians on Their Way Up the Peribonca for the Winter Trapping.

foot bank and then stopping. W— walked gayly down the bank and could not get foothold to climb back. Those confounded bucks had sat there for ten minutes without raising a hand to help.

Perhaps this should be pardoned. They told J— they were going up-country for the winter. They certainly had thousands of pounds to carry. On the beach, for instance, were piled more than twenty hundred-pound sacks of flour.

We had lunch on the island of the abandoned cabin. The female portion of the Indian party was camped on the next portage. Their dogs showed some inclination to tackle us, but we discouraged them. Again we tried to bluff at being tremendous campers, and this time did quite well, for we were loaded and swinging over the trail in three shakes.

We decided to try for a horse and wagon at the Indian house on the Shipshaw. Approaching, we saw some kind of religious ceremony going on around the cross. It occurred to me that this might be consecrated ground, in which case we were probably witnessing a funeral. Not so; for in a minute the people all extended their hands toward the cross, inclined their heads, and trotted cheerfully away. It seemed to be a kind of backwoods vespers.

Landing, we walked behind the house, past a fat squaw who was cooking most amazing black beans over an open air fire, and conversed with some men whittling away at canoe ribs. That is, W— conversed; despite his objections, we always pushed him to the front in these matters. On the present occasion he began by asking for a dog instead of a horse, but soon caught his stride and found there was no horse nearer than Lac Claire. We went on to our first camp and walked through to the house at the lake. Here a kindly Frenchwoman and her very pretty daughter answered our questions. They had a horse, but no wagon; thought there were wagons on Lac Charles, two miles along toward Chicoutimi. The man of the house, cheery but hard of hearing, appeared, and bore out this idea.

I think he offered to lend us a horse to ride over on, for he made galloping motions with his hands, and said, *Vite, plus vite*. J— however chose to foot it while W— and I got supper at camp.

J— came in at dusk, weary but successful. He had a wagon and a *voiture*, to arrive at seven the next morning. Price, five dollars cash, and our considerable store of extra provisions. He said the owners of these vehicles were English by descent and proud of the fact; but they spoke only French. They made several remarks about some *guerre* or other, which J— naturally enough took to be the little difficulty between Wolfe and Montcalm. His part of the conversation must have rung oddly! Even in Quebec, events since the first of August, 1914, have made that fight a matter of purely academic interest.

August 11—Our conveyances came at seven a. m. sharp, and we were soon aboard. The drivers did have some English, after all—the word "giddap." They produced it proudly and used it often. The meaning had been reversed, for the horses stopped dead every time they heard the command! During most of the trip it rained hard and steadily, which was only our due; for note that we had camped two weeks without a rainy day—the most remarkable weather record I can remember. Our men dropped us at the ferry landing, wet and chilly. When the boat came in we hustled our stuff aboard and took refuge in the baggage room. There were leaks in the roof, but steam pipes kept the place warm. The ferry was a long time starting, and many people came to look us over. Among them was a man who spoke good English, and with him we held much converse.

And here, in all good conscience, this chronicle should end. There were other adventures, grave and gay, but the magic was not in them. We felt the change as we carried our loads through the mud to dry land. Behind us, across the wind-swept river, the forest had closed its doors for another year.



There Is Joy in The Brown October Days

Particularly When They Come in Combination With a Good Dog, a Ready Gun, and a Hunting Section That will Yield a Fair Day's Return of Grouse

By Nimrod.



HERE'S joy in brown October. Up through the alders the cock springs, a ruddy rocket, whistling like the merry jingle of silver sleigh bells. A snap shot into the alder top ahead, a feather floating down a woodland vista, "Hie on 'fetch,'" and your victory is complete, as Dash comes running in, his mouth full with the red-brown beauty.

Out in the wide marsh your dog comes to a dead point by an oozy creek. "Scaipe! scaipe!" up flip a brace of snipe and stagger away in their drunken flight. Bang! bang! thud! thud! and you lift your hat after a glorious double shot, the west wind cools your brow and plays through your hair, and you thank God for life and health, keen eye and true hand, the blue sky and the bright sun.

Away in the woodlands is a sunny glade. The white clad birch, bride of the forest, covers the hill slopes. On the heights above towers the pine; below, where the brook tinkles down the run, nestles the alder. See! your pointer halts, sniffs, swings his nose up in the air; then, crouching, crawls up the hillside. At a thick clump of young spruces he points. Soon the tip of his tail wags in uncertainty, he sniffs to right and left, then warily crawls, step by step, through

the thicket, his belly almost dragging on the ground, his footfalls soft and velvety as a cat's. You know the game and their tricks, and with both barrels full cock run round to the further side of the copse.

There is Dash's head peering out of the thicket, motionless, on full point. You carefully step forward. The great silence of the forest oppresses you. You can hear your heart beat Whir-r-r-r-r-r-r! Like a peal of thunder it rumbles through the glen. Beyond a stunted fir, a flash of brown and gray bursts into air. You fire a snap shot into the thick branches, and through an opening ahead down tumbles a grand old cock grouse, turning half a dozen somersaults in his slanting fall, and striking the leaf-strewn ground with so heavy a thud that he bounds into air again and rolls down the slope.

Aha! my friend. A joy fills your sportsman heart greater than victory, over ruddy cock or wily snipe can ever give.

You have laid low the feathered king of the forest; shot him fairly and manfully, a good flying shot, over a dead point.

One day in early November, I drove late and leisurely out of town.

It was a glorious Indian summer day, the winds were asleep, the clouds at rest; a bright sun shone out of a clear blue sky and the maples and birches glowed red and gold among the evergreen woods.

In the straw behind the wagon seat nestled my

good old pointer, Dash, as staunch and careful a dog as ever drew on game. My horse struck a brisk trot and we rattled merrily along.

My object was partly woodcock shooting, and I had reasoned myself into the belief that I should strike the last flight of this uncertain bird.

I soon reached the first cover, hitched my horse to the fence, whistled to Dash, and plunged into the alders and birches. Through the cover and back again did I hunt but never a scent of woodcock could Dash find. Two more covers we ran through, but they were silent and deserted as the first. The last flight of woodcock had gone south.

In a level patch of woods Dash made game. By the stealthy way he crawled ahead, I knew he had struck a fresh scent of grouse, so I hastened and went on abreast of him.

At a bunch of alder bushes he stiffens into a point, and a moment after a running grouse booms into the air some thirty yards in advance. I fired quickly; down she tumbled, and a moment after I heard her wings beating the death tattoo on the ground. Cramming in a fresh cartridge, and calling Dash to heel, I leisurely advanced to pick up my bird, when to my astonishment she rose and flew away as vigorously as ever.

My surprise was so great that I stood and gawked at her, and never thought of firing. She flew about a hundred yards and lit in some bushes outside the woods and close to a house by the roadside. "I'll have her now, surely,"

thought I, so working Dash very close, not permitting him to range over twenty yards ahead, I advanced. Just where I marked down the bird, Dash suddenly comes to a stiff point. The scrubby bushes came about up to his breast, his head, back and tail were stretched out into one stiff line just above the bush tops.

Fearing the bird might run again I circled around ahead of Dash and then went on in the line of his point, but no game got up. Puzzled, I retraced my steps toward Dash. There stood my good old pointer, rigid as a statue carved from marble, pointing directly at me. I advanced slowly toward him. There crouched the grouse in the bush under his very nose. I put out my hand and picked her up without resistance. She had a fatal wound in her neck.

I drove on to a long strip of cover; through it ran a wood road. Dash comes to a point on my right, then a running grouse whirs up and flies across the wood road on a diagonal. I miss him with my first, but tumble him with my second barrel, a ragged heels-over-head tumble, so ludicrous that I laugh outright.

On to the schoolhouse cover, I hunt this thoroughly, though a thick, disagreeable patch, but never a cock is there. At the further end, near the railroad, I lose Dash amid the thick spruces. I whistle to him in vain, then I call aloud. I hear a whimper and a spring within ten feet of me in the close cover, and the grouse he was pointing booms across an opening in front, a clear shot. I cut her down cleanly, while a great mass of feathers float in the sunlight and drift slowly down the vista.

I soon reach the great marsh and hunt up the runs for snipe; not a sniff of one is to be had. Dash soon leaves the wet run and hunts along a thin strip of scrubby pines that fringe the creek. He makes game and I follow him, just in time to miss a grouse that rises from his point in thick cover. Dash draws on a few steps and stiffens into another point. Up gets another grouse in the very thickest of the pines. I fire a snap shot more by ear than eye, but this is a lucky day and my bird falls stone dead. Now we work along the narrow strip of wood in quest of the bird I missed. Dash works slowly. He trots ahead, pauses, looks around, sniffs the air, runs ahead a few steps, stops, lifts up one foreleg trembling, and then crawls on again. I keep ahead of him in the open creek. At the very end of the strip of scrub pines Dash stiffens out into a point. The next moment a noble grouse steps beyond the furthest tree, and, taking wing, flies across the run like a duck directly over my head. Ah! what a rare open shot at this foxy bird! I fire, and he teeters down an inclined plane and strikes the wet rushy snipe ground dead.

Driving home I stop and hunt a gamy-looking bit of woods. Dash strikes the scent of a grouse and works on this scent slowly and cautiously full quarter of an hour before he comes to a point. I keep some twenty yards to his right and abreast of him. The bird rises in front of Dash, his whir sounds like rumbling thunder in the still evening woods. He cuts across me from left to right. I catch but a glimpse of him through the pine tops, and fire. A moment's silence, then "whack" off to the right. What was that? It sounded like some one striking a board fence with a club. I has-



ten in the direction of the sound. There is the board fence; there is Dash on a point, and there, just through the rails, lies the grouse wing-broken. A dainty little club was he to strike a fence with.

I drove home over the freezing ground tired and happy. My dog had found and pointed six grouse. I had shot them all over his point in eight shots. The best grouse shooting of my life. The six birds weighed eight pounds. The largest, an old cock, full ruffed, weighed a pound and a half.

A few days after I dropped in on an old friend, whose popularity is only equalled by his fame as a good fellow, a delightful conversationalist and a thorough-going sportsman. To him I recounted my day's sport.

"Six grouse in eight shots over points?" he repeated; "the best shooting round here this fall, and you'll never do it again." And sure enough, I never have.

I never did it before, either, nor anything like it, although how many times I have fired eight shots at grouse without touching a feather I would not like to mention.

If a man can bag one grouse in three shots every day in the week, he is a crack shot, and can hold his own with anyone. One shot in five is good, and somehow long experience has taught me to have a respect for a man who can shoot a grouse flying anyhow, regardless of the number of shots fired.

One reason of my exceptionally good luck

doubtless was that I felt fully up to shooting; brim full of life and health. Another equally important reason, I was able to take everything easily and leisurely all day.

But of one thing I am sure, and many subsequent days' sport have proved it.

The prime requisite is an old, thoroughly broken, cautious and staunch dog. For the rest, keep well up with your dog, for the wily game will sometimes run and take to wing, just when your dog is coming to a point, utterly regardless of his feelings or your own. I well know that it is a great temptation after you have missed a half dozen shots flying, but I am sure no sportsman shoots this noble bird sitting but he is sorry for it afterward.

Of course I do not speak of the grouse found in the deep woods of Canada. There they are so tame that it is almost impossible to drive them to take wing, and the tourist is compelled to bowl over on the ground as many as he wants for the camp pot.

But anywhere else, where cleared land is the rule, and forest growth the exception, where the cover is in small patches, along the runs and up the hill sides, and where the grouse is compelled to frequently take wing and make long flights from one cover to another, in such districts the sportsman, with his staunch old pointer may have throughout our mellow autumn time as royal wing shooting as this continent affords, at the king of American game birds—the ruffed grouse.



A Lynx "So Wild, He Was Tame"

Rare Photos Taken Under Unusual Conditions

By J. M. Murdock.



IN these modern times, we work everything down to a theoretical basis, but when we test our theories practically, we are confronted with all sorts of unexpected experiences.

Such was my fortune when on a recent spring hunting trip after grizzly bears up in the wilds of British Columbia. How we located sixteen grizzlies on one trip last May, and succeeded in getting four big specimens, will be the subject of a later story.

I outfitted at Jasper, P. O., Alberta, Canada, reaching that far-removed-from-civilization point via the main line of the new Grand Trunk extension of the western division from Winnipeg. Closson Otto, of Otto Brothers, guides and outfitters, was my guide, and George Hargrave was our cook. A more capable team never went into the mountains. The country is new to explorers, beautiful, full of big game—anyone going there is sure of a successful trip.

I have hunted about all the big game to be found on our continent. I have read much of the natural history of American big game. I have read with much interest the stories printed in *Forest and Stream* which treat of big game. I have always supposed that all big game is afraid of the man smell. That if any wild animal gets the scent of man, he will get away quickly. Our experiences prove that there are exceptions to the theory.

We had been out for about two weeks and were camped at the end of a beautiful lake located about 100 miles out from the railroad. This lake is one of those beautiful bits of water, fed by the glaciers of melting snow that covered the mountains' sides, that extended from their peaks down to the water's edge. The lake is about eight miles long and one and one-half miles wide.

Water is clear as crystal. We could see the bottom at depths up to about thirty feet.

At this camp we had been successful in securing three of our four grizzlies. One afternoon we decided to move our camp to the other end of the lake. With a deal of hard work, we had brought a canoe ninety miles up the river. It had to be lined and poled all the way on account of the swift current and we had to make several portages. Ours was the first canoe ever floated on the waters of the lake.

After loading up our canoe with the outfit of a sixteen-foot tepee tent, full camp equipment and twelve days' provisions—this with the three bear skins and hides and the added weight of three men—we had little free board. We were down to within about four inches of the sides of the canoe. Take a sixteen-foot canoe loaded in this manner on a lake as big as this one, then stir up the water with a twenty-mile blow—if you don't know anything about canoes, you will learn. If you want to get a good scare, you will have your wish gratified. If you don't, you will get it, anyway.

We got ours, and after shipping considerable water in making a forced crossing of the lower end of the lake, we were glad to hug the shores the remainder of the trip. Both Closson and George were expert canoe men; otherwise we would have had a bad spill that in ice water is not desirable—with the depth apparently infinite.

We had reached a point about half way up the lake when we saw an animal walking along the rocks on the shore. Closson said, "There's a coyote." A few minutes later, "No, it's a lynx." He was about 100 yards away when we first saw him. We continued paddling. When about sixty yards away, he turned and saw us. He stopped. We kept paddling slowly for we expected him to make one jump and disappear

within the bushes, but he didn't. He stood still until we came up alongside of him and not more than ten feet from where he stood. We had fresh meat in the canoe to add to our attraction. He looked at one end of the canoe—then at the other. His short bob-tail switched. He twitched his lips. His eyes snapped. He wore all the while an expression of curiosity. Presently he sat down on his haunches, still watching us. We kept up a continuous conversation in an ordinary low tone of voice. A few of the numerous pictures I snapped are here reproduced.

After about five minutes, he got up, turned and walked to the edge of the timber. Just before going into the bushes, he stopped again, deliberately turned his head and took a parting look, then walked out of sight. He showed no more concern than that of curiosity regarding this new thing that had come into his exclusively animal life.

Both Closson and George, who have always lived in the mountains, said they had never before gotten so close to a wild animal. The incident was one discussed later in our camps. All theories had been broken. He smelled us. He saw us. He heard us. He could have landed in the middle of our canoe, on top of our fresh meat, with one short jump, and yet he made no movement to molest us. We decided "he was so wild he was tame."

Big game hunting is both interesting and exciting. Camp life has a lure that leads us all on, and on, and on. It is such little unexpected incidents as this one that are the real treasures of the hunt. I felt this glimpse alone of wild animal life would have been compensation enough for the entire trip.

We were out thirty days and had a most successful trip, bagging three grizzlies and one silver tip. One of the grizzlies was known as "Old Tramp," said to be one of the biggest ever found in that locality. He had a history not unlike the story of "Old Wahb," written by that most interesting writer, Ernest Seton Thompson. He, too, "busted" all theories of the man smell "sky high."

A TRIBUTE TO THEODORE GORDON

Riverside Drive, New York, June 23, 1915.
Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Allow me to add my poor tribute to what you said about Theodore Gordon in the June number of *Forest and Stream*.

About twenty years ago I met Mr. Gordon for the first time on the Beaverkill, in Sullivan county, New York. We were stopping at the same boarding house and we had many conversations on trout fishing, flies, etc.

He impressed me as being a man of rare refinement and a charming personality.

The trout flies he tied were works of art. I was about to make a fishing trip to Canada and Maine and, hearing of it, he presented me with a few flies with the request to try them on the Maine waters. They were "killing" flies, but too precious for fishing. I treasure them in a little box, keepsakes to the end.

To one whom fate has consigned to a city life of toil and worry, the mode of life followed by Mr. Gordon, even though forced to it by poor health, seems to be the ideal life.

What beautiful mental pictures of forest and stream, and recollections of glorious days spent out-of-doors Theodore Gordon has taken with him into his immortality! JAMES M. STEWART.

Big Game Possibilities of the East Kootenay

Here is a "Where To" Article by a Man Who Made a Careful Exploration of One of the Best Game Sections on the North American Continent

The following letter has been written for "Forest and Stream" by a sportsman for sportsmen in search of hunting territory. All information as far as possible has been given, so that intending sportsmen may be fully informed as to conditions to be met with.

By Ubique.



FROM a long experience in various parts of the Rockies I affirm confidently that in no other part can so many different species of big game trophies be found in the same district as the East Kootenay. It has been very little hunted in recent years and is therefore, generally speaking, very little known to alien sportsmen, and so offers splendid opportunities for the securing of several trophies in the same district.

That part of the East Kootenay I refer to lies on and about the head waters of the Vermillion, Simpson, Ice, Moose, Tokem and several other creeks and rivers—all tributaries of the Kootenay River, and north in the same belt of country as that hunted over in 1905 by the authors of "Camp Fires in the Rockies," Messrs. Hornaday and Phillips.

I have, in the past few years, made several exploring trips as to game conditions on the above tributaries, and have just returned from another this spring (end of May).

The new well-informed big game hunter does not require to be told that various species of our

native game are becoming beautifully less and less—broadly speaking—throughout the western mountains.

Outside of National parks and a few, very few, wild districts, British Columbia and Alaska shelter the last of the big game. Although science has moved forward with giant strides in all departments in the last twenty years, little or nothing has been done for the better protection and increase of our Fauna. British Columbia is no exception to the rule; therefore, one may be excused for expressing satisfaction on suddenly finding himself in the midst of a well stocked game country. To stand, for instance, as I did a couple of weeks ago, on a gravel bar at the forks of three creeks and through a pair of ordinary field glasses see five goats quietly feeding below timber-line, and below them on a grassy "slide" three bears doing the same, while by turning partially around, as though on a pivot, and looking down stream to encounter two young bucks (white-tails), and below them just wading across the river a huge bull moose, and just below him again, standing quietly on a bar at a bend in the river, two wapiti (elk) is, I venture to say, a feat that cannot be repeated to-day outside

of British Columbia or Alaska. Even in these two huge countries and—generally speaking—unsettled, it is very doubtful if all the following species of game can be found in any other district outside of the East Kootenay:

(1) Bear—Grizzly, silver-tip, cinnamon and black, all fairly abundant throughout. Of the many hundreds of "slides" on the tributaries mentioned, all those examined show "signs," more or less, of bear, by fresh droppings, spoor, well padded trails, beds, feeding places on "slides," trees barked, and gopher burrows torn up by the great claws of the grizzly.

(2) Moose—Very abundant throughout the northern part of Kootenay River and tributaries. Some good heads can be obtained on these tributaries, where a shot has not been fired in years.

While hunting moose on the main Kootenay River last December, I saw with naked eye thirty-six moose (cows, calves and bulls), in three days within a radius of six miles, on a burnt "slash," running along the mountain side.

(3) Wapiti—Fairly numerous, as indicated by their droppings, spoor, battle grounds, velvet cleaning from horns on trees, and shed horns lying about. Having been on the protected list



—as they still are at the present writing—for the last nine or ten years, it is really necessary to have *one* open season to kill off the very old bulls, which, in every sense of the word, have become the worst of vermin to their own species. To replace these, fresh blood (young bulls) should be imported and turned out (Southern animals preferred), to improve and invigorate the herds.

(4) Big-horn—Fairly numerous also over large area; very few shot in recent years; some good heads to be obtained. Big-horn and goat may be shot on the same mountain.

(5) Goat—Most abundant everywhere throughout the East Kootenay.

(6) Black and White-Tailed Deer—Very numerous all over. The former carry some fine heads. A day's journey back from settlements. They keep to the mountain sides below timber-line. The white-tail can be met with in every valley and creek bottom.

(7) Mountain Lion, Congar, Panther, etc., but all one and the same animal, are to be found principally on east side of Kootenay River and main range of the Rockies, but distributed more or less all over. Several were trapped last winter. The bounty at present on this destructive brute is \$15. It should be doubled, when trappers would give it more of their attention than at present is the case. It is rarely found—except in the winter months—at a low altitude. I note that some writers consider the Goat immune from attack by this animal. No doubt they make this statement from experience and observation in the field, hence, they are entitled to their opinions. But I would point out that *Felis Concolor* is a long, if low, lithe, powerful beast of the cat species, springs from fourteen to sixteen feet on its prey with a paralyzing shock that no animal in the mountains can stand against but the Grizzly. To put it shortly, it is better underground. Thirty dollars is not too much for its scalp.

Wolves—Practically non-existent in the East Kootenay.

Fishing—First-class, the principal species being charr and "cut-throat." Why such an outlandish, harsh name as "cut-throat" is difficult to understand, seeing that the under gills must be opened before disclosing the red marks, from which this *true* trout takes its peculiar name, I presume, can be seen. It is found in all streams and tributaries, as well as the main Kootenay River. Charr attain large size in deep water.

The spring is the best time to hunt bear—May and June—the former for preference. They are then confined to a narrow compass, *i. e.*, on the "slides" only, and with a little patience, evenings or early mornings, where "signs" are found, success is assured.

The Selkirk Range, running north and south, west of the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers, carries only three species of big game, excluding deer, viz: bear, caribou and goat. There is no better grizzly bear range on the continent than the lofty Selkirks, with their innumerable "slides" and snow-clad peaks.

A day's journey up one of the many creeks that empty into the Columbia River from any station on the recently constructed K. C. & R. railroad (from Golden or main line of C. P. R. to Cranbrook) will place the sportsman in a guaranteed grizzly country. Two days will place him in the midst of all the various species of game mentioned in the East Kootenay.

The license fee charged aliens for spring bear hunting is \$25.00.

In the open season, to cover all big game, the fee is \$100.00. This latter fee is considered to be prohibitive and against the interests of the province—as it is.

Personally, I have always advocated that the fee charged aliens should be on a sliding scale, viz: Ordinary gun license to cost from \$10, to not more than \$25. Then so much for each head of game allowed to be shot, *when shot*, say roughly from \$15 to \$25 for a grizzly or wapiti or big horn, the three principal trophies of the sporting world, and from \$10 to \$15 or even \$20, as decided, for moose or goat or black bear, etc. No thorough going sportsman will object or hesitate a moment to pay a liberal fee for a magnificent trophy lying at his feet, secured by his own rifle after strenuous exertion and at heavy expense!

Moreover, on this system there is no cause for irritation or annoyance in case of failure, or excuse for writing bitterly on the heavy fee charged in advance, as was the case of couple of years ago in a sporting magazine.

On the other hand, should the sportsman secure his full allowance the government receives *over* the \$100 charged in a lump sum. Hunting big and elusive game of various kinds in heavily-timbered mountains is most uncertain at the best of times for the best of men; therefore it doesn't follow that the well-informed sportsman of to-day, in paying this heavy fee in advance, is in any way deceived that he is going to hunt in a well-stocked game preserve; nothing could be further from the truth.

We were told recently by a public speaker, Mr. Oscar C. Bass, at the annual dinner of the Canadian Camp, New York, that "provincial legislatures looked upon game protection as a huge joke." Certainly when one inquires into the matter one finds very few practical sportsmen, naturalists, or lovers of wild life as members of legislatures. Nevertheless, I have every

confidence that our present Provincial government will either lower the present fee, or place it on the "sliding scale" I have outlined above, if properly approached, as they at all events, don't look upon game protection "as a joke."

It may be asked, how this money for each head of game killed is to be collected if placed on a sliding scale.

By issuing coupons with the gun license, one for each head allowed, to be attached to the head or skin of each trophy before shipment out by any carrying company. A deposit can be left in the hands of any government agent, justice of the peace, or game warden; or the guide, who has to take out a license before being allowed to act as such, can be held responsible.

The trails up the various tributaries are not in the best condition possible. But as all streams and rivers, though traveling at the rate of from six to eight miles per hour, are fordable on horseback, the trail is never a necessity in April and May, and the fall months of the open season.

Excepting the game wardens and fire rangers, there is no other travel, or very little, over these trails, and as the above men work singly it is not easy for them to keep the trails open. But the true big game hunter, who is not afraid of fording streams or swimming them if necessity demands it, will not growl, as it keeps the nervous amateur out.

As I have said, the game wardens work alone. Each has a very large territory to look after, much too large for one man, and he should not be alone in a rugged, heavily-timbered sea of mountains, bisected with running rivers, full of quicksands, continually passing great "slides," full of loose rock, ready to rush down at the slightest touch, miles of decayed timber from old forest fires that a wind-storm—so prevalent in the mountains—uproots by thousands, hurling them in all directions and blocking up the trails, which means heavy axe-work for the warden, after two and three days from the nearest settlement, if he would get either in or out. In such a wild region—in fact, just as God left it—a warden absolutely alone, threatened with these and other unseen dangers, is helpless. They never complain, but it seems hardly fair to ask them to travel continually alone for weeks in a wilderness, and to expect them to keep all hunting trails open, would be too ridiculous.

Finally, given patience, a fair amount of time, say three weeks or a month, with a good guide, there is no reason to be advanced why any sportsman who is a fair shot should not take out with him his full quota of game.

The employing of a *good scout* is suggested, especially if only a limited time is at the disposal of the sportsman.

Taking a flash-light picture of a wild animal is considered the highest art of photography. Taking a moving picture film of three thousand feet covering the same subject is a rarer achievement. Mr. Frank Merton Buckland, author of "Rhymes of the Stream and Forest," the well-known Forest and Stream book, has just returned from the wildest portions of New Brunswick, after having photographed on moving picture films some wonderful scenes showing moose in their haunts, groups of deer, bears and bear-cubs at play, etc. Mr. Buckland's pictures reveal the Happyland of Animal Life. He will, in an early issue of Forest and Stream, tell about his trip. This ought to be the outdoor story of the year.



Is The Single Hook More Deadly Than The Gang Or Plug Bait?

A Few Remarks On Rigging Hooks To Catch Fish As Legalized By The Three Representative States

By Black Bass.



IN the last few years the Conservation Commissions of a number of states have begun to take a new departure in the conservation of fish. They seem to figure on its being a practical method and feel assured of its final success.

Whether it is a success or not there is large room for doubt.

They seem to feel that they have gone as far as they can go in limiting the open season and still have any open season at all, for the middle of June is certainly very late to get any good bass fishing, it being much better two weeks earlier. But no doubt feeling that something else should be done toward conserving the supply they have enacted theoretical laws limiting the number of hooks to be used.

The state of Maine has put into effect a law that allows a fisherman to use only one hook, presuming of course, that this would not only tend to conserve the fish, but prove to be a less cruel method of taking them. They seem to have felt that a fish would suffer much more acutely when caught on a gang hook than on a single hook. This might be true if a fish were hooked in the same position with each style of hook—but they are not.

It is seldom when fishing with a set of treble hooks that a fish is hooked anywhere but the hard, callous part of the mouth, for the simple reason that the hook must be struck in a certain precise position for the fish to swallow the complete set of hooks. Whereas, in using the single hook, it being small and easily swallowed, a fish will almost invariably be hooked in the gullet; this, of course, applying to a baited hook and not a fly.

In this respect alone the single hook is murderous. The fact that a fish fights in a more feeble manner when hooked in the gullet than in the mouth goes to prove that they must suffer more pain. Consequently, the single-hook law could not have emanated from a humanitarian viewpoint.

Probably it originated through a vague idea that it would tend to conserve the fish supply. But does it? Has a fish any chance at all when hooked in the gullet?

Nowadays a great many fishermen fish simply for the sport it affords, replacing all fish taken. Under these conditions, a large number of the fish are apt to die when hooked in the gullet with a single hook, whereas if they were caught on a bait surrounded with sets of gang hooks, as most of the modern bass baits are, they would be hooked lightly in the callous part of the mouth

and suffer very little or none at all when replaced in the water.

It is possible that the tyro does not catch as many fish when using the single hook as he would should the law allow him to use gang hooks, but what the tyro catches matters very little in the long run, anyway. It is the expert, the man who fishes day in and day out, that counts. And it is just this same expert that the law does not touch, for the simple reason that the expert knows how to rig a single hook so that it will catch just as many, or more, fish than the gang hook will. By single hook is meant the interpretation that the Maine law places upon it, one large hook to do the work and a smaller hook, called a gill hook, above it.

In using a smelt for bait (a very favorite method in Maine), it can be placed on the hooks just as well, if not better, when using this gill hook as if several sets of treble hooks were used, although, as a matter of fact, in the universal method of hooking a smelt, more than one hook is not needed, as the bait is threaded on in such a manner to make it look natural, and more than one hook is superfluous. All of which goes to prove that, although the law was intended for the protection of the fish, it does not work out as desired, being not at all practical.

The state of New Jersey has a law limiting all

fishermen to three hooks, meaning one set of treble hooks, which in its effects is just about as useful in conserving the fish as the one-hook law of Maine, simply compelling the tyro to become an expert as quickly as possible.

Even in New York, where every style of rig is allowed by law, the expert will not use the bait rigged as it comes from the factory, but changes the hooks as soon as bought, lacing them in positions where they know the fish will strike the bait. The tyro soon learns that it will not do to place a single gang in haphazard fashion on the bait, and the loss of a few fish makes him understand just what spot the hook must be in to hook every fish that comes near it. And once learned it becomes a much more murderous bait than any of those that are covered with six or seven sets of hooks, as most of the baits are that are used in New York.

In the end the gang proves itself to be the most humane bait of them all, the fish being hooked lighter and consequently being harder to bring safely to boat than with the single set of hooks.

This in theory may not seem to be true, but in practice will very soon prove itself to be so.

Even the bait manufacturers are now equipping their baits with fewer hooks than formerly, gradually gravitating from the "small baits, lots of hooks" idea to the eventual use of but one set of three, the plan that the experts have been using, but keeping quiet about, for a number of years past.

Some fishermen claim that a bass invariably attacks a surface bait in a spiral motion, making a half turn in the ascent; others that the rush is straight. But they all agree that the bait is seized from underneath at a spot a little more than half way to the rear. Knowing this, they attach their one set of hooks accordingly, with no others to interfere, so that it will swing to just the position desired when the bait is reeled in at ordinary speed, the hooks in this way hanging from one and a half to two inches from the bait, and dropping fairly into the fish's mouth before the bait is touched. Every strike means not only a fish hooked, but a fish boated as well, for the victim cannot shake it out when it is once half way down their throat.

In the deep water type of bait, the single set of hooks works much in the same way, except that the hooks are placed directly in the rear and at about the same distance from the bait.

In tackling a bait of this variety the fish has two ways of going about it. One is directly in front and the other in the rear, according to the speed at which the bait is traveling. When a bass sees a small fish or frog, which these baits are made to represent, going at a good speed, he will invariably seize it in the rear to disable it first. If going slowly, acting as if it were already hurt, he does not take the trouble to disable it, but proceeds to swallow it offhand. Consequently, if the hooks are in the rear and the bait reeled at a good pace, the bass will, forty-nine times out of fifty, get hold of the hooks first.

In the end one is forced to admit that the bait covered with hooks set close to the body is the only one that gives a fish a fair chance for his life. The hooks, to prevent fouling each other, must be set close to the body, preventing the fish from seizing any one of them beyond the extreme point.



Bass Fishing on the Upper Delaware

An Interesting Little Story That Tells of Good Luck not so Many Miles from the big Eastern Cities

By Newlin F. Davis.

THE middle of July, after days of expectancy, I corralled my family, consisting of my wife and self and three kiddies, destined for the Upper Delaware, at Egypt Mills, Pa., about eight miles below Port Jervis. There the river is more like a mountain stream, perhaps only fifty yards wide, and largely rapids of the purest, clearest water to be found anywhere.

Saturday evening found our little family at the river's edge, across two fields from the house, eagerly reconnoitering for the future two weeks' method of attack.

A row-boat having been secured, I was up before daybreak Monday morning, stealthily dressing and slipping downstairs after wifey's usual, "Good-bye, good luck." The first morning brought me a couple of fair-sized, small mouth.

I had provided myself with a hundred night crawlers and they seemed to tempt the bass, which was nearly the only kind of fish caught, excepting river chub which we could not escape. These averaged from twelve to fifteen inches long, and the average size of the bass was about twelve inches. We had good catches with helgrammites, red catties, worms, minnows and lamprey eels. The heavy boats and the swift current are factors that have to be dealt with, and in contrast to lake fishing for large mouth in Southern Jersey you can imagine we had some new and difficult problems with which to deal.

I had counted on some good fly fishing in these waters; as Mr. Malcom A. Shipley, who knows this country, fishwise as well as otherwise, like a book, had lured me by tales of a 15-inch trout and many others that he had caught in the river on flies at the mouth of Toms Creek, a few miles below. The natives know little about fly fishing and Mose Briscoe, with whom we stayed,

had little faith in one's ability to take a bass from the river on a fly, although he admitted that fly fishing for trout in the streams nearby was successful. We only had one experience at trout fishing on this trip, and our experiences that day are a story in themselves, with which gentle reader you shall not be inflicted! Notwithstanding the cold water my friend had cast on river fly fishing I determined to give it a trial, with rather gratifying results; though as a steady diet it is no easy matter to keep the heavy row-boats, which were generously at our disposal (usually with a broken oar-lock or some other defect) under control in the swift water along shore or in the rifts, and cast accurately; one would find himself near center stream shooting dangerously toward the lower rifts after a dozen casts or more, having floated perhaps fifty yards or so in no time. But on one occasion, after finishing the last mouthful of a hurried supper with the family, just as the sun had settled down over the hills, I took up my pet fly rod, a red and white coaxer bait tied to the end of the leader and in a jump and a run had reached the water's edge. In starting off I had displayed this piscatorial weapon to Mr. B., the doubter, and remarked that I had no bait; this was to go on record in case I should return with a fish. Hardly had I shoved off and beaten the shore with Mr. Coaxer a half dozen times before Whack! Splash! and I had struck.

You know the electric thrill, only accentuated by the parting notes of the song birds and the rhythmic music of the water as in blessed solitude of evening I was fighting an unseen enemy, and no living being in sight to interfere. Soon I heaved a sigh of satisfaction as I held in my grasp a sixteen-inch pike. Then I crossed the river with a few strokes of the oar and soon landed a small-mouth bass on the same lure.

(Continued on page 510)

An Adirondack Patteran*

"Follow the cross of the gypsy trail."—Kipling.

The Nomadic Summer Life of the North Woods, In Camps, Permanent and Transitory

By Warwick Stevens Carpenter.



It may be a blaze on the side of a tree. It may be a stick upright beside the way, with perhaps one side hewn smooth and the direction marked with a pencil. Again a branch or two thrown crosswise of one fork will show which turn to avoid.

With unflinching precision the tenderfoot will step lightly over this unobtrusive barrier and go careering off in the wrong direction. More specific, but less frequent, are the little signboards of associations, clubs and individuals, telling whither the path leads and how far. They add much to the facility of forest travel, but subtract measurably from the alluring mystery of the unfolding trail. Most difficult of all to read are those informal signs of the unfrequented byways. Whether a logging road leads out in a certain direction, or will end in an aimless confusion of snake roads and skidways, may be told by the angle of intersection of connecting roads. The little tell-tale signs which show where the heavy loads were hauled is another help. Thus many a trick of woodcraft may be brought to the unraveling of the forest lanes. Then at times one must leave all settled paths and proceed by dead reckoning or the compass. In a long journey in the Adirondacks will be found every sort of route indication, the gypsy patteran of the North Woods fraternity, or none at all, and he who would advance with certainty must be trail wise and a woodsman.

From every vacation center in the mountains the routes radiate, and one may establish himself in any strategic location and for a whole season find exercise enough for his wandering foot. Others prefer to move from place to place, stopping only for a few days in one spot. While these errant ones miss many fine details of the wilderness, they nevertheless lay down a surveyor's primary control of the whole North Woods, and may fill in the gaps wherever they find the country most to their liking. Thus one will come back most frequently to a region of many lakes and fine fishing. Another, having sampled all the varied sports of the Adirondacks, will find his keenest pleasure in mountain climbing, and settle for a summer or two in the heart of the Great Peaks. Not in one season can he exhaust all the wonderful possibilities of that magnificent assembly of aspiring slopes and cloud-sweeping summits. South of Keene Valley they swing in a long broken line from east to west, and from a permanent camp somewhere in their midst one can reach them all. Some of the climbs will require a night or two away from headquarters, but on such expeditions the impedimenta will be little. Indeed, one of the chief pleasures of climbing is to spend the night on some commanding summit and catch the first

*The gypsy term for a sign left at a crossroad to show which way a party has traveled.



The Singing Reel and a Heavy Creel.

break of day across the peaks and cloud-filled valleys below.

Much of the land in the Adirondacks is now a part of the state forest preserve, and the Conservation Commission has recently adopted regulations permitting the erection of open camps. Prior to this only tents were allowed. Thus a much freer use of the preserve is possible. Exclusive use of the camps is carefully guarded against, and travelers may occupy any one that they find vacant. The Adirondack Camp and Trail Club have already built two or three lean-tos, and it is probable that in time the whole forest preserve, and particularly the sections along the main trail routes, will be provided with these shelters, erected by either individuals or associations. Then the light foot vacationist may go with light pack as well, in assurance that one of these comfortable camps will meet his necessity each night. The regulations of the Conservation

Commission, adopted September 2, 1913, are as follows:

1. No person, association or corporation shall build any trail or open camp upon state land without first obtaining written permission from the Conservation Commission.

2. The location of such trails and open camps shall be fixed by the Commission.

3. Application for permission to construct such open camps shall state the source of supply and the character of the material to be used, and no such camp shall be constructed until the character of the material and the source of the supply thereof shall be approved by the Commission.

4. All such camps shall contain a conspicuous sign reading as follows: "This camp is property of the State of New York and is open to the public." Such sign shall be maintained at such camps by the person, association or corporation constructing the camp.

5. A suitable fireplace shall be constructed and maintained in front of such camp, the form and material thereof to be approved by the Commission.

6. No such camp shall be occupied by the same party or persons more than ten days in any year, nor more than three nights in succession. This rule shall not apply to state employes while engaged in fighting fires. A copy of this rule shall be posted and maintained in a conspicuous place at such camp.

7. The Commission may remove or discontinue the use of any such camps at any time.

8. No building, camp or structure shall be erected on state land except as above provided.

This action of the Conservation Commission is in accordance with the theory that the Adirondack forest preserve should be maintained and developed as a public park for the recreation of all the people in which the destructive and fire-producing effects of lumbering are prohibited by the constitution. With the forest cover guarded from despoliation by an express provision that timber thereon shall not be sold, removed or destroyed, the highest use of the forest as a conservator of water supply and a pleasure ground for sportsmen and tourists is insured. The constitutional convention is now in session in Albany, and it is hoped that this essential measure of protection, which has been in force for the last twenty years, will not be abated.

Elsewhere than on state land permission can frequently be obtained from the owners to erect small open camps, or space for more pretentious ones can be leased or purchased. For the ordinary short vacation, however, the open camp is preferable. It involves a minimum outlay of funds, is easier to keep in order, and may be left with little fear of injury.

The typical Adirondack open camp is a log lean-to, with a sloping roof to reflect the heat of the fire. The back should be three or four



Photo. by Warwick S. Carpenter. All rights reserved.

A Familiar Type of An Adirondack Shack

feet high and the front from seven to eight. The roof may be made of poles, with a canvas covering, or it may be of boards, with a covering of tar paper or shingles. A double roof of boards may also be used, the top ones breaking joints with the lower; or the boards may be run horizontally, with a good generous clapboard lap. The form of construction will be determined largely by the locality, and the ease of getting materials to it. But wherever it may be, a good open lean-to of twelve feet in length by eight in depth will cost so little that it is quite within the reach of any vacationist.

A jutting roof along the front, porch fashion, of about three feet in width, will keep out much bad weather, and a drop curtain will shut out any driving storm. The curtain need not be heavy. The lightest duck will serve admirably, and even heavy unbleached muslin will answer. A log along the ground at the front will make a seat before the fire, and act as a footboard for the balsam bed.

The usual rules for placing the camp should be carefully observed. Adirondack storms come rarely from the north, so the lean-to should face in that direction. Hollows should be avoided, so that water will drain off, and a spring or brook should be close by. If a large rock is in front, it will make a natural fireplace and reflect the heat into the interior. Otherwise a good fireplace of stones, carefully laid up, will be well worth the small labor of its construction. The fireplace will also prevent the spread of fire.

One will find almost all of the advantages of the open Adirondack lean-to in the Baker tent. It is shaped like a lean-to, and when made of waterproof silk or tanalite it is the last word in portability. With it the vacationist may search out every secret recess of the woods, until he finds that corner that best suits his liking. It requires no special permit from the Conservation Commission.

Equipped with such a shelter and a suitable outfit, one may wander without let or hindrance,

Midst dripping crags where, foaming soon,
Through soaking mosses steals the Schroon,
From hoarse Ausable's caverned wave
To Saranac's most northern rills.

For a preliminary reconnaissance let the start be in the neighborhood of Schroon. The details of the country are all accurately shown on the topographical maps of the United States Geological Survey, with which every camper should be provided. Entrance may be had up the Adirondack Branch of the Delaware and Hudson to Riverside, and thence by stage to Schroon Lake. For the real hiker, however, it will be more interesting to go in by way of Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain. From there a road runs to Chilson, and then to Putnam Pond, on the edge of a wide region of unfrequented lakes and streams. Or let the break come at Baldwin on Lake George, six miles from Ticonderoga, and the route lead thence up a highway a few miles and into the woods in the direction of Bull Rock Mountain. The way will lead past Lost Pond to Putnam Pond, beyond which are spread out in intricate network some eighteen or twenty lakes and ponds of many sizes. It is a country well worthy of long tarrying. From the fire station on the summit of Pharaoh mountain it is extended in bold relief. Pharaoh was the On-de-wa of the Iroquois, interpreted Black Mountain, as I have said in *The Camper's Own Book*, "though another meaning, Coming Again, is probably more accurate. More lakes may be seen from it than from any other mountain in the Adirondacks. The sweep of the view is superb. It extends from the mountains behind Lake George clear to the serrated line of the Great Peaks, in which are Indian Pass, McIntyre, Marcy, Skylight, Dix, and all the other best-known summits. The slender thread of Lake Champlain lies far to the east, and westward is a

fringe of lesser heights. Immediately under foot are Pharaoh Lake and Gooseneck and Crane Ponds, and on all sides are other lakes of varying sizes. But aside from its magnificence, the prospect from Pharaoh is just what might be expected from such an isolated peak. It gives 'wide wand'ring for the greediest eye.' Another aspect of Pharaoh is more interesting to the lover of unusual and secluded pictures. Its western side drops sheerly and precipitately off into Desolate Swamp. From the edge of the precipice Desolate lies outspread in wild abandon. To reach it is a matter of much angling down treacherous slopes. But an intimate acquaintance with mountains is seldom easy. Beyond the rank grasses and sluggish, lily-padded pond-holes of Desolate the bluff mass of Pharaoh stands impressively, the sharp up-whipping of its precipitous sides strongly accented by the scrub spruces and balsams of the swamp. It is such a fascinating desolation as makes the promise of On-de-wa, Coming Again, doubly alluring."

From the top of Pharaoh the way is pointed also to other sections of the wilderness. Over the ridges to the west, beyond North Creek, is Indian Lake, where big pickerel abound. To catch them is no trick at all for the expert fisherman, and one who wants big fish and plenty of them will find this a Mecca. About Indian Lake is surpassing trout fishing, and in Lewey Lake, which flows into Indian Lake, are fighting "lakers." Westward of Indian Lake is the fishing of the Cedar River country, and beyond that Raquette Lake and the well-known Fulton Chain.

The sign may lead north from Pharaoh or Indian Lake, by a diversity of roads and trails, many of which are laid down on the maps of the Topographical Survey. They come at last to the Great Peaks, and run over their summits, or through their passes, to Keene Valley and Lake Placid. Indian Pass is the most romantic, with associations of Iroquois mythology. Of the mountains, Marcy, the Iroquois Tahawus, meaning The Cloud Splitter, is the highest, and the one great objective of all Adirondack climbers. Near the fork of the trail to Lake Colden and Avalanche Lake is a log lean-to, maintained by the Tahawus Club, and travelers may use it for a night. The trail to the top of Marcy from the south and west, starting at the Tahawus Club, is one of the most absorbing in all the Adirondacks. I have told of it in detail in other places.

At the very beginning stand the ruined furnaces of the McIntyre Iron Company, whose organizers far in ante bellum days, endeavored to found a profitable iron industry in this remote corner of the woods. But the haul was too long and the project failed. The way winds upward along Calamity Brook to Calamity Pond, where David Henderson, the leader of the iron enterprise, was accidentally killed in 1845, by the discharge of his own pistol. On the shore of the pond one comes suddenly upon a monument erected to his memory here in the midst of the wilderness. The trail continues on "through a most interesting country, crossing the Opalescent River at the Flowed Lands, just above Gui-endau-qua, The Hanging Spear, one of the most beautiful falls in all the North Woods, and just below Avalanche Lake, the highest sizable body of water in the Adirondacks. This is Ta-ne-o-da-eh, Lake High Up, a recent and fanciful designation, which is more appropriate than authen-

tic. Almost at the top is Lake Tear of the Clouds, nestling in a shoulder of the mountain, in which the Hudson finds its highest source. Stunted spruces line its farther shore, and above their tops is the bald crown of The Cloud Splitter. One approaches the eastern side by way of the Ausable Lakes, a fitting introduction to the commanding presence of Tahawus. From the top, on a clear day, is spread the most magnificent panorama of the mountains."

Here is the real climbing center of the Adirondacks, and from almost any center in this close set collection of peaks a multitude of trails climb upward. That mountain climbing as a sport has obtained fast hold on the imagination of vacationists is well attested by the well cleared trails themselves, and by the carefully lettered pateran at every important fork. Many of these signs are the work of the Adirondack Camp and Trail Club, while others have been erected by guides and sportsmen. If you have a guide, he will stop for a moment to clear a down tree from the path, or to throw a couple of logs in a swampy spot. It is a strongly established practise among the guides of that section. It takes but an instant, he will explain, and smooths the way for the return trip or the next traveler. To the aggregate result of this trail improvement is attributable much of the popularity of Adirondack mountain climbing among women. They follow the lure of the pateran with as much alacrity and enjoyment as the men themselves.

By inquiry and planning one may make many of the longer jumps in a tour of the Adirondacks by stage or other conveyance, thus conserving energy for the places most worth while. Thus the way out from the Great Peaks may be down either of the railroads ending at Lake Placid, or through Keene Valley by stage to Westport on Lake Champlain. Champlain was Can-i-a-de-ri Gua-run-te of the Iroquois, Lake that is the Gate of the Country, because it gave them access to their enemies, the Algonquins. Now it is The Gate of the Country for vacationists, but unfortunately the pateran at its portals must point both ways.



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South from the Summit of Indian Pass.

Lake Trout Fishing in Lake George

With a Few Directions as to What to do When You Get Them

By Stewart R. Browne.

The average man who is forced to take his vacation in July or August finds it practically impossible to catch these beautiful and delicious fish in Lake George, due to the fact that in these two months they are found only on the bottom in deep cold places, where it is necessary to have special tackle and bait, so unusual to the average fisherman that only one out of a hundred ever catch these wonderful fish.

In April and May they are caught by trolling on the surface with smelt or spoon; then the trout are to be found anywhere on the lake surface and every one has a fair chance at them and many are caught.

I would advise the one who wishes to fish for these trout in the hot summer months to hire the best local guide where he stops, who will show him how and where to fish, and, also, the kind of tackle to use for this kind of fishing. These guides charge three dollars a day and they earn all they get. These men usually fish for the nearby hotels, and they are allowed to catch and sell a certain number of pounds each day. They get twenty-five cents a pound for all they can deliver. Some days they are lucky and get the limit; and other days get nothing. These fish are so scarce that the state ought to pass a law prohibiting the catching of them, for sale to anyone, by professional fishermen. The number of men who live by this fishing is few, compared to the number of men who spend their good money and time in hotels in the state and who would spend more time there, if the fishing were better.

The writer caught one weighing ten pounds three summers ago, and it was as pink as a salmon. It was caught in sixty feet of water, right off the bottom—a fresh smelt for bait on

gang hook and a pound of lead to keep same to bottom, a line of best silk enameled three hundred feet long being used. It took twenty minutes to land this fish, and it had to fight the pound lead, too, all the time. I was alone in my boat, rowing myself, hooked the fish, played and gaffed it. I hung it up in the ice-box after cleaning it, and the next day our cook, who *knew how*, boiled this fish whole, wrapped in a cheese cloth, for thirty minutes. Then she skinned it, split it in half, took all the bones out and poured over the meat fresh, sweet, heated cream and butter melted, then salt and paprika to taste. Same was put in the oven for fifteen minutes and the cream and butter soaked and baked thoroughly through the fish and browned on top. It was served in a deep dish, swimming in the cream. We served this to a dozen persons, and to say it was a dream dish, is putting it mildly. It was a dish fit for a king, or a fisherman.

A small-mouthed black bass cooked this same way is, also, perfect. A boiled fish does not smell or taste fishy and the cream and butter add a hundred per cent. to its sweetness and tenderness. Many fish would be much improved if cooked so.

The writer has, once each week, a shipment of these same fish come to his office in New York from Lake Superior, and they are wonderful, coming out of that ice cold water. They reach my office in perfect condition. They cost about fifteen cents a pound, f. o. b., Bayfield, Wisconsin. It is a strange fact, but the New York public know nothing about this fish, which is better than salmon, and is caught in large quantities in Lake Superior by the Booth Fisheries Company at Bayfield, Wisconsin. They will ship to anyone, anywhere, in any quantity.

Our Future Game Supply—Are we Taking Right Steps to Assure it?

No System of Laws, According to this Writer, has Brought Results which can be Regarded as Satisfactory

By Horace O. Green.



HERE is a wide difference of opinion as to the best method for increasing the supply of game in this country, especially in the more thickly populated states where the original stock is so sadly depleted that it appears an almost impossible task to prevent the complete extermination of some of the most desirable species.

One thing is evident to any person who is even slightly familiar with our game birds, and animals—and that is just this—that no system of game laws which has thus far been put in operation has brought results which even the most optimistic people can regard as having satisfactorily settled the question of a permanent supply of game.

We all realize that something must be done besides shortening the open seasons, which are already of less duration than they should be naturally in this country with its almost unlimited possibilities in the way of natural breeding and feeding grounds for all sorts of game.

Just what we should do is the important question, and it is imperative that whatever we decide upon should be done as soon as possible, while we still have a remnant of our native game to start with.

All true Americans wish to see our own game perpetuated, but, in spite of the experiments which have been undertaken to propagate it, or to transplant it from one section of the country to another, we must admit that so far as practical results are concerned we have made a failure of it.

Experiments with our ruffed grouse and bob-white, for instance, show that although a few can be raised successfully in captivity it is well-nigh hopeless to expect that our covers can be restocked from artificially reared birds.

Interested persons talk glibly enough about the successful raising of our native game in captivity, but few of them actually do it with any degree of success, and fewer still could do it on the large scale which is necessary for restocking purposes.

If the laws could be enforced so that all our game farmers were obliged to depend on their own efforts in raising game for sale, and could not quietly trap wild game to help swell the ranks of their stock, more than one of them would be obliged to go out of business, admitting it to be a failure.

Why does this state of affairs exist in this country to-day? Is it because our gunners think only of killing everything with fur or feather on it, without caring to take any trouble, expense or even thought for the future?

Is our own game more difficult to propagate than the foreign partridges and pheasants which are reared with such excellent success on the game preserves in the old world?

Is it because we have not made enough efforts in the direction of breeding our own game to

thoroughly understand it as yet? Or is it impractical anyway, even if we did understand it? Why cannot our game birds be raised in large numbers as well as the foreign ones can?

If we wait much longer we will not have any material to start with. It seems to me that the time is fast approaching when we will have to forbid the taking of ruffed grouse and bob-white at any time except for actual breeding stock by persons acting under State supervision.

At the present time there are not enough game



Is the Future Only Pictures?

birds reared in captivity in this country to furnish anything like an adequate supply for shooting purposes, and if wild birds are trapped and shipped from one state to another, you are simply furnishing sport in one locality by taking what rightfully belongs to the people of another district.

It would be almost impossible to obtain a sufficient supply of bob-white to restock all the covers which need it now.

If things continue this way we will not have any stock for breeding left by the time the rearing of ruffed grouse and bob-white is well mastered here, and it looks as if the only way to

save these birds is to put a continuous closed season on them for a long period.

This probably would have the desired result, for our scanty stock would increase under complete protection.

The argument may be put forward that the gunners would shoot them illegally, but our experience with imported pheasants shows that it is practical to make an attractive game bird quite abundant, even in thickly settled places, provided that they can have the protection of a close season for a sufficient length of time.

In some sections of Massachusetts the Chinese pheasants increased until their numbers reached the limit which the food supply would maintain during the winters. More birds could have lived in the same amount of territory if there had been any systematic way of providing a food supply during the time the snow covered the fields, as anyone who has had a little experience in feeding our wild pheasants can easily see.

Although in our northern states this question of food supply would be an important factor in determining how many bob-white we could have, it would have little or nothing to do with the increase of the ruffed grouse, because the latter bird's well-known habit of feeding on the buds of trees during the time of deep snows would insure them plenty of food at a time when strictly ground-feeding birds might be threatened with a famine.

If birds are turned out for stocking purposes and an open season follows within a year or two, it means simply that the gunners will make a larger bag for a season or two—and after that we will not have any more game left than we started with.

We need a long closed season, but under present conditions any proposed law to that effect would be fought tooth and nail by gunners everywhere. We must plan some way for allowing sportsmen to enjoy some legitimate shooting each season if we are to expect their support and cooperation on any measure for conservation of wild life.

Would it not be profitable to try the experiment of stocking some of our territory with foreign game birds, and after allowing them a reasonable length of time to become plentiful, and get accustomed to the change of climate and food which they would necessarily have to overcome, to give the sportsmen open seasons on the imported birds, and at the same time to declare a long closed season on our native birds?

It has been proved that pheasants can be successfully introduced here, provided that they have a close season of sufficient duration to allow them to become well established.

Probably foreign partridges would do as well if they were intelligently handled.

The mere fact of bringing over a lot of them and simply opening their coops and allowing them to escape without any thought as to the

kind of country they are going to locate in, is *not* all that is necessary to establish them here. A capable game-keeper in the old world would be very careful of a shipment of partridges which he had received for the purpose of stocking a shooting estate. He would have the birds liberated on cultivated land if possible, where part was grass and part a vegetable garden.

Nearly all our English authorities agree that a field of growing turnips furnishes the best cover for European partridges during the spring, summer and early autumn months.

When liberating birds on entirely new ground a professional game-keeper would be careful to confine the birds in small coops near the covers they wished them to remain in.

The birds would be kept there a few days, fed plentifully, and allowed to escape a few at a time.

The first ones which escaped would naturally be called back near the enclosure by the birds remaining inside, and if a supply of food was left conveniently near they would get accustomed to the locality and become attached to it before the remaining birds had all been liberated, whereas if the keeper simply opened the crates and

allowed all the birds to escape at once they might make a long flight and settle in a place utterly unfit for them to procure food, and perhaps they would never be seen again. Possibly there are such reasons as this to account for the fact that some of our States have poor luck in stocking territory with game.

One of the best reasons for bringing foreign game here is the fact that the rearing and handling of the birds for sporting purposes is thoroughly understood in the countries from which we would obtain our supply, and we could reasonably hope to accomplish something, as we might have the benefit of the knowledge acquired by keeping and rearing the birds for a good many generations, but if we, at the present time, confine our attempts to our native birds we are experimenting with unknown problems.

I think the systematic attempt to master the breeding of our own game in captivity as it is being carried on by some of our game commissioners will lead eventually to success, for I believe there is no reason why our birds can not be reared as well as foreign ones. But, unless we take some decided action, our own birds will be gone before the problem of increasing them by artificial methods is worked out satisfactorily, or if they do not entirely disappear their

numbers will be so much diminished that our chances of success in making them abundant once more will be poorer than they are now.

We certainly need long closed seasons on some of our game birds, but if we are to expect the average gunners to respect a closed season we must furnish some other shooting for them each year.

I am well aware that some do not favor the introduction of foreign game, but as yet they do not propose any other plan which seems to offer the same chances of success.

The ideals of this country have always taught us that it is safer to trust to the combined opinions of all interested persons, rather than to let the ideas of a few rule the many. Let us hope that sportsmen as a whole will pay more attention to our future game prospects.

Now as the question of funds necessary to carry on this work is so closely connected with it, why is not this a good time to make the following inquiry: "If a large part of the money received from hunting licenses is used by the state fish and game commissioners to propagate and distribute game fishes, why should not the sportsmen who go fishing pay a license, too, or better still, why not have one license to cover both hunting and fishing?"

Little Trip After Trout In The Southern Appalachians

Hendersonville, N. C., June 20, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have recently fished a stream new to me—the Nantahala River, near Agnona, Macon county. To get there I went via Asheville, from which place it is 108 miles to Andrews, and about fourteen miles thence to Agnona.

A lawyer friend of years' standing, who transacts business for the Tallahassee Power Company, in the course of conversation mentioned my name to the chief or managing engineer, as a friend of his of the fly-crank persuasion, with the result that the engineer expressed a wish to meet me, and very kindly sent me a season's permit to fish the company's waters—Nantahala River, and Buck Creek, a tributary of the Nantahala, and protected. So I joined him at Agnona and found him a most genial, pleasant gentleman, with none of the "sport" about him. We stopped at Bob Barnett's. A big man with a big heart, whose little wife did all possible to make us comfortable.

Those of *Forest and Stream* readers who have read Horace Kephart's book, "Our Southern Highlander," will remember the picture of Bob and those who have not, have a treat coming to them when they do read it. The Tallahassee Power Company bought about thirty copies of it, so that all the company's men and their families might have the opportunity to read it.

The Nantahala River is a most beautiful stream, well stocked with rainbow trout; the smaller streams and its head waters, with brook trout.

The company is very wisely keeping the little streams free from all fishing, as a constant supply of trout came into

the larger waters from these little feeders. I fished only a small part or stretch of the Nantahala, because Jupiter Pluvius kept up his unfortunate habit, at this season of the year, of dropping in at just such times as I desired to acquaint myself with some of the larger fish.

Yet every minute of my time was one of enjoyment on that beautiful stream, and I took ample toll of its waters, the 'able at Bob's being supplied at almost every meal. There are several log jams, and as I passed carefully around the second of these I felt sure some nice fish were on the watch under the logs. But every fish could see me from at least half way across as I stepped gently into the water at a point from which I could cast. Carefully I dropped my flies close to the logs, a little further at each cast; the water was not deep. On the further-

side of the stream a log jutted out toward me, and I felt there was my chance.

I dropped my flies within a few inches of that log, and I had a very quick response. How he bent the little rod in an attempt to get back to safety! I told him, as fishermen sometimes talk to fish: "Oh, no, my dear sir, not down that way, but all the line you wish, to go up stream." But he paid little heed to what I said, his fight being logward. This I would not concede, and so, after a little time he lay in the bottom of my creel on fresh green grass; but not until I had killed him, for I never put a live trout in my basket to die by slow degrees.

And then my last attempt on the river, when a thunder storm came up, and how the rain poured down!

The water was just clearing enough for the trout to see the fly, and the old J. P. was at it again.

He gave me another downpour as I crossed the mountains on my return to Andrews.

I wish I could have spent a month there in those beautiful mountains, on that wonderfully beautiful stream. I am sure I would have made intimate acquaintance with some of the big fellows. I trust I can go again.

ERNEST L. EWBANK.



Talking It Over.

"A long string of fish is never carried up a side street." So said Sir Isaac Walton, or some other philosopher. When you place your advertisement in *Forest and Stream*, it goes right down the middle of the Main Street of Buying Possibility. Why stick to side streets when Main Street and its customers are open to you?



Farmers and Field Sports

"Happy the man whose only care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground."

And happier still is such a one who has a love for the rod and gun, and with them finds now and then a day's freedom from all cares by the side of the stream that borders his own acres and in the woods that crest his knolls or shade his swamp.

As a rule, none of our people take so few days of recreation as the farmer. Excepting Sundays, two or three days at the county fair, and perhaps as many more spent in the crowd and discomfort of a cheap railroad excursion, are all that are given by the ordinary farmer to anything but the affairs of the farm. It is true that his out-door life makes it less necessary for him than for the man whose office or shop work keeps him mostly in-doors to devote a month or a fortnight of each year to entire rest from labor. Indeed, he can hardly do this except in winter, when his own fireside is oftener the pleasantest place for rest. But he would be the better for more days of healthful pleasure and many such he might have if he would so use those odd ones which fall within his year, when crops are sown and planted or harvested, and he need not stay at home. A day in the woods or by the stream is better for body and mind than one spent in idle gossip at the village store, and nine times out of ten better for the pocket, though one comes home without fin or feather to show for his day's outing. One who keeps his eyes and ears on duty while abroad in the field can hardly fail to see and hear something new, or, at least, more interesting and profitable than ordinary gossip, and the wear and tear of tackle and a few charges of ammunition wasted will cost less than the expense of a day's loafing.

But barring the dearth of the objects of his pursuit, the farmer who goes a-fishing and a-hunting should not be unsuccessful if he has fair skill with the rod and gun. For he who knows most of the habits of fish and game succeeds best in their capture, and no man, except the naturalist and the professional fisherman and hunter, has a better chance to gain this knowledge than the farmer, whose life brings him into everyday companionship with nature. His fields and woods are the homes and haunts of the birds and beasts of venery, from the beginning of the year to its end, and in his streams many of the fishes pass their lives. By his woodside the quail builds her nest, and when the foam of blossom has dried away on the buckwheat field she leads her young there to feed on the brown kernel stranded on the coral stems. If he chance to follow his wood road in early June, the ruffed grouse limps and flutters along it before him while her callow chicks vanish as if by a con-

juror's trick from beneath his very footfall. A month later, grown to the size of robins, they will scatter on the wing from his path with a vigor that foretells the bold whir and the swiftness of their flight in their grown-up days, when they will stir the steadiest nerve, whether hunted from an October-painted thicket or from the blue shadows of untracked snow. No one is likelier to see and hear the strange wooing of the now, alas, only occasional, woodcock in the soft spring evenings, and to the farmer's ear first comes that assurance of spring—the migration of the birds.

The fox burrows and breeds in the farmer's woods. The raccoon's den is there in ledge or hollow tree. The hare makes her form in the shadow of his evergreens, where she dons her dress of tawny or white to match the brown floor of the woods or its soft covering of snow. The bass comes to his river in May to spawn, the pike-perch for food, and the perch lives there, as perhaps in his brook does the trout.

All these are his tenants, his real summer and winter boarders, and if he knows not something of their lives, and when and where to find them at home or in their favorite resorts, he is a careless landlord.

His life will be the pleasanter for the interest he takes in theirs, and the skill he acquires in bringing them to bag and creel.

Another Great Game Protection Victory

THE greatest game protection victory of the year has been won. Illinois has enacted legislation prohibiting absolutely the sale of game, with the exception of rabbits, which may be disposed of under proper restrictions and during limited seasons. It is impossible to estimate even approximately how many million wild ducks and other feathered game have been sold in the Chicago city markets alone during the last thirty years. The whole country contributed to the slaughter necessary to provide for this consumption and in the same proportion the country was denuded of game that properly belonged to the sections from which it had been shipped. The state of Illinois itself, the states of Missouri, Arkansas and others more remote, suffered to fill the insatiate maw of the great central metropolis. Species after species literally were almost wiped off the face of the earth to satisfy this never-ending appetite.

The same situation prevailed in New York until that state stopped the sale of game. The same situation will prevail in any community under similar conditions. Happily, intelligence is forcing greed and short-sightedness to the rear and only a few commercial centers are now left where it is possible to sell the common property of the people, taken wrongfully from them, to favored individuals. If the game belongs to the state, it belongs to him who takes it for his own use—that is, if the state sanctions that privilege—but by no possible extension of human equity ought it to be taken from the people and made the basis of outside commercial bargaining.

It is now more than twenty years since *Forest and Stream* first announced its famous platform, "The sale of game should be stopped," and while this declaration was for a long time regarded as so radical as to be classed as visionary rather than practicable, *Forest and Stream's* fight, thanks to the intelligent co-operation of the

real sportsmen of America, has been won. There are still two or three spots in the country that require looking after, but we hope in due time that the United States from ocean to ocean will be one great closed game market.

All honor to the men who have done so much in bringing about this great reform, and honor particularly to the men who united to put the new legislation on the statute books of Illinois. Theirs is a victory worth while.

Will You Do Your Part?

THE prophecy made by this paper two or three months ago that friends of forest conservation might well view with foreboding the efforts which commercial interests would put forth to break down the timber conservation laws of New York has proven to be true in detail. Disguised in almost every imaginable form amendments have been submitted to the Constitutional Convention now in session to take from the people much of the Adirondack forest that remains. Fortunately, these amendments have not yet been adopted in convention, but there is grave danger that one or more of them may slip through, and so artfully have some of them been drawn that they appear innocent on the face.

In every single proposal, either to remove dead or down timber, or to open the Adirondacks to travel, there is an Ethiopian of sinister visage in the Adirondack wood-pile. We again urge on every reader of *Forest and Stream* and very particularly on every organized body or association having to do with outdoor life, that unless instant action is taken, and strong pressure brought to bear on the Constitutional Convention, the Adirondacks will be thrown open to exploitation and destruction. Columns might be written in substantiation of these assertions, but the brevity of fact ought to be sufficient. We repeat again that if the people of the state of New York do not want to see the Adirondacks destroyed, a mighty effort must be made to save the greatest playground left in the East.

Will you do your part?

Vermont Lines Up for a Fishing License

VERMONT has joined the company of those states that require a fishing license from both residents and non-residents. More power to Vermont! She is a live little state in all matters pertaining to fish and game, and is quick to perceive the signs of the times. As stated on another page, there are already five other states whose statute books contain a similar provision, while another six issue a license to non-residents. Unless *Forest and Stream* is vastly mistaken, the next few years will see a large addition to the list.

The fishing license is certainly as logical as the hunting license, and none will deny that the hunting license has come to stay. It is in fact now practically universal, there being only eight states which do not require residents to take out licenses to hunt. Yet the fishermen would receive far more for their moderate fee than the hunters can ever expect. Stocking covers with game is impractical on the same scale that is done with fish.



Studies in The Marsh

VERY few of us realize how much of natural interest may be found—if we look at them with seeing eyes—in the common things which lie all about us. It is not so many years ago that some man took up the study of perhaps three square feet of soil in a wood and went over it to see how many animal inhabitants it sheltered. The detail is forgotten but the number of living creatures found in this forest floor and the soil beneath it was astonishingly large. Few things are more interesting than the study of the life of a limited area of land. Every hill, every stretch of brook, every little marsh, almost every opening in the woods, has its permanent summer inhabitants, and one who goes there day after day will see the same birds, the same mammals, even the same reptiles, and will gradually come to recognize individuals he sees.

A marsh—a combination of land and water—of course contains many forms of life, and a man might spend a long time studying it without learning its complete story. On the other hand, the most casual observer will see there many things that interest him, even though he does not understand them. A report of his study of the birds of a cat-tail marsh was recently made by Prof. Arthur A. Allen, of Cornell University, at a meeting of the Biological Society of Washington, and is well worth noting.

Not less than seven different associations of birds and plants were found in the marsh studied, represented by zones of vegetation, or associations of plants, which followed each other in regular succession. If the birds of the marsh be grouped according to their nesting places, they will be seen to confine themselves for the most part to certain plant associations. Prof. Allen concludes that the birds most highly specialized have the highest development of instincts but apparently a less degree of intelligence, and very little adaptability to surroundings. On the other hand, the more generalized birds have great adaptability and greater intelligence, but apparently less development of instinct.

The seven associations mentioned by Prof. Allen are, the open water association; the shore line association—where is found the pied-billed grebe, a specialized non-adaptable bird; the cat-tail association—where are seen the bittern, coot, Florida gallinule and other rails, and the red-winged black bird. Then comes the sedge association, with the bittern, marsh hawk, swamp sparrow, and the marsh wrens; the grass association—where are found the song sparrow and the Maryland yellow throat; the alder-willow association, with the green heron and the small fly-catcher, and the maple-elm association, with the larger herons and various woodland species. Of these species the red-winged black bird is the most generalized in habit and structure. It is also the most adaptable and is the dominant species in the marsh.

A DEVILFISH FOR THE AMERICAN MUSEUM

Among the books on American sport long out of print is one, very charming and desirable, which has to do with the old-time South. This is "Carolina Sports by Land and Water," by Wm. Elliott, of South Carolina.

The first half of the book is devoted to various forms of fishing, and the second to "Sports of the Field"—the hunting of deer, bear, wild cats, and birds. The first hundred pages of the book deal with devil fishing, the capture with the harpoon of the great ray found on the Atlantic coast of some southern states, and variously called devil-fish, sea-devil, and Oceanic vampire. This great ray is from 15 to 20 feet long, including the tail, while its width from wing to wing is from 16 to 18 feet. Elliott's description of harpooning these monsters and of the long struggles to kill them are fascinating and well worth the reading.

Many years ago, in the early '80s, a reader of *Forest and Stream* on the coast of Georgia and South Carolina devoted some time to the capture of this great ray, which he described as being quite as exciting as Mr. Elliott painted it. He had devised a special form of harpoon, which he used with much success, and wrote one or two articles describing the sport. Since that time we have heard very little of the practice of killing these fish.

A year ago Mr. Russell J. Coles procured for the American Museum of Natural History two specimens of *Manta* respectively 11 and 7½ feet across, but last April he succeeded in catching in the Gulf of Mexico, about 100 miles south of Tampa, a specimen which measures 18 feet across. This is a female, and is believed to be the record specimen for the Atlantic Coast. Mr. Elliott speaks of specimens 17 feet across, and the books, sometimes speak of it as measuring 20 feet from tip to tip, but at all events, the American Museum is to be congratulated as having secured a veritable giant of this form.

AMATEUR CASTING TOURNAMENT

The Third Annual Bait and Fly Casting Tournament of the National Amateur Casting Association will be held at Anglers Pool in Garfield Park, Chicago, Ill., on Sept. 4, 5 and 6. The Garfield Park Anglers Pool is, with its improvements, an ideal place for the National Tournament. Weather conditions will be provided for. The list of awards is alluring. The special trophies for new members only, affords a fine chance for the less experienced members. The goodfellowship is unrivaled and charming. The fun fast and furious. Reserve the dates surely and get into the finest National Tournament for Amateur Angler Sportsmen ever held.

DR. CHAS. F. BROWN,
Secretary.

NEW DUCK SPECIES BREEDING IN LOUISIANA

Since the establishment of the vast game and waterfowl preserves in Louisiana, along the Gulf of Mexico, particularly the State Game Preserve and Marsh Island, it has been observed that there has been a marked increase in the species of waterfowl and shore birds that seek these marshes for breeding purposes.

According to a late report made by Stanley Clisby Arthur, ornithologist of the Conservation Commission of Louisiana, to his superior, President M. L. Alexander, four species of wild duck that go to the northern tier of states for the rearing of their young have remained on the protected areas of the southern state to perform that function.

The wood duck *Aix sponsa*; the Florida duck *Anas fulvigula* and in few numbers the blue-winged teal *Querquedula discors*, have, until the spring of 1915, constituted the Louisiana list of anseres breeding within that state's borders. Observation and investigation by Mr. Arthur of the breeding birds this spring, which has only partially been completed, show that the mallard *Anas platyrhynchos*; the cadwall *Chaulelasmus streperus*, and the baldpate *Marca americana*, nested in few numbers on Marsh Island. The conservation agent there noted that the height of the breeding season was from April 1st to May 15th. Nesting was observed as early as March 20th, however.

On June 17th, the commander of the Conservation Commission's patrol boat "Louisiana" observed a flock of twenty-eight lesser scaup *Marilax affinis* ducklings swimming in the waters of Lake Borgne. The little water birds were with the adult parents and a castnet was used in an endeavor to capture some of them to make sure of identification. According to Captain Sandras' report the ducklings were but two weeks old, establishing beyond all doubt that they were bred in the Louisiana marshes.

The conservation agent on Marsh Island also discovered the Long-billed curlew *numenius americanus* breeding on the marshland of the preserve under his patrol. During the visit of former President Theodore Roosevelt to the bird reservations along the Louisiana coast east of the Mississippi River during the early part of June nests and eggs of the Man-o'-war bird *Fregata aquila* were found, thereby settling the question whether this bird is a Louisiana breeder or not.

You are reading "Forest and Stream" and enjoying it. Why not furnish some of your friends who may not be acquainted with the good things in this issue, an hour or two of similar enjoyment? If you will take the trouble to send us the names of any of your circle of acquaintances, we will see that they are supplied with a sample copy with your compliments.

The Giant Bass of the California Coast

He Is a Nightmare of a Bass, a Replica of the Black Bass—If You Can Imagine a Bass Six or Seven Feet Long and Weighing 600 or 700 Pounds

By Charles Frederick Holder.



HERE are a number of very funny fake photographs on the market depicting the adventures of various anglers with pickerel ten or fifteen feet long and black bass as big as a man. If you should send one of the latter to a Santa Catalina angler about this time of the year—August, September or October—he would see nothing funny in it, as just exactly such a bass, so far as size is concerned, is brought into Avalon every day.

In Florida everyone knows the jewfish, the big, clumsy, hole-lover. It is called the June-fish, because it was originally taken in June at first. It is a fish that grows and grows until a very mature fish may weigh one thousand pounds. The June-fish is a socialistic fellow; he believes that all the world should divide with him, and he would swallow the world, too, if he could get at it.

In California we have a June-fish, better known as the black sea bass, and supposed by some to be the same fish; but the one resemblance is in point of size; both fishes at their largest size weigh one thousand pounds or over. But the Florida fish is a clumsy grouper, while the California fish is a bass in shape, form and appearance; gigantic, but trim and bass-like. The black sea bass is a nightmare of a bass, a replica of a black bass, if you can imagine a bass six or seven feet long and weighing six or seven hundred pounds. When it comes in, the fortunate or unfortunate angler looks almost exactly like the man in the funny picture as he is landing a bass twice as heavy as himself with a rod whose appearance is preposterous.

As these lines are written the season for these fishes is at its height and they are being brought in every day—two, three, or four.

The Tuna Club, to prevent the slaughter of this guileless creature, some years ago conferred the dictum of a game fish on this colossus; designed the rod and line appropriate and fair for it, and to-day, *mirabile dictu*, it is caught on the same kind of tackle I have seen in use on the St. Lawrence in landing the king of game fishes—the black bass of two, three, or four pounds; the fish that Henshall calls "pound for pound, the finest of all game fishes," a hypothesis with which I agree. The black sea bass fishing of Santa Catalina or San Clemente is to angling what hippopotamus hunting is to hunting.

It has been my very good fortune to have caught many of these big fishes and to have had the opportunity to watch them in their native haunts in the forests of kelp where they poise and live. No fish has a more beautiful home than the king of the bass, and to observe

it we should sail around Santa Catalina Island to what is known as Church Rock and then follow up the coast along the fringing kelp forest, gazing down into the clear waters which are like crystal. The bottom here is a clean gray sand and from it grows the great kelpian forest; a mass of gigantic vines, each attached to a stone and rising to a surface in huge leaves of fronds twenty feet in length; the entire vine, often a hundred or two feet long and so strong and stout that, as in the case of the *Machocystis*, which grows farther to the south, vessels have but to take it aboard to use as an anchor.

The Santa Catalina vine is large enough to anchor a small yacht. The leaves are broad and huge, tinted with all the shades of amber, and dotted with lime-secreting animals which have the appearance of silver. These huge leaves, when the tide is not running, hang in listless, beautiful shapes—portieres, loops, arches and colonnades, through which the sun filters, constituting a scene of the greatest beauty, which appeals to the fancy and imagination. The tidal currents here are very erratic—now in abeyance, again flowing up the coast to stop, and run the opposite direction. All the great leaves follow the currents, and when the time is strong, look like strange and monster fishes undulating and coiling. These vines have the appearance of trees, and a kelpian forest rises in the sea in which the giant bass lives. To see him in this splendid environment is well worth while. Certain places are particularly affected by these fishes, the most famous one being what is known as "the fence," back of the town of Avalon. Here I have had many a tussle with the giants and have seen many a man, including myself, out-classed and out-fought by these fish.

The ordinary method of fishing is to anchor in water about forty feet and buoy the anchor rope so that it can be tossed off in a moment. But I have hooked this fish when trolling and they can be taken in various ways. The surest plan is to anchor about one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet from the shore, according to locality, and on the edge or near one of the kelp forests; but you must be far enough away from them to prevent the bass from going into them, which will be fatal to the line. The tackle is what is generally used for tuna—a 16-ounce rod, seven or so feet long, a 21-thread linen line to which you attach a five- or seven-foot piano-wire leader. The leader, theoretically, should be longer than the fish, as if the fine and delicate line is used alone, it will soon fray off against the fins of the fighting fish. I generally use a five or six-foot leader connected by several swivels, and a ten hook, about the size used for tarpon or tuna.

The black sea bass you are after you hope

will weigh five hundred pounds. An eight hundred pounder was once taken at Santa Barbara, and a thousand pounder has been seen in the Gulf of California. The chances are that you will take nothing less than one hundred and fifty pounds and probably a two hundred and fifty pounder. Such a fish is not fastidious, he will require a bounteous lure, so on the advice of your boatman, perhaps, you put on five or six pounds of albacore or half a barracuda, or you may try a live white fish; all are good. You need a small sinker to take it down, and slacking off sixty or so feet of line you wait until your bait strikes bottom, then pull it up so that it is about three or four feet from the bottom, though this is not essential. All is ready. The sea is like glass, the richly colored cliffs which rise from a little rim of beach here reflect myriad tints—green, red, blue, white and many more. The Pacific is as blue as indigo and filled with countless jelly fishes of high and low degree; some like gems; others resembling comets ten or twenty feet in length and at night ablaze with light. It is a good place to wait in, as if you do not get a strike, nature regales you with a sumptuous feast, a passing throng, adrift on the tidal currents which seem to swing back and forth, to and fro.

Naturally you might think that so big a fish would seize the line with a rush, but not so. The giant is a nibbler. I have had them follow my bait to the surface when I was pulling it rapidly in, exactly as will a black bass; but when the bait is on the bottom, or suspended, the bass, the Goliath of its kind, will affect a coyness, a gingerly attitude that is apparently the apotheosis of associated cautions. I know, because I have seen this very thing, watched the approach of the big fish through the forest, seen it turn and examine the bait from every side, seemingly out of the corner of its eye, seen it take it in its mouth or lips, release it, take it again, and repeat the act a dozen times, then leaving it to return—a most interesting, fascinating, yet exasperating spectacle.

So, when the light line leading overboard begins to run over the side and the click to sound very slowly, and at intervals stopping, to start again, everyone who has caught a black bass knows that the "strike" has come. All is excitement. You may have been waiting for this for three hours, or it may have been ten minutes. You pick up the rod, while the boatman casts off the buoy, and in three or four minutes it is running out very regularly, but slowly, the reel buzzing faster and faster, and you know, or think you know, that a monster sea bass of the shining blue eye has swallowed it, or has a firm grip on it. You wait until ten or fifteen feet of line have disappeared, then allow it to

come taut. As it does so you strike, raise your rod firmly but gently, with your thumb pressed hard on the line, or holding the handle that controls some reels. Right here most new anglers part company with the fish, as it is necessary to remember that you are angling under the highest code of angling ethics ever devised for the undoing of angler and fish. You can put just forty-two pounds' pressure on that line, as it is tested for the Tuna Club to stand just two pounds to the strand, and there are just twenty-one strands or threads. But you say this is fishing, not *logarithms*. So it is, gentle reader (and not very gentle if he loses the fish), but this very thing is what saves this sport from the inevitable. If you could "yank" him in, as anyone can with a rope, where would be the sport?

Almost anyone with practice can rope a good-natured steer, or take him by the tail and throw him over on the run; but where you try the same thing with a cord that will break at the slightest overstrain, it becomes something worth while, as you know that the game has all the advantage, and that you with your intelligence have magnanimously conceded it to the handicapped game.

During this diversion the reel has been singing, growing louder, and now, as you brace back and "give it to him," there comes a scream from the brass-tongued reel, the line vibrates and tosses the spray, the tip bends, and you know you have hooked him. By this time, when you are sure that you have not been jerked overboard, your line is being torn from the reel as though a cannon ball was fastened to it. The reel screams. You have lost one hundred feet, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, and your boatman is shouting, "Hang to 'im, sir; stop 'im if you can!" Meantime he is getting under way and the launch heads off shore to the southwest at full speed while you try to reel. The proposition now is to direct the fish from a certain outer kelp forest for which he is headed. You hold hard, reeling when you can, pumping the rod up and down and making a foot now and then, losing it all to gain it again. The boatman has now stopped the launch, you have diverted the fish from the forest and he is towing the heavy launch slowly out to sea. This seems impossible when you remember the size of the line, but it is a fact, and you hold on with a determination to win, while the big bass nearly pulls your arms out of their sockets. It is now a question of endurance. Some bass have been known to wear out two or three men; others surrender very soon, but your average three hundred pounder will give you all the exercise you are entitled to before you bring him to the gaff.

I was once fishing with two friends when one of them hooked a bass and played him for half an hour. Another took the rod and promptly was beaten; they could not gain a foot on the fish. Then I took it, fresh and full of experience, but they were soon laughing at my failure. That fish towed us slowly but surely out to sea, and at last broke the line. We never saw him, hence he stands in the high perspective as the "sockdologer" of our dreams. But this bass is not in that class. He has his limitation and comes slowly in, now circling the boat, tearing off with tremendous power. All the tricks a black bass will play on you except leap-

ing, this monster tries, even to coming in on the line and driving you to despair as you reel in yard after yard, soliloquizing, thinking in invective, and even quietly swearing — really one of the prerogatives of the boatman who looks it even if he does control himself—but it is only a trick on the part of a big fish.

The line suddenly comes taut, and away it goes in a rush so irresistible that a hundred feet of line is lost before you know what has happened. Half an hour, perhaps an hour, slips by and you realize what a combat of one round is with the foils and no time. But every moment you stop reeling or fighting, the big game is resting. The secret is to keep at him. At the end of forty minutes the boatman takes his gaff and cries: "I see him, sir!" this to encourage you. Every time he thinks you are losing interest or your wind, he shouts with the greatest suppressed excitement, "I see him, sir; you got him coming, sir!" How you wish you had. But these calls on your pride by the boatman always succeed and this is no exception. You are worn to a frazzle; your right arm is numb to the elbow; you have pulled, hauled, pummeled and mauled beyond the dreams of the most muscular osteopathist. You are about ready to give in as the mighty fish circles the boat like a nightmare of all the fishes, when, suddenly, for the first time, you feel a slackening up. You bend to it, lift reel, bend again for your life, and it at last sinks into your soul that you have the big game on the run.

The monster turns. You catch a glimpse of its white belly, see a big blue eye, and it strikes you as a pleasant eye, then the bass rolls over like an animated earthquake, half out of water, and deluges you. "Now, sir!" shouts the boatman, a paean of victory trembling in his voice. You bend to it; a mighty lift, and you have the fish on the quarter; the big gaff is slipped under its colossal head, and with a wrench, amid flying scud and tremors as of an earthquake, great convulsions and violent blows, the boatman has a mighty head out of the water, and hangs on, laughing and shouting, while you stand, overrunning your reel, wiping the flying scud from your face, a sort of modern Cæsar; at least, you feel that you have conquered the world.

"Finely done, sir. Never saw a fish better handled, and he is a corker," says the boatman.

You know you have made a mess of it, but you do admire the technique of the boatman.



Fishing From the Rocks—But Not for Black Sea Bass.

You feel for a ten-dollar gold piece as a tip and one of your best cigars goes with it.

The launch has a block and tackle rigged to the mast, and after the fish has been killed it is hooked on and the boatman hauls the colossus out of its element and swings it across the deck—nearly seven feet long, comely, well shaped, a perfect bass. Two hours later, when it is hoisted onto the Tuna Club scales at Avalon, it weighs 327 pounds. Then you photograph it to prove the story, but when you tell it and show the picture and exhibit a piece of the line, no one believes it, and it is really so remarkable and so big a fish story, that you do not care whether they believe it or not. You have the supreme satisfaction of knowing that it is true and that you have killed one of the biggest fishes of the sea that can be taken with a rod, in the fairest way.

You are reading "Forest and Stream" and enjoying it. Why not furnish some of your friends who may not be acquainted with the good things in this issue, an hour or two of similar enjoyment? If you will take the trouble to send us the names of any of your circle of acquaintances, we will see that they are supplied with a sample copy with your compliments.



Live Notes From The Field

Being Reports From Our Local Correspondents



WHY SIT WE HERE IDLY WORKING?

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The following little extract from one of Ouida's novels still has pertinent application:

When all green places have been destroyed in the builder's lust of gain; when all the lands are but mountains of bricks and piles of wood and iron; when there is no moisture anywhere and no rain ever falls; when the sky is a vault of smoke and all the rivers reek with poison; when forest and stream, the moor and meadow and all the old green wayside beauty are things vanished and forgotten; when every gentle, timid thing of brake and bush, of air and water, has been killed because it robbed them of a berry or a fruit; when the earth is one vast city, whose young children behold neither the green of the field nor the blue of the sky, and hear no song but the hiss of the steam, and know no music but the roar of the furnace; when the old sweet silence of the country side, and the old sweet sounds of waking birds, and the old sweet fall of summer showers, and the grace of a hedge-row bough, and the glow of the purple heather, and the note of the cuckoo and cushat, and the freedom of waste and of woodland and all things dead and remembered of no man; then the world, like the Eastern king, will perish miserably of famine and of drought, with gold in its stiffened hands, and gold in its withered lips and gold everywhere; gold that the people can neither eat nor drink, gold that cares nothing for them, but mocks them horribly; gold for which their fathers sold peace, and health, and holiness and beauty; gold that is one vast grave.

Yet there are those who still want more gold. They realize not that they will be playing in hard luck if they make all the money in the world and still can't eat and digest a good beefsteak. For my part, it gives me a shiver to think of that, and I think I shall stop counting my gold and go fishing in self-defense. Behold, on the meadows lieth the hay and the sun shineth well to-day. Why sit we here idly working?

E. HOUGH.

GOOD STORY BROUGHT OUT BY PICTURE

Sterling, Colo., July 9, 1915.

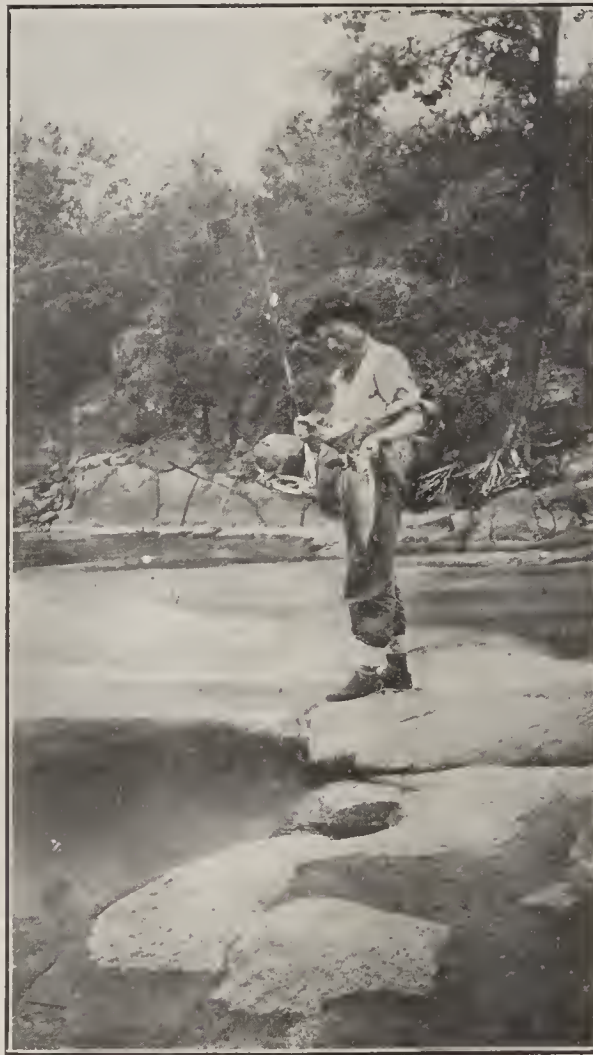
Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I noticed my picture in your July issue. It is entitled "Above the Dry Pool When the Trout Are Carousing." Seeing this picture arouses memories of that trip, and if you will permit me, I will recount a few of them.

The picture was taken by my brother, Dr. S. M. Kellogg, of Rocky Ford, Colo., who was then upon his wedding trip and visited me in my carry upon the North St. Vrain River, at the foot of Longs Peak. I camped with my family that year five weeks and had many experiences, pleasant and unpleasant.

The stream was stocked with the rainbow but at the altitude of my camp the water was too

cold for them and I found no trout except the native black spotted variety. These are indifferent to the fly and only at times will they take it readily. They always seem ready for worms, however, and I was compelled to carry them as I never knew when I would be obliged to resort to the meat-hook. Worms are not native to the Rocky Mountain region and I would have been without them had I not met up with a college professor from Indiana. He had fished the stream seven years previous and had planted



some worms in a willow thicket beside the stream in a springy moist soil. He very kindly led me to them and I then for the first time in fifteen years disgraced myself by deserting the fly for bait.

There was a stream however (Cabin Creek), about four miles from camp where the trout took the fly readily and I have walked there and back many a time to get an hour or two of de-

cent fly fishing. The stream was a confluent of the St. Vrain and one day I thought to fish down it and then to walk up the St. Vrain would be a splendid outing. I left camp about 4 a. m., and upon reaching Cabin Creek I soon was in my element and by noon my basket contained some twenty-five trout eight to twelve inches long. While eating my lunch another fisherman came upon me and as it happened he was a resident and knew the topography of the country. When I told him of my plan to fish to the confluence of the two streams and then walk to camp, he said, "Young man, you will have plenty to do to reach camp without any more fishing, for you are by your proposed route fifteen miles from your camp," and he advised me to go back the route I had come by. I was stubborn, however, and wished to make the trip.

I fished for about an hour and the advice this man had given me kept ringing in my ears and I decided to unlimber my rod and walk as rapidly as possible. I soon came to where the stream flowed through a deep canyon with precipitous sides and there were many cataracts and waterfalls—some of them six feet or so in height. These I was obliged to get down by letting myself slide and then catching with my hand to the overhanging rock and dropping to the bottom of the pool. I became at the first pool wet from head to foot and suffered some from the cold. After a time I reached the St. Vrain, tired and wet, and upon starting up the river came to box canyon and was obliged to wade and at times pull myself along rock wall by my fingers—the water being too deep and swift to wade.

I arrived at camp about 9 p. m., and found my family much worried over my late arrival. I had walked twenty-seven miles over mountains, wading rivers, and was very tired indeed.

That was a rough and unsettled country. Deer could be found by hard hunting and the old postmaster, living about four miles from camp, while coming home from a day's fishing, was treed by a large bear and kept up the tree all night. The old fellow next day organized a hunting party, but never saw the bear again.

I found while crossing a mountain the foreleg and shoulder blade of a fawn, and by examination of the hoof could see that it had been fresh born when killed. It lay under the shelter of a cliff of rocks in tall mountain grass. Here the mother had given birth and a mountain lion had sprung from the ledge and killed the fawn—mute tragedy of the wild, and not soon to be forgotten.

DR. J. H. KELLOGG.

THE BEOTHUKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

James P. Howley, Esq., F. R. G. S., director of our Geological Survey, has just added the crown to his life-work by publishing an interesting history of the Aborigines of Newfoundland, the Beothuk Indians.

As a story in ethnology, it is a comprehensive and valuable addition to the literature and history of the original inhabitants of this continent.

This work has been a labor of love for Mr. Howley. All his spare time has been devoted to research at home and abroad, during the last forty years, for any crumb of fact or tradition relating to this ill-fated people.

He had the good fortune to converse many times with the only survivors who ever saw or had any traffic with the aboriginal inhabitants of this island, and in the course of his official duties, he traversed every place in the interior where the Indians were supposed to have had settlements. As a result he accumulated many relics both from the villages and burying-places.

No man in Newfoundland is better qualified from a literary standpoint to make a readable book out of what little is known of these people, and in addition he carried to the task an enthusiasm on the subject and a facility for gathering facts due to his official position in the colony, possessed by no one else. The book is comprehensive and contains all the known vocabulary of the Beothuks, together with comparison of similar words and phrases in use by the red people of the continent; as well as comments and criticisms by eminent British and American professors interested in the subject.

No doubt *Forest and Stream* will get a good review of the book from some of its readers who are experts on the subject, as it is one that will be widely read by many learned men who are interested in the subject.

A cursory glance, only such as the writer has had time to give it, is sufficient to show that this is a timely contribution to the literature of ethnology, and an interesting and readable volume that ought to be in the hands and the libraries of all serious students, while it will be a boon to the casual reader who wants to glean information about an interesting people, now no more—and other uncommon facts about the Island of Newfoundland, its sporting facilities, its early history and colonization, the relation of the aboriginal inhabitants of the island to those of the continent, etc., and all from the most authentic source.

W. J. CARROLL.

THE OLDEST SUBSCRIBER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Newmarket, N. H., May 11, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Enclosed please find one dollar to pay for the 1915 *Forest and Stream*. I am climbing my seventy-eighth milestone and probably am about the oldest subscriber in New Hampshire. I think I have taken *Forest and Stream* nearly 35 or 36 years. I enjoy reading it as much as ever, as it is a clean sheet.

I like to read how other folks enjoy themselves, and remember that they cannot beat me out of my twenty years in Maine. M. S. LAINE.

Conditions in New York State Waters Require Attention

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In view of the fact that a fishing license for anglers, call it a rod licence or whatever else you choose, is one of the things bound to come in New York state, it behooves all line fishermen to stir themselves to see that it is of the right



A Lunker of a Laker

sort and that the income goes toward putting the inland waters in better shapes. No records of the conditions in our inland waters exist that are of much value although they could readily be had through the force of protectors now at work in every county. Some thirty years ago a record was compiled by the Board of Supervisors for the old Fisheries Commission and an effort was made by me while in the department to collect the necessary facts from the application blanks for stocking, but this is all. The so-called "summer resort" lakes could be readily studied on lines already marked out by work done by the Federal bureau of fisheries and an immense amount of really valuable information already exists that could be collated for the purpose. Conditions undoubtedly have changed in our inland waters, especially during the past quarter of a century and it seems more than probable that desirable changes could be made in our present methods of stocking.

Correspondence with anglers in various parts of the state seems to indicate a willingness to pay a small rod license, say fifty cents annually, provided the money could be secured for improving fishing conditions. I am advised that

Vermont has such a license in force since July 1 and that under the vigorous and intelligent efforts of Commissioner John W. Titcomb that state is to take up just such work as is here suggested for New York. If our inland waters were even roughly studied and they were scientifically divided into zones according to the water temperature so that our law would be based on the spawning seasons instead of on the seductive idea of "uniformity," it seems certain that better fishing would assuredly result. Long Island already is recognized as the warm zone and it would be easy to go a little further and recognize the temperate and cold zones that now naturally exist—the one in the mid-state section and the other in the mountain lakes and streams.

The "uniform" law is not based on either science or good sense, in my judgment, and the zone plan as suggested in *Forest and Stream* has been approved by well-informed anglers as well as by experts in fish breeding and distribution. The only objection raised has been by those who would continue the old order of things because it is easier. The great number of game fish hatched yearly and distributed in our inland lakes and streams should long ago have made for us the best fishing in the world, but there is reason to fear that much of our stocking has been wasted effort. Without some study of the waters, however, it never will be possible to handle the problem satisfactorily. Dr. Townsend, of the New York Aquarium, is not the only one who has decided views on the subject and it might be well for anglers generally to take up the matter and give their views to the Conservative Commissioner through the columns of this paper. It has long been my own belief that the study of a single lake or stream would soon lead to results that would bring about a general rearrangement of our hatchery work and of our stocking methods as well. The cost would be more than met by the saving that would result and to secure the desirable end outlined should be the immediate effort of all anglers.

JOHN D. WHISH.

It will interest anglers generally not only in New York State, but in other states as well, to know that Conservation Commissioner George D. Pratt has already announced his intention to make a thorough study of fishing conditions in the waters of New York State, and to institute more scientific methods of stocking and protection as a result of this investigation. He believes that fishermen themselves can render valuable service in many phases of this work. So far as the fishing license is concerned, we understand it to be Commissioner Pratt's idea that if it ever comes in New York State, it will come as the direct result of a demand from the fishermen themselves, in the form of an endorsement of his plans for improved fishing conditions. This is the way in which the fishing license has come in most of the other states where it now exists.—ED.]



Unfortunately For The City Amateur, Photographs of Falling Water Can Be Taken to Best Advantage Only in the Early Spring

Illinois has Joined the "No Sale of Game" States

Real Conservation Work Accomplished Through Co-operation of Illinois and Missouri Sportsmen—Forest and Stream's Famous Plank now Almost Universal

By E. T. Grether.

ILLINOIS has enacted a new game and fish law which has been signed by the Governor and is now in effect. It is unlawful to sell any game, except rabbits, whether killed within or without the state.

Without doubt this is the great conservation movement of the season. Persons who are familiar with the previous conditions, term it the most important protective law passed in several years. Widespread benefits will accrue to the national conservation movement by the enormous saving of migrating waterfowl from threatened extinction.

Co-operation between Missouri and Illinois sportsmen produced this result. The writer, representing the Missouri Fish and Game League, and Mr. A. D. Holthaus, also of Missouri, representing the American Game Protective Association, inaugurated the plan, which soon developed into such proportions that overwhelming success was demonstrated by a vote in the legislature of 48 to 1 in the Senate and 113 to 7 in the House.

Every sportsmen's association and nearly every club in Illinois, besides many individual sportsmen, actively participated in securing the law through a campaign of letter writing to the legislature, similar to the Missouri Fish and Game League plan, which passed the recent radical Missouri law in the face of attempts by the reactionary element to abolish the game warden system.

Along the Missouri-Arkansas border in the sunken lands, is one of the greatest wild fowl re-

sorts of the nation. For years this has been the paradise of the market hunter and game shipper. Unbelievable millions of ducks have been slaughtered and shipped from this famous duck country.

In 1905 Missouri enacted a law prohibiting importation or sale of all game. At every legislative session in Missouri there has been attempts to cripple or repeal this law, through the energies of the commercial interests.

Illinois permitted importation and sale of game "killed in other states," and this afforded a great game market for the swamp hunters, commonly known as "snake hunters." The closing of the New York and Missouri game markets was a severe blow to the game shippers, and their influence largely was responsible for the biennial game law fights in the state of Missouri.

Dissatisfaction with Federal hunting seasons in Missouri and adjoining states, afforded a favorable opportunity this year to attack the Missouri State law in the attempt to abolish the game warden system. The Missouri Fish and Game League expediently ignored the Federal seasons but drafted a bill with further drastic and rigid provisions against all commercialism. Thirty-six associations and clubs passed the new Missouri law with a handsome majority, the final vote being only a few hours before adjournment of the legislature.

Then the Illinois campaign was developed and, though many obstacles were placed in the way of such legislation, which seemed insurmountable,

the Illinois law was pushed ahead of other legislation and the game selling business was made illegal in Illinois. This bill also received its final vote within a few hours of adjournment, after voting down over twenty amendments, any one of which would have proven fatal to the passage of the bill, by requiring another vote of approval by the Senate in the last hours of adjournment.

The State law of Arkansas, while prohibiting the exportation of game generally, contained an exception clause, permitting the shipment of ducks from the "Chicasawba District" in Mississippi county.

This district was in the heart of the duck shippers' paradise, and the fowl were gathered from the surrounding vast area of fine duck country, and shipped in carload lots to Illinois markets. The writer of this article, while acting as chief deputy game warden, a couple of years ago, confiscated 88 illegal duck shipments in the express cars, during two months.

These mostly originated on the Missouri side of the border, but were shipped from the Arkansas "free zone." A system of numbered shipping tags made it practically impossible of identifying the consignor, though the consignee's name and address showed Illinois to be the destination. One hundred thousand ducks, all mallards, have been shipped from Arkansas in a single shipment a few seasons ago.

I have a letter of recent date, from E. V. Visart of Little Rock, Ark., who is United

States Federal Inspector for the Lacy Act, relating to interstate game shipments. He states the records of transportation companies show nearly 200,000 ducks shipped out of Arkansas to Illinois during October, November, December, and part of January, 1915. The Supreme Court of Arkansas has since decided the exemption of the Chickasawba District to be unconstitutional. This decision, with the new Illinois law and the Missouri law, should put the game sellers and shippers entirely out of business.

The market shooters were so audacious that they did not hesitate to trespass upon the extensive property of the Big Lake Shooting Club and conduct a reign of terror, resulting in the shooting of club keepers and the destruction of club houses, one being valued at \$20,000. The members of this famous club comprised prominent citizens of several states, but their hunting privileges were usually of doubtful value owing to the bitter feeling of the several hundred market shooters who operated in that locality.

Conservationists in the East probably have never dreamed of such enormous destruction of waterfowl as has been going on for years in these overflowed sunken lands of Missouri, Arkansas and Tennessee, caused by the earthquake of 1811.

These lands are so extensive and so favorably located that no better place exists anywhere for waterfowl to congregate during the entire open season provided by the Federal regulations and not a single protest was made by the market hunters, as the former Illinois law allowed the sale of ducks, "from other states," during October, November, December and January. Missouri prohibited all sale of game, no matter where killed, but Illinois only prohibited the sale of game killed within her borders. Thus we can note what a fine monopoly was enjoyed by these Arkansas market hunters and the Illinois dealers.

Arkansas law prohibits residents from other states from hunting there (except non-residents owning property in Arkansas, when hunting on their own premises, but not for export).

Is it possible to appreciate how adroitly the commercial interests secured the enactment of such legislation, or was all this merely a coincidence?

The northern and middle western states were producing annually a great duck crop to be harvested by this monopoly. In some localities in these states, during the fall seasons provided under the Federal law, the weather was so dry that the migrating ducks would hurry on to the Arkansas market shooters' paradise. Sportsmen protested at the regulations and were called "enemies of wild life," though the market shooters were getting the cream of the shooting and selling ducks as a monopoly in Arkansas. In Illinois the Federal season is closed on wood ducks until 1918. In Arkansas there is no closed season especially for wood ducks, though in no other state are so many killed as in Arkansas. Thus we see again how residents of Illinois could not shoot wood ducks legally but they could purchase them (until the recent state law was passed) because the Federal migratory bird law contains absolutely no provision against possession after the Federal closed season, nor bag limit shipment or sale during the open season. Is it therefore surprising that sportsmen who have always been the backbone of the game pro-



This Sort of Trenching Often Calls the Bait Fishing Reservist Out of Bed at Dawn

tection movement, protested at curtailment of their reasonable sport while the commercial interests were laughing at their dilemma of being classed as "enemies of wild life," by persons who did not understand the intolerable conditions?

Now we have opportunity of noting what real conservation means. Let me name for special praise in this Illinois campaign, for their constant and untiring efforts, Senator J. G. Bardill of Highland, chairman of the Senate Committee on Fish and Game; Representative Arthur Roe of Vandalia, chairman of House Committee on Fish and Game, besides other legislators—Messrs. Wm. J. Graham of Aledo, Robert Scholes of Peoria and Senator Dailey, also James H. Aldous of Alton, president of Madison County Sportsmen's League, and Arthur D. Holthaus of St. Louis, representing the American Game Protective League.

In the Missouri campaign, the Legislative Committee was: Clark McAdams, H. F. Mardorf, J. R. Hickman, A. D. Holthaus and E. T. Grether. There were thirty-six organizations and clubs in the campaign managed by the Missouri Fish and Game League.

FROM A VIRGINIA SUBSCRIBER

Hampden-Sidney, Va.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am glad to be able to say that I like the present *Forest and Stream* very much, and I hope that you will never have cause to regret the change. There is nothing in the reading line that pleases me more than a good story of a quail or partridge hunt.

M. BLAKE MOUNT.

NEBRASKA FISHING IN WINTER.

That the older ideas about the proper seasons for shooting and fishing have undergone a very material change in these modern times, is evidenced by the fact that, in this particular latitude, anyway, we could have, if the law did not forbid, good fishing—bass, croppie, perch and sunfish, all through the winter months. When our lakes are not sealed up in icy fetters, on any fairly warm and sunshiny day, it is no trick at all to make as good a catch of these varieties as mark the endeavors of the angler in June or July. They will take their minnow or worm through a hole in the ice with as much avidity as they do in midsummer.

SANDY GRISWOLD.



Wonderful Catch of Florida Tarpon

Record Figures for Trip Tabulated by Secretary of Tarpon Association

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The biggest event in tarpon fishing in local annals, and probably the greatest ever reached in the country itself occurred when a party composed of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Magill of Kenilworth, Ill., who were chaperoned by Charles Leathlean and Arthur Wintle as guides, came to dock in Fort Myers in the big houseboat Kennesaw.

The party left Fort Myers on an extended fishing trip, April 27th, and after about four weeks' cruising in the Marco and Shard river section, changed their location to the Boca Grande passes and spent the last two weeks or more in that vicinity.

The total catch for the entire trip consisted of sundry shark, jewfish, bass and multitudes of smaller fish, and a total of 176 tarpon. This is probably the largest number ever recorded from a single cruise. Considering the fact that they were all caught by the two persons composing the party the fact is truly remarkable.

The total weight of these fish as tabulated reaches the almost incredible figure of 16,377 pounds, over eight tons of tarpon, giving an average for all the 176 fish caught of a trifle over 93 pounds, in itself by no means insignificant for weight. The daily average counting every day the party was away from this port, was between four and five fish and a total average daily weight of over 400 pounds for more than 40 consecutive days.

The largest number of fish caught in any one day was taken on May 19, sixteen fish; on June 8, fourteen fish, and on June 6 and 10, respectively, each ten fish.

The largest weight of fish caught in any one day was taken on June 8, 2,054 pounds, over a ton. On June 10, 1,419 pounds; on May 27, 1,335 and on June 6, 1,372 pounds.

The largest average weight per day for any day was May 27, when the nine fish caught averaged over 148 pounds each. On June 8, the fourteen fish caught averaged 147 pounds each, and on June 10 and 6, respectively, the average was ten fish at 142 pounds each and ten fish each at 137 pounds.

The largest fish was 196½ pounds, with one exception, to the best of my knowledge, the largest ever landed in America, of which there is any record. This was caught on May 26th. A second large fish weighing 196 pounds, only lacking the fraction of a pound from tying with this record fish, and having the honor of being the third largest recorded fish taken in American waters, was caught on the following day, May 27th. Other large fish were: June 8, 194; June 7, 192; May 3d, 184; June 6th, 183; June 8th,

181; June 9th, 181; June 9th, 180; June 7th, 180; June 6th, 180.

Four fish were caught which exceeded 190 pounds eleven over 180; eighteen over 170; twenty-five over 160; forty over 150, and ninety-eight fish over 100 pounds in weight. Seventy-eight fish were captured weighing less than 100 pounds.

The five biggest days totaled 7,345 pounds, almost four tons, an average of about 1,470 pounds, or nearly three-quarters of a ton per day for the five days.

Many incidents might be recorded, but space forbids, except the reference made by members



The Jumping Tarpon.

of the party to the scene in the Boca Grande passes during the days when the big fish were rampant there. Yachts and fishing boats dotted the whole expanse. In the evening the sight of the electric lights, the motion, the exhilarating sense of success, and the unusual number of extraordinary heavy fish caught were something never to be forgotten. At the same time that the Kennesaw party was at the pass there were other boats representing fishermen from all sections. Among others the Whitney party with Harry Payne Whitney as host, and including Lewis S. Thompson of Red Bank, N. J., Judge Kemohan, William Payne Thompson, Page Thompson and Fred Watriss of New York as guests, on the magnificent Whitney yacht, the Captiva. Howard S. Kerner, on his yacht Howarda, with friends. Edward Vom Hofe of New York, the authority on all matters pertaining to tarpon tackle; Dr. Briggs of Charlotte, N. C., and a score or more of others were all enjoying the unusual sport. A total of several hundred big fish were taken by these fishermen, in less than a week, during which the carnival continued; a dozen at a time in different boats being in the process of capture, oft repeated. Such

sport and such fish have never been known before. This will truly be the record season for many years to come.

And the Magill party, as before noted, carried off the honors for all this numerous assembly, as well in number of fish caught, as in the landing of the two biggest fish taken during the whole time, 196½ and 196 pounds, respectively.

A feature of the event was the unusual number of exceedingly large fish captured, those under 100 pounds being almost a minus quantity, while 170, 180 and 190 were frequently in evidence.

Mr. and Mrs. Magill express themselves as well satisfied with their cruise in Lee county waters, for besides the big fish captured, they both imbibed great quantities of our bracing Florida sunshine, and will return home greatly improved in health and in happiness and in the consciousness of having accomplished more in the tarpon fishing line than any recorded party has ever previously accomplished in American waters. Our best congratulations to both.

E. L. EVANS, Sec'y.,

Fort Myers Tarpon Fishing Association.

June 22, 1915.

THE "SUNNY" FINDS A DEFENDER

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

When I go fishing I always go after the big ones. Now you say you stand with Dr. Henshall that the bass, inch for inch and pound for pound, is king of fish. Well, I never got a pound sunfish on a hook, though near it, so I can't decide in pounds, but I never saw a five or six-inch bass that was a king to his cousin of same length. I never caught a bass much over five pounds, either, so I can't judge of big ones, but that doesn't prove that I am not always fishing for the big ones. I was a fisherman in the year '76, when I was only six—at least, I acquired the title in that tender year of Fisher Bill, and ever since then and a year before, I have caught fish from many waters and I can't give first place to bass, inch for inch. I am not from Missouri, but yet I am for fairness to every fin, whether it is the little fish or the big; I have caught them all by every known method and by methods little known, and I should like to see the bass, inch for inch, that can do his "sunshine" sunny cousin. Pound for pound I'll leave you alone, but if it was possible to hook five pounds of sunfish at once, your excitement would carry you away as fast as it does when bass fishing. Inch for inch, I won't give the inch to the bass; pound for pound he's a winner, but he's under the shadow of the Rainbow, and I don't know but he wins over a mad trout by a fowl, for there is a fish that's some game! I can't tell whether it's his beauty or his high leap that entitle the name; anyway, he is pure red, white and blue, and these are game enough for me; but allow me to say—if you will take your light trout tackle, flies and all, and catch some "punkin seeds," you'll have more respect for the sunfish. So let's not knock him;

he's a brother of the fin and always worthy of fair play. I am not quite sure but our mind rubs it on us a bit, and the pull is not all on the line, for when bass fishing we are always expecting something big, but in trout angling we're surprised when a good big one is hooked. I once got a four-pound trout that I think made as heavy a pull and as long a fight from the strike to the landing, as any four-pound small mouth that ever started the sweet singing of the reel. I'll not argue with you bass lovers, "the song of the reel and the speckles in the creel" all hold me in so rapturous a mood that I can say to one, "Oh King," to the other, "Thou Queen," and as little things go, to the sunfish, "You're a Prince" in sportiness and every inch a king, and I just like to see fair play to you, whether the Great Naturalist made you small to remain, or great in growing.

VON.

Our correspondent makes out a very good case for the little fish of boyhood angling days, and we are printing his communication with present and reminiscent satisfaction. If he will but look over a recent copy of *Forest and Stream* he will see that even the great Dr. Henshall himself, in a communication to this paper, took up the cause of the sunfish in an article dealing with the commoner fishes and light tackle. No one knows what kind of a fighter a five-pound sunfish would be, for the reason that the little fellow never grows that large. We have an idea, however, that a five-pound sunfish would be, in disposition and otherwise, the fighting equivalent of any bass that ever swam.—ED.

CHANNEL BASS AT OCRACOKE, N. C.

Raleigh, N. C., June 24, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

June 12, 1915, was the date of the happening. The night before, the power yacht "Spartan" left New Bern bound for Ocracoke. In the morning, three of the party, George Nicoll, of New Bern, Dan Richardson, of Dover, and Felix Harvey, of Kinston, elected to try for channel bass in the slues near Shell Castle. They anchored their skiff in about five feet of water, with a grass-grown bottom, and got their lines overboard about ten o'clock. By two o'clock—four hours later—they had boated twenty-eight fish of an aggregate weight of eight hundred and thirty-nine pounds, an average of practically thirty pounds per fish. No small ones were caught, and the largest weighed forty-six pounds.

This is one of the greatest catches for three

men, with rod and reel, on one tide, that I know of on this coast, considering the total weight of the catch and the average size of the fish. And, to cap the climax, a forty-seven pounder was landed the following morning.

H. H. BRIMLEY.

DR. SIMON AGAIN BREAKS WORLD'S CASTING RECORD

Dr. Carleton Simon made another world's record for four-ounce lead in the casting tournament of the Midland Beach Fishing Club held June 28 at Staten Island Fair Grounds, by casting 354 feet 9 inches, eclipsing the previous record held by him of 349½ feet. This is the first time that anyone has officially cast over 350 feet. His club members expected him to go even further than this, for in practice he has done 378, but the day was bad for casting and the grass wet, which made the dry lines quite sticky. The record cast was made in the Open Event for five average casts. The Finch Banner now becomes the property of the Midland Beach Fishing Club, being given with the provision that it shall be the property of such club whose member shall three times in succession break the world's record.

The summary of events is as follows:

- Class A, Club Event, Average of 5 Casts
 - First, Dr. Carleton Simon, 319 ft.
 - Second, William Paul, 245 ft. 6 in.
 - Third, E. E. Davis, 237 ft. 5 in.
- Class B, Average of 4 Casts.
 - First, Fred Fech, 237 ft. 6 in.
 - Second, Henry Adrian, 217 ft. 4 in.
 - Third, Carl Durand, 181 ft.
- Class C, Average of 3 Casts.
 - First, Commodore B. M. Kurtz, 194 ft.
 - Second, F. M. Mayer, 189 ft. 3 in.
 - Third, C. H. Wells, 181 ft. 8 in.
- Fourth Event, Open Event, Best Average.
 - First, Carleton Simon, Jr., 305 ft.
 - Second, Le Roy Kurtz, 280 ft.
 - Third, Fred Fech, 278 ft. 10 in.

In this Event Dr. Carleton Simon made 354 feet 9 inches.

- Fifth Event, Open Event Longest Cast in Five.
 - First, E. E. Davis, 342 ft. 6 in.
 - Second, Dr. Carleton Simon, 339 ft. 6 in.
 - Third, John C. Clayton, 318 ft. 7 in.
- Sixth Event, Accuracy Stake Event.
 - First, Carleton Simon, Jr.
 - Second, Charles Le Clercq.
 - Third, A. J. Sahdale.

SIDNEY RICE, Secretary.

June 27, 1915.

NATIONAL AMATEUR CASTING TOURNAMENT

Chicago, June 24, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

For your information, and such publicity as you will be good enough to give, would say that the National Amateur Casting Association will hold its third annual bait and fly casting tournament at Anglers' Pool, Garfield Park, Chicago, on September 4th, 5th and 6th. There will be eight events, viz.: Light Tackle Accuracy Fly, Light Tackle Accuracy Dry Fly, Light Tackle Distance Fly, Salmon Fly, Hobbler Fly, Quarter Ounce Accuracy Bait, Half Ounce Accuracy Bait, Half Ounce Distance Bait.

Trophies in each event as follows:

- Amateur Championship (first place), Silver Cup.
- Second Place—Gold Medal.
- Third Place—Silver Medal.
- Fourth Place—Bronze Medal.
- Fifth Place—Gold Fly.
- Sixth Place—Silver Fish.

There will also be a Bronze Cup Trophy in each of the four accuracy events for new members only. Assurances, both locally and from out of town, indicate the probability of this being one of the most largely attended tournaments in the history of tournament casting. The rapid growth in popularity of a strictly amateur standard in these tournaments adds materially to the chances for a pronounced success. One of the two local amateur clubs has already doubled its membership this season. The other has largely increased its membership and enjoyed the distinction last year of closing its season with more completed scores than were ever made by any club in the history of this particular pool—a period of over twenty years. Contestants and guests at the coming tournament can be assured of every comfort. The pool is ideal in every respect for the purposes of a tournament. Spacious locker rooms recently built by the Park authorities, provide comfort and shelter in the event of rain. There are shade trees in plenty and the best drinking water in the world. The pool is easy of access from the center of the city by both elevated and surface cars and is situated in one of Chicago's most beautiful parks—close to the largest conservatory in the United States, with its marvelous collection of plants and flowers.

CHARLES F. BROWN,
Secretary, Nat'l Amateur Casting Assn.



The Anglers' License In Vermont

Proceeds Will Be Used to Improve Fishing Conditions

Fishermen whose expeditions take them to Vermont waters should bear in mind that the new Vermont fishing license went into effect in that state on July 1, and that all anglers in that state, whether resident or non-resident, must now procure from a Vermont town or city clerk a license to fish, and must carry it upon their persons at all times when taking or transporting fish within that state.

The fee is sixty cents, for residents and non-residents alike, but women, and children under sixteen years of age, are exempted. The waters of Lake Champlain and of Lake Memphremagog, which are border lakes, are also exempted.

The Vermont fishing license law was passed at the last session of the legislature, as the result of a persistent demand from the Vermont fishermen themselves, who endorsed the program of State Fish and Game Commissioner John W. Titcomb to improve fishing conditions throughout the state. The fees go to the Fish and Game Department, and Commissioner Titcomb's plan for their use provides for many new hatcheries and fish rearing stations located in zones which will permit the economical distribution of fish to every county in the state in far greater number than has heretofore been feasible. All of the fishing waters of the state are to be thoroughly and systematically stocked.

The plan further provides for exterminating, by means of copper sulphate and otherwise, the coarser fishes now occupying many of the smaller ponds and lakes to the exclusion of the game varieties. These coarser fish were introduced years ago, before the advent of scientific fish culture. With the lakes restored to their pristine condition, they will be stocked with trout or salmon, or both. In addition, war will be waged on obnoxious fishes, such as the bill fish or garpike, which inhabit the waters of Lake Champlain and are very destructive to all food fish.

It is estimated that the receipts from the fishing, hunting and trapping licenses will make the Vermont fish and game department self sustaining, and enable the wardens to be placed on a permanent salary basis. A combination fishing, hunting and trapping license is issued for one dollar to residents, or to non-residents who own improved real estate valued at one thousand dollars. Other non-residents must pay ten dollars and fifty cents for the combination license.

Hunting licenses have long been firmly established in most of the states, and in many of them fishing license laws are now in force. Among these are Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Nebraska and South Dakota, which issue only non-resident fishing licenses, and Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Utah and Vermont, which require a fishing license for both residents and non-residents.

The state of New York alone maintains eleven hatcheries, scattered in different parts of the state, representing a total investment of something over \$105,000. Their annual administrative expenses run over \$75,000. As a return on the outlay there are planted in the waters of the

state each year fish which it would cost more than \$200,000 to purchase in private hatcheries. For all this the fishermen pay nothing. The same story might be repeated for other states, though on a smaller scale.

The situation in Vermont was similar. But not satisfied with what they were getting, the fishermen, as stated in our news article, endorsed the program of State Fish and Game Commissioner John W. Titcomb, and went after the fishing license. They go it, with due regard for the small boy, whose half dollars are few, and for women, who fish little in the aggregate. If the fishermen in other states will get busy, they may accomplish much. It is to be doubted whether there is a more powerful influence, once it is united for the good of the fraternity.

SPRING FISHING IN VERMONT.

Wells River, Vt., June 10, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Fishing has been very good around here this year. A large number of lake trout have been taken from Caspian Lake at Greensboro, Vt., also at Harvey's Lake in Barnet, Vt. The largest weighed eight and one-half pounds. Brook trout seem to be very scarce. After July 1st we have got to have a license to fish, which costs 60 cents, or a combination hunting and fishing license for \$1.00. I think this is a good thing. Partridge were plenty last fall and it looks as if there would be more this coming fall. I found a nest with eleven eggs in it and saw another with twelve eggs, and know of still another one. Deer are seen now. We can shoot does this fall. I do not believe this is a good thing and am glad it is for this fall only. I have been out a good deal this spring and have seen many woodchucks. It is great sport to shoot them as they are tough fellows, and a bullet has to be placed just right to stop them. The spring birds seem to be plentiful. I have seen many nests. I put out a number of houses but they were not occupied this year. I have seen young bluebirds, robins and juncos. I wish you success with your new magazine.

GEO. H. MURPHY.

THE MUSKALLUNGE.

"Whence and what are you, monster grim and great?"

Sometimes we think you are a 'Syndicate,'
For if your quaint cartoonist be but just
You have some features of the modern 'Trust.'
A wide, ferocious and rapacious jaw,
A vast insatiate and expansive craw;
And, like the 'Trust,' your chiefest aim and wish
Was to combine in one, all smaller fish,
And all the lesser fry succumbed to fate,
When you determined to consolidate."

—"WILCOX."

Just so with the Muskallunge, or Nosconge, as the Indians called them. What's the use of telling? But as I was in at the death and aided in the landing and killing of seventy-four inches of fight that weighed over eighty pounds of courage and spirit, perhaps any experience is at least worth the telling. Were it possible for a Mus-

kallunge to retain its size and acquire the endurance of a five-pound black bass or a fifty-pound Red Fish in their own environment, there would be no *taking* of him as he would have to be killed, and all you would get would be the empty body.

The Muskallunge has never been very plentiful—at least, I have hunted them for almost forty years, and have only been fortunate enough to bring two of immense size to the finish, and this is how one of them was killed.

Jim, Doc and I had been in the Kankakee lowland between Torch Light and Grass Lakes, two small tributaries of Traverse Bay. The first day we had landed several of indifferent sizes—mine of thirty-five inches, eighteen or twenty pounds being the largest. The second day we took nothing; the third morning a light, warm, drizzling rain had set in about eight o'clock, and we had bright hopes. I had just pulled a small fish up to my boat, when a yell from "Jim" notified me that he was hooked. When I reached him, "Jim's" boat had been overturned, with him in mud and water up to his armpits—the surface of the water for fifty feet around covered with pond lilies and cat-tails all torn to shreds, fighting with every ounce of his strength and skill to keep the monster out of a dense growth of pond lilies which was evidently the rendezvous of the brute. Rowing around I managed to place myself in front of the monster, and by beating him over the head with my oar, I managed, by the aid of Jim's pull to drive him into shallow water; he showed fight, gritting his teeth and snapping his ponderous jaws continuously, with an ominous sound that was terribly suggestive. Jim finally secured a firm footing, and it was a case of "Go it, fish! Go it, man!" Only after I had hooked my gaff between his massive jaws were we enabled to drag seventy-four inches of fish to shore. He weighed eighty-seven pounds, and I recall that we slew him with a hand-axe.

This fight was over twenty years ago, and Jim has written me of two or three of these monsters being killed in the lake section of Wisconsin recently. If possible, I want to hook another of these game creatures before I die; 'twould be worth six months of life, and I hope to give the readers of *Forest and Stream* an account of a fishing and hunting trip this fall that will be interesting and instructive.

As to the tackle required for Muskallunge hunting—a line that will sustain two hundred pounds of live weight; the hook, a cross between a ship's anchor and a well digger's grappling hook, rod heavy, but with good spring, ten feet long; reel, the heaviest; but the chief requisite is a MAN and his chum. 'Twould be as foolish for a cowboy to attempt to lasso a Texas steer with a thread as to attempt to handle a giant Muskallunge with the scientific standards of a fly fisherman. In the way of bait, anything will be acceptable to a hungry Muskallunge, from a leg of lamb to a minnow. B. F. JONES.

You are reading "*Forest and Stream*" and enjoying it. Why not furnish some of your friends who may not be acquainted with the good things in this issue, an hour or two of similar enjoyment? If you will take the trouble to send us the names of any of your circle of acquaintances, we will see that they are supplied with a sample copy with your compliments.

IN THE REAL ORIGINAL WILDERNESS

(Continued from page 464)

lieve that several of the vertebrae of my spine are welded together simply by that infernal strap.

This carrying on the head has its advantages, however, for in case of a slip an old hand will throw off the load and come to grass with only his own weight, where had the strap been over his chest he must have gone down with it and perhaps have been hurt; indeed, I knew of a case where a man, walking on a log over a creek slipped and fell with the load on his chest; with the usual perversity of loads in such cases, the pack fell on one side of the log and the man on the other—strap slipped up across his throat; he hadn't his knife handy, and was tolerably well choked and black in the face, when another chap, who was fortunately behind on the trail, put in an appearance and set him on his feet again. Tremendous loads are carried by these voyageurs—200 or 250 pounds is not called a heavy load for a good portage, and should I say what weights I believe have been carried, people would probably set me down as a Munchausen.

The bark canoe is the only means of conveyance by water. If they do leak, well, a birch bark torch, a little gum, and a piece of rag, and we are O. K. again. Only twice have I smashed my canoe and both times it was the fault of the crew. Crossing from the Gatineau River to the Lievere one fall, I could get no men, as the season was near its close; so after much deliberation my chum and myself decided on going alone. I was a poor canoeman, and he was, if anything, worse, and neither knew anything about the country. However, we started, and all went well as long as we had the stream to paddle against and not to run down. We only got lost once, but found ourselves after a couple of hours' search, and had no accident until we reached the watershed of the two rivers. Now we couldn't get lost, but we could get smashed; and this was our fear. One rainy morning, having run several rapids safely, we were congratulating ourselves on progress made, when we reached the head of a small rapid—steep, swift water, and in the middle, at the foot, one huge boulder. "T.," said I—he was in the bow—"how goes it?" "We can easily reach the boot by holding back, but there the only water is close to that rock." "Well, we'll go to the left of it—and mind and don't reach forward"—he had an abominable habit of reaching forward and putting his paddle on a rock, instead of giving a lift to one side. "All right," says T., "you mind your end, I'll take care." "I'll run her at the rock; it's the only water," say I. "All right." Down we go, "backing" here and giving a stroke there, and not a touch until we near our friend the rock, gathering speed every instant. "Now! Left!" I shout. Swifter is the pace. "Left! left!" I howl, as T. reaches forward and there is a hideous crash—then we are in the eddy, and then in shallow water, as she sinks under us. Fortunately T. was kneeling on the tent and that caulked her a little. There is a hole you could put your head into in the bow, and we almost weep as we think of the sugar, etc.—a mass of "mush." No use crying over spilt milk, so we turn her over, light bark, melt gum, tear out the back of my vest and stick it over the hole, and

paddle 140 miles of river with that primitive patch on the canoe.

Another upset I had that nearly cost me my gun and rods and other "et cetera" may warn other fellows if they ever sojourn in the same districts. Camped on a river, which a day's rain would flood, and two days of wet weather make into a nice little torrent, my cook one morning woke me with "Six o'clock, sir, and breakfast nearly ready." So throwing off the blankets I turned out and looked out of the old lumber shanty we had appropriated. A gloomy morning, with heavy, steady rain, and as the same weather had held good for two days before we had our torrent ready, the river being nearly three feet over the ordinary level. We could not afford to lose time, and, going on the principle of "the better the day, etc."—it was Sunday—I resolved to start. I couldn't get a man who knew the river and we had to go it as best we could. Now "Jim," so good at fish-balls and plum-duff, etc., was no canoeman. Arthur was but a youth, and I was decidedly average with a paddle. Of course the bow was the delicate part, but I took that at once, and Jim, steering—or, rather, not steering—ran me down a rapid broadside on and we "fluked" through it by having the canoe light. So we take our usual places, Jim in the bow, Arthur in the middle, and myself in the stern; and with three inches of gunwale above water we embark. Two rapids are run with a little water shipped; and we come to the head of a nice short little one—nice and steep and rough, too. We had run it before, and though I had sundry qualms as I saw how low we were in the water, I gave a word to the boys and in we ran.

Better had we gone ashore. She goes down the slope like a flash in spite of our holding

back; through the first swell goes her sharp bow and she is half full. I dare not yell "Out!" for the boys wouldn't know how to take the water and not upset her. No use holding back now, we must keep her going. Down we go, her nose goes under, and she gets lower and lower, till, when having escaped the rocks, we reach the eddy at the foot, she is nearly out of sight. "Out!" I howl, and out I go. Arthur slips over the side, and Jim, who thinks shore the driest place, makes a dive for it; over goes the canoe, and down go my rods and gun into fifteen feet of water. I come to the top, shake the water out of my eyes, and could laugh, if I didn't feel like swearing. Jim is trying to get away from a box that evidently wants to get on his back; Arthur has the canoe by a bar and a grip of a branch; the impedimenta are running a race around the eddy, and I am off down stream. I grab a bundle, get hold of a rock and climb ashore, but would prefer not to have fishing boots on. The others, who are better swimmers, are on dry land. We rescue the floating "kit," bundle the traps into the canoe, and paddle down to the cache of the day before. Here tents are pitched, a fire lighted, clothes changed, and we are once more comfortable.

When the river falls to its usual level we go up and by a few lucky dives recover my traps, not much the worse for their dip. But the chaff I get makes me vow never to try it on again alone and with a heavy load, until, in a fit of laziness this summer, I run a rapid, or rather run a little of it, broke the canoe, go down a hundred yards of the swift water, hanging on to the stern to keep her upright, and when I do get ashore, portage and reach camp, am told by my man that "no fellow ever runs that rapid." Such is life.

W.



A Restful Day At Algonquin Park.



GAME BAG AND GUN



New Trapping Laws for Tennessee

Easy to put More Restrictive Laws on Book

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

After two recesses, our Tennessee lawmakers recently completed their 1915 session.

I succeeded in getting enacted into laws two bills which I think will do much to protect fur-bearing animals in the counties to which these laws apply—Davidson, Robertson and Shelby.

Being unwilling to "take chances" on securing the passage of these bills as State laws, I asked that they apply only to Davidson, the county in which I now reside, and Robertson, an adjoining county (my native county), in which I frequently hunt. When the bills came up for vote, Representative McCormick, of Shelby county (Memphis), offered an amendment so extending their application as to include Shelby. The amendment was accepted and adopted.

One of these bills, House Bill 309—now a law—makes it a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of \$50 to set a steel trap, dead-fall, or similar device, which causes or is liable to cause lingering pain to the person or animal caught, therein or thereby. However, this law does not prohibit a person in trapping for a hawk, from setting a steel trap on top of a pole or placing a steel trap beside a dead fowl, provided the trap is taken up or closed at 6 p. m. every day.

The other bill, House Bill 310—now a law—makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of \$25, to kill a raccoon, skunk, fox, mink, opossum, or weasel, or to molest the den of such animal, upon the land of another, or to ship or attempt to ship or take or attempt to take such animal out of any of the counties above mentioned, or to purchase or to offer to purchase

such animal between February 1 and September 1. This law was drafted and designed especially to prevent digging out young foxes and offering them for sale.

It is not a matter of general knowledge, but it is nevertheless true, that the only thing essential to the passage of a measure is for its author or champion to get his local Senator and Representative to ask for its enactment. The Representatives and the Senators from other counties naturally assuming that the local Representative and Senator know what their people want, unhesitatingly vote for the measure.

Unless the local Senator and Representative approve a bill, its author or champion cannot hope to secure its passage. It may be introduced and passed in the Senate; but if the local Representative does not favor it, he may kill it when it reaches the House. It may be introduced and passed in the House; but if the local Senator disapproves of it, he may kill it when it comes up in the Senate.

I experienced no trouble whatever in getting these bills passed, for the simple reason that I prosecuted the matter methodically and systematically. By a vigorous educational campaign, distributing literature containing citations to United States Government Reports in support of my contention, I convinced the farmers of Davidson and Robinson counties that fur-bearing animals are a distinct advantage to the farmer, because they destroy field mice, moles, and the like—destroyers of crops. These farmers readily and enthusiastically signed petitions urging the enactment of these bills. The enactment of such

legislation can be secured only by such means and measures as I used in this instance. It takes an array of facts, intelligently and plainly presented, to convince people of the necessity and wisdom of such legislation; and when convinced, they will readily put their names upon petitions urging it.

I did not forget to stress to the Legislators the humane feature of the matter—the duty and necessity of enacting these measures in order to secure an abatement of the cruelties of trapping, and the appeal from this standpoint was most effective.

I am confident that these laws, applying to the counties named herein, will never be repealed. So far as I am concerned, I shall do anything within my power to keep them upon our statute books.

These good laws secured for Davidson, Robertson and Shelby counties, Tennessee, can be secured for any county in the United States if the matter is handled intelligently and diplomatically.

JNO. F. DRAUGHTON,
Nashville, Tenn.

June, 1915.

DOVES VS. GAME BIRDS AND OTHERWISE.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

It is a strange fact that in the South, the home of sentiment, the center of culture and refinement, where men are actuated by the highest and noblest impulses known to man, the dove should be regarded as a game bird. In many sections of the United States the taking or killing of doves is forbidden at all times, at all seasons of the year. The principal food of doves consists of weed seeds such as are found in fields where crops are grown. The Department of Agriculture at Washington recently examined the stomachs of two hundred and thirty-seven specimens of doves, the result of which proved that the dove as a weed seed destroyer is the most valuable in America. The stomach of one of the doves contained nine thousand and two hundred weed seeds, which

Our Stock of

GUNS

is most complete, also our line of **Hunting Clothing and Shoes**, as well as everything pertaining to this sport. Our line of **Football, Boxing, Skating, Gymnasium and Basket Ball Outfits** is also complete and are described in Fall and Winter catalogue No. 69. Send for it as well as list of **Gun Bargains**.



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THERE'S double the charm and pleasure in shooting when you have exactly the right gun. You buy the best when you buy a *Marlin*; and we want you to have exactly the right *Marlin* for your requirements. That's why we make

Marlin Repeating Shotguns

—guns of famous shooting ability—in 12, 16 and 20 gauges, both hammer and hammerless types, in many grades and styles.

The standard 12's handle heavy trap and duck loads easily. The medium 16's and light-weight 20 bores are perfect for snipe, quail, partridge, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits, etc.—they handle fast and with wonderful precision,



Note the beauty of build and balance in this 5-shot 20-gauge *Marlin* repeater.

All *Marlin* hammerless guns have solid-top receiver, side ejection, matted barrel, take-down construction. The solid-steel-breech and safety devices make them the safest breech-loading guns built.

Select your gun now! Send 3 stamps postage today for our new 140-page catalog of repeating rifles and shotguns. It will help you select the right gun. Do it now!

The Marlin Firearms Co.
27 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

Man has been engaged for centuries in upsetting Nature's exquisite balance, unmindful of the fact that in the proportion that he wantonly destroys valuable birds, the scourge of insect-pests will increase. Indeed, man is not the master of the world but it is insects that hold dominion over the earth. Without birds to check their multiplication, so rapidly do they increase, this planet would soon be divested of every character of vegetation, and man driven by starvation, in order to subsist, must either devour his fellows or else live on a diet of fish.

The increase in the number of weed-destroying and insectivorous birds means an abundance of harvest yield, garner filled with golden grain, an increase in the production of cotton, and happiness and prosperity not only to the farmers but to the people of the nation at large.

ALABAMIAN.



The Last Real Passenger Pigeon Now Extinct. Will the Dove Follow?

HOW BRITISH COLUMBIA IS PROTECTING GAME

Warned by the experiences in various territories in the United States, the game department of the province of British Columbia is doing much toward conserving the deer and game throughout that vast territory in the northwest. According to reports just received at Washington from R. E. Mansfield, consul-general at Vancouver, Canada, the provincial authorities have paid out during 1914 \$21,000 in bounties to hunters, trappers and settlers, as a reward for

The Biggest Moose Heads

come from the Province of Quebec. Several were secured in September and October, 1914, with antlers having a spread of five to six feet.

Mrs. H. G. Campbell, Jr., of New York has a record of a black bear and a large bull moose at Lake Kiskisink.

The big bull moose of Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago was killed in Northern Quebec.

Caribou and Deer

are abundant in parts of Quebec Province.

The Best Trout Fishing

in the world is in the Province of Quebec, and so are the best Guides both for fishing and hunting. Read Henry van Dyke's description of some of them in "Little Rivers."

Mining Rights

are obtainable on most liberal conditions. Write for details.

Would You Like To Own A Summer Camp

for your family, by a forest-clad stream or mountain-surrounded lake?

You can build one of your own, by leasing a fishing and hunting territory from the Government of the Province, whether a resident of it or not, or by joining one of the many fish and game clubs.

Write for an illustrated booklet on "The Fish and Game Clubs of Quebec," which tells you all about them, and address all enquiries concerning fishing and hunting rights, fish and game laws, guides, etc., to

Hon. HONORÉ MERCIER

Minister of Colonization,
Mines and Fisheries,
QUEBEC, QUE.

seeds, if left to grow, would do irreparable damage in stifling out the growing crops. In a year's time with the same opportunity of securing food, a dove would devour three million, three hundred and fifty-eight thousand weed seeds. At the lowest possible estimate at one dollar a day it would take a farm-hand at least fifty days to destroy the weeds that would have sprouted and grown from the seeds destroyed by a single dove.

Doves do valuable work for the farmers every day without pay; they and other birds are his best friends. As insect destroyers birds are of incalculable benefit to the farmers. Birds have their specific mission in organic nature to hold in check insect-pests, and by reason of their insect-diet are the compelling balancing force in nature.

It's Easy to Reload!

If you haven't time to cast bullets, we furnish hand made bullets for any caliber at low prices. You then merely decap and re-cap shell, insert powder and crimp shell on to bullet.

Free
160 Pages

The Ideal Hand Book tells about reloading all rifle, pistol and shotgun ammunition; free for 3 stamps postage.

Does it pay? You can reload 100 .32-40 smokeless short range cartridges (buying the bullets) in half an hour at a total expense of 77c.; casting bullets yourself, 38c.; the new factory cartridges cost you \$2.52 per 100.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
27 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

killing wolves, cougars, coyotes and other flesh eating animals known to be enemies of game.

Consul-General Mansfield's report in part follows:

"Bounties were given at the rate of \$15 a head for cougars and wolves and \$3 apiece for coyotes. Bounties were claimed on 382 wolves, 280 cougars, and 4,138 coyotes. The Atlin and Skeena districts, along the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, secured most of the wolf bounties. The largest number of cougars were killed in the Richmond district, near Vancouver, no less than 27 having been shot within the city limits. Columbia and Lillooet, on the line of the Canadian Northern Railway, now being built from Edmonton to Vancouver, report the greatest number of

Wonderful Shooting



Send for catalogue
and 20-bore booklet,
free.

Some Shooting with The DOUBLE BARREL PARKER GUN

At the Indian Tournament, Sandusky, O., June 29-July 2, S. A. Huntley won high general average and amateur average, 491 x 500. Woolfolk Henderson second, 488 x 500.

Fred Gilbert won second professional average, 481 x 500; Arthur Dillam third professional average, 475 x 500. All of these gentlemen were shooting DOUBLE BARREL PARKER GUNS.

"Pacific Coast Handicap, San Diego, Cal., July 8th to the 15th, four Parker DOUBLE Barrel Guns tied for first place. Guy Holohan won high general average at single targets; Foster Coutts and Tony Prior won high average at double targets. These gentlemen all shot 34 in. DOUBLE Barrel Parker guns."

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.
NEW YORK SALES ROOMS, 32 WARREN STREET

coyotes, 754 bounties being claimed by the former and 794 in the last-named district. Kamloops reported 624 coyotes and 13 wolves.

"By destroying these animals of prey the game department believes that the lives of thousands of deer will be preserved. It is estimated that one full-grown cougar requires the equivalent of one deer each week for food, and as these big felines prey upon the young deer the destruction is great, especially in the breeding season, as the wolves and cougars kill many of the fawns while they are quite young."

THE STARLING AS A CUT WORM DESTROYER

Grant City, Staten Island, July 5, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have read and heard a lot about starlings and their depredations. Being a lover of bird life in general, I built a substantial house for them in my garden last winter.

The first ones to build a nest were a pair of starlings. I watched them with interest and was agreeably surprised when I saw them feed their young ones with nothing but cut worms; they brought them by the hundred every day. After this the starling is welcome to my place.

E. C. WERTHMULLER.

FOREST FIRE "DON'TS."

To obtain the co-operation of the public in preventing forest fires which are doing a great deal of damage in the East this spring, the United States Forest Service has prepared ten "DON'TS" to be observed in the woods.

Many thousands of acres of forest and suburban woodland from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic coast as far West as Arkansas, have been burned over already this spring by fires which started for the most part from preventable causes. On the National Forest purchase areas alone, forty-nine fires occurred in March, burning over more than 6,500 acres, while forty-four fires starting on private land near or within government boundaries damaged nearly 5,500 acres. Fires in April were even more numerous and severe, but rains in the latter part of the month helped the situation somewhat.

The Don'ts

1. Don't throw your match away until you are sure it is out.
2. Don't drop cigarette or cigar butts until the glow is extinguished.
3. Don't knock out your pipe ashes while hot or where they will fall into dry leaves or other inflammable material.

An Excellent Opportunity for a Few Members to Join the Best Duck-Shooting Club in the State of Florida

A few memberships in the best duck-shooting Club in Florida can be had by desirable applicants. The 1,000 Island Club of Florida, a Club incorporated under the laws of the State of Florida, having increased its membership from twelve (12) to twenty (20), will take in eight (8) new members. This Club owns several thousand acres of marsh islands and feeding grounds for ducks and snipe. Our Club House is a fine new building, built to accommodate twenty members.

The Club House is situated on the eastern side of Merritt Island on the Banana River, and the 1,000 Islands. Shooting grounds are directly across the river, 2½ miles, and are in the Banana River, directly back of the Atlantic Ocean Beach.

Quail are plentiful on Merritt's Island. Plenty of deer and some bear on the Ocean peninsula. Good fishing in Banana River and in the creeks of our Islands, and surf fishing on Ocean Beach.

This proposition is all real estate, no mortgage, free and clear.

Membership fifteen hundred dollars each.

Below are the names of the members who own the Club now:

John Pullman, Real Estate, 741 Union Street, Brooklyn; William H. English, Vice-President, Empire Trust Co., 68 Murray Street, New York; William J. Hazlewood, President, Connecticut Tobacco Corporation, 135 Front Street, New York; J. Ross Valentine, President, Fire Brick Manufacturing Co., Woodbridge, New Jersey; Hobart J. Park, Formerly of Park & Tilford, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York; Dennis C. Fauss, of the firm of Schwarz, Kirwin & Fauss, 42 Barclay Street, N. Y.; W. L. Mellon, of Mellon Trust Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Charles T. Dotter (retired) 15 Tompkins Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John I. Roberts, of John I. Roberts & Co., plasterers, 841 President Street, Brooklyn; J. P. Matthieu, retired leather manufacturer, 134 State Avenue, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

For full information apply to JOHN PULLMAN, 741 Union Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

4. Don't build a camp fire any larger than is absolutely necessary.

5. Don't build a fire against a tree, a log, or a stump, or anywhere but on bare soil.

6. Don't leave a fire until you are sure it is out; if necessary smother it with earth or water.

7. Don't burn brush or refuse in or near the woods if there is any chance that the fire may spread beyond your control, or that the wind may carry sparks where they would start a new fire.

8. Don't be any more careless with fire in the woods than you are with fire in your own home.

9. Don't be idle when you discover a fire in the woods; if you can't put it out yourself, get help. Where a Forest Guard, Ranger, or State Fire Warden can be reached, call him up on the nearest telephone you can find.

10. Don't forget that human thoughtlessness and negligence are the causes of more than half of the forest fires in this country, and that the smallest spark may start a conflagration that will result in loss of life and destruction of timber and young growth valuable not only for lumber but for their influence in helping to prevent flood, erosion, and drought.

RIFLE PRACTICE FOR OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE

Plans for the National shooting competition for 1915 are materializing. Under the present state of the public mind and the almost universal demand for better national defense and some form of training of our citizens, this year's shooting competitions have more than usual interest. Attention has been called in the public press to the lack of proper training with the service rifle in this country. Records have shown that not more than 40 per cent. of the National Guard was taken to the rifle range during the year 1914. Congress established the national matches solely with a view of increasing rifle training among Uncle Sam's services. Owing to the unusual condition of affairs this year, undoubtedly the matches will be more generally attended than ever before as States are brought to the realization of the importance of this training. It is probable that there will not be a State in the Union that will not be represented in the 1915 matches. Even West Virginia, whose appropriation for the maintenance of the National Guard was omitted this year, has declared its intention of finding some way of sending a team to Florida where these national matches are to be held. Congress at the last session still further gave its approval and assistance to rifle teams by appropriating \$50,000 to assist States which have to send teams from long distances in paying transportation charges so that such States as Washington, Oregon and Maine will not be handicapped this year in the sending of rifle teams to Florida.

The range in Florida, where the matches of 1915 are to be shot, is the second largest in the United States in point of target facilities, it being outranked only by the Camp Perry, Ohio, range, and it is second in point of attractiveness and salubrious location, being led only by the famous Sea Girt, N. J., range, which is located on the Atlantic seaboard. The Florida range is only eight miles from Jacksonville, with which it has direct communication by both railroad and steamboat services on the St. Johns River. Railroads serving the Florida shoot have announced a special rate which will also be of great help toward a large attendance. This is the first time

in five years that special rates have been granted.

The Executive Officer for the matches is Col. Richard M. Blatchford, U. S. A., Commandant of the Army School of Musketry at Fort Sill, Okla. The teams to represent the cavalry and infantry of the United States Army have not yet been organized nor have the captains been appointed. It is rumored that the infantry team will be captained by Maj. George C. Shaw, U. S. A., who is now on his way back from the Philippines. A team representing the Naval Academy will be sent to the national matches this year and efforts will be made to overcome the prejudice of the officials of the Military Academy at West Point to again be represented by a rifle team. Only in one national match has a team from the Military

Academy participated. As is customary, the organization and control of the matches, as well as those of the National Rifle Association of America, which will precede the national matches, will be in the hands of the regular army, and soldiers will be sent to pitch the camp and do the marking. The scoring will be done by a special company of Marines, thus insuring the highest standard of services for this important duty.

Very few changes have been made in the conditions of this year's matches. A course consisting of 200 and 300 yards rapid fire, ten shots at each range and 300, 600 and 1,000 yards, slow fire, 15 shots at each range has been adopted. Every team must have on it at least six new

men, and all State teams must be selected by preliminary contests held on State ranges. The service rifle and ammunition as issued by the Ordnance Department will be used by all teams. The matches will begin the morning of October 18 with the National Individual Match, to be followed by the Team Match and the National Pistol Match. October 15 and 16 are designated for the preliminary team practice. The six days preceding this, or from October 8 to 14, will be held the matches of the National Rifle Association of America. For the first time the National Matches will be thrown open to entry of teams from universities and colleges maintaining military instruction and military schools and academies.

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It is not too early for you to make up your mind that a better gun this fall will give you more pleasure, and you can use it right away with more success at the traps.

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It tells about the LEFEVER policy and workmanship; the design and construction of the gun that never shoots loose; exclusive system of taper boring that gives better distance and penetration—and a pattern that is dependable.

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LBO Company, Port Richmond, N.Y. City

BEAVER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

It is understood that the new conservation commission has undertaken a census of the smaller animals of the Adirondacks with a view to determining just how many beaver there now are in the woods. In 100 Harry Radford made an estimate based on actual observation which showed that at the time there were about fifteen beaver. In 1905 he reported that there were forty, and in 1907 his estimate showed one hundred. That year the commission got fourteen from Yellowstone Park. Of these four were liberated at First Lake on the Fulton chain; four near Fourth Lake, four others near Lake Terror in Hamilton county, and two near Tupper Lake. Since that time the beaver evidently have thrived and have become an attraction to Adirondack visitors, but no official attention apparently has been paid to them and the number now existing is unknown. It is hard to believe, however, that any very great damage has been done by the beaver and any effort to remove the protection now given them by law so that they may again be exterminated by trappers and hunters is likely to be fought vigorously both by the hotel keepers and the campers as well as by the guides.

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ARCHERY

The National Archery Association of the United States will hold its thirty-seventh annual tournament in Washington Park, Chicago, Aug. 10-13. It will be under the management of the following officers and executive committee:

President, Herman L. Walker, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, Ill. Vice-Presidents, Dr. Robert P. Elmer, Wayne, Pa.; James S. Jiles, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Burton Payne Gray, Boston, Mass. Secretary-Treasurers, James H. Pendry, 6416 Stewart Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Homer S. Taylor, Buffalo, N. Y.; Dr. Calvin S. Case, Chicago, Ill.; Homer W. Bishop, Chicago, Ill.; Frank E. Canfield, Kansas City, Mo.



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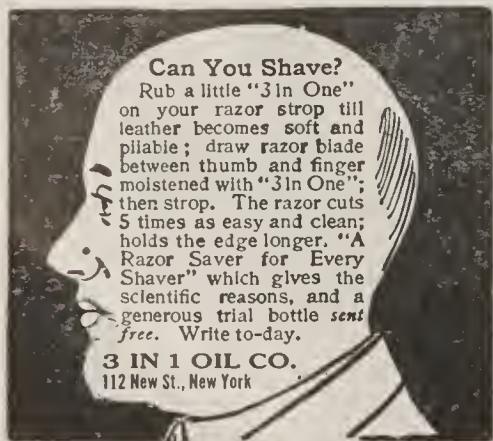
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TRAP SHOOTING



Forest and Stream is an Honorary Member of the Interstate Association for the Promotion of Trapshooting.

Pacific Coast Trap Shooting Tournament

By Our Special Correspondent.

San Diego, California.

The Interstate Association's Tenth Pacific Coast Trapshooting Tournament was held at San Diego, California, July 8, 9 and 10, under the auspices of the Pastime Gun Club.

The Tournament was originally scheduled to be held on July 5, 6 and 7, as these dates fit in nicely with two other tournaments on the Pacific Slope. The dates were changed at the request of the Pastime Gun Club, the request being made by said club on the strength of a telegram received by it from Dayton, Ohio, stating that fifty shooters in a special train would arrive in San Diego on the morning of July 7, and asking that the dates of the tournament be changed accordingly. Contrary to the advice of The Interstate Association to investigate the situation closely before making any change, the club requested that the dates be made July 8, 9 and 10, and the association acquiesced. Much to the disappointment of the officers and members of the club, not one Eastern amateur put in an appearance, and as at least three California men were kept from participating in the tournament by reason of the dates being changed, the local management were somewhat outspoken in their denunciation of those responsible for the situation. The "San Diego Union," the local morning paper, referred to the matter in a decidedly uncomplimentary manner, and the "fifty shooters from the East" came in for sarcastic comment on numerous occasions, during the progress of the tournament.

Practice Day, July 7.

A dark horse pranced into the glare at the opening session of the Tenth Pacific Coast Trapshooting Tournament. Unheralded, unsung and without a suspicion that he had a look-in, Dr. R. N. Fuller of Tulare, California, rambled out to the firing line and rambled back again with 100 clean breaks to his credit, high gun in the century practice string that opened the big tournament.

The doctor arrived at trap five with 80 straight and then the crowd wised that the midnight steed had arrived and had an outside chance to dash under the wire a winner. Down the firing line, from peg to peg, Dr. Fuller pointed, each shot bringing the welcome call, "Dead!" When the last target was thrown, the Tulare medicine man calmly kicked the tar out of it and the trick was turned—100 straight for a genuine amateur; his really and truly first in his whole life. Congratulations were showered on the physician, who accepted his sudden honors with modest demeanor, but with supreme joy shining in his eyes.

Toney Prior, of San Francisco, a hard shooting, genial little hombre, was first to "show" with a chance for high honors, his 96 looking rosy to a few uninitiated, but his chance faded into

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a pleasant memory when San Diego's crack squad raced into the stretch. J. F. Coutts headed the squad with a clean 97, Julie Weisser and Lee Coutts tied Toney's score, while Andy Ervast with 95 and Jim Dodds' 94 gave them the squad championship of the day—22 down in 500. Second high squad included "Big Ed" Mitchell, Charley Spencer, C. B. Monaghan, W. F. Cobb, and W. H. Roden, whose lost targets totaled 23 in 500.

The big blazing star of the tournament so far is Charley Spencer, the Mid-West crack. Spencer is shooting in grand form, smoking the targets close up and pointing easily. He started the day with an unfinished run of 115 straight from yesterday, boosted the score to 153, dropped a target, whistled to his mascot, and then tore off another string of 108, finishing the day with an unfinished run of 52. In his last 300 targets Spencer has missed two, while in 400 (his total shot at in San Diego so far) the Eastern crack has dropped eight.

Les Reid, the Pacific Slope's great professional, is not shooting up to form, not by several points, but the tournament is only started. Possibly the railbirds will be treated to a down-to-the-minute Garrison finish by last year's champion professional.

First Day, July 8.

The big attractive feature to-day was the event at 25 pairs. Spectators quickly massed back of Trap 2, when the pairs began flying, and they were treated to some spectacular gun-pointing.

Toney Prior, of San Francisco, led off, and this gentleman quickly showed that he is a master gunman in the twin target game, finishing with 47x50. Like in the singles Wednesday, Toney's score looked sweet, but before the last

pair was trapped, it came to pass that a sweeter score was hung up.

And once again Toney got his from San Diego's premier gunman, J. F. Coutts, who bested the clever San Franciscan by one target.

There were no particular high runs in the events at singles, but at one time a half dozen men were in easy reach of high gun honors, which made the race interesting. Les Reid and Earl Morgan finally pinched the glory with three down in 150, which figures out 98 per cent., a corking fast gait.

Racing right at their heels were a dozen gunpointers with five and six down in 150. These included Ray De Mund, Julie Weisser, Denny Holohan, Hugh Poston, and Guy Holohan, 146; Archie Julian, O. N. Ford, W. G. Warren, Ed Mitchell, Charley Spencer, Dick Reed, 145; Lee Coutts and "Stan" Bruner, 144.

High runs for the day that won Hercules and Du Pont trophies showed 15 amateurs entitled to receive the powder companies' rewards for straight runs. The list follows:

Dodds, 65 straight; Avery, 61; Peace, 51; "Stan" Bruner, 50; J. F. Coutts, 73 and 75; Downs, 65; Ogilvie, 65; Archie Julian, 86; Lee Coutts, 99; Ray De Mund, 65 and 70; Mellus, 69; Pfirrmann, 99; Dennis Holohan, 75; Monaghan, 66.

To-morrow's program starts the big handicaps, that so often are won by gunmen of budding fame, or practically none at all. After the five 20-target regular events will come the Preliminary Handicap at 100 targets, \$8 entrance and \$100 added to the purse. Three prizes also are given for first, second and third high guns. A

mahogany clock, silver fruit dish and silver decanter are the trophies given in this event.

The Handicap Committee is made up of J. F. Dodds and J. F. Coutts of San Diego; Harry Ogilvie, Lindsay, Cal.; H. Pfirrmann, Los Angeles, and W. B. Twitchell, Phoenix.

Immediately after the Preliminary Handicap is finished, the Exposition Gold Cup, an extra event, will be placed in competition. This event calls for 100 targets, 50 of which will be shot to-morrow and the remaining 50 Saturday afternoon.

Second Day, July 9.

C. A. Julian, of San Diego, won the Preliminary Handicap with the fine score of 98 made from the 18-yard mark. Julian's sensational win was only a part of the high-class gun-pointing shown by the trapshots. Milt Barber was first to hand up a high score, posting 97 breaks, and it sure looked good. A little later Julian arrived at Trap 5, and the crowd soon wised that this was no novice with fluttering nerves, but a seasoned campaigner, and in spite of his double handicap he kept on grinding the clays to black smoke. At Trap 1 he dropped a target, ran straight at the next trap, fudged one at Trap 3, and from then on broke straight. Julian's gunplay was remarkable. Handicapped by the loss of his left arm, and shooting with the best trap talent in Sunset Land, his 98 is really a record on this coast.

Milt Barber's pointing was one of his best exhibitions, smashing the targets close up in excellent time. He dropped one each at the first, fourth and fifth traps. A little later squad 10 arrived at Trap 5 for the acid test, and W. G. Warren of Tonopah, Nev., with three gone, got by with a straight, tied with Barber. This called for a shoot-off after a handicap was finished,

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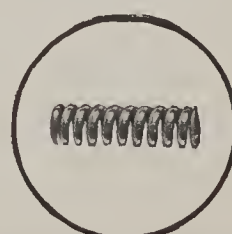
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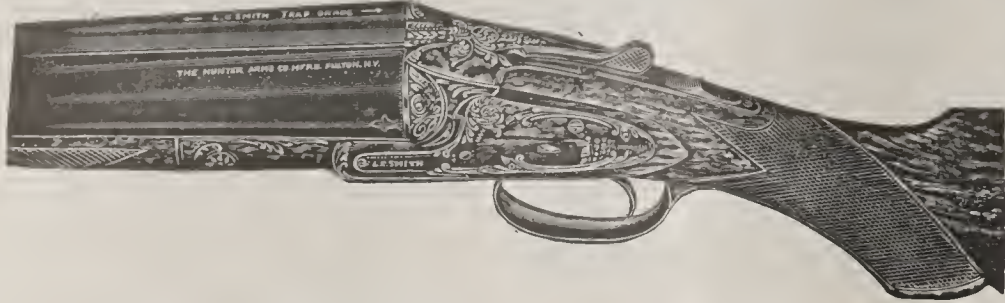
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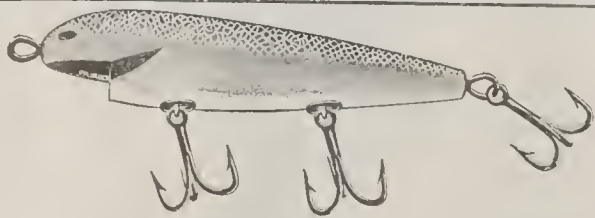
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Brought out at the close of 1914's season, this new artificial minnow leaped into instant popularity. You will see all "the boys" with them this year—and they'll bring in more than their share of the big strings.

The result of thirty-four years of tackle-building experience, "The Pfluegers" present this

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to anglers in the belief that it is the highest development and refinement in artificial bait design and workmanship. Our reputation as "the largest fishing tackle builders in the world" stands behind this bait.

The "Surprise" is a floating bait which dives the instant reeling in is commenced, the depth being controlled by the speed of reeling. As it comes in its peculiar construction causes the bait to wiggle and dart about with the eccentric movements of a live minnow—the motions that arouse the combative instincts of the gamy bass. Upon stopping reeling, the bait rises to the surface.

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See the "Pflueger Surprise" at your dealer's. If he hasn't his supply yet, send 75c. for sample bait, or \$2.50 for an assortment of 4.

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which Warren won rather easily. That settled first, second and third prize winners.

Archie Julian, a San Diego boy, Dr. R. N. Fuller of Tulare, and Bob Bungay of Los Angeles finished with 95 each. Sizing them up dispassionately, praise for their fine trap work should be apportioned equally.

H. B. Havens, W. S. Peace, W. L. Harris and A. G. Wilkes finished with 94, which frequently in handicap events is good enough to win. Wilkes blew his last chance to win second high at Trap 4.

The professionals staged some real fireworks in the regular events. Spencer started with a run of 44 from yesterday, and in his easy fashion Mister Spencer batted target after target until the century string was finished, when he posted an unfinished run of 144. Les Reid broke 98 in the same events. Yesterday he had Spencer two down in 150 for high average. To-morrow they start the final grind each with five gone in 250, 98 per cent. High average for the tournament will be determined on the 350 sixteen-yard targets.

Among the long runs were Holohan with 75, G. Holohan 71, Monohan 66, Archie Julian 88, O. N. Ford 59, Ogilvie 59, J. F. Coutts 80, Julie Weisser 71, Clarence Sage 50, and W. G. Harris 59, Mrs. Ada Schilling 54.

In the Panama-California Exposition Cup event H. M. Williams, of the Cruiser North Dakota, broke 50 straight, W. G. Harris 49, and W. H. Rodden 49. This event is at 100, the final half being staged to-morrow. A total of 61 are entered in this event.

Third Day, July 10.

The tournaments closed in two spectacular, hard-fought struggles to determine winners of the Pacific Coast Handicap and the Exposition Gold Cup.

The Pacific Coast Handicap saw four men tied with 98, shooting from handicaps that ran back to 21 yards. H. Pffirmann of Los Angeles, H. M. Williams of the United States Navy, Andy Ervast and J. F. Coutts of San Diego faced the trap in the shoot-off to determine winners in this blue ribbon event. Shooting at 20 targets Williams was first to drop out, missing two; Andy Ervast soon followed with a lost target, and the race narrowed to Pffirmann and Coutts. Coutts stood at 21 yards, Pffirmann 18, and the extra three yards finally exacted the most inevitable toll.

Pffirmann was the final shoot-off, dropping only two targets to Coutts' five, which finished the prettiest race ever staged for this Sunset Classic. Coutts broke 66 straight from 21 yards in this event, and finally lost out to one of the Angel City's crack gun-pointers. Final of this race, Pffirmann, first; Coutts, second; Ervast, third.

Winnings in this event gave Pffirmann \$133.60 and first trophy; Coutts, \$105.90 and second trophy; Ervast, \$86.05 and third trophy; Williams, \$66.80.

The Exposition Cup unreeled a beautiful race between Julie Weisser of San Diego and W. G. Warren of Tonopah, Nevada. These men tied with 97 each in the cup event and on the shoot-off at 25 targets, H. M. Williams of the United States Navy, the third man dropped out, while Weisser and Warren tied again with 25 straight. On the second 25 both men missed one, calling for a third string, which ended in another tie of 23 each. Then came the final session that fin-

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Complete with 2 HP Engine

18-, 20-, 23-foot boats at same proportionate price. All launches and rowboats non-leakable because made with our patent lock seamed construction. ABSOLUTELY SAFE. All boats fitted with air-tight compartments, making them NON-SINKABLE. All boats tested before shipment and thoroughly guaranteed. The launches are fitted with Detroit two-cycle REVERSIBLE FIVE-YEAR GUARANTEED engine, which is so SIMPLE a child can run it—starts without cranking—has only THREE moving parts. A child can run it. Economical in operation.

MICHIGAN STEEL BOATS NEED NO BOAT HOUSE—Cannot Check, Crack, Dry Out, Nor Rot

Always ready for use and always dry. Orders filled day they are received. ROWBOATS \$20 and up. All rowboats complete with oars and locks and made with same patent construction as launches—all fitted with air-tight compartments.

Write for testimonials and FREE catalog. Send for it TODAY. Boats shipped to every part of the world. Do NOT delay. Buying a Michigan Steel Boat means a vacation every day.

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT COMPANY 1417 Jefferson Avenue DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



EXCELSIOR BELT SAFE—Absolutely Water-proof

Indispensable to the BATHER to put your Eyeglasses, Jewelry, Bathhouse Key in before going into the water. EVERY CANOEIST, FISHERMAN, HUNTER, ETC. should have one. Will keep your Matches, Cigarettes, Tobacco, Money, Jewelry Water-Proof, Dnst-Proof Burglar-Proof. Small and compact, made of Brass, Nickel Plated, Gun Metal or Oxidized, and furnished complete with fancy canvas belt. Sent anywhere on receipt of \$1.00.

HYFIELD MFG. CO., 48 FRANKLIN STREET, NEW YORK CITY



NEWFOUNDLAND

A Country of Fish and Game
A Paradise for the Camper and Angler
Ideal Canoe Trips

The country traversed by the Reid Newfoundland Company's system is exceedingly rich in all kinds of Fish and Game. All along the route of the Railway are streams famous for their Salmon and Trout fishing, also Caribou barrens. Americans who have been fishing and hunting in Newfoundland say there is no other country in the world in which so good fishing and hunting can be secured and with such ease as in Newfoundland. Information, together with illustrated Booklet and Folder, cheerfully forwarded upon application to

J. W. N. JOHNSTONE, General Passenger Agent, Reid Newfoundland Company, St. John's, Newfoundland.

ished a remarkably clever exhibition of gun-play by two cool, fast pointing amateurs. Final score, Warren 96, Weisser 95.

Followed then the race at 100 targets to determine permanent ownership of the cup. Frank Stall of Winnemucca, Nevada, and Bob Walsh of San Diego, had previously won a leg on this trophy. In the final shoot-off Warren quickly showed he was master, and the race ended this way: Warren, 94; Stall, 89; Walsh, 81, which permanently ended the gold cup race.

High average of the tournament was won by Les Reid of Seattle, who posted 343x350; Charley Spencer of St. Louis, 342; Guy Holohan of Los Angeles, 341; Dick Reed of San Francisco, 340. High over all at all targets was won by Spencer, who carded 660x700, which included doubles and the handicaps. Spencer also made the longest straight run of the tournament, 157.

High amateur average was won by J. F. Coats and Julie Weisser, who tied with 339 each; Denny Holohan came next with 337; Ray De Mund, 336, and O. N. Ford, 335.

At the conclusion of the handicap event, Elmer E. Shaner stated to the crowd that he had been selected to announce an unexpected trophy which had been won by Clan Pastime's president, E. M. Barber. This was presented by Shaner on behalf of the donors and when displayed was some surprise. The gift, a watch fob, was a handsome token, made up of a replica of "English Betsy," Barber's shotgun as the crossbar, two targets, an old English B made up of diamonds set in platinum, two more targets and the snap, all connected with gold links. Barber made a happy spiel of acknowledgment that got by in fine style.

The great struggle for the Exposition Cup wound up the finest tournament ever staged on the Pacific Coast, best in every way except attendance. In brilliant gun-pointing and remarkable in the number of ties, with two gruelling shoot-off struggles to determine winners of the big events, the Tenth Pacific Coast Trapshooting Tournament will go on record as great.

Haig & Haig

HAVE A REAL VACATION with a **BLUE BIRD** MOTOR BOAT

Start right now to plan a "motor boat summer" for yourself and the family. In a few short weeks every lake and river in the country will be calling the man who has a tiny spark of the sportsman in him.

There will be endless opportunities for camping expeditions, picnics, fishing parties and daily expeditions up that shady cove where nature always seems at her best.

Of course, your blood tingles when you think of it. But—make no mistake—you must have a boat of your own—and a good one.

"Blue Bird" MOTOR BOATS

have solved the summer problem for thousands of healthy, "out-door" families.

These boats—exquisite in line and appointment—are made over moulds of highest grade Louisiana Cypress.

The wood work in decks and coaming are of best selected oak, the boats are very handsomely varnished and trimmed with the best "sun and water-proof varnish," and the hulls are finished in either blue or white paint. The engine is the Detroit two-cycle reversible—can be run slow or fast—has only three moving parts, STARTS WITHOUT CRANKING, uses very little fuel and is so simple that a child can handle it.

All models are now in stock—16, 18 or 20-footers. Send your order at once. Every boat and engine is fully guaranteed and subject to thorough test and inspection before shipment.

Agents Wanted Everywhere

Ask for Demonstrator Agent's Offer. Big reduction for first Blue Bird sold in any locality—World renowned Belle Isle and Hudson River canoes can also be handled in connection with the Blue Bird motor boats. If interested in canoes please specify in your inquiry and we will send you our New 1915 Dream Book of Canoes. Write to-day for 1915 Book of Blue Birds. A postal will bring it. All boating problems solved by us. None too small, none too big.

DETROIT BOAT CO.
1065 Jefferson Avenue
Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

Canoes, \$20 Up



GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

The Interstate Association's Sixteenth Grand American Trapshooting Tournament will be held in Grant Park, Chicago, Illinois, under the auspices of the Chicago Association of Trapshooters, August 16 to 20, 1915.

From 1900—the year in which the first Grand American Trapshooting Tournament at Targets was held—until the present time The Interstate Association has spared no pains to arrange all details of this great annual Tournament. This year more than ordinary care and forethought have been bestowed upon the preparations. This was necessary, inasmuch as the management of the Association recognized it had a new problem to solve, viz., the successful carrying out of an extremely difficult program on new grounds under new conditions.

However, as in the past, nothing was left undone that could add to the pleasure and comfort of the host of sportsmen who, year by year, attended the Grand American Tournament in increasing numbers, so this year will the management work diligently for the same end to meet equally the new conditions.

Never in the history of trapshooting in Chicago has there been as much enthusiasm shown nor has any trapshooting Tournament ever been held that will have the co-operation and support of as many prominent and influential business men, including all the city, country and gun clubs and other organizations.

The General Promotion Committee is composed of representatives from nearly every club or trapshooting organization in the vicinity of Chicago. The Committee is made up as follows:

- South Shore Country Club, H. Barthlomay
- Onwensia Club, C. W. Folds
- Glen View Golf Club, Andrew McNally
- Riverside Gun Club, Chas. W. May
- Evanston Gun Club, R. C. Millen
- Sportsman's Club of America, L. B. Clarke
- Hamilton Club, L. A. Bell
- Chicago Yacht Club, Geo. Clinch
- Chicago Athletic Association, John Wolff
- Illinois Athletic Club, Leo Stockley
- Industrial Club, H. C. Benecke
- South Chicago Gun Club, Chas. Rambo
- Chicago Gun Club, Hardy Wolfe
- Hammond Gun Club, J. C. Becker
- Long Lake Gun Club, T. E. Graham
- Arlington Heights Gun Club, N. F. Martens
- Skokie Golf Club, Robt. Carr
- Glen Oaks Country Club, O. N. George
- Metropolitan Gun Club, B. Vandyke
- University Club, Chas. Pike
- Chicago Club, Edward Moore
- Midday Club, Wm. Carlisle
- Union League Club, W. O. King
- Washington Gun Club, H. E. Bullen
- Avondale Gun Club, Mr. Trebing
- Kankakee Gun Club, E. F. Radeke
- Blue Island Gun Club, Harry Dare
- Lake George Gun Club, Chas. Kendle
- Irondale Gun Club, G. N. Hessler
- Downers Grove Gun Club, E. E. Clithero
- Dunning Gun Club, Geo. Guthrie
- Wheaton Golf Club

Board of Trade, A. J. White
Chicago Stock Exchange, Ira Couch
Illinois Mrs. Association, John M. Glenn
Chicago Association of Commerce, G. M. Spangler, Jr.
Grand Island Shooting Club, John B. Drake
Knapp Island Shooting Club, J. Crafton Parker
Undercliff Sportsmen's Association, C. P. Zacher

The hotels of Chicago deserve more than a passing mention because not only of their number, elegance and service, but because they offer so much that is needed and hardly recognized in the general thought of what is required when some great trapshooting Tournament is planned. There is in the city of Chicago every possible variety of hotel, with the best equipment, in desirable locations, and adapted to every possible visitor.

Chicago is the most visited and the most accessible of cities. It is a city of numberless attractions, the mecca of hundreds of thousands of pleasure seekers. It has over thirty miles of water front on Lake Michigan, and this with its parks and its suburbs provides conditions and facilities which make Chicago a city of mid-summer charm. Boating, bathing, golf, baseball—Chicago lacks nothing for those who desire mid-summer recreation and entertainment.

Geographically, Chicago is less than three hours' ride from the center of population of the United States. Its situation on the southern extremity of Lake Michigan has made it the natural transportation center of the country—as a matter of fact the greatest transportation center in the world.

Chicago's system of parks and parkways is one of the features for which the city is widely and favorably known. On each of the three sides of the city are extensive pleasure grounds lying not far removed from the central business district, and connecting these great public playgrounds is a boulevard "belt" making a fifty-mile circuit of the city and affording a delightful afternoon's pleasure drive.

In concluding this introduction to the main part of the program, let it be said once more that The Interstate Association and The Chicago Association of Trapshooters will spare no trouble or expense to make this, the Sixteenth Grand American Trapshooting Tournament, come fully up to the high standard set by its predecessors.

The Program.

The program for this year's Tournament is not materially different from that of its predecessor, held last year. That program was so happily devised that it won the approval and approval of the sportsmen's fraternity to a marked degree. The schedule of events, in the main, follows the policy adopted by The Interstate Association in respect to its Grand American Trapshooting Tournaments, and which have proven in practice to be popular, equitable and successful.

As was the case last year, The Interstate Association



"Bristol"

"In All the World No Sport Like This!"

Loafing won't do any good. That isn't a vacation. Action is what you want. Go out with a "BRISTOL" and fight gamey old "Laker" or "Lunge" or pickerel to the finish and beat him. That is sport—that is what rests you, sends you home a new man. That is what makes a real vacation you can talk about until next year.

In addition to your Trolling "BRISTOL" No. 11 for \$5.00, take along a Telescopic Adjustable Bait Casting "BRISTOL" No. 35—also \$5.00, and a light 5 1/2-oz. Fly "BRISTOL" No. 29, \$6.50. For week-end fishing the traveling bag "BRISTOL" No. 23, \$7.50—or the DE LUXE Silk Wound "BRISTOL" in Washable Glove Leather Case, \$25.00.

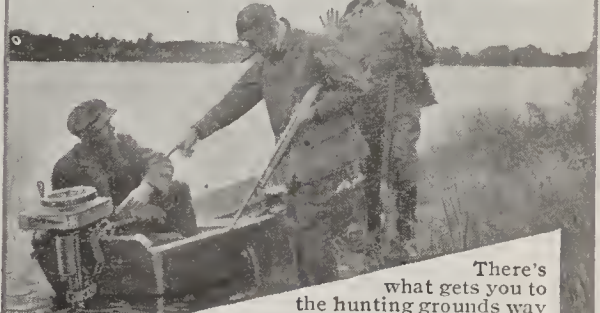
If you haven't seen the full beautiful "BRISTOL" line of 30 or more different kinds of rods, go to your dealer, or write for

FREE CATALOGUE

All "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rods are guaranteed 3 years.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
Horton Street Bristol, Conn.

There's What Gets The Game



There's what gets you to the hunting grounds way ahead of the other fellows. There's what lets you have an extra hour's sleep. There's what cuts the work out of sport. There's the famous

CAILLE Speed
Motor

Push-Button Controlled

Clamps to the stern of any rowboat in a jiffy, develops 2 H. P., and runs 7 to 10 miles an hour. Has five positive speed adjustments—high speed forward, trolling speed, neutral, slow reverse and fast reverse. All speeds secured without stoppi. g. reversing or altering the speed of motor.

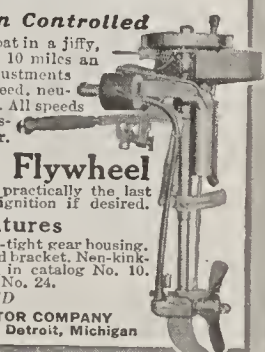
Magneto Built in Flywheel

Gives a good hot spark down to practically the last revolution. Supplied with dual ignition if desired.

Other Caille Features

Caille Silencer on exhaust. Water-tight gear housing. Double scamed fuel tank. Reinforced bracket. Non-kinking water tube; all fully described in catalog No. 10. Larger motors described in catalog No. 24.

DEALERS WANTED
THE CAILLE PERFECTION MOTOR COMPANY
1549 Caille Street Detroit, Michigan



PERFECTION Sleeping Bag

with Pneumatic Mattress

the most satisfactory camp bed made. Can be used anywhere and when deflated occupies little space.

SLEEP OUT OF DOORS

No sleep is more healthful or restful than sleep in the open, provided your bed is right. Perfection Sleeping Bags fill every requirement.


Ask for Catalogue of our guaranteed Mattresses for home, camp, yacht and automobile use.

Mailed free.

Pneumatic
Mfg. Co.

284 Ninth St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.




 TUNA CLUB
 AVALON, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, CAL.

8/1/15

Scherway Linn & Linn Co
 Scherway R. J.
 Gentlemen
 In as much as
 you are making an exhibit
 of your lines in San Francisco
 Fair, it might be of interest
 to you to know that all the
 game fish in the Catalina
 exhibit of Mr Parker, were
 taken on lines of your
 make, Mr Parker has been
 using your lines exclusively
 for the last 8 years. J. M. J.


Fishing Tackle Parlance

Why buy the inferior grades of tackle when you can get the very best directly from the manufacturer? We have specialized in High Grade Tackle since 1867. No diverting of energies among different kinds of merchandise—nothing but tackle. The result is the unquestioned superiority of our goods and they prove the truth of the contention that the highest efficiency is the result of specialization. If you do not know the E. vom Hofe Tackle our goods will be a revelation to you. If you do know the E. vom Hofe Tackle we need only tell you our splendid catalogue will be sent to any address upon receipt of 5c. in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

EDW. VOM HOFE & COMPANY
 105-107 Fulton Street NEW YORK CITY

FOR SALE—Two fine live and white pointer bitches, also two litters pups, two months and four months old, also airedales, St. Bernards, greyhound, Great Dane, Russian wolfhound, cocker spaniel, black and tan, English bull bitch, Angora cats. Orland Poultry Farm, 2259 Hess Avenue, Westwood, Cincinnati, O.

J. KANNOFSKY
PRACTICAL GLASS BLOWER



and manufacturer of artificial eyes or birds, animals and manufacturing purposes a specialty. Send for prices. All kinds of heads and skulls for furriers and taxidermists.

363 Canal St., New York.
 Please mention "Forest and Stream."

FOR SALE

The best goose and duck stand near Boston. One hour by train or motor. The three best points on a large pond included in this property. Address, J. P., care Forest and Stream.

tion will donate numerous trophies to be competed for. These trophies will be well worth winning, and the winners will have the satisfaction of having something besides cash to take home with them as proof that they have defeated "the best in the land at the greatest trapshooting Tournament in the world."

Ten Traps.

To handle a Handicap Tournament, and handle it successfully, is always a difficult matter; sometimes the effort succeeds, more often it fails. It is with a direct knowledge of this condition of affairs, a knowledge born of experience, that ten (10) traps will be installed and the "Section System" slightly modified used. By using ten traps the management confidently believes that, barring inclement weather, it will be possible to finish each event on the day it is scheduled to be shot with a total of 700 entrants.

High Guns Win.

Many suggestions were offered during the past year to The Interstate Association looking to a different system of dividing the moneys. All such suggestions, however, were rejected, the management of the Association preferring to stand by its colors, basing its belief in the soundness of its principle of "high guns to win" on the successes of the past.

Brief History of the G. A. H.

1900.....	74 Entries
Held at Interstate Park, N. Y., June 14th.	
R. O. Heikes (22 yards) winner, 91 ex 100.	
1901.....	75 Entries
Held at Interstate Park, N. Y., June 18th.	
E. C. Griffith (19 yards) winner, 95 ex 100.	
1902.....	91 Entries
Held at Interstate Park, N. Y., May 8th.	
C. W. Floyd (18 yards) winner, 94 ex 100.	
1903.....	192 Entries
Held at Kansas City, Mo., April 16th.	
M. Diefenderfer (16 yards) winner, 94 ex 100.	
1904.....	336 Entries
Held at Indianapolis, Ind., June 23d.	
R. D. Guptill (19 yards) winner, 96 ex 100.	
1905.....	352 Entries
Held at Indianapolis, Ind., June 29th.	
R. R. Barber (16 yards) winner, 99 ex 100.	
1906.....	290 Entries
Held at Indianapolis, Ind., June 21st.	
F. E. Rogers (17 yards) winner, 94 ex 100.	
1907.....	495 Entries
Held at Chicago, Ill., June 20th.	
Jeff J. Blanks (17 yards) winner, 96 ex 100.	
1908.....	362 Entries
Held at Columbus, Ohio, June 25th.	
Fred Harlow (16 yards) winner, 92 ex 100.	
1909.....	457 Entries
Held at Chicago, Ill., June 24th.	
Fred Shattuck (18 yards) winner, 96 ex 100.	
1910.....	383 Entries
Held at Chicago, Ill., June 23d.	
Riley Thompson (19 yards) winner, 100 ex 100.	
1911.....	418 Entries
Held at Columbus, Ohio, June 22d.	
Harve Dixon (20 yards) winner, 99 ex 100.	
1912.....	377 Entries
Held at Springfield, Ill., June 20th.	
W. E. Phillips (19 yards) winner, 96 ex 100.	
1913.....	501 Entries
Held at Dayton, Ohio, June 19th.	
M. S. Hootman (17 yards) winner, 97 ex 100.	
1914.....	515 Entries
Held at Dayton, Ohio, September 10th.	
Woolfolk Henderson (22 yards) winner, 98 ex 100.	

Conditions Governing the Grand American Handicap.
 OPEN TO AMATEURS ONLY.

One hundred targets, unknown angles, handicaps 16 to 23 yards, high guns—not class shooting. Five hundred dollars (\$500) added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries.

Entrance Money.
 Entrance money \$10, the price of targets being included.

Guarantee.
 The winner of first money is guaranteed \$500 or more and a trophy; the winner of second money is guaranteed \$400 or more and a trophy; the winner of third money is guaranteed \$300 or more and a trophy; the winner of fourth money is guaranteed \$200 or more and a trophy, and the winner of fifth money is guaranteed \$100 or more and a trophy. If first, second, third, fourth and fifth moneys fall below these amounts, the difference will be made good by The Interstate Association.

Regular Entries.
 Regular entries must be made on or before Saturday, August 7, 1915, and must be accompanied by \$5 forfeit. The remaining \$5 must be paid before 5 P. M. Wednesday, August 18th, at the Cashier's Office on the shooting grounds. Entries mailed in envelopes bearing postmarks dated August 7th will be accepted as regular entries.

Penalty Entries.
 Penalty entries may be made after Saturday, August 7th, up to 5 P. M. Tuesday, August 17th, by paying \$15 entrance—targets included.

All Entries.
 All entries must be made on application blanks, and they will be received by
 ELMER E. SHANER, Treasurer
 The Interstate Association
 219 Coltart AvenuePittsburg, Pa.

Committee on Handicaps.
 It can be said in all confidence that the committee appointed to award handicaps will ably and conscientiously perform its duties. It is in touch with the trapshooters of the present, and is thoroughly quali-

fed to judge of their individual merits. It will doubtless give the best of satisfaction, and meet the approval of contestants generally.

The Interstate Association fully appreciates the kindness and self-denial of the committee in consenting to assume the arduous task entrusted to it—one which demands not only unbiased judgment and consummate knowledge of the delicate work, but also a spirit not swayed by personal or geographical considerations, making merit the supreme test in its adjudications.

The committee is constituted as follows:

- O. P. Goode, Chicago, Ills., Chairman.
- C. D. Coburn, Mechanicsburg Ohio.
- J. F. Wulf, Milwaukee, Wisc.
- J. K. Warren, Birmingham, Ala.
- Ray E. Loring, Marsailles, Ills.

With the utmost confidence it is predicted that this committee will not fall below the estimate that has been placed upon it.

Elmer E. Shaner, Treasurer of The Interstate Association, will be Secretary of the committee, but will not have a vote in the handicapping of contestants.

The committee will meet at Chicago, Ills., Saturday, August 14, but handicaps will not be announced until the next day.

Monday August 16th, Preliminary Day.

At 11 A. M. Grant Park Introductory.

OPEN TO AMATEURS ONLY.

Two hundred single targets, unknown angles, \$20 entrance—targets included, 18 yards rise, high guns win—not class shooting, \$100 added to the purse. Squads will not be divided into sections this day.

Professionals.

Professionals and paid representatives are barred, even from shooting for "targets only," from all scheduled events. An extra trap will be installed for the use of professionals and paid representatives only, and a special 100-target event will be arranged each day for their benefit.

Match Races.

Several match races between well-known professionals will be shot during the Tournament. In order that the spectators can follow the shooting without confusion, time permitting, each match will be shot as a separate event—100 targets per man—and they will start about 3:00 P. M. each day.

The following schedule has been arranged up to the time this program went to press:

TUESDAY, AUGUST 17th

- Ben Schwartzvs.....J. E. Dickey
- W. D. Stannardvs.....H. W. Cadwallader
- C. G. Spencervs.....L. S. German

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18th

- J. S. Fanningvs.....Murray Ballou, Jr.
- C. A. Youngvs.....Art Killam
- J. R. Taylorvs.....Homer Clark

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19th

- F. G. Billsvs.....Ed. O'Brien
- T. A. Marshallvs.....P. J. Holohan
- Fred Gilbertvs.....W. R. Crosby

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20th

- D. D. Grossvs.....C. E. Goodrich
- H. C. Kirkwoodvs.....R. R. Barber
- R. W. Clancyvs.....Walter Huff

It is expected that several more match races will be arranged, due announcement of which will be made on the bulletin board on the shooting grounds.

First Day, August 17th, Tuesday at 8 A. M.

The Chicago Overture Open to Amateurs

Only.

One hundred single targets, \$25 entrance—targets included, 16 yards rise, high guns win—not class shooting, \$100 added to the purse. Thirteen dollars (\$13) of the entrance money will be divided on the scores made at the 100 targets, one money for each 10 entries or fraction thereof. The remaining \$10 will be divided on the scores made at each 20 targets (\$2 per event), one money for each 10 entries or fraction thereof.

NOTE—The scores made in The Chicago Overture will be included in the official averages for 1915, as the Tournament is registered.

The National Amateur Championship at

Double Targets.

OPEN TO AMATEURS ONLY

Fifty double targets, \$10 entrance—targets included, 16 yards rise, high guns—not class shooting, \$100 added to the Purse. The winners of first, second and third moneys will each receive a Trophy, presented by The Interstate Association.

The National Amateur Championship at

Single Targets at 3 P. M.

One hundred single targets, 16 yards rise, no entrance fee and no charge for targets.

Open only to the winners (or to the runners-up) of "The Interstate Association's State Amateur Championship" competed for at the Tournaments given by the several State Associations holding Registered State Tournaments in 1915.

The winner of The National Amateur Championship at single targets will be presented by The Interstate Association with a silver trophy costing \$100 wholesale.


Each winner of a State Championship (or the runner-up) will be presented with \$50 by The Interstate Association, provided he competes in this event.

An optional sweepstakes, \$10 entrance, one money for each ten entries, or fraction thereof, will be conducted in connection with the event.

Eligible for the National Amateur Championship at Single Targets.

Following is a list of the winners (and the runners-up) of "The Interstate Association's State Amateur Championship" at Registered State Tournaments held up to July 1st:

State	Winner	Runner-Up
Alabama	J. K. Warren	J. A. Blunt
Arizona	T. L. Eden	R. DeMund



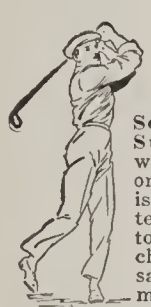
AVAION, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, CAL.

June 12th 1915

Ashaway Line & Tuna Co.
Ashaway R. I.
Gentlemen

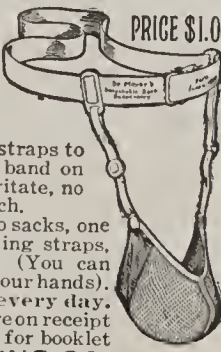
Yours 6th inst. forwarded me here from New York, yes, I used your "Sivastika" line on the record Sivastika - 300 yds - 24 - you have my full permission to use in your catalog any photo of the fish you desire, I would state that in my opinion you make the best lines in the world and I have used lines for many years, I am now using your "Sivastika" brand and the laying of this line is a thing to delight the angler.

Yours very truly
W. C. Boschen



ANY POSITION IS COMFORTABLE

If you wear a Separate Sack Suspensory. It will not pinch, pull or strain, because it is made as nature intended this support to be. It has no leg straps to chafe you, no front band on sack to press and irritate, no metal slides to scratch. Each outfit has two sacks, one of which you clip on the supporting straps, while the other is being cleansed. (You can wash the S.S.S. sack as quickly as your hands). This means a clean suspensory every day. All sizes. Mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Goods guaranteed. Write for booklet MEYERS MANUFACTURING CO. 52 Park Place. WATERTOWN, N. Y.



Outing Moccasin For Seashore, Lake and Tennis

Made in three colors, Chocolate, Tan and Pearl
 Sizes { Men's 6 to 11, Price \$3.00
 Ladies' 2 to 6, Price \$2.50
 Boys' 1 to 5, Price \$2.50
 In ordering mention size of shoe worn
 LUELLA MOCCASIN CO., Box 125, Auburn, Maine



5 Macquarie Place,

N. S. W., AUSTRALIA,

2nd June, 1915.

Messrs. Ashaway Line & Twine MFG. Co.,
Ashaway,
Rhode Island, U.S.A.

Dear Sirs,

I am in receipt of your letter of April 30th, asking me to supply particulars as to how your lines have stood up, when used by members of this Club in pursuit of our big game fish.

It affords me pleasure to be able to say that quite 97% of all the lines used by members of this Club are those of your manufacture, and it is very gratifying to be able to state that hitherto not one of your lines have shown a single fault or blemish, I am referring now to the line known as your (Original Cuttyhunk).

Their lasting qualities are far ahead of that of any other make of line that has been tried here, whilst their breaking strain is always the same, and when I say that large numbers of game fish up to 60 pounds in weight (Tuna, King Fish, Mackerel etc) are daily caught on your nine thread lines, there is hardly any need for anything further to be said concerning their high quality and strength.

It is only a matter of a short time before your lines will be exclusively used by all members of this Club.

Trusting that you will always maintain the high quality that has hitherto characterised your lines,

Very faithfully yours,

C. H. Torrick

Hon. Sec.

tries, as is fully explained elsewhere in this program. The winner of first money is guaranteed \$500 or more and a trophy; the winner of second money is guaranteed \$400 or more and a trophy; the winner of third money is guaranteed \$300 or more and a trophy; the winner of fourth money is guaranteed \$200 or more and a trophy, and the winner of fifth money is guaranteed \$100 or more and a trophy. If first, second, third, fourth and fifth moneys fall below these amounts, the difference will be made good by The Interstate Association.

Regular Entries must be made on or before Saturday, August 7th, and must be accompanied by \$5 forfeit. Penalty Entries may be made after August 7th, up to 5 P. M., Tuesday, August 17th, by paying \$15 entrance—targets included. An entry is not transferable, and entrance money cannot be withdrawn after entry has been made.

The Little Joker.

A special trap, known as "The Little Joker," with no restrictions as to width of angles, height and distance for throwing targets, will give the contestants an opportunity to try their skill between events. The "Little Joker" will be true to name and will, no doubt, cause many "heart burnings."

Special events will be scheduled for this trap, but contestants must so arrange their time for competing at "The Little Joker" that it will in no way interfere with their turn at the regular traps. Under no circumstances will a squad be held at the regular traps for a contestant who is competing at "The Little Joker."

Fourth Day, August 20th, Friday at 8 A. M. Consolation Handicap Open to Amateurs Only.

One hundred single targets, \$7 entrance—targets included, handicaps 16 to 23 yards, high guns—not class shooting, \$100 added to the purse. The handicaps contestants received for the Grand American Handicap will govern in this event. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries, as fully explained elsewhere in this program. The contestants making the first, second and third highest scores will each receive a trophy, presented by The Interstate Association.

Any entrant who has been a money winner (regardless of how small the amount) in the Preliminary Handicap or Grand American Handicap will NOT be eligible to take part in this event.

If you want to take part in the Consolation Handicap make entry at the Cashier's office, on the shooting grounds, before 5 P. M., Thursday, August 19th. An entry is not transferable, and entrance money cannot be withdrawn after entry has been made.

CHICAGO ASSOCIATION OF TRAP SHOOTERS.

Chicago, May 22, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

We wish to inform the shooting public that the plans for holding the Sixteenth Grand American Handicap in Grant Park, Chicago, the third week in August are well under way and we have every reason to believe that this will be the world's greatest shoot. Never in the history of trap shooting in Chicago has there been as much enthusiasm shown nor has any shoot ever been held that will have the co-operation and support of as many prominent and influential business men, including all the city, country and gun clubs and other organizations conducted to promote the welfare of Chicago, as the Chicago Association of Trap Shooters, when the plans of the organization are fully perfected.

The officers and directors are shown on the above letter-head and attached are the names of the promotion committee.

W. E. Phillips, Chairman.

CHICAGO ASSOCIATION OF TRAPSHOOTERS. General Promotion Committee. Chicago and Vicinity

South Shore Country Club, H. Bartholomay, Chairman; Onwensia Club, C. W. Folds, Chairman; Glen View Golf Club, Andrew McNally, Chairman; Riverside Gun Club, Chas. W. May, Chairman; Evanston Gun Club, R. C. Millen, Chairman; Sportsmens Club of America, L. B. Clarke, Chairman; Hamilton Club, L. A. Bell, Chairman; Chicago Yacht Club, Geo. Clinch, Chairman; Chicago Athletic Association, John Wolff, Chairman; Illinois Athletic Club, Leo Stockley, Chairman; Industrial Club, H. C. Benecke, Chairman; South Chicago Gun Club, Chas. Rambo, Chairman; Chicago Gun Club, Hardy Wolfe, Chairman; Hammond Gun Club, J. C. Becker, Chairman; Long Lake Gun Club, T. E. Graham, Chairman; Arlington Heights Gun Club, N. F. Martens, Chairman; Skokie Golf Club, Robt. Carr, Chairman; Glen Oaks Country Club, O. N. George, Chairman; Metropolitan Gun Club, B. Vandyke, Chairman; University Club, Chas. Pike, Chairman; Chicago Club, Edward Moore, Chairman; Midway Club, Wm. Carlisle, Chairman; Union League Club, W. O. King, Chairman; Washington Gun Club, H. E. Bullen, Chairman; Kankakee Gun Club, E. S. Radeke, Chairman; Blue Island Gun Club, Harry Dare, Chairman; Lake George Gun Club, Chas. Kendle, Chairman; Irondale Gun Club, G. M. Hessler, Chairman; Downers Grove Gun Club, E. E. Clithero, Chairman; Dunning Gun Club, Geo. Guthrie, Chairman; Wheaton Golf Club; Board of Trade, A. J. White, Chairman; Chi-

- Arkansas Tournament not yet held
- California Tournament not yet held
- Colorado R. A. King M. Weick
- Connecticut C. Vanstone W. W. Rice
- Delaware A. B. Richardson J. B. McHugh
- Dist. of Col. Affiliated with Maryland
- Florida No State Association
- Georgia J. M. Barrett W. H. Jones
- Idaho E. C. Grice E. M. Sweeley
- Illinois C. H. Ditto C. J. Schade
- Indiana R. H. Bruns E. H. Bindley, Jr.
- Iowa J. R. Jahn W. H. Tolen
- Kansas H. C. Hood R. Ainsworth
- Kentucky State Tournament was not registered
- Louisiana Tournament not yet held
- Maine Tournament not yet held
- Maryland E. W. Ford F. Billmeyer
- Massachusetts Tournament not yet held
- Michigan Tournament not yet held
- Minnesota F. S. Novotny F. McKay
- Mississippi Tournament not yet held
- Missouri Tournament not yet held
- Montana C. L. Parsons F. A. Weatherh'd
- New Hampshire E. Reed E. Reed
- Nevada Affiliated with California
- Nebraska H. J. Rebhausen S. A. Huntley
- New Jersey F. S. Tomlin C. B. Platt
- New Mexico Affiliated with Colorado and Wyo.
- New York H. J. Pendergast W. W. Vanderhoff
- North Carolina Report not yet received
- North Dakota J. W. Sturgeon E. G. Lemke
- Ohio J. Rummell K. P. Johnson
- Oregon L. Rayburn P. H. O'Brien
- Oklahoma J. A. Campbell Wm. Homer
- Pennsylvania C. H. Newcomb Brian Teats
- Rhode Island No State Association
- South Carolina J. H. Staples G. M. Collins
- South Dakota A. J. French J. A. Ward
- Tennessee T. Hale J. H. Noel
- Texas T. Bryant P. Miller
- Utah C. H. Reilley, Jr. R. A. Lohr

- Vermont L. Richards H. B. Moulton
- Virginia C. H. Burr S. T. Day
- Washington E. J. Chingrin F. M. Troeh
- West Virginia H. L. Smith J. B. Lall'ce, Jr.
- Wisconsin Tournament not yet held
- Wyoming Affiliated with Colo. and N. M.

Second Day, August 18th, Wednesday, at 8 A. M.

Preliminary Handicap Open to Amateurs Only.

One hundred single targets, \$7 entrance—targets included, handicaps 16 to 23 yards, high guns—not class shooting, \$100 added to the purse. The handicaps contestants receive for the Grand American Handicap will govern in this event. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries, as is fully explained elsewhere in this program. The contestants making the first, second and third highest scores will each receive a Trophy, presented by The Interstate Association.

If you want to take part in the Preliminary Handicap you must make entry at the Cashier's office on the shooting grounds, before 5 P. M., Tuesday, August 17th. Penalty entries will not be accepted. An entry is not transferable, and entrance money cannot be withdrawn after entry has been made.

Third Day, August 19th, Thursday.

The Grand American Handicap Open to Amateurs Only.

One hundred single targets, unknown angles, \$10 entrance—targets included, handicaps 16 to 23 yards, high guns—not class shooting.

\$500 Added to the Purse

The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of en-

Chicago Stock Exchange, Ira Couch, Chairman; Illinois Manufacturing Association, John M. Glenn, Chairman; Chicago Association of Commerce, G. M. Spangler, Jr., Chairman; Grand Island Shooting Club, John B. Drake, Chairman; Knapp Island Shooting Club, J. Grafton Parker, Chairman; Undercliff Sportsmen's Association, C. P. Zacher, Chairman.

INTER CLUB RIFLES.

A shooting competition second only in importance to the National Interstate Matches held annually, is the first annual Inter-Club Competition for the United States Shooting Championship, a new match just inaugurated by the War Department and which is being run off under the auspices of the National Rifle Association of America. The prize to be competed for in addition to the championship title is a handsome trophy presented by the War Department. The competition is to be strictly military, shot with the service rifle and ammunition on army targets and each club competing will be represented by ten marksmen, each of whom will fire ten shots slow fire at 300, 500 and 600 yards and ten shots rapid fire at 200 and 300 yards. Twenty-five of the leading rifle clubs and associations in the United States and a team in Honolulu, Hawaii, will compete for the shooting honors under the direct supervision of army and national guard officers. The shooting will be done on local ranges, targets being furnished for the purpose, and they will be returned to Washington and gone over by a board of judges who will determine the official scores. All scores are to be shot between July 15 and 31. It is expected that the scores will equal if not surpass those which will be made later in the National Matches in Florida.

The twenty-five organizations which will compete for the national shooting honors are as follows: Stanton Government Rifle Club; Salt Lake Rifle and Revolver Club; St. Augustine Rifle Club; Fort Pitt Rifle Club; Rocky Mountain Rifle Club; Kane Rifle, Gun and Pistol Club; Engineers' Rifle and Revolver Club of Cleveland; Phoenix Rifle Club; Douglas Rifle Club; Hoosier Rifle Club; Quinpiac Rifle and Revolver Club; The Gisholt Club; St. Paul Rifle and Pistol Association; Los Angeles Rifle and Revolver Club; Port Clinton Rifle Club; Newark Rifle Club; Seattle Rifle and Revolver Association; Fremont Civilian Rifle and Revolver Club; Garfield Rifle Club; Bucyrus Rifle Association; Nogales Rifle Club; First Missouri Infantry Rifle Club; Manhattan, Nevada, Rifle Club; Albion, Indiana, Rifle Club; Honolulu Rifle Club.

Official from the National Rifle Association of America, 1108 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C., June 29, 1915.

GAME AND FISH COMMISSIONERS TO MEET.

The National Association of Game and Fish Fish Commissioners will convene in San Francisco, California, September 7, 8 and 9.

Ever since this association was formed at the Yellowstone National Park, in 1902, it has had a powerful influence in shaping the policy of fish and game conservation throughout the entire country. Reports will be read by the committee chairmen, relating to all phases of the work of the fish and game departments.

All present and past commissioners are eligible to membership, and it is expected that there will be a large attendance at this convention.

Ernest Schaeffe, secretary of the California Fish and Game Commission, is chairman of the

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Aransas Pass Tarpon Club



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GEORGE H. GRAHAM, President.
ERNEST NAPIER, Secretary.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

While the leading military authorities of the country are all of one accord in urging Congress to provide for a reserve to our established military forces, the National Rifle Association of America is going ahead without the flare of trumpets or financial assistance from Congress in the building up of a reserve in this country that will be most efficient in that it will be trained in 80 per cent. of the requisites of an efficient soldier; that is, the ability to handle the rifle and shoot straight. The National Rifle Association is doing this through its organization of rifle clubs throughout the country, especially among

civilians. A great impetus to the movement was given through the enactment of legislation at the last session of Congress authorizing the free issue of "Krag" rifles and ammunition to rifle clubs under rules and regulations approved by the Secretary of War. The Secretary of War placed the organization of the clubs and distribution of the rifles in the hands of the N. R. A., which had an efficient organization with secretaries in every State and was in close touch with the class of citizens whom it was desired to reach. The splendid military feature of this movement and one that will add considerably to the national defenses is that not only are citizens being organized into clubs and trained in rifle shooting but the statistics show that about 60 per cent. of the members of these clubs are ex-army and National guardsmen so that they are not only keeping up their training in rifle shooting but are already trained in other necessary attributes

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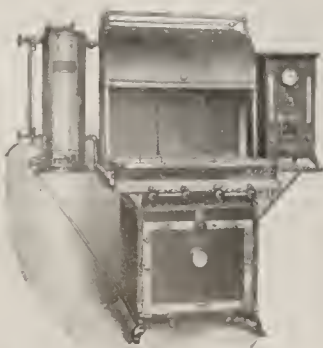
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of a soldier. All that is necessary for Congress to do to secure efficient reserve for the regular services and one that would be along the lines that have proved so efficient in Switzerland is to make the rifle club movement really broad and national in its scope by proper appropriations for the building of rifle ranges throughout the country and the purchase of target supplies and other paraphernalia for the carrying on of rifle training among citizens. When this has been accomplished then will President Wilson really see the consummation of his desire to have a "citizenry trained in the use of arms."

Since the free issue of rifles and ammunition was authorized the National Rifle Association has organized 438 clubs. These clubs are not confined to any particular locality but reach from Maine to California. It is a fact, however, that the most successful ones are organized in the West where there are better facilities for the acquiring of ranges and where the class of young men who compose the membership of the Western clubs are not that class to whom golf and tennis appeals. A great aid also to success in these Western clubs is their being allowed to do their training on Sunday. A great many of these clubs have been organized in fraternal and patriotic societies. At the present time there are organized and affiliated with the N. R. A. 438 clubs with a membership of 16,628.

One feature of this movement has been the organization of numerous clubs by the employes of large industrial corporations. In some cases the employers themselves have donated the land and assisted in the construction of the ranges, believing undoubtedly that it was better to have their men engaged in the healthy open air sport of rifle shooting than decreasing their efficiency by loafing around corner saloons. Recently rifle clubs have been organized in the United Shoe Machinery Co., the Springfield Telephone Co., the Goodyear Rubber Co., the Packard Automobile Co., the Willys-Overland Automobile Co., the General Electric Co., and several others.

The Military Committees of the Senate and House as well as the General Staff of the Army might well take into consideration the work that is being done along these lines when drawing up their plans for a reserve for our Army.

THE AMERICAN LINE SUPREME.

The proudest tribute ever paid to any firm of line manufacturers in this country, or for that matter, in any other country, may be read in the several fac-simile letters addressed to the Ashaway Line & Twine Company of Ashaway, R. I., and reproduced in this issue of *Forest and Stream*. For more than ninety years the Ashaway Line & Twine Company have been turning out their product to the satisfaction of three or four generations of users and to-day the company stands at the head of all manufacturers of angling lines. The letters published in this issue are well-earned tributes. They indicate that the Ashaway lines are not only officially but exclusively the lines used by the de luxe fishing organizations of the world, and that with these lines world's records of big fish have been made. The far-famed Catalina Club, the Aransas Pass Tarpon fishing experts and others are not slow to concede what the Ashaway lines have done in this particular.

The Ashaway Line & Twine Company have

just been awarded the first gold medal for display of lines at the Panama Exposition. Now that the Atlantic coast fishermen are taking up the tuna, it is to be anticipated that still additional records will be made on these. But while all this holds true with reference to salt water angling, the fresh water lines made by the same company are equally good, and characterized by the same perfection and care in manufacture. World's records—which, in most cases, mean American records—are being made on American lines. That is something in which everybody in this country should take pride.

A NEW DEER LAW FOR LOUISIANA.

After a consultation with the leading sportsmen and conservationists of the state, President M. L. Alexander, of the Conservation Commission of Louisiana, has announced the new regulations just passed by his board in respect to the killing of deer.

The open season is set from September 15 to January 5 of each year. Does are protected until October 15. Still hunting for bucks only, and without the use of dogs, is allowed between the 15th of September and the 15th of October. Bucks and does are allowed to be taken and killed and hunted with dogs from the 15th of October until the 5th of January. The new law provides that no deer shall be killed for sale, offered for sale, or had in possession for sale at any time. It allows one person to take five such wild deer in an open season and to possess but two carcasses or parts thereof at one time.

The new law does not affect the previous laws that prohibit the killing of wild deer between the hours of sunset and sunrise; or when in the water; or when driven to high land by high water or overflow; or the use of guns that have any device for deadening the sound of the explosion, commonly known as a "silencer." The snaring or trapping of wild deer is also prohibited, and fawns are not allowed to be killed at any time.

"There has been such a difference of opinion as to the season in which deer should be permitted to be killed that the question of adjusting the season so as to protect the deer has been one of the hard problems for the commission to decide," said President Alexander.

"Our experience of last year in permitting the season to open August 15, forcibly demonstrated to the commission that no deer should be permitted to be killed at so early a date. We found in many sections of the state that the fawns were not weaned or able to take care of themselves until as late as October, that the does were poor and the weather so hot that to permit them to be hunted with dogs simply brought about a useless destruction of this species we are so anxious to protect.

"The commission believes that no deer should be permitted to be hunted in the state before the first of October but, in a desire to meet the wishes of certain sportsmen in the state, we decided to permit still hunting from September 15 to October 15, and general hunting with dogs from October 15 to January 5. The first five days in January were allowed so as to permit sportsmen to engage in a New Year's Day hunt.

"To succeed in bringing about an increase of the deer of Louisiana in any appreciable way,

the Conservation Commission realizes that it will be necessary to put such restrictions on their hunting so as to make it hard rather than easy to kill them."

McLAUGHLIN'S OWN BOOK.

It would seem almost that the writing of a book on Tennis these days would be another case of bringing in the proverbial coals to Newcastle for the tennis enthusiast of to-day has so many books to call upon for help and suggestions written by such past masters of the game as the Doherty's, Dewhurst, Alexander, Vaile, and many others. Yet, "Tennis As I Play It," by Maurice E. McLaughlin, is not at all like its predecessors, inasmuch as it lays down no definite rules or regulations for the playing of the game. It is not a theoretical discussion on what ought to be done but a clear and concise, interesting telling of what the author himself does. As Norris Williams, National Singles Champion, so aptly puts it in his preface to the book, "it is really like having a friendly conversation with him after a match."

Theories in tennis, like in many other things, are often impracticable, and Mr. McLaughlin's advice is to be natural—never artificial. To quote him, "When one has mastered the essentials of the game he should then fall easily and gracefully into the style that comes most naturally to him. Many a beginner with bright prospects has been spoiled by a desire to pursue methods which certain authorities have advised rather than those in which he, personally, would be more likely to become proficient."

As National Singles Champion in 1912, 1913, and National Doubles Champion with T. C. Bundy in 1912, 1913 and 1914, and the mainstay of America's Davis Cup Team, the author may undeniably be considered the world's best tennis player. This goal has been reached only through the longest and hardest experience in the stiffest practice and most exacting tournament play and from this wealth of material McLaughlin has told us what he has learned in one of the most interesting books on tennis ever written.

"Tennis As I Play It" is of some 300 pages, profusely illustrated with pictures of the author and other well-known players in action—each picture is described and every instructive detail brought to the reader's attention. He devotes separate chapters to each of the various strokes, very interesting chapters on "Doubles," and on "Ladies' Tennis," and his final chapter tells of "Tennis Travels," of which no one is more competent to write than the author.

Mr. McLaughlin's book is a valuable asset to the Tennis Library, as it is unique in its handling of the subject. Everyone who has an interest in this game will surely benefit by knowing how the "California Whirlwind" has succeeded, and upon laying aside the book will feel that he has had an extremely enjoyable, as well as instructive, chat with an extremely interesting personality. (George H. Doran Co.)

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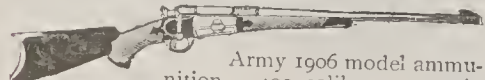
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BASS FISHING IN THE UPPER DELAWARE.

(Continued from page 474.)

This done, I hurried back to shore and returned with my trophies to prove to my friend that it could be done, as I whistled a tune in chorus with the crickets and other insects that had just come out to tune up, and as the fireflies had lighted up their candles even before darkness had spread her quiet wings of night.

The day before leaving Egypt Mills, my friend Mose Briscoe, rewarded me with a morning's fishing which I shall never forget. At about daybreak Joe, his man, drove us five miles above in a drizzling rain to Dingman's Ferry where good light row-boats may be had. We secured one of these and started to float back, fishing all the way. The rain had now stopped and the current took us just fast enough, and in some places much too fast. I would say that fully half of the five miles' distance is rapids, in one glorious place two miles of ripples at a stretch. In these places we had to anchor, where possible. We caught eleven small-mouth bass.

During our two weeks' stay whenever possible my wife fished with me. She is a good sport and likes to fish, and caught several herself. All the family voted the trip a most enjoyable one and we would like to try it there again.

The new Ithaca trap gun is proving itself a winner at the traps. After seeing how well the mediocre shooter improves his scores with this new single stick, many upper register target smashers have switched to the Ithaca to better their own averages. Look one over at your sporting goods dealers or, better yet, send for information to Ithaca Gun Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

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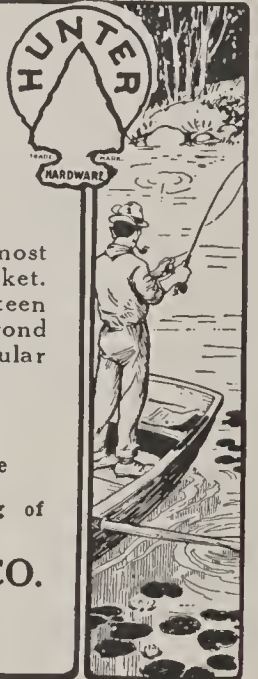
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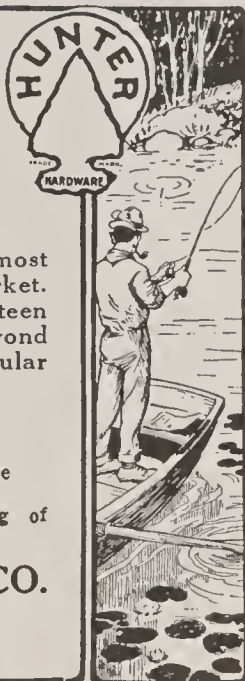
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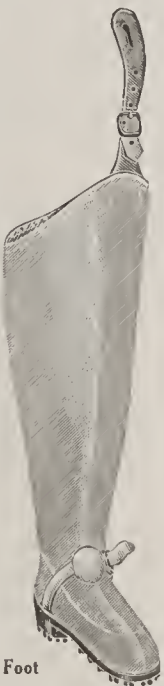
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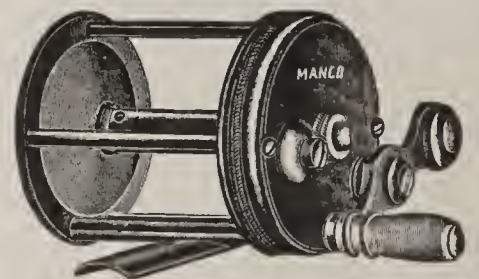
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Shooting Wild Game With The Motion Picture Camera

Remarkable Series of Photographs Obtained in New Brunswick, Showing Native Game as it Really Lives—A Sport that Requires Skill and Some Daring, But Which Will Never Deplete the Wild Life Resources of the Continent.

By Frank Merton Buckland, Author of "Rhymes of Stream and Forest."

THE motion picture camera has invaded nearly every field of interest and endeavor. Thus the African game fields and the hunting grounds of the Arctic have been drawn upon to furnish material of interest to the theatre audience.

To one who has hunted American big game it has been a matter of some surprise that the larger game animals of this continent have not been satisfactorily filmed. For this reason the trip, subject of this present article, was planned, our main idea being to photograph in their natural haunts the better known big game animals of the north woods.

Having hunted extensively in Northern New Brunswick, and being familiar with its accessibility and excellence as a game region, we made arrangements with Chas. Cremin of Fredericton, New Brunswick, for a trip through his sporting territory in the heart of the game country. Mr. Cremin is well known to sportsmen who have visited this region and to those who have thus known him, there is no need to dwell upon his qualifications as a hunter, guide and ideal companion for a trip into the woods. The success of an expedition to take game pictures depends largely upon the guide chosen and the country selected. There must be game in the territory and the guide must be an adept at "stalking" or getting close up to the game as it shows itself.

In the matter of a territory and a guide, we were particularly fortunate as it is doubtful if a better guide than Chas. Cremin or a better

game country than his could be found in the United States or the Dominion of Canada.

The territory decided upon lies in the mountain region drained by the Tobique, Nepisiquit and Upsalquitch Rivers, a region which is the natural breeding ground of large numbers of moose, caribou, deer and bear as well as many species of birds and wild-fowl. The country is dotted with many lakes and ponds, fed even during the warmer months, by ice-cold mountain springs. Many of the mountains are covered to the top by the forest growth, while others are treeless, giving growth only to low bushes and acres of gray moss, this latter forming the principal food of the caribou. The heart of the country lies at a distance of some eighty miles from the nearest settlements and is reached by means of canoes or by walking.

The canoe trip in itself is one of the most beautiful in this country, the river winding by many twists and turns through the deep forest, the current now swinging on noiselessly and then suddenly rushing down a steep incline, boiling into white foam over hidden rocks and submerged boulders. The safe passage is accomplished only by expert canoeemen. The clear waters and mountain-lined shores of the beautiful Bathurst lakes lies in the very heart of the forest.

The country in itself is well worth the trip, to say nothing of the wonderful opportunities which it offers in the way of fishing and game. The innumerable trout of the Bathurst lakes and Nepisiquit river into which the lakes flow,





run from one-half pound to over four pounds in weight. These fish rise to the artificial fly throughout the entire summer. We secured a number of films of the fishing in both the lakes and river, pictures which even without the whirl of the reel show the fighting qualities of these gamey fish.

At the commencement of the fall season these fish run up the river and congregate at the spawning beds, located in the shallow deadwaters at the foot of the lakes. Here they remain during the spawning season which lasts until the forming of the first ice. The fish then go in to the deeper waters of the lakes proper, there to remain until the breaking up of the ice in the spring.

With the going out of the ice, the season's fly-fishing commences. And with the advance of the warm weather, the larger fish leave the lakes and again run downstream, apparently for the love of the battle with the swift water. As the high water of this early season gradually subsides, these fish gather in the deeper pools. During the later summer months the fly-fishing in these pools is superb, offering to the angler who is fortunate enough to cast his fly over these wild waters, some wonderful trials of skill in combat with the gamey warriors.

The smaller trout, running to about a pound in weight, remain in the lakes during the entire year. No matter what the weather may be on any afternoon of the warm months, at a spot known as "The Run," where the water from the First Bathurst Lake flows between two tree-covered points, into the Second lake, the fly-fishing for these trout is something long to be remembered. At this spot an angler may rig up his cast with as many flies as he see fit and by skillful handling and by allowing the fish as hooked to play in the water, he may secure at one cast, a trout to every fly upon his leader.

It is indeed impossible to bring to net but one trout at a time unless the single fish is immediately reeled in as soon as securely hooked. This may seem as somewhat of a broad statement to those anglers who have been limited to the trout of our more civilized and over-whipped streams. But to those who have cast their flies over the wilder waters of our northern forests, the statement will be no exaggeration. One of our pictures shows plainly the landing of three trout at a single cast.

The early season during which our trip was planned gave us an opportunity to secure films of the young of the various animals and birds encountered, which it would have been impossible to obtain during the later months. Thus, we secured pictures of bear cubs, calf moose, young deer, grouse and wild ducks.

Photographing wild life differs from ordinary motion picture photography, for the reason that animals are not always ready nor willing to pose for the camera. On days when the light is good not an animal may appear, but on dark days or late in the day they may be seen in abundance. The click of the present-day motion picture camera also handicaps the taking of wild animal pictures, since it is an unusual noise, always bound to frighten the game to a great or less extent.

Although the photographing of moose was the main object of our trip, we found that good films of deer were even more difficult to secure, because of the greater shyness.

Moose we filmed under every and all condi-

tions—bulls, cows and young calves of the present year's birth. The climax along this line was reached by filming three attempts to ride a moose, the last two being successful. In the last attempt the moose, a powerful four-year-old, carried the rider from the canoe to the shore, a hasty dismount being made at the edge of the woods as the moose broke into the forest. The camera man calmly cranked away during the entire proceeding.

We had much difficulty in securing a close-up picture of deer until discovering deep within the forest a cold spring-hole at which numbers of the animals came daily to drink. By careful manipulation of the camera and long hours of waiting, we secured at this point films of some thirty deer, catching six at one time in the spring-hole.

Two bear cubs about three weeks old were among the more interesting of the bear pictures secured. These cubs were photographed, after being captured by felling two large spruce trees, up which they had endeavored to escape upon being discovered near the trail. The little fellows refused to pose for the camera without being held in position, the result of such holding being shown not alone in the films, but by a torn flannel shirt and scratched and bitten hands.

Together with our collection of game pictures we secured many scenes of the lakes, rivers and forest, mountain views of the wildest beauty, canoes shooting the most formidable rapids and rare scenes of camp life, including the building, without the use of a nail, of a complete log cabin. We also filmed a demonstration of the old Indian method of fire-making by friction.

The success of our pictures is largely due to the expert work of the man behind the camera, Mr. Leonard Gelezio of New York. The excellence of his work with the camera can only be appreciated by seeing the finished pictures on the screen.

A word as to the enjoyment to be obtained from the use of a motion picture camera in pursuit of big game. After more than twenty years spent in the north woods with either fly-rod or gun, this present trip with the camera exceeds them all for pure enjoyment. The actual hunt for the various species of game and the final securing of the film trophy, gives a greater satisfaction and a far larger field for sport, than the actual hunting with a gun. And for the camera, there is no closed season nor limit to the number of trophies to be secured.

A few incidents of our trip may well serve to illustrate definitely the enjoyment to be obtained in the securing of film trophies of wild life.

Two cub bears photographed were first sighted as they ran like squirrels, up two large spruce trees near the trail never stopping in their climb until they had reached the thickest part of the growth at the very top of the trees. There being no way to get at the cubs without felling the trees, we promptly set to work with the axe, one man at the base of the tree while the rest of the party stationed themselves in a semi-circle about the spot where the tree was to strike the ground. Probably the cubs during their short three weeks of babyhood had never experienced such a ride through the air as came to them with the falling of the trees. The shock of the tree striking the ground was softened by the thick growth of branches, the cubs coming unharmed through the ordeal, and never even loosening their hold upon



the tree-trunk, until we jumped in and pulled them from their perch.

What with their tiny needle-like teeth and well-grown little claws, it was like grabbing a lively pin cushion to get hold of the little furry black bunches of live bear. And we soon learned that it was wise to hold each cub at arm's length—this after one sleeve of a woolen shirt as well as one-half its front had been ripped off by their muscular little legs and claws.

Any reader doubting the ability with which a three-weeks-old baby bear can use his claws should write to Mr. J. F. Cleary of New York City, for full information; or better perhaps should view that portion of our film entitled "Mr. Cleary fathers the twins." In this scene all goes serenely until one little bear succeeds in securing a good grip with his forepaw upon the back of Mr. Cleary's left hand. The speed with which the cub is lowered to the ground indicates that the maneuver was indeed something more than a love-pat."

After tying each little fellow with a collar and a length of string we soon learned from the way they could scamper over the ground that we would have captured no cub bears, if upon discovery, they had taken to the underbrush instead of to the trees.

The cubs after being filmed where we found them, we sent to the home camps in charge of one of the most careful guides of our party. We naturally anticipated a lot of fun and pleasure with the little fellows which alas! we never realized. For a time they seemed perfectly contented in their new home, which consisted of an old soap-box with a wire netting fastened over one end. It is hard to describe our disappointment and grief upon getting up one morning, to find that our little friends had grown tired of their civilized surroundings and had forced their way out of the box to return to their accustomed home in the Bathurst forest. There we trust that they may give to the hunter of some future time the thrill that this "Prince of Big Game," the black bear, gives to the man who cares to hunt him.

For anyone who enjoys fast paddling and a lively canoe chase, let me recommend an attempt to film a flock of any of the varieties of young wild ducks that are to be found in this region. The manner in which these little bunches of feathers and legs can make the water as well as themselves fly, is a sight to behold. The wings of the young birds which we encountered were not yet developed enough to carry them into the air, but in combination with their tiny webbed feet, they most certainly went at great rate over the surface of the water. And although not proficient in flying, the education of the little ducks as to swimming and diving had not been neglected.

The two young ruffed grouse filmed, birds not more than three weeks out of the shell were cap-



tured from a flock of at least ten in number. Anyone who has endeavored to capture a young grouse in the thick undergrowth of the woods will appreciate that even the capture of two out of ten we considered as great good luck. The two chicks placed side by side would not have filled a circle one and one half inches in diameter.

We rigged the camera over a moss-covered stump, placed the chicks in the moss within twelve inches of the lens and commenced to reel off the film. For the first few seconds the birds seemed perfectly contented with the arrangements. The finished picture on the screen shows however the last glimpse we had of the first chick disappearing. The second little fellow followed suit immediately after the photographer stopped cranking.

I believe that few people in the east realize the wild grandeur of some of the mountain scenery of the interior of New Brunswick, especially that to be found about the headwaters of the Upsalquitch river. As in all mountainous regions it is necessary to climb to the higher points to appreciate fully the beauty of this country. From such high points the surrounding hills stretch away in broken ranges, cut in every direction by winding valleys, down which flow numberless streams. These streams, except in the case of the larger rivers, are hidden from the eye by the forest growth. Upsalquitch lake, the source of the Upsalquitch river, is the largest sheet of water visible in this region.

The upper slopes and summits of many of the ranges are barren of tree growth, being covered by patches of low bushes and acres of gray moss, the favorite food of the woodland caribou. The caribou appear in large herds on the barren hills only during the fall and early winter, remaining scattered and hidden in the deep woods during the warmer months.

On these barrens the finest bear hunting in the

region is also found. The bears come out into the open to feed on the ripened blueberries or to tear open, in search of ants, some decayed log of a forgotten forest growth.

In October 1913, it was my good fortune, in this region, to witness a battle between two caribou bulls for the possession of a herd of nine cows. Although the fight took place upon a mountain-side across a valley from the point at which my guide and I were watching for game, the animals were in plain sight and the whole progress of the battle could be easily followed. Our attention was first attracted by the clash of the horns as the animals came together. The bulls would separate by backing away from each other for a few paces, then with heads lowered, they would again dash together, push and struggle for a moment and back away for another charge.

At last one of the fighters turned tail, and pursued by his rival fled straight up the slope of the barren mountain-side and disappeared over the crest. After about ten minutes had elapsed the victorious bull trotted back into view and rejoined the herd of cows. The cows during the progress of the battle, kept on feeding contentedly, seeming to take no especial interest as to which bull came off the victor.

Could we have had with us, at the time of witnessing this fight, a motion-picture camera instead of a gun, of how much greater interest would the resulting film trophy have been, than is the caribou head, which by a long, difficult stalk and some exceedingly wild shooting, we finally secured.

As a result of this season's trip we have succeeded in bringing out of the woods a series of remarkable wild-life films, which when shown during the coming months, we trust will give as great pleasure to those who may view them as we enjoyed during the taking of the pictures.



Another Side of Game Protection

The Farmer is Very Much Interested in the Subject but Seems to Have the Worst of It, Not Only Because of Visiting Sportsmen but Because of Rulings of Game Commissions

By Alfred C. Weed.



Some of the remarks in the following seem rather sharp let it be remembered that the writer feels that he represents a class which does not often speak for itself with as loud a voice as some others and which is rather often placed in the background in the discussion of public matters.

As a starting point let us consider who is interested in game protection. The game warden surely, for it is his business and yet the more real game protection there is the less need there will be for the policeman who enforces the game laws. The scientist is interested in the protection of rare species. If the rare species becomes common and the common one rare the interest is shifted at once. The sportsman is interested in killing as many individuals as possible at the lowest cost and with a minimum of exertion. There may be individuals who would rather tramp many miles for the sake of making a difficult shot on an old partridge than kill ten young pheasants in an open meadow but they do not make up the bulk of the membership of the sporting clubs nor do they furnish a large part of the influence which passes the game laws. The farmer is also interested in game protection. He sees the young pheasants in his meadows. When he is near he makes a little side trip to see how they are getting along. In the old brush lot he sees an occasional rabbit scurrying down the bushy path. In the woods he watches the gray squirrels in their play and their bickerings and thinks what a shame it is to kill them. He hears the quail whistling and the partridge drumming or sees the young ducks swim around the bend of the creek and it seems good to be alive. A little later the hunting season opens but the farmer's work is pressing so that he can not get out in the woods that day. He hears the steady cannonading in woods, meadow, swamp and brush lot. He sees the automobiles rush past his place or stop in his yard, with or without a request that he care for them "for a little while." Perhaps a neighbor telephones in that his stock are out in the road where some party of "sportsmen" has left a gate open or perhaps even cut his fence. It may be that a favorite cow comes to milking time, blind in one eye or bleeding all along the sides from the charge of shot of a man who may have been nervous or only drunk. A few days later he may get a few hours when he can go hunting but everything is changed. The young pheasants are all killed. The squirrels can not be seen. Indeed, with all his exact knowledge of the habits of the game on his land he is indeed fortunate if he can get one or two shots. If he tries to protect himself under the trespass laws he finds that the courts will not uphold him. The law says that a man who trespasses on lands which have been laid out as a private park shall

be liable to exemplary damages in the sum of twenty-five dollars but I am informed that in certain recent cases of trespass on a trout brook a fine of *five dollars* was imposed although the amount of trout probably taken was so far in excess of the legal limit that the fish were worth much more than five dollars in any market. This information has come to me through two persons but I think the essential facts are nearly as stated. At any rate it is almost impossible to get a conviction for trespass and when you get it "what are you gonna do with it?"

All this brings us to a realization that the game is decreasing largely because the farmer feels that it is not to his interest to have to do it otherwise. It has already been shown how the mere presence of game is often the cause of a money loss to the farmer. If he is willing to pocket this loss and really try to protect the game he encounters another danger. This can be best illustrated by a few cases which have appeared in some of the papers as well as some of which have not been published. The writer has had some interesting correspondence with the Chief Game Protector which makes him feel like swearing every time he thinks of it. About eighteen months ago a farmer in western New York found three pheasants nearly dead from exposure to a sleet storm. His duty under the law was to leave them where he found them. He might, if he wished, notify the game warden and if that officer saw fit he, the warden, might take some action to save the birds if they had not already died. Instead of that the farmer took the birds home and placed them in his henhouse, thereby twice violating the law. When the birds had recovered they stayed with his chickens thus making him a third time a violator of the law. He was arrested and promptly fined. His appeal was pending when the Conservation Commission advised that the case be dropped.

A farmer in Vermont recently shot a deer which was grazing in his alfalfa. He had been to some trouble and expense to get and maintain a stand of that crop and the state law permitted him to kill deer which were in the act of destroying crops. When he notified the game protector of his action he was arrested on the grounds that alfalfa is grass and deer eating grass may not be killed except in the open season. His appeal is pending.

The skunk is one of the very few animals which are increasing under the present laws. The open season is such that very few can be trapped and the prohibition of digging out the dens save the others.

A few weeks ago the writer found one in his chicken house eating a freshly killed chicken. Before the gun spoke it was noted the animal was a very good "No. 1." It was wished that

there was some way in which it might be kept for breeding purposes. However, the law expressly prohibits even the possessors of breeding licenses from taking fur bearing animals in the open season. The skunk alive was worth at least two dollars at any time of the year, dead it is furnishing fertilizer worth a cent or two in an asparagus bed. About the same time several female skunks were killed in chicken houses near here, leaving their young to die. These young were old enough to run around a little and most of them were killed by dogs. It is known to the writer that at least ten of them might have been saved under different laws or even under less rigid construction of present laws. There is a provision of section 159 which would have enabled the Conservation Commission to have saved these animals but the writer has the written word of the Chief Game Protector, in another connection it is true, that no such license is issued. Such licenses are issued only to a duly chartered museum or society incorporated for scientific or *public exhibition* purposes or an officer thereof. The writer supposes that the "zoos" in connection with trolley parks come under the head of "public exhibition purposes." In this particular case the loss to the community in furs alone is probably more than a hundred dollars.

How may the game be increased? It will be evident to any one that the game of the country can not be protected if the farmers are not willing to give active assistance in enforcing the game laws and few farmers will give any active aid while they are made to feel that a reduction in the number of game animals on their lands is a distinct advantage. There are not enough peace officers of all kinds in western New York to enforce the law in the case of the pheasant. The law provides an open season of four days, two in October and two in November and a bag limit of three males during the season. In reality there is or was last year an open season from September sixteenth until about the middle of December and no bag limit of any kind. This is a fact well known but not capable of legal proof. In some cases it was proved but those cases form a very small part of the actual illegal shooting. The game wardens are active but their territory is too great and their duties too various to permit them to detect more than occasional offense. If the farmers could have the benefit of a good trespass law and could be allowed to get profit in some way, if only by the sale of hunting permits from the presence of game on their lands the disappearance of the game could be stopped. The present game laws seem to the farmers to have been made by and in the interest of men who want to get something for nothing and let the farmer pay for it and until this condition is remedied laws may be piled on laws *but the game will keep on its present road to oblivion.*

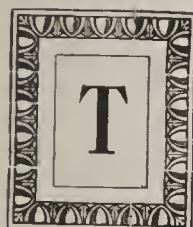


Left to right: Fanning, Keller, Hammond, Chapin, Hill. Note That in Professional Squad No. 4 is Ready to Call For His Target While No. 3 is in the Act of Breaking His.

Through The Trap-Shooting Tournament Mill

Here is an Article Written by an Authority Which Tells Any Gun Club How to Put On and Operate Both Local and State Tournaments—This Information is Worth Preserving.

By Fred O. Copeland



THOUGH his experience and likewise skill are of a very recent vintage, Mr. Trapshooter knows there is a natural progression in affairs of trap-shooting, such as club shoot, tournament, registered tournament and the pinnacle of any gun club's ambitions, the annual state tournament, commonly known as the "state shoot" by the faithful. Naturally enough, this is the most popular and well attended shoot of the year in each state for is it not here that two certain premier events are scheduled, the one, the team championship of the state, the other, the individual championship this year run under the title of "The Interstate Association's State Amateur Championship" with its liberal reward to the winner if he will shoot at the Grand American Handicap.

I have recently suffered the experience or to use the regular term managed a "state shoot" from the first mention of the words to barreling up the empty shells for sale and as one shoot is much like another I hope to lift the fog from questions that will rise before clubs which are contemplating a shoot of this magnitude for the first time. With luck on our side the advantages are apparent, with ill-luck, the disadvantages are distressingly pronounced. One may reason rightly that at such a shoot there are abnormal inducements which are a powerful advertisement in themselves, that the club treasury may be entrenched to a point that may "lift the mortgage," insure fetching trophies for the future and open the eyes of the local citizens to the fact the gun club is pulling guests to their town. Failure seldom comes but may threaten from two causes. Poor advertising is one of them and this is hard to believe for the entrance fee of just one shooter will pay for 300 eight leaf programs. The other cause is foul weather and this keeping in mind that trapshooters can shed water gracefully. It can pour so hard, however, that it is impossible to carry on a tournament.

A great deal of harm can be done by a down-pour the afternoon before the opening day of the shoot. If you were one of a party to fill a motor car for a pleasant ride to the scene of the shoot you can well fancy the sinking spirits of that load of hopefuls each with his mental vision on the rain soaked barn yard hen under the dump-cart. It is safe to take a chance for no other reason than Steve did for the shoot can be properly aired and the weather has to be pretty bad to kill the undertaking.

Let us say the way lies open for our club to obtain the state tournament and away back in the short days of Winter we will step in, one evening, to the solemn meeting of our gun club to decide the great question for even though the date fixed by custom for June is a long way off much has to be done in the interval. The secretary, the leading light of any gun club, is called on to let the cat out of the bag or in other words tell how to do it. He has searched his very soul as well as those of his acquaintances for every item of experience and has drawn up a list of expenses and estimated the receipts as far as human eye can see. He finds the rental of two automatic traps will cost but \$5.00 and had his club already one installed the rent on two more for the shoot would be free and the freight for a haul across several states will be less than \$5.00 for the two traps. The lumber for the trap houses will spoil another five dollar bill but the installation of the traps is a surprisingly short and not over laborious undertaking. A 40 x 60 ft. tent will tax us about \$10.00 in rental, the club house will be none too large for the office, gun racks and storage of shooters' equipment. There follows the fixed expenses, such as targets, and say \$100.00 in real money, trophies, pullers, trap boys and scorers. The referee service will have to be volunteer, both local and foreign talent being pressed into service. In short, the secretary finds that thirty shooters shooting through the two day program of 400 targets will at least allow the club to break even and veteran shooters of the state

guarantee this number if precedent is worth anything. A member arises and feels it is taking a chance and wants to know how far he will have to delve into his pocketbook should things break bad. Some laughingly tell him he ought to have his head looked at and assure him the estimate has been carefully drawn, that the club owes it to the good of the sport to put up a good shoot, the large majority in favor win and the meeting emerges from the cigar smoke with a hopeful smile and the secretary instructed to make application to the state league officers for the annual state tournament.

The formal application is as formally accepted which in turn gives rise to yet more formal application to the Interstate Association to have the tournament registered and the application must be in before February 15th of the same year as the shoot to obtain the substantial benefits of the national organization. The green application blank is received and the pertinent part of the information required is the system of money division, the amount contributed by the club and manner applied, how the Interstate Association's money and trophies will be applied and the club must agree to use Interstate Association rules, to give a page in the program to the Association and forward a program fifteen days before the shoot. We find our application has been forwarded in time to participate in the amount the Association has for disposal for state tournaments and with the registration certificate tucked safely away we feel free in setting our shoulder for a good hard push for success.

Right now is the time to dicker for the targets from the nearest shipping point and not over \$4.35 per thousand. In quantities well over 25,000 they can sometimes be bought at \$4.25 and a short haul will not lift the total cost much. An early delivery means a satisfied feeling and an interest on a loan to secure them is a small matter. Targets are a very liquid asset and many's the merchant who would like to make 100% on his sales as is the case of the

club selling targets at one cent and remember they will bring 300% during the tournament and some of them as "pick-ups" will almost earn their weight in gold. "Pick-ups" are not for tournament work but for the club shoots and practice.

With the targets nicely stored on the 15th of April the momentous question of the programs may be freely tackled. On this undertaking there must be no mistake. They must be clear, logical and attractive in design and a printer chosen who knows how to use his different sized type with telling effect. No part of it may be slighted but a few things stand out as very important. "The Interstate Association's State Amateur Championship" event must be announced in so many words. The Association awards seven prizes to the seven high guns in this event. They are chosen by the winners from an illustrated list and a note of the choice is made on blanks supplied by the Association. The prizes are not sent for display. Let it be understood that "target only" men will have every chance at the trophies that those shooting in the money will have. An eight page program brings the arrangement just about right so that enough advertising space may be sold to hotels, restaurants and the motor car hospitals to enable the club to pay for at least half and perhaps all of the \$15.00 that 600 would cost. We are told just what the Interstate Association will do, we know what the state association will do and what the local club can afford so then we may study a number of programs of other state tournaments, make a draft, send it for correction to the state association officers, on its return make a corrected draft, hand it to the printer, get a proof and if all is well place the order. By the time the frogs have wound up their Spring evening concerts the programs should be in the club secretary's hands and let him send a first one to the secretary of the Interstate as per agreement and he may well hang onto the acknowledgement of receipt of this program with both hands. A second lot should go to each of the members of the Interstate Association for we want all the trade representatives available. A third lot ought to go to the reasonably nearby clubs running tournaments at about this time. Fully a month before the first gun a bundle may well go to the secretary of each live club in the state and neighboring states; follow this dose with a program to each live individual shooter from

lists obtained from state secretaries, the individual shooter will appreciate the attention and when a card reaches him three days before the opening date with a special invitation it is a sign that money and labor have done all that can be done and it is "up to" these recipients of the shooting literature.

It is a weak kneed gun club that can't rally a delegation to help and "hollar" at the installation of the auto traps. The clay saucer throwing machines weigh each with pulling pipe 380 pounds and are as near fool proof as Yankee ingenuity can make them and that means immune. The process is simple and straightforward from pulling stand to the plate on which the target roosts for a moment before starting on its unknown angle that may mean many a heart throb or thrill of victory when the last returns are in. The solemn faced trap houses which enclose these machines must be at least 7 feet broad and 6 deep and as much broader as is in reason for their capacity to hold targets measures the smoothness with which a shot is run. When one of these enclosures is built to house a trap permanently it is well to keep in mind that every precaution must be taken to keep water out for when it runs in and freezes it is absolutely hopeless to operate the trap.

Squad sheets are large and when many of them have to be written up and assorted for quick delivery to the score boards it is apparent the office space must conform to the requirements. The sheets cost one and one-quarter cents each or may be obtained free from the powder manufacturers. Of course the office will be screened off from the contestants and be furnished with broad counter, wicket, and neat paper-covered shelf on which to display the trophies. Of all the office equipment nothing is more important than the cashier's sheets. They may best be obtained from the powder companies, and their operation will be described later. The bulletin board is a part of the office equipment although it has its location apart from it. On it reside the record sheets on which are posted the scores of each contestant by events. It saves the cashier from being interrupted again and again if the value of the four ratio points are posted for each event, this is allowing we use the usual and popular Rose System, 5, 3, 2, 1. Let us post the illustrated folder of the Interstate prizes so that the whole field of shooters may make a selection though only 7 can win them. The powder representatives will

hail with glee any free space for the posting of their long run record blanks.

This is bringing us almost to the opening pop from gun number one so up goes the big tent one end of which will house the mid-day luncheon outfit and the rest will afford with the club house ample protection against rain and hot sunshine. We will have it arranged without walls for they make it stifling inside and the inmates can get no view of the shooting. There yet remains one important part of the ground equipment. Well back of the pulling stand at each trap layout posts should be set and a rope connection made between them. During the regular shooting of the day its use may not be over apparent but at the end of the program when shoot-offs are being shot and the crowd presses forward to watch each target which may mean a large amount of money or glory or both, the contestants in the shoot-off feel a great need of air, space and silence and the rope is worth its weight in gold to them. Their nerves are keyed to a pitch that sometimes pulls a flinching shooter completely off his balance to the extent that he would pitch forward unless he caught himself with a step or two.

Not a small part of the pleasure of the tournament is to be found in the hotel lobbies on the night before when new acquaintances are made and old ones are renewed. Other days at the traps are shot over and many an invitation given "to be sure to be at such and such a shoot." No cleaner nor more sportsmanlike gathering can be found than a group of trapshooters, each one a participant, not a spectator in the game.

On the morning of the shoot the secretary shakes his eyes open at an early hour. What is that warm, mellow beam of light streaming through the eastern window pane? Real, honest sunlight. No greater gift could be handed to his club. He is on the shooting grounds a good hour and a half before the opening hour, seeing that all is ready. The trap boys, pullers and scorers are on hand an hour early and are instructed again in every detail. The cashier arrives, perhaps a hired one or he may be a man proficient in all the office details who has been sent by a member of the Interstate Association. At any rate the money is turned over to him and he arranges the cashier's sheet for the first comer. Many will arrive a little early and want to practice and let every trapshooter enter for the practice events as religiously as though it





Showing Equipment for a State Tournament.

were the regular events. No one likes to go galloping up and down all day long sorting these practice men out and making collections, but it is more or less a common practice to shoot at any odd number of targets and let the office hunt for the name and number of targets as best it can. The first regular entrance is made for the regular program for "targets only." We will say the program calls for 200 targets each day for a two day shoot. The cashier enters the name on the extreme right of the large ruled sheet and still further to the right in a last column the amount \$4.00 for the day's 200 targets. The ten events are ruled to the left of the contestant's name and numbered 10 to 1 from right to left. The second man to enter separates himself from a well-filled club house. Men are heaving empty gun cases under the gun rack, others with dismembered guns in their hands are talking at the top of their voices. The cashier places this second name under the first one on the sheet and as number two has entered for the "sweeps," enters his \$20.00 in the last column to the right. With each five entries a squad is filled and the big squad sheets to be used at the firing points are being written up by a volunteer, many times by a professional. At length all the contestants are entered. The cashier now knows what amount the men in the money will shoot for. We will say that 14 out of the 40 contestants are entered for the money. Each of these 14 have parted with \$20.00 less the \$4.00 for their targets for the privilege of seeing how much they can win back. Fourteen times 16 makes a pool of \$164.00 and the added money, \$50.00 from the club and \$50.00 from the Interstate lifts the amount to be divided up to \$264.00. This amount divided by the number of events or 10 will give us the amount to be divided in each event, \$26.40. Under the Rose System 5, 3, 2, 1 all the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th high guns in each event will draw money. The cashier enters this amount \$26.40 at the top of the column for each of the 10 events and a little to the right of the amount in each column but the first the amount as it accumulates by \$26.40 till in the 10th and last event the whole amount \$264.00 is reached. When the score sheets are filled a squad at a time out at the score they are brought to the cashier and he in turn enters the total scores for the event against each contestant's name under event one, the column farthest away to the left of the column of names for he works toward the names by events so that the total for the day will be exactly beside the contestant's name in event 10. When all the scores for event 1 are in he makes

a circle around those entered for "targets only" this shows at a glance those who are entitled to winnings. He can now figure the winnings for all those who drew money in this event and the total of the winnings at the bottom of the column will just equal the amount he has entered to be divided at the top when he made up the sheet. So we see the sheet is balanced by events and when all scores are in in event 10 the total winnings which have accumulated for each man in the money are against his name, the addition of the totals for each man equals the total pool to be divided, the sheet balances and the contestants are paid off at once. The scores by events are also posted on the bulletin board so that every man may keep posted as to the activities of his opponents. Moreover, the value of the ratio points are posted by events so each man may know how he is faring without going to the cashier at the end of each event with the same question of "how much was such and such a point worth?"

No one who has ever seen a professional squad in action will take issue to the fact that it is the smoothest working team in any sport. The guns bark in perfect sequence augmented by the queerly accented call of "Pull." The man to the right aligns his gun and is ready to call for his target the moment the man to his left has delivered his fire. The targets are snuffed into dust so gracefully and regularly it looks "awful easy," but only years of seasoning can train a man to that gamey poise and handling of the straight backed trap gun. Many a convert is made here for it looks so easy some will try and when they find they have by luck connected with one or two out of ten they have developed the charming disease and join the ranks of "just one target more" enthusiasts.

We will pronounce the tournament a success for 40 shooters have shot through the full program for the first day, 40 shooters have cleaned up 100 birds of the 200 for the second day and now the premier event starts, the last 100, for the individual championship of the state, a big trophy and a free trip to the Grand American Handicap. Every eligible shooter tightens his belt, peels his eye, lays his ears back and summons all his trapshooting lore in exact ratio to his seasoning. Happy is he who has fallen into his shooting groove for he is seemingly sure of every bird and shoots in a steady deadly time. Man after man is outshot till in the last event three tie on 93 for the championship. The tie is shot off at once under the eye of a judge, referee and scorer from the professional ranks. The crowd surges around

the rope back of the puller, a quiet, knowing gathering of trapshooting "fans." The birds crumble with deadly precision, then one slips by but the unlucky contestant never winches and at length another of the trio drops a bird. When all is over all are tied on 18 x 20 on this shoot-off. They line up for the second one and the crowd is elated. Not often do they feast their eyes on such a sight. The men at the score have a hungry look. It is a tight race to the end for one man has pulled out victor by one target. Just one little clay saucer. How much hangs on it sometimes! Surely this is the real American game.

The winnings are paid, the high average trophies carried off in triumph, the seven high guns in the championship event make their choice and will get their prizes nicely engraved later and all is over except for the club secretary, he, for sooth, must needs shake himself for yet the ninety-ninth time and write up and manifold copies of the scores by events for the entire two days' shoot and forward them to the secretary of the Interstate Association and the honorary press members. There must also go forward to the Interstate Association's secretary the little book of signatures and addresses of the contestants which the cashier obtained when the entries were made, the name of the place where the annual tournament for the next year will be held, the officers of the state association for the coming year, the blanks on which the winners of the Interstate event have made their choice of prizes, the number of targets thrown, the number shooting for money and for targets. If all this information goes forward at once and is correct the Interstate's money will be in the club treasurer's hands before he knows he is holding on to it. For desert the secretary who is usually the treasurer may now balance his cash, draw checks for the numerous bills and figure out if he can any profit to the club for it is the first question asked him when he comes out of hiding. A few days later there will be another and last hemorrhage, the barreling of the empty shells. If the barrels are well rounded up with shells and headed with sacking the club will get \$2.50 for each barrel. The secretary may now with reason lay aside the light cares of the two days and reflect on the fact he has been through a two day trapshooting tournament but with all the work a heap of satisfaction.

Two phases of trapshooting have developed along the ordinary lines of debate. The first is the question of sweepstakes and the second the

(Continued on page 528.)



Along Northern Waterways the Moose Hunter Will Soon be Taking His Silent Way.

Why Nature Lures are Best for Good Sport

Third Contribution on a Fascinating Subject From the Pen of One of the Best Authorities in the Country

By Louis Rhead.



FOR several reasons it is necessary for me to give *Forest and Stream* anglers this month a supplementary article describing what "nature lures" means, and some hints as to their use. I hope next month to show a new crawfish, helgramite and lamper eel, these being laid over by reason of a greater demand for the frogs than was expected, which have been used with success both for large and small mouth bass, pike and pickerel in different parts of the country.

In some instances, I found that in rather deep sluggish waters, bass refused to rise to the surface. To counteract this difficulty, one or two split buckshot should be attached close to the lure, which slowly sinks the frog or minnow near the bottom. Then by short jerks it should be brought back to the boat or bank to induce the fish to grab it. We have similar experiences in live frog fishing in Lakes George and Champlain. Continued success in fishing is impossible under such a variety of conditions, and good results all the time are dependent upon a certain amount of commonsense in the angler. Now and then these same difficulties occur with the minnow, so that if the bass or trout will not come up to the surface to take them, by all means, go down after them. At least, a trial will do no harm, though it is preferable to have surface fishing, when possible.

In the upper Delaware and lower waters of the Beavertkill where I find the gamest small mouth bass in the state of New York, they will neither take (except isolated occasions) a live, or artificial frog, for the simple reason no frogs are found near those rivers. Offer them a min-

now, a crab, helgramite or lamper, even a large kicking nightwalker worm, and you get the gamest fight that is possible to conceive.

While I deem it to be of the greatest importance that artificial imitations should be exact copies of nature both in action and repose (so far as the limitations of materials will permit) I think it doubles its value if the lure can be made to act in the water just as the natural creature does while impaled on the hook.

Thus it is the helgramite, if properly hooked at the edge of the thorax, when cast in the water, begins at once to move its numerous legs and feelers, vainly trying to swim to the bottom where it soon creeps and hides under a stone, if you permit it. From the angler's standpoint, such a proceeding is the worst thing possible, for, if not taken by the fish before that occurs, then good-by to it and the hook as well. So I content myself with making the helgramite float slightly under water with its legs gently moving by the action of the water.

Most anglers will agree with what I call a division in fish food, viz., for lakes and ponds, various minnows, frogs, grasshoppers and large winged insects are safe lures, either natural or artificial. For rivers, in fast or sluggish water, the crawfish, helgramite and lamper eel may be relied on according to the abundance of natural food available where bass abide.

From among the many letters received from brother anglers, I wish to correct the impression I am conducting a campaign against the use of plug lures. It is not so. I prefer to leave the matter of choosing their lures entirely to the good sense and judgement of the angler.

If he desires the higher art of fishing, some

knowledge of what food fish eat and how they eat it is necessary. If he wants double the thrill and more fish in his basket,—a humane method to the bait and the fish, a fair chance to the gamy antagonist in the sport—then no angler can question lures advance the sport, and what is more, they will very soon become the only logical and sane method in the capture of game fishes, when a manufacturer is found to make them neater and cheaper than I am able to do with my own hands.

CONCERNING CASTING.

Now as to casting the nature lures, or even live bait, it is most essential to have a long, fairly stiff bamboo rod, from ten to twelve feet. Let it be a good rod costing at least twenty dollars. The next best rod is one of steel. A famous maker is now turning out just the right tool for bass fishing. The best steel rod is much more worthy than a bamboo at the same price. Of course if you can pay thirty or forty dollars for a bamboo, why that is the thing. Cheap or expensive, the rod should have an agate top, also a large agate ring guide nearest the reel, the remainder being German silver snake guides. I can cast a lure ten feet further with the tapered dry fly line, which are neither sticky in damp, wet weather, nor do they twist or kink.

If the rod is twelve feet, you can comfortably hold the lure up, on fifteen feet of line, then swing it out with force enough to make ten feet more slide through the guides from that surplus length lying ready drawn from the reel. If the water runs at a fairly good pace (river fishing) it will drag another ten feet after the lure falls on the surface if let out from the reel, thus making about fifty feet from the angler, quite sufficient for either bass or trout.

If the lure floats, well and good—if not, jerk the tip and keep the lure from snagging rocks. Crawfish, helgramites and lampers are little devils for creeping under rocks.

I have said before, when the game strikes live bait, let him go some distance to gorge, but strike instantly the game touches artificial lures of any and all kinds.

Wood Buffalo of Canada Are Increasing

Latest Report Made by an Official Expedition Shows That the Herd is Growing, but Advancing Civilization Threatens It

Gratification will be expressed over the fact that the wood buffalo of the Peace River country, Canada, are not only holding their own, but owing to better protection are increasing in number.

Francis Harper of the Canadian Geological Survey accompanied the Athabaska-Great Slave Lake Expedition, sent out by the Government, and *Forest and Stream* has received his report as follows:

As field naturalist of an expedition sent by the Geological Survey to Great Slave lake, under the leadership of Charles Camsell, the writer spent the season of 1914, from May to October, in making biological investigations in the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, and in the Mackenzie district.

The territory covered during the season may be briefly indicated as follows: leaving Athabaska Landing on May 19, the expedition proceeded by means of one of the river scows down the Athabaska, and reached its mouth on June 2. I spent the following week on the marshy delta of the Athabaska, and two more weeks at Fort Chipewyan, where final preparations were made for the canoe traverse to Great Slave lake. On June 24 the traverse party departed from Fort Chipewyan in tow of a steamer, and on the following day arrived at Charlot river on the north side of Lake Athabaska. From this place we began portaging on June 29, and passed through a series of five small lakes, reached Tazin lake on July 6. Following the course of its outlet, the Tazin river, we arrived at Hill Island lake on July 14, and at the junction of the Tazin and Taltson rivers, on July 29. We proceeded down the Taltson river reaching Tsu lake on August 6, the junction with Hanging Ice river on August 10, and Great Slave lake on August 15. We followed the south shore of the lake, and came to Fort Resolution on August 21. Ten days (August 26 to September 4) were spent in paddling up the Slave river to Fort Smith. From this post, through the courtesy of A. J. Bell, the Government agent, and of Peter McCallum, the Government buffalo guardian, I was enabled to make a six-days horseback trip into the wood buffalo country on the south. From Smith Landing our party made the outward journey with as few stops and delays as possible, reaching Fort Chipewyan on September 16, Fort McMurray on September 22, and Athabaska Landing on October 10.

On the journey into the country of the Wood Buffalo (*Bison bison athabascæ*), I was accompanied by Peter McCallum, who has been the

buffalo guardian for several years. We rode for a distance of approximately 40 miles in a general southerly direction from Fort Smith, and during about the last 15 miles crossed a slightly elevated plateau, known as Salt mountain. This plateau is in the range of the buffaloes, and here were their signs in abundance—tracks, trails, wallows, dung, and a salt lick. Some of the trails,



Reminder of the Southern, not the Northern Herd.

especially those covering towards the salt lick, had been worn six inches into the ground, and were kept open by constantly passing feet. The lick itself is an irregular area, approximately 100 yards long and 30 yards wide, and appeared to have been trampled over by scores of animals. Here, on September 11, we saw one of them.

According to McCallum, the buffaloes are divided into main herds or groups, and number at present about 500 individuals. During the winter the herd, whose territory we entered, ranges south to Peace river. The other herd is found northwest of Fort Smith in the region of the Little Buffalo river.

In the last few years, since the appointment of a guardian, the buffaloes have probably been molested but little by the Indians. It is doubtful if many are killed by the wolves, and it seems that the herds have increased of late. But there

is a possible danger from human encroachment that cannot be overlooked; settlements and railways are rapidly pushing into the Peace River valley. The setting aside of a buffalo range as a permanent reservation, as well as the maintenance of a warden service, seems essential to the continued existence of this noble animal in a wild state.

Whooping Crane. *Grus americana*. It is a pleasure to record several recent occurrences of this magnificent and nearly extinct species. I saw photographs of two specimens which had been taken on the lower Athabaska river on about September 13, 1913; and in Edmonton I saw one of these two birds, which had been mounted. I also received quite reliable information concerning the presence of a single bird on April 20, 1914, and

of six birds, including young of this year, in the last week of August, 1914, in a certain locality near which we passed during the season. The birds were believed to have nested there.

This brings information down to as late as last fall and there is no reason to assume that conditions have changed since then.

SALT LICKS FOR YOSEMITE.

In order that the many visitors at the Yosemite this summer may have an opportunity to see some of the wild creatures which abound in the woods, quantities of crystal salt are being deposited in many places convenient for deer and elk and within sight of roads and scenic spots frequented by tourists.

Yosemite shelters very large numbers of harmless wild animals, but few persons would even suspect their presence.

Just A Few Stories About Fishing

Experiences That Forest and Stream Readers Have Encountered or Heard About, and Tell of Here

It is not always the biggest angler who catches the largest fish. Below is presented a picture of little Magdalene Covert, aged six, daughter of Dr. J. B. Covert of Geneva, New York, smiling like the proud little lady she must be to have captured by her own efforts a lake trout weighing 11½ pounds. Magdalene was doing some real fishing from a boat when the big trout seized the pearl wobbler at the end of the line. Magdalene held on and got the fish nearly all the way to the boat when her father, fearing that the fish would come out the victor, grabbed the rod and pulled the prize into the boat. It is not reported that Magdalene screamed or went through the ladylike luxury of fainting. At any rate, she won a local trophy of an angling equipment and *Forest and Stream* is glad to pay her the homage that is due her.

THE SILVER KING AT BREAKFAST.

By F. B. Jones.

The recent tropical hurricane on and off the coast of Texas discloses some of the reasons why that is the fisherman's paradise which I tried to describe in my Fighting Red Fish letter in your July number; these storms are continually cutting out and making new channels, new bottoms in the numerous bays, lakes and lagoons, along the five or six hundred miles of Texas coast line, while the ten or twelve immense rivers which drain Texas are daily discharging and depositing vast stores of fresh food upon those new bottoms. This very naturally attracts immense numbers of all varieties and sizes of fish, from a minnow to a whale, a mullet to a muskallonge, all of which can easily find the very environment best adapted to their individual natures and nowhere in the eastern part of the United States have I been able to find the fighting fish in such variety, such size and in such numbers as in the coast country of Texas with Galveston or Matagorda bays as central points.

Shortly after the storm of 1900, old man Kellerman and I were camped out at the mouth of Char Creek, which empties into Galveston Bay some forty or fifty miles N. N. W. of the City of Galveston; while preparing breakfast one morning we were attracted to the shore by a continued loud sloshing in the water and witnessed a sight that my limited vocabulary cannot justly describe. The Silver King was at home, at breakfast and in all his magnificence—as playful and as active as a kitten—seemingly he would dive to the very bottom of the bay, seize his victim (a large mullet) and emerging from the water with a rush, throw his prey high in the air, as a dog would a rat, fling himself clear out of the water and while still in the air, grab his breakfast and disappear with the slash that lead us to such unusual sight. Not only our tarpon but dozens of the monsters from six to eight feet in length would be in the air clear and free above the water at one and the same time; not

only one time but for over an hour was the feast in progress and when one who recognizes the beauties of the Silver King, when just taken from the water, understands this magnificent sight was just as the sun appeared above the horizon, he can possibly imagine the glories of such a scene. I cannot describe it but will venture the assertion that no where on this continent will you be able to witness such an inspiring sight any oftener than in the location described above. Kellerman and I were seine fishing and the vast school of tarpon kept us out of the water for a



Little Miss Covert and Her Big Lake Trout.

week. They tore our six hundred fathom seine almost to shreds in our first effort to take them.

As to taking them with a line—having fished the coast line from Gutican to South Carolina and taken my share of tarpon at all points my greatest success in numbers and size has been at Boliver Point just opposite Galveston in the comparatively quiet, still waters formed by the Worth Jetties same as three or four miles out into the Gulf and at right angle with the coast

line. Out on the jetties there is or was before the storm a fishing pier from which one could cast a line and hook a tarpon, shark, red fish or trout most any day in the year. My private opinion as to the fighting qualities of the tarpon is not very light. His notoriety comes from his size, his beauty and the publicity given him; certainly the pull of a hundred pound tarpon is exhilarating but does not inject the elixir of life into our system that a dozen other varieties does try a red fish—sea bass, a fresh water salmon, or a muskallonge and make your own contrast, the other varieties named will not suffer.

WHO WILL SPEAK UP FOR FLORIDA?

If brother sportsmen living in Florida could tender me any information regarding a good location in that state, with good hunting and fishing possibilities, I should be glad to receive such information, intending to spend the winter in the state. I would be particularly interested in information regarding certain streams along which a pleasant trip might be made, with camping in view, to be of some months duration. I have been greatly interested in the famous Everglades, and if such a trip could be made in proximity of these, so much the better, for I understand the Everglades offer a vast variety of interesting points to the outdoorsman. But a clear, ordinary boat navigable stream would be preferable.

This trip is made in the interest of *Forest and Stream*, and readers of the magazine living in the south would tender me an inestimable favour by writing me, in care of this magazine, covering the points I have inquired about.

I should like to meet various sportsmen, and intimately study and make clear the sporting conditions in that favored winter country, if so it be.

Thanking those of the kind readers who will come to the aid of a brother sportsman,

Sincerely and fraternally:

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

THROUGH THE TRAP-SHOOTING TOURNAMENT MILL.

(Continued from page 525)

number of targets for a day's shoot. Many veteran shooters there are who can handle themselves under any conditions in such a manner that they can pay expenses by entering the sweepstakes, naturally, at some one's expense, but it cost them to season themselves and gain this skill and they might argue with reason that the less fortunate who are now paying for their education will have their innings in the years to come. There is a tendency of late to do away with sweepstakes and offer more trophies under conditions that make it attractive to all kind of shooters. It is a tendency that will make the sport more delightful. A club in these last days offering many trophies and no sweepstakes will get out as large if not larger attendance than the old order of few prizes and much money. In the matter of the number of targets for a day's shoot many clubs feel they cannot clear expenses with less than 200 birds on the program, but a 150-target program is coming into favor, for it is less tiresome and, in the long run the less expensive and less tiresome program will induce enough more shooters to offset the loss from the sale of the 50 extra targets.

FRED. O. COPELAND.



*"Mid the flinty streets that wander down that island to the sea,
I have heard a voice low calling, through the rush and roar to me:
Heard a murmur, soft, insistent—fill my soul with wild unrest,
'Come you back,' it whispered softly, 'Come you back unto the West.'*

*Have you heard the West a-calling, calling softly mid its pines;
Heard the song that haunts its canons when the sun of summer shines?
When the mountains sing their happiness and bid the hills rejoice—
If you've heard the West a-calling, you shall ne'er forget its voice." By M. J. REYNOLDS.*



THAT'S the germ that worked its way into me and made possible this story of how I went after bears and got four grizzlies. Some ten years ago, I wrote an article for *Forest and Stream*, under the heading of "Story of a Moose Hunt," in which I did not get the moose. To any chance reader who may remember this, I may say this is not a bear story without the bears, for bears were in evidence—lots of them—more than we wanted at times. My story may lack in educational finish, for I'm just a very plain ordinary business man, but what it lacks in that, I hope will be made up in the incidents themselves—all of which are plain facts and told without flourish or varnish.

When a fellow has passed the half century mark of time, there usually comes a period when "mole hills look like mountains," and things do not go along as easily as they should. That's what happened to me during the winter just passed.

Early this spring, I had a talk with a friend who had been up in British Columbia on a hunting trip last fall. I learned through him that there were some grizzlies up in the northwest that surely were waiting for me, and I decided that such a trip would be the very thing for "what ailed me."

A letter addressed to Otto Brothers, guides and outfitters, at Jasper, Alberta, Canada, brought a reply from Closson Otto, saying that some bear were in that country and he knew where there was at least one big fellow they had named "Old Tramp"—if I would come out, we would have a try for him, along with some others.

One morning, the latter part of April, I

stepped off the semi-weekly service of the through trans-continental train of the Grand Trunk Pacific, at their small station. I had not walked far up the platform when a man hailed me—"How do you do, Mr. Murdock." There wasn't any one there to tell him I was his man. I'm sure I didn't tell him. But when a native guide way up in that north country sees a fellow step off the train, lugging an arsenal big enough to equip half a company of German infantry, loaded down with enough clothes to take him to the north pole and back, wearing a scared and timid look, much as if he feared a grizzly might be hiding behind the nearest corner, it isn't very hard for him to brand the newcomer a "tenderfoot."

After we had exchanged greetings, we walked up to his house nearby. We had a short talk and then decided we would get things ready and leave the next morning for the mountains. His wife served a most enjoyable lunch, after which we went up to the corral and bunk-house. Here I met George Hargrave, who was to be our cook.

When you first meet two men, whom you have never before seen, and of whom you know but little, and know you are to go alone into the mountains with them, and see no other human being for four to six weeks, it is no more than natural that you have some curiosity to know their peculiarities. The first thing I noticed was that Closson was a big husky fellow, weighing about 195 pounds, with a bright and strong face, a good leader, a good worker, a quick thinker—therefore a good manager. He worked with system. I have had a good many guides—a few really good ones, some indifferent, others very poor. Closson proved to be one of the very best it has ever been my pleasure to meet. Born in the wilds of eastern Canada, north of Toronto, with an axe in his little fist, he has

been using it ever since. He can make anything from a toothpick to a full size canoe with the aid of no other tool. A trapper in boyhood, a trapper, guide and hunter since, strong as an ox, with eyes like an eagle's, intelligent and a good companion. I want just here to make this statement: Although I have hunted for the past fifteen years, I do not profess to be a "hunter." If I could consider myself as such, I would feel that I had attained a high pinnacle in natural life. But there is so much of real art, woods lore, tracking sense, leg muscle and native instinct in the make-up of a hunter, that I have not the faintest hope that I shall ever reach that distinction. I do feel, however, that I have been out with enough men to know a good hunter when I see one.

George Hargrave soon made it apparent that his job was that of a "help-mate." You readers who may have been so blessed in your life's companion know what that is. He "filled the bill." He could put up a "mulligan" fit for a king. He could bake yeast bread and cookies "like mother used to make." I never had a trip on which we had better "eats" and never lived in camps which radiated more good cheer than ours. George is a bachelor—I am somewhat reluctant about writing this, because I have already given his full real name and address, and I don't want any chance lady reader to try "throwing a rope" out that way, because I want to go back there again some day and want him there to go along. Besides being a good cook, a good camp packer and all-round helper, he starred also as a singer. He sang everything I ever heard or am likely to hear the rest of my natural life. He began when he got up. He quit only when he went to bed. His repertoire was most extensive, but I noticed when doing something that required specially close attention around camp, he always



Grizzlies on the Snow After They Had Been Rolled Down the Slide.

fell back on the same song—that in which the refrain runs “any little girl that’s a nice little girl is the right little girl for me.” It seems strange that a fellow who can sing as he can doesn’t have one of his own. These two fellows put up the best team work I have ever seen on a trip.

We took the wagon and brought my baggage up to the bunk house. I proceeded to change into camp toggery and pack up preparatory for the hunt. I had bought a real nice bright “six shooter,” which I had figured would come in handy in case of getting into too close quarters with a grizzly.

Closson hurt my feelings some when, in answer to my inquiry, “what do you think of that?” he said, “I think it’s a good think to leave at home.” We had a jolly good time the whole afternoon packing up and sorting the things we thought we needed. I left a lot of my stuff in the bunk house and I later on left more at about every place we camped, which shows how easy it is to drag along a lot of stuff that is of no earthly use.

The next morning, we packed up. Closson said we would travel light, so although we carried our full camp equipment and provisions for thirty days or more, we took only four-pack horses and three saddle horses. It was arranged that Closson’s brother Jack should bring the canoe up the river part way to meet us, so we took his saddle horse along. We packed him up with supplies that we cached at our night camps three and five days out, for use on our return trip. We had a fine lot of horses and best saddles I have ever ridden. The horses had just come in from the winter range and were feeling good. Some of them resented the prospects of thirty days on the trail, carrying a “tenderfoot’s” outfit and accordingly tried to kick it off.

Two hours saw us strung out on the trail, Closson leading off, I rode next, the pack horses followed. George brought up the rear, singing “Farewell Ladies.” Less than a half hour’s ride took us out of sight of the settlement, and for the next thirty days we were in the mountains. We did not see another human being, a ranch

house or any evidences of civilization. We lived with Nature in its wildest state.

You can now talk over the telephone from one ocean to the other, but you can’t talk in that short one hundred mile stretch we covered. Three hours out, we forded the Athabaska River. After that, we followed it for days. At the start, the valley was three or four miles wide. Later it narrowed down to a couple of miles, then to the river banks, and at times, the mountains came so close together that the water had to force its way through in gorges. Government maps covering that section show about a dozen mountain peaks. In reality, there are hundreds of them. Few of them have as yet been named. None have yet been climbed. All are snow covered throughout the year.

What an ideal country for an Alpine Club! We read about the wonderful feat of climbing the Matterhorn. Why, there are peaks without number that never will be climbed. They rear their white summits five thousand to nine thousand feet above the river. Some of them start right from the river’s edge. Their steep sides slope almost straight to the top. Many form perpendicular walls the last two thousand feet. Wild? It’s the wildest country I have ever seen.

We stopped the first day early, turned our horses out, and walked over a low ridge to Buffalo Prairie where we fished, and brought in some nice rainbow trout for supper and breakfast. We fished again at this brook thirty days later on our way in and got thirty-eight nice trout which we took home for Mrs. Closson to cook for us.

We saw bear signs every day—many of them. We missed one little incident on our trip that, had we been able to pull it off, would have been at least interesting. Porcupines were plentiful. They were very large, weighing probably as much as twenty-five pounds. I made a wager of a hat with Closson that he couldn’t hog-tie and let loose again a porcupine, without doing it injury. He said he didn’t know just how he would do it, but in some way he would do it, and I’m convinced he would have succeeded, for noth-

ing in the way of woods lore or wild game feats is impossible to him. Unfortunately we waited too long to get a nice bright day so that we could get pictures of the contest, and we got down out of the porcupine district without trying it.

After the second day out, we saw goats every day, some deer and caribou, but we did not molest them. Each day we traveled, game signs became more numerous and the country more rough and wild.

We carried two tents—one a small wall tent ten feet by twelve feet—the other a tepee, sixteen feet in diameter. This latter makes much for comfort on a camping trip. It’s fine to have a small fire built in the middle of it of a cold frosty morning to get up by. It’s good to have a “house” in which you can hang clothes before a camp fire to dry out when wet. It’s good to lie on top of your sleeping bag on a springy bed of balsam boughs with a small camp fire in the center and watch the smoke curling up and out through the top. I mean what doesn’t get in your eyes. A tepee and a fire are to the camp what the big open fire place is to the home. Don’t go out without a tepee.

A word here about sleeping: I carried an air mattress, used it a couple of times and discarded it for the warmer and more comfortable “balsam” bed. Well made, the balsam bed is best of all. The trouble is that so few of us are willing to make it right. Cut your brush from a fair-sized tree, not a sapling. Cut them big—lots of them. Lay them about ten inches thick. It will be soft for one night only, but when stirred up, the next day it’s as soft as ever.

A Fiala bag is made up as follows: A sheet bag and pillow case made of very light soft silk, similar to China silk, made a clean and sanitary sheet. It can be pulled out and aired each morning. Next the regular, soft, loose woven, thick but light, wool bag. Over that, a pongee silk bag. Over that, another regular wool bag, and, last, the regular canvas bag cover. I have tried three different well-known bags. I made three others after my own idea, but none of them ever gave the comfort this did. It weighs eleven

and half pounds. A down quilt and thin waterproof cover weighing four and a half pounds for extra cover when very cold completed the outfit, but this latter I never used. My beds heretofore had usually weighed about twenty-eight pounds. Heretofore I usually wore sleeping socks and slept with cold feet. This time I wore nothing on my feet and I was always warm.

In the matter of clothing: I started out with enough clothes on my back (big mackinaw, heavy coats and sweaters, etc.), to tire a man out with their weight alone. I envied Closson and George in their flannel shirt sleeves. They were comfortable, while I, with all my coats, was cold. The second day out I said, "If you fellows can stand that, so can I," and from that time on, you might have followed our trail by the extra and useless articles of wearing apparel I threw away. If I can do aught else than start some fellow sportsman off right in the matter of clothing, I shall be pleased. Dress light! Dress light! All flannel and wool. When slightly chilly on the trail, get off and walk a little. When in camp, take an axe and chop a little. Start the red blood running. You can't do this by piling on clothes, tiring yourself with their weight. I wore light weight, loose fit underwear, a heavy flannel shirt, a silk jacket (homemade) for windbreaker when overheated after long climbs, a light trap shooting jacket around camp.

If very cold, wear two flannel shirts. I wore no coat. Whenever heard of a fellow leaving his place of business for a couple hours' hard walk and loading himself down with sweaters, storm coats, etc.? Why should you do it in camp? I emphasize this, because it is nothing new to me. I read all this years ago, but have ignored it and have thereby lost much comfort.

For five days we traveled. We had seen lots of animal life signs—bears, deer, caribou, sheep and goats. George carried a single barrel telescope about twenty-four inches long. One day, while in camp, he located a caribou feeding on the other side of the river between two and three miles away. With this glass he could make out the antlers very clearly. With our binoculars, we could just see an object—an evidence of the superiority of the old long and unwieldy telescope as compared with the binoculars. For grizzlies, sheep and goats, I would recommend that these glasses be taken along. They might save a hard climb after a head that isn't desirable. For all day constant use on a hunt of this kind, a good pair of binoculars is as important as a good rifle. A strap should be

attached, so that the glasses can be carried hung over the shoulder without the case; thus they are always ready for instant use.

We were sitting on top of a ridge one day when two black tail deer came out of the bush below us. They stopped, watched us a moment and then moved off through the heavy dead and down timber. They remained in view for half a mile. It was a sight worth while as they vaulted over logs high as their backs with seeming ease. Their antlers were just forming in velvet. They were big—much bigger than any deer I have ever seen. I would estimate them three hundred pounds, or over.

Closson had two Airedale dogs which he took along because he thought they might do good work hunting bears, but they had not yet been trained, and we found, after being out a couple of days, that they would be of no use, so sent them back with Jack, when he brought the canoe up, four days out.

Closson had gone out about two hundred yards from camp one evening just before supper, to take a look at a slide. He chanced to turn toward the river and saw two grizzlies—one big one and one small one. They stood at the edge of the water on the opposite side of the river, just a short distance below camp. He came running in for me, but, by the time we got down to the gravel flat in the river, they had gone into the timber out of sight. Next morning we crossed the river and saw their tracks. They were headed back over a high ridge to a canon about six miles away.

Closson and I decided we would each take a light pack and go back to the canon. We spent six hours getting there, traveling over the roughest country I have ever seen. We failed to find any good looking slide. After a few hours' rest, we returned to camp reaching there at dark, after twelve hours of hard work and nothing to show for it. It was at times like this a fellow couldn't help but feel that all things considered, he was entitled to all the bears he could get, even if he got all there were in the country.

This day George remained in camp until noon and then rode back down the river three miles to look out for Jack with the canoe. On the way, he passed a salt-lick slide where he had seen fresh goat signs. When he reached it he came on to five kids sporting around like lambs. He had so much fun with them that he forgot he had his kodak and lost a good picture.

And then the days on the long trail with the pack horses, each bringing new sights and sounds. Snow slides increased as we got farther

out. When interest lagged, there were always the pack horses themselves to watch. A gray mare seemed to be the self-appointed leader—old in years and wise in the experience of the trail. She usually held the place at the head, in spite of the efforts of the others to displace her. After a more than usually steep descent, when the saddle horses would open up a gap in the rear, the others would prepare to forge past her. She would stop, turn her head, lay back her ears and survey them calmly—seemingly saying, "I'm boss here and I dare you to try to pass me." This was enough to send them scurrying in every direction. She never kicked or put forth any physical effort to force them back—perhaps an example of mind over matter.

We were now well up towards the headwaters of the river. The mountains come right down to the edge of the river, which had spread out in a big, wide gravel flat about half mile in width. Day after day we listened to the roar like thunder and watched the avalanches of snow as they slid down the mountain sides, often landing almost at our feet—truly a most wonderful sight.

The night of the sixth day out found us camped along the river below the big flats. Up to this time, we had been traveling most of the day, only stopping long enough to look for fresh signs, but now we decided we would go out on a hunt. Closson and I left camp the next morning. After riding up the river for about three hours, we stopped at a point opposite one of the so-called "slides." These slides are placed on the mountain side that have at one time been swept clear of snow. Later, they grow up in big mountain willow patches covering most of their surface, but here and there are small spaces kept open by the snow and, in the early spring, they are covered with small bunches of tender grass and Indian turnip. Bears feed on this grass in the early spring. Since we were hunting bear, we watched these slides from the flats below. This day we had spent watching until well into the afternoon, but had seen nothing. Shortly after three o'clock, Closson said, "Do you want to get a coyote?" We located two along the river flats on the opposite side and two hours after we had one of them skinned out.

We started for camp. We had ridden about a mile when we saw a bear across a snow slide about two thousand feet above us. Closson said, "Well, don't that beat ——! Shoot a coyote and lose a bear." But, after watching him a few moments, he said, "We may get a chance at him yet." The bear crossed the snow



1—Four Grizzly Skins Hung Up on the Bunk House on Our Return. 2—The First Canoe to Ever Be Put Afloat on This Lake. 3—Old "Four Toes" As He Fell.

on the upper end of the slide, climbed up to a shelf of rock that ran along the side of the mountain just above the timber line, paralleling the big flats on the river. For almost one hour, he walked slowly along this ledge, all the while in plain sight of us, about two thousand feet above us and perhaps four thousand feet distant in an air line. As he proceeded up the side of the valley, we, too, moved up the river flats. We decided he was heading to come out on the upper end of the big slide. I remarked to Closson, "I wonder if he knows how near he is to either a good meal (referring to the coyote carcass), or eternity." Leaving our horses, we discarded all extra clothing and prepared to make our first climb after a Grizzly. We even threw off our hats. The going was bad. Up, up, up! I was fresh from the East and office. Time after time I felt I could not climb a step farther. At last we reached a point two hundred yards below the green spot on the slide.

Almost immediately afterwards, he came off the shelf on the green. He stopped, half lay down, got up on his hind legs, then half turned a somersault and went through all sorts of unusual motions. Closson lay half concealed by the edge of the willows. I had moved out, and so as to better use my rifle, stood in plain view. "Old Ephriam" looked our way a couple of times, but apparently did not make us out. Closson said, "Do you think we are close enough?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Wait until he turns broadside and then get busy." A moment later he presented his left side. I obeyed orders. When hit he ran about a hundred yards, plunged into a thicket of mountain willows and disappeared from sight. Closson ran up and a moment later called back to me, "He's in the willows. Go in from the side. I'll go in up here and come down to join you, but look out." If any one had told me before I started on this trip that I would be found crawling on hands and knees one hundred yards into a thick patch of willows after a big wounded grizzly, when I couldn't see over twenty-five feet ahead of me I would have said, "You're crazy but I'm not." But such is the excitement of the chase, that down on all fours and in I went. After Closson and I met, we moved farther down. There stood the grizzly twenty feet below us. He was soon down for good. Was he fat? Yes, very fat. His fur in prime condition. A big specimen. He measured, just as he lay crouched up on the mountain side, over all, seven feet six inches, from nose to tail. The hide, when removed, taped eight feet six inches, without undue stretching. We estimated him to weigh about six hundred and fifty pounds. We left him. We went to camp, arriving about dark. We were tired, but with that tired contentment that comes with the successful hunt. Had we not hunted, found, stalked, fought and conquered in the open the biggest and most noted of all big game animals to be found on the North American Continent? For seven long days we had worked hard to reach this end. We had brought into play our best efforts—all the native skill, all the tracking sense we possessed. We had brought into play leg muscle of which we did not think we were capable.

Of all the big game I have hunted, I know none that can match the grizzly in quickness of foot. Grizzlies move along with a shiftless,

ambling gait that doesn't look much for speed but a grizzly will cover the first hundred yards or so more quickly than any antelope I have ever seen, and these latter are recorded as being the very fastest of all game animals. Talk about looking for a tree to climb—why, a grizzly would be on a fellow before he got four feet off the ground, although it were an even start, and the tree were right alongside of you. I had kept visions of "tree-stories" before me, but after I saw this—our first grizzly—run, I ceased to give a tree any further thought. My advice to any fellow after grizzlies is "pump lead and do it fast." If that fails you, you may as well give up, I would not give much for your chance. These tree-climbing, using six-shooters-at-short-range, and sticking-a-knife-in-his-ribs-stories make interesting reading, but that is all.

When we reached camp we first let George under the impression that we had gotten nothing, and he said, "Boys, I have a big grizzly



The Author.

located for you on the big slide about a mile above camp. You can go after him in the morning." The next morning on our way up to skin our grizzly out, we saw the grizzly George had referred to, up on the slide above the river, but decided we would not go after him until our return. Two miles farther we saw another big grizzly on another slide, but we set him also aside for a later hour, as we wanted to first skin out and care for the one we had already gotten.

We reached our grizzly about ten o'clock. As I looked him over I felt that no matter what other luck attended our efforts, this had made our trip an assured success. We found a toe missing on one foot and so named him "Four Toes."

Three hours after we had the head and hide

and were on our way back to camp. We were disappointed on coming back to the two slides passed in the morning to find that the grizzlies had gone to cover and were nowhere to be seen. We saw two black-bear on our way in, but it was getting late. We had a long way to go. There would be other days and other bears. We did not go after them.

The few days following were spent in salting, stretching and preparing the hide, and, incidentally, doing a little hunting.

The third day we prepared to move camp farther out. We portaged our canoe across to a lake and moved camp up to its shore. We intended going down the lake in our canoe and therefore turned the horses back down the trail to forage for themselves. Expecting to be absent two weeks, we took the hobbles off and turned them loose, with just a little fear that they might take a notion to go all the way back home. If they did, we knew it meant a ninety-mile hike after them when we came back, but fortunately they found good feed not more than two miles from the lake and there we found them on our return, some ten days later.

We loaded our entire camp equipment, twelve days' provisions, in our canoe, and started down the lake. We had little free-board left. The lake is eight miles long and one and a half miles wide. There was a strong wind blowing, making our trip somewhat dangerous. If my "hat was off" to Closson and George for their good work before, I went "bare-headed" for the manner in which they handled our canoe. Work less expert would have seen our outfit, and us, afloat or in the bottom of the lake.

When half way down the lake, we had to cross to the opposite shore and we were glad when this had been accomplished. We watched a slide, but saw nothing. When about two miles from the lower end of the lake, we were ashore to take a look at the big slide opposite. We hadn't all gotten out of the canoe before we saw a big grizzly on the big slide and a smaller one on a smaller slide nearby. We watched them for some fifteen minutes. The smaller one went into the willows and did not again return. The big one still remained in the open. By this time, the lake had gotten so rough that it was impossible to recross with our load.

With our glasses we selected the best route up the mountain side and decided we would go after the big fellow. We unloaded the canoe, paddled across. For two hours we climbed up, up, up! coming out on top of a small ridge close by the big slide. The grizzly, which we now saw was a silver tip, was feeding on the slide about two hundred yards away but partly under cover of willows. As we watched, peculiar thoughts occurred one after another. "There he stood. Perhaps he may be the only other specimen we may have a chance to get." "Are we going to outwit him on his own ground, or are we going to fail?" Again, "Is there a possibility he may outwit us and get us?" He seems unwittingly to defy us as he moves out toward the open. "A slight touch of the hair trigger and a few seconds would tell the tale. What would it be?"

He came out on the edge of the slide about one hundred and fifty yards away. No less than nine shots were fired. He stood for two of



4—Three Grizzlies in the Snow. 5—"Old Tramp" on the Stretchers—Note the Great Height. 6—Closson Examining "Old Tramp's" Fore-toes.

them and then in place of turning and running away as we had expected, took a course across the slide towards us, crossing the ridge we were on, just below us, so that the shots that were fired after he started to run were fired through the bushes. He was just touched. We found his trail and a few drops of blood. We followed him along the mountain side through heavy cover for over an hour, but had to give it up. He had won. Three tired, hungry fellows went down the slide, reached the canoe a little before dark, re-crossed the lake, reloaded our outfit and paddled to the end of the lake. We went into camp at dark in the edge of the timber close to the water's edge.

The next morning we went down to the river about a mile distant, cut a tree for a foot log and hunted down the flats about a mile distant. We found fresh tracks of a big grizzly that we believed to be those of "Old Tramp," and were thus assured that he was still on his old range. For three days following we spent the time in watching the two slides on the lake. We climbed after two black bears. On the river we tried to get sight of "Old Tramp," but without success.

The morning of the fourth day, after seven o'clock, we left camp, intending to hunt up the river to the big slide about six miles away. The traveling was hard—heavy timber, much dead and down stuff and thick underbrush; heavy climbing as the river was a succession of rapids all the way; some snow in spots. We soon came to a well-beaten trail made by a bear. We saw here and there his sign boards on the trees written as high up as we could reach. In places the foot marks on the ground were worn eight inches deep. We built another foot log to cross to the other side of the river.

When we had just completed it, I said to George, "Let me get a picture here." He had the axe in his pack and in shifting the pack, dropped the axe in the stream. It was out of sight in a second and although we fished for it some time—doubtless it had been swept rods away—we failed to get it. Fortunately for us, we still had the big axe back at camp. Otherwise we would have been without for the remainder of our trip. While it is not impossible,

yet it is to say the least, some inconvenient to manage an outfit for two weeks with nothing larger than a butcher knife. It was the only time on the trip that George manifested any temper. This time he did "cuss" his luck and I didn't blame him much either.

By twelve o'clock we had reached a small open spot on the opposite side of the valley, about five hundred feet above the river, and directly opposite the big slide. We had already walked continuously almost five hours. I was just about all in, when Closson said "We will stop and watch here awhile." I was glad. I threw myself down on the ground and said, "Here's where I take a little nap, and the man who wakes me before he sees a bear will get shot." I hadn't yet closed my eyes when Closson said, "I see a bear." I was up in a moment. Isn't it queer—how dog tired a fellow can be and yet at the first sign of game that tired feeling is all gone out of him and he is up and gone like a hound?

After considerable discussion, we decided to go down the river, build a foot log and cross over, then go down the river about half mile to a snow slide that extended all the way down the mountain, and climb up over this snow. It proved to be the hardest we had yet made. The snow was deep and often we sank up to our waists. But such is the chase. Up! Up! Up! Always Up! For three long hours and Oh! such hours. The remembrance of this climb will stay with me forever.

About three o'clock we had reached the point on the mountain side, where we had seen the grizzly. We had just come off the snow that extended all the way along the side of the mountain on a bench about fifty feet wide. Closson was walking ahead some fifty yards. George was trailing along back of me. Closson motioned for me to hurry up. I was floundering through this soft snow, up above my knees, every few steps sinking up to my waist, and was about exhausted. I shook my head in disgust. Closson walked around the lower side of a bunch of thick willows. I kept above—the more direct way. This brought us out into the small open space, with me in the lead. Closson about

sixty feet in my rear and slightly lower down and George was about forty feet back of me and a little higher up. I was walking slowly across the open space towards the next clump of willows. When about fifty feet away from them, a grizzly, supposedly the one we had seen, came around the edge of the willows. He was running fast and headed towards us but on a line passing us about forty feet below. I fired quickly. Before I got the second cartridge in the barrel, Closson yelled, "My God, there's two of them!" and I heard him shoot. I saw the first grizzly stumble and fall. I swung my gun around toward the second grizzly—which had come around the edge of the willows not over thirty feet behind the first one, running fast and headed in a direct line for Closson. I was just about to press the trigger for the second one when another grizzly, making the third one in quick succession, came in sight around the edge of the willows. He looked as big as an elephant. He came on a jump, following not more than thirty feet behind the second one and not over fifty feet from where I stood. He was headed directly for me. Every time he landed on all fours, he rose up on his hind legs and let out a "Whoo-of! Whoo-of!" His jaws snapped like a trap. I heard Closson shooting at the other bears back of me, but did not know what was taking place. I felt sure my time had come. I wasn't scared, because it all came too fast. There wasn't time to be scared. I remember thinking, "There's time for one shot and then the ——" I didn't know but that it meant the same for Closson, for I did not know that grizzly No. 1 had stayed down and I knew grizzly No. 2 was going straight for him. My rifle again cracked and about a second after I heard George's gun crack. Old Tramp (as he proved to be), the big grizzly, or No. 3, fell in a heap about thirty-five feet away and rolled twenty-five feet down to the edge of and over the cliff, disappearing in the thick willows. I ran. George followed close. We slid down over the almost perpendicular wall of the cliff to the slope below and on down about one hundred yards, where we found him—dead in the thick

(Continued on Page 553.)

Waterproof Boot of Extreme Lightness

A Knee-high Moccasin that had its Origin in the Arctics, but which Commends itself to the Outdoor Man of any Clime

By Old Camper.

I DON'T know who first invented or designed the present form of sporting boot, but I do know that the average hiker along trodden and untrodden trails in the wilderness has been forced by example, necessity and lack of something better to lift from four to six pounds extra weight on his feet over interminable distances, and at much physical discomfort. The modern sporting boot looks "sporty" in pictures. It may give to the wearer that devil-may-care outdoor effect so much striven for on magazine covers, but you never find the tough old woodsman or the man who works at his trade away from civilization indulging much in the knee-high, laced-up, leaden-weighed magazine-cover boots. The old timer has been through the mill, and he reserves his carrying power for what he can pile on his back. Some mathematical genius figured out recently just how many pounds a man lifts by toting heavy boots so many steps per mile over a given stretch of miles. The tonnage was fearful.

Also it is a superfluity of the most foolish description. The real woodsman wears light shoes or moccasins. An occasional wetting of his feet does not matter much, for he wears wool socks and wrings them out or dries them as often as possible. I will admit that in a snake country, protection of the legs is necessary, but I am speaking now of the northern woods, where the snake question does not enter the problem.

There are many people, however, who do not like wet feet, and who cannot stand wet feet. For such people little has been done. Think of a knee-high moccasin or boot weighing twelve or fourteen ounces, perfectly impervious to water, yet made of leather. That is what the far north has been waiting a long time to give us. Sportsmen who have gone into Newfoundland or ventured further up the Labrador coast, even into the Arctic, are thoroughly familiar with the hair seal moccasin or boot, the most comfortable foot wear ever designed for man, so light that it scarcely can be said to possess weight at all, and so pliable that it can be turned inside out like a glove for drying.

The picture I am sending you will show how this boot looks. It is not pretty, I will admit, and for many people it might not be comfortable unless used with an inner sole or soled on the bottom with a stiff piece of leather, but it is waterproof to the top and amazingly comfortable, especially in a canoe. I ordered a pair of these boots from a general store in St. Johns, Newfoundland, a few weeks since. They came to hand promptly, but as they had been taken out of raw stock, directions for making them waterproof were sent with the shipment.

These directions are as follows:

"First soak them in warm water over night. Then steep them in bark for twenty-four hours with chips or other material inside to allow the bark to reach every spot. After twenty-four hours in the bark, turn them wrong side out and hang them out to dry but not harden. When dry put them into the bark again, wrong side out

for twenty-four hours or longer if convenient.

"When taken out of the bark a second time let them dry but not harden and when dry, soak them in seal or cod oil over night and then hang them out to dry next morning.

"Treated this way the boots will last long and remain waterproof, but if worn green the first day's tramp will drive out all the natural oil and the boot won't last, more especially in warm weather. If treated as above, they may be soled by a shoemaker when the bottoms are worn thin, and used with great satisfaction for many seasons."

Of course soaking in bark water means simply a tanning process. As seal oil and cod oil are not



The Seal skin Boot—Weighs Less than a Pound.

common commodities in city stores, and as they usually smell to high Heaven any ordinary waterproofing process by means of oil preparations can be substituted. The cost? The Newfoundland store charged me \$3.00 for the boots, and 24 cents additional for parcel post carriage. Uncle Sam collected another nickel for delivery, but said nothing about duty, and as the package was opened for inspection I infer that no duty is levied on such small shipments.

Boots like these as a rule are made by the Eskimo women in Labrador. They are similar to the Eskimo boot, used all over the Arctic, both east and west, but of course in colder climates the hair is left on for warmth.

INDIANS WHO FORETOLD WET SUMMER PREDICT LONG WINTER.

The season so far verifies the weather predictions of the Indians who occasionally visit the Mesa Verde National Park in southwestern Col-

orado for trading purposes, but who never stay an hour longer than is necessary because of their dread of the "little people" whom they believe still inhabit, in spirit form, the prehistoric cliff dwellings that have made the Mancos Valley famous the world over. Last fall the Mesa Verde prairie dogs deserted their villages for new ones, and the Indians have been shaking their heads over it all winter. "Rain, much rain," they say; "rain all summer." So far they seem to have predicted right.

And now they are again shaking their heads. "Cold, much cold," they say; "bad winter coming." And why? Because this summer game has been unusually plentiful on the Mesa Verde. Deer are more frequently seen than for years. Rabbits and hares are so numerous one can scarcely go about without seeing them in large numbers. Coyotes and mountain lions are also unusually plentiful, which may be explained by the abundance of the small game on which they live.

4,451 INDIANS IN NEW YORK STATE.

There are 609 fewer Indians on the reservations of New York State than ten years ago. But three tribes, the Onondagas, Tonawandas, and Tuscaroras, show any gain in numbers, according to the official census figures made public by Francis M. Hugo, Secretary of State. The total number of Indians now living on the eight reservations is 4,451, as compared with 5,060 in 1905. According to the Federal enumeration of 1910, the population of the Indian reservations was 5,729, but included whites and other persons, as well as the redskins.

Out of the 4,451 now on the reservations, not less than 762 admit they are pagans, and 748 speak little or no English.

In the eight reservations there are 87,676 acres, of which the Indians are this summer cultivating 30,556, or an average of 6.08 acres for each man, woman and child. The census figures show that the St. Regis, Onondagas, and the Tuscaroras are the largest tillers of the soil; the Alleghany and the Cattaraugus Indians the least.

At the Onondaga reservation 4,266 acres out of 7,300 are under cultivation: St. Regis, 10,638 out of 14,030; Cattaraugus, 4,447 out of 21,680; Alleghany, 3,858 out of 30,469; Shinnecock, 71 out of 400 acres; Tonowandas, 2,527 out of 7,548; Tuscaroras, 4,749 out of 6,249.

The pagans are shown as follows: Onondaga, 113; Cattaraugus, 300; Alleghany, 287; Shinnecock, 5; St. Regis, 0; Tonowanda, 57; Tuscarora, 0.

The 748 found speaking little or no English are divided in the following manner: Onondagas, 34; St. Regis, 232; Cattaraugus, 86; Alleghany, 101; Shinnecock, 0; Tonowandas, 239; Tuscaroras, 56.



Shore Bird Reminiscences and Experiences

A Tale of The Days When Shooting Brought Satisfactory Results, Although Not More Pleasure Than Comes Now to The Devotee of The Sport

By R. H. Dana, Jr.



THIS may not interest the casual reader, but those who have participated in the snipe shooting on Shinnecock Bay, Long Island, some years ago, will recall to memory many fine bags made, and pleasant days spent on the marshes. It was before the power boat came into general use, when it was necessary to rely on the scooter and the "ashbreeze" for transportation from the mainland to the beach. Now what a change: they tell me imposing cottages have been erected on the beach. Spots that were then devoid of marsh grass, have now grown up, channels filled in, and the power boat reigns supreme. Still I understand fair shooting can be had in spite of civilization's progress.

We, of the snipe shooting brotherhood, can close our eyes, and see the small scooter being carefully loaded in the wee small hours of the morning, with the lunch pails, oil skins, cartridges, cases, decoys, guns in rubber cases, water jug, and everything shipshape for the sail across the bay. It may be a nasty morning, east wind blowing half a gale, dark as pitch, or clear with the heavens dotted with stars—it mattered not to the enthusiast. How I remember those midnight sails across the bay, with the lighthouse as guide for direction; also, how I remember the blessed lighthouse sometimes appearing on the wrong side, causing considerable argument as to how it got there without our notice. How good the morning air felt in our faces—how good our pipes tasted, even though we had no breakfast. I can see how the phosphorescent waves coming in over the scooter's bow, as she felt the wind.

Then came the question, where we would rig, the Inlet, Rack Channel, or Gull Island where was the wind, north, west; so be it; the birds would come well in under the beach shore, probably from the east. There someone is getting up in the Walker House; we can see a light; more opposition. Never mind, the more the merrier; keep the birds moving. We have almost free wind, and away we hustle for the inlet. The choice of the inlet makes us feel good, as our boxes were there ready, and quarter-filled with marsh hay; otherwise we should have had to tow them considerable distance. Now for decoys—out they go, in crescent formation, with the jack stool well outside so they will show up. Some may ask, why the crescent formation? and I blush to state that we usually arranged with a shovel to have a nice little sand bar inside the crescent for birds to light, which was particularly attractive to brant, black breasted plover, and robin snipe. Sometimes however, we deviated from this rule according to the nature of the places. We were rigged by placing the decoys in small bunches, well apart, without respect as to their pointings to windward or otherwise, but always the larger

decoys well out of the water. Now then, the blind. We pull marsh grass, which comes up by the roots, clods of mud with it, sufficient to hold it upright against the boxes without blowing down in the wind. It is not very good for the hands, as the grass cuts, but never mind.

Everything is in readiness and we step into our boxes to await the break of day. How peaceful it all was (barring the mosquitoes) the twitterings of the marsh wrens, soft calls of the different waders on their migration, the quack of

gunner almost blowing his brains out trying to turn there, but no use they are too far in shore and well to windward. Now Mott and Herman see them, and all is lost unless the birds see our decoys, as Herman can whistle on his fingers in curlew language, to make the tyro's hair stand on end, but on comes the brown string, steady as geese. They see our decoys, and will give us a look anyway. "Who the devil kicked that lunch pail?" I hear someone whisper. They won't get any nearer. Now then, give it to 'em. Next



the night heron leaving the marshes for their day roost in the pines and the scrub oak on the mainland. How slowly the time passed until daylight. Soon as we could see, one of us would get up on the decoy box and have a look up and down the beach for other gunners. There was Mr. S. and his gunner in Rack Channel, our keenest competitors, and companions of many pleasant days. West of us two professional gunners, Mott and Herman, and a mighty tough combination to beat—incidentally, our instructors at the game, and so on, up and down the beach shore.

Two guns to the east, and the fun commences. Along come a mixed bunch of little yellow legs and dowitchers, answering the calls, twisting, turning and circling to the decoys. "C" turns loose on the windward portion of the bunch with his Greener, while I give my attention to the tailenders, hence avoiding killing each other's birds. So it goes on till about 10 o'clock—then comes a lull, and one wonders if it is all over for the day, sometimes it is, but more often it isn't.

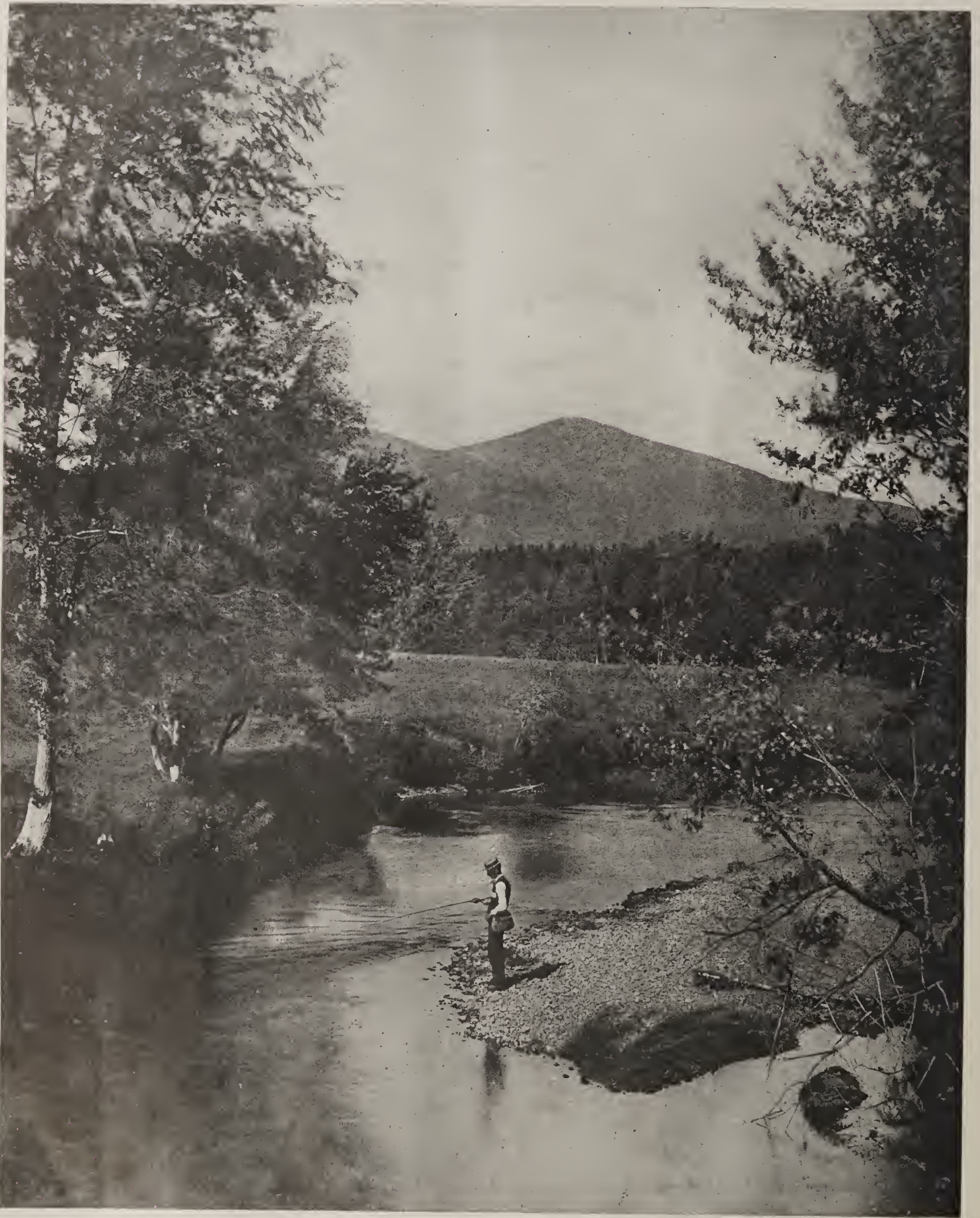
How nice it was to pull off one's rubber boots when the sun got hot, and wiggle one's toes, preparing for a nice little nap, while "C" tries hard to keep awake and watch. Next thing you know you are awakened by a siap on the chest that nearly does for you, accompanied by a hoarse voice—"Don't move, Jack coming!" and you can see through a small opening in the blind a good string of Jack curlew flying low just over the sand dunes. Now look out! I can hear Mr. S.'s

thing you see is Mr. S. upon his decoy box waving congratulations with his hat.

Then comes another lull. The dinner pail is produced, cover removed, and you peep in. What in the world has happened? Contents sadly mixed up, ham sandwiches, cake, huckleberry pie, all in a jumble. I hear a remark from my side partner. "What's the use? shake it up good, close your eyes, and eat it with a spoon." Then just as you get a good generous mouthful of the concoction, you are sure to hear the clear metallic call of the yelper, which almost chokes you to death trying to whistle him in.

I once witnessed a very humorous sight while visiting another blind. It was about noon time, and the occupants were having lunch (if you can call it that). The gunner was busily engaged in getting outside of a piece of sticky pie that had candied in the lunch pail, owing to the heat of the day. After having placed in his mouth a rather large piece, I thought, for so small a man, we heard a small bunch of yellow leg calling. Well sir, "C" and I almost fell down laughing to see the gunner trying to whistle. Together with the sticky pie and false teeth, it nearly finished him. Anyway we made such a racket they never came near us.

Good old days! never to be forgotten. The old gunners of the district will well remember the familiar form of Mr. S., constantly on the marshes, now passed on to the happy hunting grounds. Courageous gentlemen, genial host, loving and kind sportsman of the old school, your memory will remain with us forever.

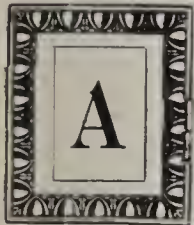


September is Not Too Late for Fly-Fishing. In Fact, Considering the Beauty That Lies on Meadow and Stream, it is the Best Month of the Year.

His Majesty, The Wild Turk Of The South

Peculiarities of One of the Greatest Game Birds on the Continent, with a Few Observations Setting Forth the Best Way to Go After Him

By G. B. Buchanan.



ASK any group of Southern sportsmen in "conversazione ensemble," what is their favorite game and the majority will, I think, say the favorite is wild turkey. Certain it is a good many will say so. Of course, from time

to time you find your bear "bug," and also your quail "bug," and also your fox "bug;" and of course there never was a typically Dixie community which did not have among its inhabitants a representative of that motley crew which finds its chiefest delight in trailing Br'er 'Possum and Massa 'Coon across the face of Nature.

Of course, a bear "bug," warmed perhaps to the task by a little "Old Mountain," may recount some exhilarating experiences of his hunts. Brother Quail Man may too. And of course, I do not wish to leave out those dauntless souls who face with high courage the chill shiver of the wind-swept blind out on "the point" when ducks are coming in, or going out, or going by, whichever "flight" the hunt hits.

But over against these vocal Marathoners our turkey hunter sets up a mighty thunder of descriptive melody which ought to make any eye water, however unique the private efforts of the eye owners may have been. For to the turkey hunter comes an unusual number of those thrills that make association with Kipling's immortal Red Gods so much a recreation and joy.

For instance: "That ole gobbler." I do not specify any particular one. Every old turkey hunter has one, you see, and each historic bird possesses its own particular charms. One will have a double beard. (I saw one once that had three beards.) Another will have a toe missing—caught in some steel trap set in runways for mink, coon, etc. Once in a while the turkey hunter bobs up with a memorable "white" gobbler. Some times they make it a ghost turkey—it goes down kind of creepy if the tale is told under conditions favoring the creeps. The white gobbler is a favorite thriller. I, personally, never saw one. There is no doubt they have been found, though, as I have at least one authentic record of such, though this particular bird was a lady instead of a man. After the white gobbler the next best bet in the story line is "when I found I left my yelper at home and called up that big one with my pipe." Did you ever hear that? Ladies and gentlemen, it's a corker.

However, 'tis not all of hunting to tell tales, although talking it over in after years is perhaps as much of hunting joy as any other one feature of the sport. You cannot talk, though, till you have done something to justify the vocality. And to do something in the outdoors



Observe That His Regal Majesty Leaves The Food Question Entirely to Mrs. Turk.

usually is predicated upon knowing how. Turkey hunting is no exception. Quite the contrary. It takes a great deal of skill to bag wild turkey in one of the ways that seem to lend themselves to the ideals of true sportsmen. There are many methods for killing turkey which are so simple as to be butchery—tracking in snow, killing young half grown birds, killing in mating time, pens, baits, etc.; there are only a few, not more than three, at most, which it seems to me are anyway designed to give the game a half-chance. Of course my opinion is not law and if some reader experiences no violent disturbance in his idea tank when pursuing the butchery methods well and good. I simply started out to describe what I call the most sportsmanlike method of hunting turkey.

This method I learned in the South. I be-

lieve it originated there. At any rate I am confident its use by the present generation began there. Biologists tells us the wild turkey inhabited our entire country at one time. If so, it was exterminated in many sections years ago. Now it is becoming once more an inhabitant of certain of these formerly barren places, through importations and plantings of brood stock. And these brood birds, such is the state of conditions now, almost always have come from the South.

It is natural that the methods by which the birds are hunted should have followed the birds from their Southern home. John Smith, says, a widely traveled sportsman of the vicinity into which the turk had been newly imported, had once hunted on turkeys in the South. He remembered how. Behold! when turkeys are again



Off Into The Back County Equipped For Anything That Flies or Runs.

a part of the local game there is John Smith stalking the woods, trusty fowling piece in arm, like a genuine Dixieite out for a stroll through Southern swamp and forest fastness. John Smith, believing in passing good things around, tips off Sam, Tom and Cole, and so forth. But the original, like the turkeys themselves, came from Dixie.

The turkey is a queer creature. In many ways a regal bird, in others the meanest, most low-down-son-of-a-gun you ever saw. I have been living here among them for nine or ten years. They feed within a few hundred feet of my perch. I can hear them often, on summer mornings, softly drooling as they forage through the young timber and cultivated fields. Wild turkeys are great fellows for peas, beans, and similar small grains which are often planted in the South. Having found a field of such stuff the birds are coming to regularly one can secrete himself in some commanding spot and observe their antics and table habits. I have heard along with that old gag about telling what a man is by the company he hits about with, that a man's character is published by the way he handles table tools and eats. If this is true the character of his majesty the turk can be very easily determined.

Eating, the turkey gobbler is a glutton, gormand, tyrant. These habits are not perhaps, so objectionable of themselves when we consider

the fact that the destiny of the turkey gobbler is usually to grace the dinner table for proud gunners. The gobbler ought to get fat. However, the way the gobbler goes about collecting his fat is what shows him to be mean, low-down and ornery.

It seems to be utterly foreign to wild turkey nature for the gobbler while consorting with the female of the species to do a scratch of work for himself. No division of labor for him! The ladies were put into this world for something besides looking ornamental. And, be assured, the turkey gobbler is a pretty thorough task master, too. Of course, the old gobblers do not associate with the hens much after breeding season, which allows the down-trodden female to recuperate slightly from the burdens imposed by the husband before taking up the cross again for the sons. Having mated the gobblers ramble off by themselves. Why, I don't know. Unless it is that the bird has a spark of gentility left in him, which tells him that he can help his family more by getting out than staying. Such, at any rate is the truth. For the hen usually has trouble enough scratching for the lusty appetited young gobblers (who early display the paternal trend of thought by picking on the young hens) without rustling fodder for "the old man" as well.

Not a nice creature. Mistake in calling him "majesty." Well, I don't know. You see this

is only one side. He has another side. And speaking from the human female standpoint, he fully makes up for his wickedness by the glory of his virtues—the same being calculated according to the human female point of view.

He is handsome, for instance. There can, I think, be no bird which presents a more regal appearance than a turkey gobbler in full, shiny plumage, blood red wattles, beard finely laundered and tail expanded, moving beautifully with all the majesty of Caruso playing a king across some space of sunlight filtering through the canopy of forest leaves. We all know that handsomeness is a very great virtue in gentlemen!

Again, during the Lothario stage of his courtship Herr Gobbler is tenderer than capon and as mushily loving as any novel hero you ever read. Turkeys seem to have a peculiar itchy spot on the skin under the chin. It may be on the order of cattle, which, when they have nothing better to do, will stand for hours licking each others necks and face. Chickens sometimes have itchy spots on their heads also. They will stand around while other chickens gently peck them on the itchy spot. Heaven only knows what they are doing.

Well, turkeys have this too. But during court ing days the tables are turned. It amounts almost to a tragedy what some women will put up with so long as "he" kisses them once a year, say.

Finally in our brief for the wild turkey gobbler, I should mention his bravery—at least while courting. A masculine hog on the war-path has some menacing aspects, but, pound for pound, I myself should much prefer to mix it catch-as-catch can with the hog than a wild turkey gobbler fighting for his harem. At other seasons the turkey is not noted for bravery. Quite otherwise. At breeding time, though, there is not a buzzard, a dog, a hawk, or even so large an animal as a cow that gets by the wild turkey gobbler without a fair warning to get out. Then rival gobblers often fight to the death at breeding time. While perhaps it is not good form nowadays to advocate the genteel practice of shooting up one's adversary in the love game, still I think we all agree that there is something wrong with the girl who is satisfied with a boy who shows yellow.

Brother Turkey inhabits the immediate environs of his mother during the first year of his life. Each flock, is, indeed, a miniature government of itself with the mother hen the reigning autocrat. In one way only do the young gobblers decline to follow her lead—the aforementioned matter of eating though they toil not. But so far as I have been able to observe the old hen doesn't try to correct this habit, so I suppose the boys are not to be blamed. There is much in heredity. Whatsoever the old man soweth, that also shall the sons reap!

Each of these meandering oligarchies has a certain space of ground over which they seem to range regularly. They go and come with a regularity which is positively unique in birds. Usually they take from two to three days to complete an orbit of the range. If you see them crossing a certain field to-day, it will be two or three days before you see them in that field again. Next time they will be going the opposite way. Several days later you can expect to see them in that field again, the direction of movement being again reversed. Moderate shooting does not seem to interfere much with the schedule, though of course so wary a bird as the turkey is quick to seek more sheltered parts of their range if hunted often.

This tenacity of family union is what makes the turkey so easy for the skilled turkey hunter to bag, yet also increases the difficulty the amateur has in killing in the most sportsmanlike methods. And of these, the most genteel, from the viewpoint of the bird which wants to keep its head on still, is the method of using an artificial call to lure the bird into range, thinking that is another turkey calling "grub pile." Especial dexterity is needed if the bird called is an old one, either hen or gobbler, which has

weathered a couple of seasons and no sex lure is working on its thoughts. Young birds at the age at which over three-fourths of the turkeys killed in the South are shot—by squirrel hunters—in the early fall, are very easily fooled by artificial yelping. Later on in breeding time birds lose their caution to considerable extent and again become comparatively easy prey. But given well-grown birds along in December or January, and I believe anyone will say that the turk puts it all over the goose in the matter of laughing to scorn the huntsman's wiles.

I have had turkeys sit in a tree not a hundred yards from my blind for over two hours. I meanwhile speling on my yelping bugle till I cracked my lip—and that turkey never peeped I found him sitting up there when I got out of the blind. If you had asked me before that incident I would have modestly pronounced myself no slouch with the turkey bone; ask me now and I would say my name is Mud. The fact is you never know what a turkey is going to do till it does it. Which is another regal attribute.

The process of hunting turkeys with a call is simply to flush the birds, then follow in the direction they took, build a blind, get into it, wait the proper time, then call. The best way to flush is with a dog, if the dog is trained to sit still in the blind or can be sent home after the birds have gotten up. Or the hunter can very nicely get them up by simply legging it some ninety-eight miles more or less, the habit of the turkey being never to fly when danger threatens unless the danger comes upon them suddenly. This the dog does. It trails around slowly, then getting a good whiff of turkey scent, starts into the scent like a flash. Rushed upon in this way the birds get up in a hurry. But a man hunter alone, unless he has the "know how" knowledge, goes crashing around through the woods making all kinds of racket, so much that the turkeys can hear him coming a mile away, when they quietly slip off to another part of the woods. On the hunter approaching this spot history simply repeats itself. Anybody who has been there will tell you ninety-eight miles is conservative rather than exaggeration.

On the other hand, the real wise old turkey hunter doesn't walk much. Instead of going after the birds he lets the birds come to him. Which demands patience. But he has learned to be patient. My belief is that no man who isn't patient to the nth degree can make a real good turkey hunter. That is my own fault. I want to kill and eat a turkey in less time than many an old timer devotes merely to tuning up his call.

Blinds are simply a bit of screen between the hunter and the game coming to the call. Some make light blinds; some heavy. I like light ones. It looks more natural. Heavy blinds look too much like houses, though many turkeys are killed from such. Whatever you do, however, try to get it to look like a small clump of brush naturally growing there. If evergreens like holly, cedar, pine, etc., surround the spot, make blind of same; if dry beech and oak leaves are hanging on branches near, use them. In either case it is well to intersperse a few branches of the other kind of decoration—a few green twigs in the dry leaf blinds and vice-versa. Blinds should be made somewhere near the general vicinity the birds have flown to, and it is well to select a spot with good view for the length of good gun range all around. You never know what side of the blind the turkey is coming up on. It is provoking to have a turkey come up very close but still be unable to get it because some bushes, tree trunk, rock, etc., is standing in the line of vision. Some turkeys, like squirrels, seem to pick out a protection like that to keep between themselves and the supposed bird calling, though this habit is by no means constant enough to justify calling more than an accident.

Having built the blind you get into it and settle down for a wait. You wait so the birds can get a little settled from their fright before calling. With first season birds which have not been hunted much one to two hours is long enough to wait, unless the birds begin to call themselves sooner. Old, much hunted, scary bird require longer to settle. Indeed, many times these do not call at all till the next feeding time. It is worse than useless to call before proper time as birds will not answer, and will also knowing no turkey calls so soon "smell a rat" and not answer at all. If flushed in early morning they do not call till supper time,—if flushed about supper time they roost alone and do not call till morning. This is where the remark about the rambling oligarchies applies. Each of these tribes is in reality a family. It stays together for the first year. Once scattered, the birds strive to pass any obstacle to get together again.

But, as with people, there are certain members of the family which overmaster the others. What these say goes. So when they are flushed and scattered, these mental potentates call the rest up to *them*. They do it by not saying much. So, in calling turkeys the hunter will do well to do likewise. Don't call too much. Let the other fellow do the biggest talking.





The Small Game Rifle Is Not Appreciated At Its Worth

It Should Be Used More in the Case of Small Game, as It Leads to Better Marksmanship and a Higher Degree of General Sportsmanship

By Waldo R. Smith.



HERE was a time, still within the memory of the living, when skill with the rifle was a distinguishing mark of the American. The story of Davy Crockett and the 'coon would have applied with equal force to nine out of ten of the old trail-blazers. In those days a rifle was a rifle; so far as the caliber was concerned, there was little difference. The old-time hunter brought down his deer and bear with the same weapon with which he shot his squirrels.

But with the advent of the breech-loader and the growing scarcity of the larger game animals, the use of the rifle declined. The pioneer farmer found it much easier to shoot such small game as was left with a shotgun. When an infrequent and impudent deer was encountered, he had recourse to buckshot. And in those favored localities where deer and bear were still to be found in fair numbers, the use of even so comparatively low-powered an arm as the old 44-40 was an extremely risky proceeding, on account of the proximity of one's neighbors. It was this consideration that led New Hampshire legislators to pass the law prohibiting the use of rifles in deer hunting.

In the wilder parts of the country, where big game was still plentiful and neighbors scarce,

the rifle held its own; but over part of the Eastern states, the shotgun became the one official arm of the small-game hunter.

Just why the small-caliber rifle should have been so completely ignored as a hunting arm is a mystery; but perhaps the ease with which game could be killed with the scatter-gun contributed largely to this state of affairs.

Naturally enough, the hunter chose the easiest way to a full bag; and as the use of the rifle required a certain degree of skill, and increased the chances of missing, he adopted the shotgun. And as the game became still more scarce, he felt that he could not afford to let anything escape.

Then the development of wing-shooting encouraged the use of the shotgun by sportsmen to such an extent that until quite recently, the small rifle had no standing at all in the field, and was used exclusively as a target arm.

Lately, however, there seems to have been a reaction, and the small rifle is coming in for its share of popularity.

There is hardly any kind of small game that cannot be shot with a rifle in skillful hands. Shooting quail on the wing with a single ball will probably never become popular; yet it has been done. However, I would not advise the average shot to attempt anything so difficult as this. Prairie chickens, however, with their

straight, level flight and larger size, are entirely possible targets for the rifleman.

Squirrels are altogether too easy with the shotgun; the hunter in full enjoyment of his eyesight who would riddle a sitting squirrel with a cloud of shot is unworthy the name of sportsman. I should like to see a law in every state where the squirrel abounds prohibiting such shooting.

Rabbit hunting with the rifle partakes of much of the nature of deer shooting. To be sure, the deer offers a much larger target; but he is also usually much farther away, and going considerably faster. Any naturally good shot should be able, after some practice, to stop a running cottontail at twenty-five paces with a rifle—and to continue to do so.

In the case of somewhat larger game, 'coons, foxes, and the like, there can be no question that the rifle is much the better weapon. The smallest rifle strikes a harder blow than the largest gauge shotgun, loaded with the heaviest shot. Even when buckshot is used, the small rifle is superior. One can place his shots; and it is an axiom that one well-placed shot is worth a dozen scattering wounds in killing effect. Witness the old-time deer hunter with his clumsy, long-barreled rifle and pea-bullet, compared to the flustered tenderfoot with a .45-90 repeater. If the deer of to-day could be ap-

proached as closely as those of early times, one would never need a larger rifle than the .25 rim-fire. A certain well-known writer tells of an Indian borrowing his .22 pistol to shoot a moose. When asked how he expected to get such a large animal with such a small gun, he replied, "Me shootum in eye." Which explains the point exactly. Unfortunately, however, the deer of this age do not stand still at short range to be shot at!

Of the various calibers of small game rifles on the market, the .22 rim-fire is unquestionably the most popular. There are a number of good makes and models, so that the selection of a rifle of this caliber becomes largely a matter of individual preference. For hunting, of course, the repeater is much more desirable than the single-shot. The latter is all right at the target range, but is, at least in the .22 caliber, hardly adapted for the needs of the man in the field. Other considerations aside, it is extremely difficult to load in cold weather. The tiny capsules seem to take a fiendish delight in slipping through one's numbed fingers, to bury themselves in the snow. Result, a ruffled temper and consequent poor shooting.

In repeater actions there is a bewildering variety. Most repeating .22's are constructed on the trombone principle, but there are also models which use the lever and bolt actions. My own rifle is one of the latter type.

Much that has been said in regard to the bolt action on high-powered rifles also applies here. Speed of fire in a hunting arm is a secondary consideration. The automatic takes care of the speed question very nicely; but I have seen game escape unscathed a fusillade from one of these little weapons which probably would have been bagged had the shooter been equipped with a slower arm. This question of how fast one can pump lead has been, I firmly believe, conducive to more poor shooting than any other one cause. Because one has eleven or twelve more shots in the magazine, he will not take the same care to place his first shot accurately; and usually the second shot must be a hasty snap at a rapidly disappearing target. So the game escapes.

The sighting of a small game rifle should receive as much attention as that of one intended for large game. The factory sights are sometimes, but very rarely, good enough to render very satisfactory service, with a little tinkering. In justice to the manufacturers, it must be admitted that the factory sights, at least on their .22 rifles, have been much improved in the last few years. Usually, however, the original sights found on the rifle at the time of purchase are absolutely worthless, and the arm must be re-sighted. Nearly all good makers will do this for you at the factory, and will put on any standard sights you may order.

Rear sights are multiform. It is generally conceded, nowadays, that the simpler they are, the better. The old, crescent-shaped buckhorn sight has gone out of favor. If one requires a notch at all, it should be square-bottomed or U-shaped—never a V. The latter produces a blur and renders a fine bead difficult.

When I bought my present rifle, it was equipped with a rear sight which was notched at least 3-16 of an inch deep. This I filed down until now only the tiniest suggestion of a notch

remains—and my shooting has improved in consequence.

An additional peep-sight, mounted on the tang, I have found to be a great help in catching a quick bead. It should be of the folding variety, and the aperture should be as small as is compatible with clear vision. Of course, it will be undesirable in twilight, or semi-twilight, and may then be folded down out of the way. If your rifle is of the bolt type, however, such a sight can not be used. There are several forms of rear peep-sights adapted to bolt-action rifles for big game or military purposes, but the little .22 seems to have been entirely overlooked.

Telescope sights on a small game rifle are the height of folly and extravagance. In the first place, no small-game rifle made shoots far enough to render them necessary; and in the second place, they are adapted only to deliberate shooting—something that the small game hunter very seldom has a chance to practice in the field—always excepting 'chuck shooting and the like.



The Small Rifle is Ideal for Such "Small Deer."

Globe front sights are also a mistake. In a poor light, the pin-head is almost invisible. Also, they are fragile to a degree; and totally unnecessary.

All that is required on any sort of a hunting rifle is a clean-cut, easily caught bead, of such material as will show up well in varying lights. Gold perhaps fills the bill somewhat better than any other material, as it has the quality of showing light against a dark background, and dark against a light. Ivory is the next choice; but it must be kept free of oil. Otherwise it becomes yellow and hard to see in an indifferent light.

The tang of the front sight should not be too high. Aside from a greater liability to injury, a high front sight induces a tendency to overshoot.

There are three standard loads for the .22, known respectively as "short," "long," and "long rifle" cartridges. The catalog descriptions of most standard .22 rifles bear the statement that the particular arm under discussion "is chambered for shorts, long or long-rifles." This is misleading. One might as well declare a certain place to be one, two, or three miles distant!

What is meant is that the arm is chambered either for longs or for long-rifles, as the case may be, but that the other two lengths of cartridges may, because of a peculiarity of the construction of the rifle, be used in the same gun. It is, however, a well-known fact that after the long-continued use of shorts it becomes impossible to force a longer cartridge into the chamber, due to the leading of the barrel at the point where the chamber joins the rifling. Therefore, I am of the opinion that the short cartridges should be used only in a rifle chambered expressly for them. Indeed, any rifle, in order to be accurate, should be chambered with particular reference to the length of cartridge it is intended to shoot.

The longs are somewhat of an improvement on the shorts, that is, for use in the ordinary .22, as they completely fill the chamber, which the shorts do not; moreover, they have a much greater velocity and striking energy, owing to the increased powder load. They are, however, inaccurate at comparative long range, as any cartridge made on the "express" principle must be, whatever its caliber. Still, until within the last year or two, they constituted the best load for the standard .22.

The long-rifle cartridge, as it was formerly made, was, notwithstanding its accurate flight, low trajectory and good penetration, inadvisable for use in a repeater. The bullets were seated very shallow; consequently, they had a marked tendency to work loose, enter the barrel crooked, jam, and cause a visit to the gunsmith necessary—if, indeed, the gun did not burst and necessitate repairs to the shooter himself. Moreover, they had an annoying habit of coming in two in the middle, on an attempt to eject the unfired cartridge, leaving the bullet in the barrel, and spilling the powder through the action. Lately, however, the makers have been seating the bullets deeper, with a decided crimp, which holds them firmly in the shell. As it is made to-day, the long-rifle cartridge is, without doubt, the best for all-round hunting purposes.

The above refers to the ordinary .22. The Rim-fire with its 45-grain bullet, or the Automatic, are both undubitably more powerful than either shorts, longs or long-rifles; but they are adapted respectively to but one make and model of arm.

Hollow point bullets increase the striking energy of any of these loads, and also detract from their accuracy at long range.

However, if extreme range, coupled with great shocking power, is desired, there is only one .22 rifle, and that is the Savage .22 Hi-Power. This arm is, strictly speaking, a big game rifle, and its use in a settled region is not to be encouraged. There is an ever-present likelihood that your bullet will travel on over in the next county and do damage. For coyotes, etc., in a wide, untenanted country, it is unexcelled; but is entirely too vicious for small game shooting in thickly settled districts.

Granting that the .22 rim-fire is just a trifle light for the larger varieties of small game, 'coons, foxes, etc., not to mention the tough and elusive 'chuck, there is no sense in going to extremes. The .25 rim-fire is quite powerful enough for any of these animals. Some sportsmen use the .25-20 for foxes, but in my opinion this weapon has an unnecessary degree of power

for any such game; and in the woods, whatever different in composition from black powder, and is unnecessary is an abomination.

The superiority of smokeless over the old black powder is undisputed. I have several times heard and read that the use of smokeless in a .22 ruined the gun; but the particulars were, in every case, unsatisfactory, and, to me at least, unconvincing. Lieutenant Townsend Whelen says that he is "not sure that any kind of cleaning will keep .22 caliber rifles using smokeless cartridges in perfect condition for any length of time." It is claimed that with the use of modern smokeless ammunition, the bore of certain types of rifles becomes filmed over, or plated, with a thin coating of lead, which eventually destroys the accuracy of the gun. Further, this plating is not visible, and cannot be detected except by testing for it.

It is a well-known fact that leading sometimes occurs in the form of lumps, in all guns, with any cartridges; but black powder seems to cause quite as much leading of this sort as smokeless. Whether it is the plating of lead, or the action of the smokeless residue on the steel, that is so particularly harmful to rifles of .22 caliber, the lieutenant does not say; but with all due respect to such eminent authority, I know that my own rifle shoots as true to-day as it did the day it was bought; and I have been using smokeless cartridges in it for the last eight years. If there has been any injury to the barrel from the use of smokeless, it certainly has not affected the accuracy of the weapon. Also, I do not know whether or not there is any "plating" in the barrel; but so long as the rifle continues to shoot as accurately as it does at present, I do not particularly care!

Indubitably, the greater velocity imparted to the bullet by smokeless has a tendency to cause leading of the bore, when soft lead bullets are used, *untubricated*. Therefore, it appears that one should use either lubricated or harder bullets. A certain firm puts out .22 caliber smokeless ammunition for which they claim that the bullets are superior, being made of a special alloy. They are certainly much harder than the general run of .22 caliber bullets. I have seen them almost perfect, after passing through four inches of pine. A certain amount of flattening, or mushrooming, is, however, desirable in any bullet used for hunting purposes. Which leaves us the alternative of well-greased bullets.

It must be remembered, too, that smokeless is

that its residue is much more corroding than the same amount of black powder fouling; hence greater care should be taken in cleaning. Also, after shooting smokeless, it is well to give the barrel a second wiping in a day or two. The smokeless residue permeates the steel, and subsequently "sweats out." Ignorance of this fact has caused many a badly corroded barrel. I know personally of a case in which a fine rifle was discovered, after two months of disuse, in a hopeless condition, from this very cause. Yet the owner had, as he believed, cleaned it perfectly, and had oiled it thoroughly before laying it away.

The smaller the bore of a rifle, the more attention it seems to require. Pits and leading that would cause no trouble whatever in a shotgun, and but little in a rifle of larger caliber, become so injurious in a .22 as to render the arm worthless, so far as accuracy is concerned. If pits develop to any extent in a rifle barrel, the only known remedy is a new barrel,—or re-boring to a larger caliber, which is seldom practicable. But there is no excuse for allowing pits to develop; they will not if the rifle is properly cared for.

Leading may be removed, usually, with a brass wire brush. If this fails, a thorough scrubbing with 28 per cent. ammonia, or one of the "metal fouling solutions" on the market will generally suffice. In extreme cases, it may be necessary to resort to the mercury treatment.

To remove powder residue, nothing equals hot water. It should be absolutely seething. Thread a rag through the slot of your cleaning rod, stand the barrel muzzle-down in the pan of boiling water, and *scrub*. The steel will soon become so hot as to be exceedingly uncomfortable to hold. This is what is wanted, since the heat of the barrel thus dries any moisture that may be left after wiping. Now take a clean patch, and wipe until the bore is bright inside.

For the finishing touches I use cotton batting. Forced through the barrel with the end of the cleaning rod, cotton gets into all the grooves of the rifling that a rag merely wipes over. I have seen wads of cotton used in this manner come out of the barrel with the marks of the rifling on them. And cotton has this further advantage, that any dirt remaining in the barrel is at once discovered. If the cotton comes

out as clean and white as it went in, it is a pretty sure indication of a clean rifle.

You will possibly get a few wads stuck in the barrel, and be compelled to drive them out backwards with considerable force, before you learn the proper amount to use. Generally speaking, a wad the size of a hickory nut, or even larger, will pass through the bore of a .22 without too much friction, providing you do not attempt to ram the whole thing through at once. It should be eased into the barrel, a little at a time, until the entire wad is in the bore. Then you may push it on through as fast as you like without danger of jamming.

A steel or iron cleaning rod unless celluloid covered, should never be used in any rifle: it is likely to wear out the barrel. Also, never clean from the muzzle, with *any* rod, as an exceedingly slight variation from a snug fit at this point will cause the bullet to fly wild. Large game rifles, and shotguns are cleaned with wooden rods—preferably hickory; but it is not possible to get a wooden cleaning rod small enough for a .22 that has the required stiffness. Here brass seems to be a solution of the problem.

There may be jointed brass rods that do not unscrew, bend at the joints, or get loose and wobbly during use; but I have never discovered one. A one-piece rod is stiffer than any jointed rod, and obviates the bother of screwing your rod together every time you clean your gun and taking it down afterwards. Your fishing rod case solves the problem of its transportation very nicely.

After cleaning, oil your gun inside and out. If at any time the metal feels dry and harsh, it needs oil. In a hot, sticky climate or near the seashore, this is particularly important.

One more word of warning: do not use an inferior oil in a fine rifle. There are a number of good oils, manufactured expressly for firearms, so that rust from the use of an inferior oil is inexcusable.

When smokeless ammunition is used, oil is, in itself, hardly sufficient to keep a rifle in good condition inside. There are many preparations on the market that are excellent.

Finally, when laying your rifle away for any length of time, grease all metal parts well with some good gun grease. The exercise of care and common sense will save your rifle through many seasons and much hard service, while the weapon of a careless man is rusting beyond help.



Some Points About Deer Hunting

Minnesota Offers Many Opportunities for Successful Results in the Right Season

By C. H. Lockwood.

IN THE selection of a hunting ground for deer, naturally one will look for the location where deer are sufficiently numerous to warrant good hunting. The fact that the deer range well over the United States gives great latitude for this particularly interesting form of sport, and it might not be overstretching the mark to say that deer attract more hunters to the woods than any other of our hunted game animals. Just why this is so, is perhaps universally felt or understood by those who annually hie for the depths of the autumn woods, to fill their lungs with fresh, invigorating air, to relieve the high strung nerves and bring the blood to a clean, normal condition. I have often noticed that even doctors seem to prefer this prescription, to the bottled and labeled kind which rests invitingly upon the shelves at the drug store.

Where to go is not a difficult question for those of our northern states. Most anywhere in the northern woods of my native state of Minnesota, we find the white-tail deer in fair abundance. Remains then to consider a few minor items, such as—convenience of access to the hunting grounds,—the particular character of country desired by the hunter, and,—the amount of the expenditure necessary for such a trip.

In speaking of access to the hunting grounds it is generally well to select a location accessible to wagon route. In moose hunting one might advocate exactly the opposite, for moose seem little inclined to stay along beaten wagon trails. Deer, however, do not seem to seriously object to a certain number of settlers in their vicinity and for this reason the deer hunter can go well prepared for comfort, with plenty of provisions and outfitting, team to escort him to the happy hunting grounds, and feel assured that, unless there is an excess of hunters immediately near by, the deer will stay as long as the season lasts. Of course in the hunting season the deer move from one patch of woods to another, and as they become wild from constant hunting they take to the thicker swamps and inaccessible places to lie through the day, only coming out to feed during the night. At this stage of the game the hunter can usually find plenty of fresh tracks in the more open choppings, but to find the deer he will be led back into hidden retreats where the deer will have the advantage. Thus do these wily animals defy all the ingenuity of hunters and perpetuate their kind within the very limits of civilized and well settled communities.

An excess of hunters in a certain locality can generally be avoided by preparing in advance to go back some little distance from the railroad or stopping points. The danger from flying bullets from the weapons of careless hunters is not the least reason why deer hunters should seek elbow room.

Speaking of the danger connected with deer

hunting, I realize that this feature at the present time is keeping many hunters from the woods; but I fully believe that if the hunting party will prepare in advance to go back a little further into the woods they will have little difficulty in finding suitable locations free from "waving-brush" shooters. Another good way to avoid accidents is for the hunting party to be made up of those who know each other's reputation along this line.

Character of hunting country has somewhat to do with the individuality of the hunter. While one man may choose a rough, rolling or mountainous country, where he can climb hills and look upon distant peaks, others will prefer a more flat country even with a splattering of wet bog. In the writer's opinion the ideal deer hunting country is a slightly rolling country of hardwood ridges and thickets where the footing is comparatively dry. In this connection, high top rubbers are a very valuable thing to take along; and I have found the best brands to be the cheapest in the long run. Boots are good for dry weather, also the shoe-pacs; but for snow, rain and swamp, give me the high top rubbers, dry feet being the first requisite of health in the woods.

As a rule deer are found in the old cut over timber, and here also the hunter usually finds numerous logging roads. Many an amusing deer story has had its origin along one of these old trails, and as a practicable means of access

through the woods, and as a means of calling the deer out, these old roads are invaluable to the hunter. To walk along an old logging road in the first gray tints of morn and come face to face with a big buck, or to jump a deer and watch his flag go bobbing along the old road for a few jumps ere he departs into the bush—these and similar memories are the golden moments of the hunter's dreams. In our reveries it is safe to say that it is not the dead, inanimate carcass of the fallen game which brings us those bright moments of joy to our reflections; but rather is it the remembrance of a white bushy flag bobbing swiftly out of sight. This amidst other memories of "life in the woods," constitute, in the writer's opinion, a large part of the real essence of deer hunting.

In regard to the expense of a deer hunting trip, it might be said that "time" is about the only expense for the real hunter. Of course one can hire guides and buy expensive outfits, but this is not in any way necessary to a full enjoyment of all the pleasures of the hunt. Given a tent, a camp-stove, a cooking outfit and some provisions, together with the consideration of railroad fare and team haul, the ordinary hunter can take a two or three weeks' vacation for, say, an average of from \$1.00 per day up. I have even known it made for much less.

As part of the outfit a good rifle, properly sighted, is of course indispensable. I am not a gun crank and personally consider most all of the high power guns equally good if rightly handled. There is one important point about a gun, however, that cannot be too strongly impressed upon the general deer hunter, as well as the amateur. Before trying the gun on deer, target it so that you are confident it shoots exactly where you hold it. This means for a clean shot when the opportunity arrives where perhaps a miss, from this particular neglect, after having tramped the woods for many days, might cause one to think that the deer is indeed an illusive game animal.



When the First Snows of Early Winter Come.



September

ANOTHER leaf comes off the calendar. September is here. Hot summer is drawing to an end. On the hillsides the golden-rod is showing and in the fields the corn is ripening. Along the dusty highway the farmer is drawing his hay from out of the meadow and in not a few localities the whir and click of the reaper is still heard.

Nature stands at the full fruition of maturity. In the copse the young partridges, now almost grown, may be seen and the migratory song birds are showing the preliminary restlessness that precedes flight to the south. They have raised their broods and their season of domesticity, marked by its labors, by its alarms and the woeful little tragedies of bird life, is about to close.

On more distant lakes the wild duck still leads her young and at the water's brink the deer and the moose bring their partly grown families to drink. Here and there on mountain side in the north the maple is flashing its red oriflame, beautiful beyond all other woodland decoration; in contrast the yellow of the birch and poplar show Nature's harmony.

September is a month of beauty. Occasionally the sun may give forth the full reminder of August's intense heat, but cool winds are springing up and now and then the early riser, at least in the north will see the silver white of frost on the grass as the sun peeps over the eastern hill. In the wilderness the adventurer shivers in the night as he pulls the extra blanket over him and his breath steams as he stands at the water's edge scrubbing his tanned and smoked begrimed countenance. The very air is like wine in its stimulating power as he draws in deep gulps of it, and retreats for warmth to the pleasant morning camp fire. Ceres is supposed to be the goddess of September, representing the harvest. She may be so to the world at large, but September also heralds the coming of Diana, the goddess of the hunt.

It is time to get the gun ready, time to exercise the faithful setter or pointer and give him to understand that the summer's dullness with its accumulation of fat is at an end. And faithful Hector, or whatever the name of your own dog may be, will not regret to learn the news. Watch him as you take the gun and call on him to follow you down the lane and over the fields.

Protecting Migratory Birds

THE Government makes announcement that the migratory bird law will be enforced over the coming season without fear or favor. This is logical, for it would be poor policy to say the least, were the Government to assume in advance that the laws of Congress are unconstitutional. It is idle to speculate on the outcome of the Supreme Court decision as regards the Weeks-McLean bill. One thing is certain. Until the Supreme Court declares the law unconstitutional—if indeed it reaches that conclusion—the act of Congress is operative. Those

who traverse its provisions will lay themselves open to a lot of immediate bother and possible future trouble.

The important point in the coming argument before the United States Supreme Court is whether wild animals and birds *ferae naturae* are the property of the individual state or of the United States. No sane man, be he judge or layman, will dispute the force of the contention that only by national legislation can the migratory birds of the country be preserved. If the courts hold that migratory birds are not national property—in a word if the law is declared unconstitutional on that ground—the battle is not necessarily lost, for by a constitutional amendment the people of the United States can declare such wild life to be the property of the United States, and therefore subject to its protection.

While we have every hope that the Supreme Court of the United States will hold the law to be constitutional, we suggest that no harm will be done if associations of sportsmen and the larger bodies of individuals who believe in preserving the migratory bird life of this country shall begin preparation for bringing the necessity of such an amendment to the Constitution before the representatives of the people, immediately after the decision of the Supreme Court shall have been announced and assuming that it is to be negative.

Experience has shown that only by national protection can the migratory birds of America be saved. If the courts take the stand that no matter how true this may be, the matter is not of their jurisdiction, then the people must be called on to save their own property. In an emergency so vital in its future consequences individual preferences or cases of sectional injustice should be set aside as of little importance. These smaller matters can be adjusted satisfactorily after the leading principle shall have been written into law.

Open Season on Old Barns

ESTHETICALLY and bucolically the barn has had some share of consideration, but more from the strictly agricultural points of view—both the practical and the “high farming” standpoints; it has never been properly considered in its relations to the shooter. We have read often enough, perhaps too often, of the gray barn and its weather beaten roof, blotched and spotted with moss and lichens; of the kine, sheep, poultry and sweet-smelling hay it sheltered; of the sports of the children beneath its cob-webbed rafters—and of model barns, with their newfangled stables and cellars for manure, roots and what-not—huge, ugly wens they are upon the landscape, unbecoming it as the steam sawmill does the woods, or the steamboat the lakes that belong to the deer and the trout. But who has told us anything of barn shooting?

We hear it said of a bad shot that “he could not hit the outside of a barn;” of a worse one, “that he could not hit a barn if he was inside it with the door closed,” and the wonder is how he does miss it in that case if the barn were not too wide or too long for the range of his gun, unless his charge went through some side cranny or through the “swallow hole,” which, urban reader, is not where the barn swallows, but where the swallows barn—being an aperture, heart or diamond shaped, sawed in the gable of the old-time barn by its builder, who had a soul for the fitness of things—beyond the skill of his

hand for the fitting of things—for the ingress and egress of the ever-beloved swallow.

Beyond this we hear nothing of barn shooting, and yet what country boy has not targeted his first gun, whether new or old, new to him and prized above all his worldly possessions, on the barn? And if his pot-metal or breeched-burned piece had scattered widely and feebly, doing less execution on the boards than on his shoulder, has he not sought to bolster his faith in his gun by believing worm-holes to be shot-holes?

Behold how the weather-beaten sides of the ancient barn, reeling and tottering, looking for all the world like a prehistoric gray elephant, and as dangerous as any elephant to approach in a high wind—for it might then fall on one—are peppered with shot of all sizes, from bullets, buckshot, and BBB, down to mustard sizes. Some are driven clean through, some embedded out of sight, some just stuck in the siding, dully staring at you through the oxidization of years. What gun of bygone days, when the quail and grouse and woodcock were swarming in copse and swamp, and deer were as plenty as trees are now, belched forth with mighty throes, and agony to its shooter, its charge against these now long storm-beat boards, then new exhaling the odor of the woods yet lingering in them? Does the ancient long smooth bore do occasional duty yet as a sporting weapon, when Reynard flees before the hounds, or against the thieving crow or the marauding hawk? Mayhap its stalwart engineer of those days tells with the garrulous tongue of age his youthful exploits to his gaping grandchildren; mayhap he lies asleep under the sumachs and goldenrods in the old graveyard.

To him who cherishes his beloved though out of date muzzle-loader, the old barn is most convenient, for into it he may empty the charges of his gun as he passes homeward after a day's tramp through upland or lowland; and equally convenient is the barn to him who desires to test the qualities of his new breech-loader, for it will show both pattern and penetration. But it must be an old barn. It would be a crime hardly second of manslaughter to mar with the patter of leaden rain the painted beauty of a big new barn with a gilded cock atop of it—the barn that is crowding out the good old gray barn of our childhood, which invited the child, the swallow, and the phoebe bird to come in and be at home. And for that new decoration of the landscape—the garage—who would think of shooting at such a thing, occupied or unoccupied?

Let the barn not too good to be shot at be preserved and protected by the sportsman—for it is likely not long hence to be the only thing left for him to shoot.

It begins to look as though the fight for the conservation of the Adirondacks has been won. The Constitutional Convention, still in session has passed, on third reading the clause which will preserve the Adirondack playground from exploitation and commercialism. The conservation laws will be administered by a non-partisan board of nine members, which will have full authority to enact regulations as to the taking of game and fish. This is the “elastic game law” clause which *Forest and Stream* and a number of able contributors have advocated for a long time, and which will remove the possibility of freak legislative enactments, and enable action without waiting for legislatures to meet or move.



NATURAL HISTORY



IN response to complaints forthcoming from professional fishermen and sportsmen anglers as to the great inroads that the double-crested cormorant (*Phalacrocorax Auritus*) had been making on the salmon fisheries of the Gaspé coast, the Canadian

government last summer dispatched several members of the Biological department of the Geological Survey to Gaspé county, Quebec, to investigate. The report is extremely interesting to all who are concerned in the propagation and preservation of game species. The Canadian scientists found on their arrival at the scene of trouble that the cormorant was charged with all manner of depredations against the salmon, and that some of the salmon clubs with leased territories in that section had gone so far as to place bounties upon the heads of the supposed worst offenders, the schedule ranging from twenty-five cents per head for cormorants, sheldrakes, kingfishers and divers, to two dollars for a kingfisher's nest with female birds.

The Canadian scientists have given the cormorant a pretty clean bill of health, examination of the stomachs of numerous specimens having disclosed the fact that few if any small salmon had been taken for food and that on the other hand the birds had been living on coarser fish and harmful water vermin. The truth was that the influence of the cormorant in the matter of seeking food ran scarcely beyond tidal influence, although it was not denied that birds of other species had found in these young salmon a succulent variety of daily nourishment. While the official report does not say so, it is plainly evident that the conclusion was that if the salmon is suffering from any specie of cormorant, that specie is of the human variety.

Since the above was written, complaints have been made to the Dominion authorities of senseless and brutal slaughter of water fowl in and around the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Canada has a strict law against shooting of useful non-food birds and there is every likelihood that an example will be made of flagrant offenders who seem to find satisfaction in killing off birds and all forms of wild life that do not come under the protection of game laws. The difficulty is that people do not thoroughly appreciate the balance which nature maintains in the matter of wild species and as misconceptions arise as to the part that some species play in nature, results are witnessed in the enactment of foolish laws offering bounties and bringing about not only an extravagant waste of public money, but the killing off of birds and beasts which do vastly more good than harm.

Forest and Stream has been favored with the paper prepared by Mr. P. A. Tavener, who headed the Canadian scientific party. This paper will form one of the biological series issued by

the Government, and we believe that nothing more valuable to the student of natural history, or the sportsman has ever been written. Partic-

ularly interesting are the portions dealing with the plans of nature and the evil effects of their disturbance.—Ed.

Disturbing the Balance of Nature

A few Observations on the Artificial Propagation and Increase of Species

By P. A. Tavener.

Innumerable examples can be cited where the disturbing of the balance of nature has resulted disastrously, in cases of both removing from and adding to a fauna. Under changed conditions, some of the most innocent seeming species have developed unsuspected harmful traits and others apparently the most worthless have been seriously missed when removed. The balance of nature is too delicately adjusted to warrant our interference, until after exhaustive investigation and careful weighing of evidence pro and con. Even then, the problem is too complicated for any one to confidently prognosticate the final resultant conditions and a certain amount of doubt always remains until practical results test the conclusions.

Leaving out the practical economic questions altogether, common humanity prompts us to destroy life only when necessary. Man having great power for good or evil in nature has consequently equally great responsibilities. It is not enough to prove that a species is "useless" to justify its persecution; it must be proven to be actively harmful before such a course is justified, not in a slight degree, but in a manner that seriously threatens our welfare. Even then the edict of extermination or persecution should only be pronounced when all other remedies fail. The neglect of this responsibility invariably reacts upon our heads. Even should we not thereby destroy unrecognized friends, we foster a disregard for lower life amongst our people that is often evidenced by the slaughter of other harmless or beneficial species. Bounties upon destructive hawks such as the Goshawk, and Cooper's Hawk have time and again been death warrants to Sparrow Hawks and others whose influence is decidedly and actively beneficial to the farmers and mankind in general. The placing of shotguns in the hands of irresponsible persons at all seasons tends to nullify our game laws, valuable species suffer, and protective measures are made more difficult to enforce.

As it is, the useless slaughter of non-game life that now goes on in certain parts of our country is deplorable. The sight of hundreds of dead and wounded gannets shot near Perce during the summer of 1913 for sport (?) and left to lie where they fell indicates not only a wanton and unnecessary waste of innocent life but a looseness of moral fiber among certain people that is a danger to the country at large and should be curbed. The attitude of our laws should instill

a wholesome regard for the rights of lower life and the taking of it uselessly should be discouraged in every way possible. This does not mean that a sentimental quixotic stand should be taken. Whenever the end justifies it, no weak sentimentality should be allowed to stand in the way of human welfare; but the spirit of our laws and people should be such that no creature should be destroyed without a good, sufficient, and well considered reason.

For a proper understanding of the principles to be considered before a species is condemned, the following points bearing upon the subject are advanced. The number of a species is dependent upon three main factors: food supply, enemies, and birth rate. In order of importance they vary with the species and the conditions, permanent and fluctuating, under which they live. For the purpose of the present paper, and as they relate to salmon vs. birds, the above order of importance probably represents normal comparative values.

The birth rate being controlled within the species itself, through the influence of evolution, is flexible and can reasonably be supposed to have reached that stage, in any dominant or successful species, most profitable to it under existing external conditions. It is, therefore, self-correcting and can be placed last in the list.

Food supply is largely dependent upon conditions outside the species and without its control; inasmuch as food habits can be changed, within certain broad lines, they are flexible.

The effect of enemies upon a species is complicated in results; the species preying and preyed upon re-acting on each other in various ways. In general, a species is seldom if ever absolutely exterminated by these means. As soon as a food animal becomes too scarce to be profitably hunted, its pursuit is neglected and thereafter only occasional or accidental individuals are taken. On the other hand, any marked increase of food animals is followed by an increased attention from their present enemies and an influx of new ones from adjoining territories. If reduction of food supply stopped when normality was reached the result would be comparatively simple, but, while the number of enemies in the locality is super-normal their food supply has at this stage been reduced to normal. Attention is eventually turned toward other food sources, but, as the enemy population is temporarily greater than the supporting powers of the habitat, it is unusually

active and keen, hunting more carefully, with greater persistence than usual, and consequently with greater effect. For awhile, at least, the reduction process is thus continued and the food supply, or species preyed upon, falls below normal. Finally, however, the enemies also are reduced either through starvation or movement to other localities until their population is also brought below normal numbers in harmony with the reduced resources of the habitat. This gives the food species opportunity to increase once more to abnormal numbers and the process begins over again in a diminishing degree. Thus an oscillation is started that may take considerable time to subside to stable normality.

There is a certain definite maximum of population beyond which a species cannot go. We have many evidences of this. One of the most obvious was the case of the Bluebird in the winter of 1894-5 when this common species was almost wiped out in the south. For five years the species increased rapidly to normal population and then stopped short. As far as we can see no new factor was introduced, no enemy absent during the five years of growth was present in the sixth year, the food supply and birth rate seemed constant throughout, but the increase was definitely and positively checked during the fifth year. It is obvious that a limit to the Bluebird population had been reached.

In estimating the effects of any set of conditions upon the lives of a species, there will always be found one or more factors having a predominating influence upon it. With the above principle in view, let us consider the effects of cormorants and other birds of prey upon salmon.

The number of adult salmon is the result of birth rate, modified by the amount of food supply, less the number taken by enemies before reaching breeding maturity. The birth rate we can assume as being sufficient under normal conditions. But the introduction of man with his efficient and deadly methods of taking fish after they have passed the gauntlet of natural enemies, has introduced a decidedly adverse and abnormal influence against the species. The mature fertile fish is nature's finished product, the outcome of that fine balance it has taken ages of adaptation to evolve and secure. Loss at this stage will be more keenly felt by the species than at any other time in its life-history and, unless compensated for, is bound to have a marked effect upon the total numbers. It is not only the individuals themselves that are lost in this case, but the generation they are about to give rise to, and for which the whole economy of the species has been formed to produce. The proper correction for this is the hatchery which, in so far as it compensates for the eggs of those fertile individuals taken by man, should be sufficient to keep the salmon to the standard allowed by the resultant of other forces. However, no increase in final population beyond the normal capacity of the stocked waters can be expected from these means unless there is food supply for an increased number of the species at all ages. This food supply has to be considered throughout the species' range. The salmon in the sea seem to feed largely upon such fish as herring, and upon crustacea, both of which are plentiful, and there is little probability of their insufficiency. In the streams it is another question and a determination is less easily arrived at. The fry undoubtedly feed upon microscopic an-

imalcules, the sufficiency of which may be tentatively assumed with moderate safety, but we have yet to learn the food supply of the fingerlings or parr. The water of the streams visited is absolutely clear, the bottoms are clean gravel and rock, with no visible abundance of algal, plant, or insect life. There is undoubtedly a certain amount of some such food, but it is too scattered to attract the attention and is obviously insufficient for the support of an unlimited number of fish.

We found that the parr do eat fry of their own species most greedily. As all the fry in the salmon streams are those of salmon and a few trout the inference is plain, that a large part of the parr are supported by fry. How many fry it takes to raise a parr to the smolt stage we cannot tell, but it must be an enormous number.

The shelldrakes (mergansers) are accused of devouring the salmon ova. Considering that the ova is buried in the sand immediately after being fertilized and is guarded by the male, while this is in process, it is not likely that the number taken by these birds can be a very large proportion of the whole and must be small in comparison with the number of fry taken by the parr. At this stage, the worst enemy of the salmon is undoubtedly the salmon itself.

The parr, to the smolt stage, are thus obviously limited in number by the amount of fry in the river. If it can be established that the kelt or grilse eat in fresh water they are probably the parr's worst enemy. If not, that distinction falls to the lot of the kingfisher who undoubtedly consumes considerable numbers of them.

Whether they seriously reduce the final number that go to the sea as smolt is a question of more than one aspect. A reduction of parr means an increased number of fry and, therefore, more food for the remaining parr who being better fed may be stronger and more fitted to survive later dangers. If the birth rate is markedly greater than the food capacity of the streams, kingfishers may have no harmful effect. They should not be finally condemned until this point is investigated.

The population of fry produced by the birth rate is greater than can be raised and the surplus must necessarily be reduced, if not by one agent, then by another. There is a point to be reached when even an immense increase in the number of fry introduced into the streams will be ineffective in increasing the output of smolt. As the birth rate has been evolved under present conditions of food supply and enemy factors, the natural conclusion is, that the kingfisher and the shelldrakes are compensated for in it. The natural increase was sufficient to stock the river in the past to abundance, in spite of these enemies, and there is no reason to suspect that it is less effective now. Hence if man introduces sufficient fry to compensate for the ova that should be laid by the breeding fish he captures, probably the highest possible efficiency of the streams under present food conditions will be reached. If this is done shelldrakes and kingfishers can be neglected except to see that they do not increase to an abnormal extent.

As the smolt go to sea they pass the gauntlet of the cormorants, but these, I think, we see, have little or no effect upon their number and can be neglected.

What happens at sea to the smolt, grilse, and salmon at present none can tell. In the teeming

abundance of marine life their food can be assumed to be plentiful. The rapidity with which a fingerling smolt grows to a five pound grilse is sufficient evidence of this. The most serious limitation to numbers at sea must come from the salmon's many enemies. In the final stage of the salmon's existence before maturity lies probably the factor that determines how many will reascend the streams to procreate their species and incidentally become available for human use. As said before, a food species is consumed by its enemies until it becomes too scarce to be profitably hunted. A notable increase of food supply attracts new consumers and the resultant population is apt to be little, if any, greater than before. With the enemy factor controlling the situation the number of resultant food fish seems to become a matter of population per unit area of ground occupied.

For example, assume that ten salmon per acre is scarce, i. e., that population is too scattered to be profitably hunted, and the expended energy in finding and capturing a meal of salmon is considerably greater than would be expended in pursuit of other species or in other quarters; the salmon under these conditions and assumptions will cease to be systematically hunted by its enemies, and, except for occasional and accidental encounters, will enjoy comparative immunity. Should the population be suddenly increased to fifty or a hundred per acre, it will be salmon season for their enemies who will abandon other usual prey for the new abundance. Should the resident enemies find more than they can consume neighboring competitors will be attracted, and it will not be long before the population is reduced again to the old ten per acre and comparative peace will be resumed.

It is evident, then, that any method of raising this deep sea salmon population above the economic mean of ten per acre (number here arbitrarily assumed) will be wasted energy and expense unless the enemies at this critical time can be controlled. If, as seems likely, the deep sea condition is the controlling element in the life of the salmon, increasing the number of fry, feeding parr or destroying fresh water enemies will have little if any effect on ultimate numbers.

Protection at other times will no more increase the number of mature salmon than enlarging two ends of a pipe while leaving a constricted length in the middle, will increase its flow capacity.

In conclusion it may be said that

I. The total effect of bird enemies upon salmon is small, if any.

II. Hatcheries and fry planting will compensate for the toll of mature fish taken by man.

III. The number of smolt that go to sea is dependent upon the food supply in the streams.

IV. The number of returning salmon is governed by the extent of their deep sea habitat and the number of enemies there.

V. While planting may return an exhausted stream to its normal capacity the number of fish cannot be indefinitely increased without a readjustment of other critical conditions.

VI. Eliminating the question of poaching, stream defilement, and other abnormal conditions the problem of increasing the salmon run in the rivers, above the natural capacity of the streams, lies between increasing the parr food in them or reducing the enemies of the salmon in the deep sea habitat.

The Tent Plays Important Part in Camp Life

The Problem of Selecting is Easy to Solve if the Amateur Will Stick to a Few Tested and Tried Designs

By Elmer Russell Gregor



BEFORE camp life gained its present popularity the selection of a tent was a simple task. One's choice was necessarily restricted by the scarcity of models. In those days a tent was simply a tent, which usually meant a great cumbersome combination of canvas and poles that required a half-day's toil to set up, and a watchful wakefulness on windy nights lest it should blow down, and smother the unfortunate occupant.

In deciding upon a particular type of tent one should be governed by the use to which it is to be put, and the sort of country into which it is to be taken. If the camp is to be permanent within easy reach of transportation facilities, then it would be folly to purchase one of the expensive "go-light-idea" models. In all other cases, however the principal should be the greatest amount of comfortable shelter with a minimum of weight and bulk. But this idea may be carried to extremes. While it is the height of folly to pack a great mass of unnecessary canvas, it is equally foolish to cut down so rigidly that comfort and health became secondary considerations. No tent should be too small to properly shelter the owner, his personal equipment, and, in necessity provide lodging for a passing stranger. A 7 ft. x 9 ft. tent of any type will accommodate two men, and their duffle, or three men sleeping close together, feet to the fire.

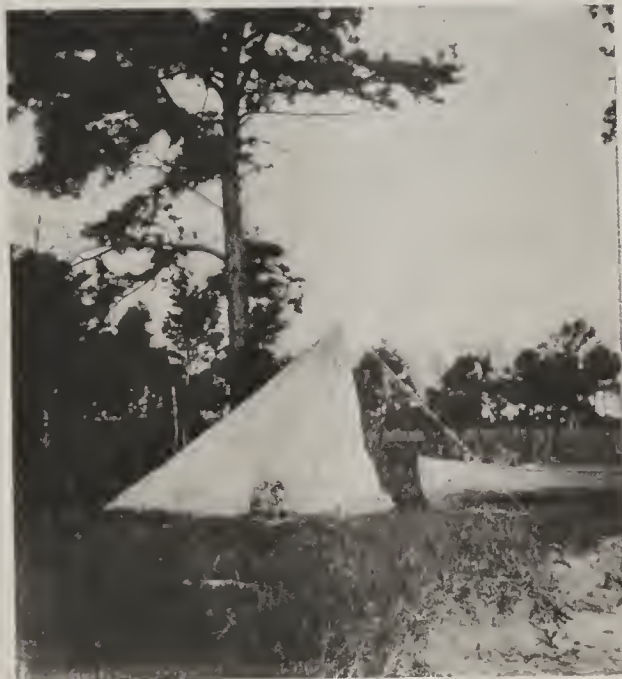
Color is an important consideration. A tent should be dyed to harmonize with its surroundings. White, the old-time standby, is being rapidly superseded by more neutral tints. Campers have learned that a white tent, except against a background of snow, frightens game, that it is most trying to the eyes, and that in spring and summer it is a veritable fly-trap. On the other hand, a green tent is cool and restful to the eyes, it harmonizes splendidly with the forest growth and it does not attract flies and insects. For the plains and the desert, a tan or "khaki" tent will be more serviceable.

Every tent should be equipped with a front curtain of mosquito netting, and a ground cloth. The object of the former is obvious, while the latter not only provides the camper with clean, dry footing, but insures him against snakes and other unwelcome bed-fellows as well. Wall and Baker tents should have an outside "fly" suspended above them. This should be slightly larger than the roof of the tent. The object of the outside "fly" is to afford protection from the direct rays of the sun, and to serve as an extra shelter in heavy rain, and snow. There are many other accessories in the market, but for the practical camper most of them would be superfluous.

In proceeding to a description of the various types of tents it seems only proper to begin with

the oldest and most familiar model. Without doubt this is the Wall or House tent. It is still popular, especially when weight and bulk are not the primary considerations. For a permanent camp it is just the thing. On "one night stands," and in general camping, however, it has been largely superseded by the lighter and more improved models. One of the disadvantages of this tent is the necessity of carrying, or providing poles to set it up. A 7 ft. x 9 ft. Wall tent should weigh between twelve and sixteen pounds, and should cost between \$14.00 and \$25.00; depending upon the material from which it is made.

Another old-time favorite and one which still retains its popularity against the newer rivals is the Baker or Lean-to Tent. This tent is a splendid model for general use. It is a tent of large



The Canoeist's Outfit.

"sleeping capacity"—a 7 ft. x 9 ft. Baker will accommodate four men lying feet to the fire. By making the proper type of night-fire to reflect the heat, this tent may be easily warmed on the coldest nights. The roof is pitched to shed snow and water. The Baker tent may be easily set up either with "forks" and a ridge pole, or it may be fastened between two trees. It packs nicely, and is light and easy to carry. A 7 ft. x 9 ft. Baker should weigh between twelve and fifteen pounds, and should cost between \$12.00 and \$20.00; depending upon the material.

The newer Camp-Fire tent is an improved type of the Baker. One of the advantages claimed for it is that it gives somewhat more head-room with about the same amount of floor space. This has been accomplished by moving the ridge farther back, and creating a short, slanting "porch-roof" effect in front. Another advantage claimed for this tent is the steeper pitch of the roof, which

should make it less likely to sag under wet snow or heavy rain.

The Forester's Tent is distinctly the model for those who desire to "go light." It is a splendid tent for the man who carries his equipment on his back. While it would scarcely be suitable for a permanent camp, still the camper will find considerable room in this little shelter. As its name implies, it is primarily a tent for the forest. Besides being light and handy to carry, it may be easily set up, and it is staunch and storm-proof under all conditions. A Forester's tent 7 ft. x 7 ft. will weigh between three and six pounds, and should cost between \$5.00 and \$7.00; depending upon the material.

The Canoe Tent is another "go-light" model, a very popular one. It is a great favorite with canoeists, and those who are compelled to economize on weight and bulk. This is a dandy little tent with plenty of head-room. It may be set up with a single stick, and held up by a rope fastened to the limb of a tree.

The so-called Snow Tent is one of the newer models, which is really an improved and enlarged edition of the canoe tent. This tent offers large floor space, and plenty of head-room, with a minimum bulk of walls and roof. It may be set up with a small ridge-pole, and a single pair of "forks," or, like the canoe model, it may be fastened to the limb of a tree. The steep pitch of the roof insures the prompt "spilling" of snow and water. This is an excellent tent for general purposes, and it is a model which is becoming very popular. A Snow Tent 7 ft. x 9 ft. should weigh between thirteen and sixteen pounds, and should cost between \$14.00 and \$22.00; depending upon the material.

The Miner's or Conical Tent is a favorite in the mining regions of the west. This model is ideal for use on the plains, and in modified form it is very popular, with mountain climbers. It may be set up with a single pole, and it is light and easy to pack. This little tent gives great floor space, and plenty of head-room, besides being staunch and serviceable under all conditions. It is an excellent model for all who wish to economize on bulk. A 7 ft. x 9 ft. Miner's model should weigh between eight and thirteen pounds, and should cost between \$8.00 and \$13.00; depending upon the material.

In closing it may be well to mention the most primitive model of all—the Indian Tepee. Although it has never been popular with the white man, this tent is the best ventilated shelter in the world. Its great disadvantage is the number of poles required to set it up. However, there are those who sing its praises, and the popular model seems to be about ten feet in diameter, nine feet in height, and weighing about eight or nine pounds. It is usually made of heavy duck or "khaki" and should cost about \$12.00.



Nature Holds Subtle Attractions That Neither the Art of Man Can Conceive Nor His Skill Approach.

When Bill Went A-Fishin'

He Certainly had the Time of his Life, and his Recital of the Event Will Make More Than one Reader Cast Reflective Visions Along the Backward Course of Years

By W. H. Bentley.



BILL was about ten years old when he first went fishing, and that was back in the early seventies. To be sure, he had previously caught mud suckers, sunfish, bullheads and now and then a chub, in the Sandburg creek that ran through the lower end of the village; but was not presumptuous enough to consider such sport "real" fishing. Indeed, so lacking in pride over what he thus caught, was he, that each fish instead of forming a unit of a string to be proudly carried home, was promptly broiled on a stick set up before a fire of drift wood made up in anticipation of just such service. Such repasts as Bill and his playmates thus provided for themselves, possessed one feature conventionally thought essential at more formal functions of that nature, viz.: they were served in courses. But there the conventionality ceased; for every course consisted of the same condiment—fish. If Bill yanked a tiny sucker high into the air with his heavy, bamboo pole, and flung it at the end of the line so far back among the tall

grass, he at once proceeded to dress, broil and eat it, thereby completing the first course. During the several stages of this occupation, his playmates divided their time between enviously eyeing him, and nervously watching their bebs for indications of a like fortunate turn of affairs for themselves.

The second course may have been a sunfish or a bullhead, of which a playmate was both captor and cook. With dispatch equal to that exhibited by Bill, he repeated the operations the latter had performed, and in turn received envious attention from the others. Combining as each did the functions both of chef and guest, no criticisms of the quality of the cooking or of the table service, marred the scanty course. Fastidiousness was an unknown quality to them in those days, and if clumsiness several times projected the small, bony morsel from the broiling stick into the ashes from which it was with difficulty extracted, there was no complaint because the viand when ready to be devoured, consisted very largely of the inorganic substance known as charcoal.

Thus the meal of many courses was prolonged

from morning till the sun drew close down to the high, pine topped ridges that shut in the village on the west. Reluctantly then, the youthful fishermen wound the "dobber" bedecked lines round the bamboo poles, and turned their toughened, bramble-scarred, bare feet toward home. Of fish they had eaten plenty in point of numbers, though not enough in substance to dull the appetite that seemed to increase by what it fed upon. In the intervals between the irregular courses, Nature had administered a "bracer" of ozone that, acting upon a liver and pancreas as yet unmolested by calomel or bitters, so stimulated those organs in the exercise of their respective functions, that dyspepsia and biliousness were reduced to a mere, algebraical X; and in the mind of each boy was a more or less pleasant anticipation of the evening meal still to be served at the family table.

Bill's father was a clergyman by profession, and by the instinct that appears to characterize a large part of the profession, also a fisherman. Several times each year he spent a week or more dropping flies into the waters of the Willowemoc, the branches of the Neversink, or

the Sundown stream; and it was when he returned from such trips and opened up the well filled creels wherein were closely packed iced layers of the pugnacious and succulent fish, the pursuit of which has been an art since the days of old Izaak; has stimulated the creation of a delightful line of literature, and last but not least has served both as a mental and physical tonic to jaded mind and body, that young Bill realized that he had not yet actually been fishing. Very naturally, he measured the art only by material returns as indicated in numbers or pounds avoirdupois; and was not until later years he absorbed the spirit that moved the allegorical conversation between Walton and Scholar, so entertainingly and delightfully set down by Henry van Dyke in "The Ruling Passion."

"But let me tell you that an angler's occupation is a good cure for these evils, if for no other reason because it gently dissuadeth us from haste and leadeth us into those ways which are pleasant and those paths which are peace. For an angler cannot force his fortune by eagerness, nor better it by discontent. He must wait upon the weather, and the height of water, and the hunger of the fish, and many other accidents of which he has no control. If he would angle well, he must not be in haste. And if he be in haste, he will do well to unlearn it by angling, for I think there is no surer method."

* * * * *

"There was one Franck a trooper of Cromwell's who wrote ill of me, saying I neither understood the subjects whereof I discoursed nor believed the things I said, being both silly and pretentious. It would have been a pity if it had been true. There was also one Leigh Hunt, a maker of many books, who used one day a bottle of ink whereof the gall was transfused into his blood, so that he wrote many hard words of me, setting forth selfishness and cruelty as if they were qualities of my disposition. God knew, even then, whether these things were true of me; and if they were not true, it would have been a pity to have answered them; but it would have been still more of a pity to be angered by them. But since that time Master Hunt and I have met each other; yes, and Master Franck, too; and we have come very happily to a better understanding."

There were gathered in the clergyman's study one mild, June evening, the president of an insurance company; the village hotel keeper; a colonel who had served in the Union Army, and the clergyman himself; a collection of individuals that, though representing characters, occupations and tastes of considerable diversity, yet occasionally met on common ground. Trout fishermen all, they were; and at their informal gathering to agree on the details of preparation for the trip to the East branch the following day, were revealed the finer features of true democracy. The Calvinism of the clergyman was tightly shut within the glass doors of his bookcase; the martial dignity of the colonel had been slipped off at the parsonage door; the countenance of the insurance man, usually serious from the responsibilities and problems of his official position, now glowed with joviality, while the bearing of the landlord would indicate that there was never such a thing as a complaint from a guest at table or bar. Questions of caste, social preferment, pre-eminence of fortune or superiority of education, might possess the interest of a mere theory to attract the students of economics; but they were as dead as the language Adam spoke, to the group that smoked and chatted in the

dominie's sanctum; for be it recalled, to-morrow at daylight they will be all off together for Johnson's on the East branch.

"Dominie," said the landlord, as he playfully reached out and seized the ear of young Bill, who had been summoned to supply tumblers and a pitcher of water. "I suppose this young man will want to go trout fishing one of these days."

"Yes," smilingly assented the clergyman, "he has the instinct surely enough, and his mind is already working along that line."

"Fish line, I take it," facetiously interjected the insurance man; whereupon the Colonel abstracted an imaginary bottle from his pocket and passed it over to the former as a reward for the perpetration of the shallow pun.

"Take him along to-morrow. Take him along," suggested the landlord, referring to Bill, whose education was not then sufficiently advanced to enable him to comprehend the pleasantries of the Colonel and the insurance man. "We can stow him away in a creel."

"He might just as well go as not," the Colonel seconded, as doubt of the advisability of consenting to the proposal showed in the countenance of the clergyman. "Give him a pole and some worms, and I guess he will keep out of mischief."

The heartiness of the invitation further extended by the insurance man, outweighed the reluctance of the clergyman who at last assented to the proposal; and Bill accordingly was dismissed from the room with instructions first to report the decision to his mother, and then to retire to bed—instructions that were scrupulously followed. Intensely delighted over the sudden and unexpected developments, he did not forget to include the human instruments in the bestowal of such good fortune, among those who nightly received his very perfunctory commendations to the favor of the Almighty—an incident that, no doubt, would have greatly amused the members of the group in the study had they known of it. Whatever may be the merits of the modern contention that there is no efficacy in prayer except in its reflex action on the individual, it is certain that Bill's plea was for once serious enough to have secured for the dominie's guests, an unusually fine lot of trout during the following week. So it came about that Bill went on his first, real fishing trip. But a short time later, the little group that had assembled in the clergyman's study began to lessen in numbers. One after another, its members for the last time flung the leader under the overhanging banks of the pools and beyond the uprising boulders of the Neversink, and then forever laid aside the rod and line. They had early discovered that Nature holds subtle attractions that neither the art of man can conceive nor his skill approach, for those who seek her in the proper spirit; and in the reasonable enjoyment thereof they acquire the appreciation of her bounties that is far too often lacking. It is long ago, now, since Bill had opportunity to swing a line out over the clear, cold waters from which, in his younger days he drew many a speckled trout; but it is not surprising that the incidents connected with his first experiences as a trout fisherman should have produced impressions that have lasted till the present time. Indeed, so thoroughly was his soul permeated with the joy and glories of those experiences, that he endeavored to set

them forth in a manuscript that, with some corrections made in later years is still in existence, and may be found of interest to those whose recollections of early experiences with rod and line are equally fresh and satisfying. If Bill's literary style fell considerably short of that conventionally thought worthy of approval, it was of no concern to him. Youthful enthusiasts are likely to exhibit little else than an eagerness to inflict their stories on a patient listener; and Bill even yet, is an enthusiast. This is the manner in which he describes his first experiences in waters now well known to almost every disciple of piscatorial art.

Bill's Story.

The evening before you start for Sullivan County on a fishing trip, you carry most of the stuff you are going to take with you, up to Colonel Nevin's barn, and stow it away under the seats of the platform spring wagon he has hired from Cobe Doyer the liveryman. Every boy that goes fishing in that part of the country knows what is put into that wagon: There's a big lot of fishing tackle—jointed poles done up in cloth or leather cases; fish baskets with fly hooks and reels in them, and generally a package of smoking tobacco. There's a grip sack for each of the men with woolen shirts, heavy stockings and wading shoes in it. Then there are some rubber blankets to put over you if it should rain on the way, and baskets of lunch to eat when you stop to rest the horses at noon time. In some of the baskets there is a flat bottle that has cold tea in it. Leather is sewed round the upper part of the bottle, and the lower part fits into a tin cup that you can pull off and drink out of. The cork is made of tin, too, and screws on instead of being pushed into the neck of the bottle like a regular cork. No one ever offers you or Daddy a drink of tea out of one of those bottles; but you don't care for that. Whenever you get thirsty along the road you can jump off the wagon at a spring; and after you have had a drink, can catch up to the wagon and climb in over the back seat as easily as anything.

After you get back to the house from Colonel Nevin's barn, you have to go to bed though you aren't sleepy a bit. Ma lays out the clothes you are to wear in the morning and tells you to go right to sleep, the way Mas do; but it is as hard to go to sleep as it is the night before the Fourth. You don't remember when you did go to sleep; but the first thing you know there's Ma with a lamp in her hand, shaking you and telling you it's time to get up. It doesn't take long to put on your clothes; and when you get down in the dining room there's Daddy at the table eating his breakfast, and Ma sitting near him talking but not eating anything. Daddy has on an old suit of clothes and a gray flannel shirt. He looks you over as you come into the room in order to see that you have on the right rig, and tells you to get to work at your breakfast. You sit down at the table; but you don't feel hungry enough to eat much. Daddy says you are too excited to eat, but that doesn't appear to worry him any.

As soon as breakfast is over Daddy hands you a little bundle or two to carry, and you start with him for the Colonel's barn. It is pretty dark when you leave the house; but well up in the sky, looking toward the canal, you can see

a little streak that appears brighter than the rest of it. Below the streak it's dark as a coal hole, and you know that there's where the mountain stretches along. The streak tapers off into darkness in either direction, so that you can't exactly tell where it begins and where it ends. If you watch the streak for a while, you can see it slowly extending out in both directions; and while you are looking from one end to the other, the middle of it keeps getting brighter and brighter till, almost before you know it the top of the mountain pops up into it, and there's the dim outline of the old, "wagon top" rock that has stood at the head of Buttermilk gorge ever since the chaos of Creation left it there millions of years ago.

Looking a little longer, you can just make out the "Kneebreaker" off at the left stretching up and down the side of the mountain like a great, big caterpillar. You climb the Kneebreaker when you go huckleberrying way up on the flat places under High Point. When there's plenty of rain the water rushes down it in a regular brook; but if the weather is dry you can use the big rocks at the bottom of it for steps, in climbing to the top. By the time the Kneebreaker is in plain sight, the end of the big streak of sunlight has shot from behind High Point and flattened out against the side of the big knoll beyond Buttermilk gorge; and in another minute or two there's the bald and shiny pate of the sun itself, peeking up over the top of High Point; and he looks down at you just as a boy does when he is looking for you in a hogshhead in which you have hidden, and isn't tall enough to look over the edge farther than the bottom of his nose.

Well, when you get to Colonel Nevin's barn, there are the Colonel and the other men, and two horses hitched to a wagon, all ready to start off. The men all take a look under the seats in order to see that nothing that's wanted is left behind, and then everybody but the Colonel gets into the wagon. Daddy or one of the other men picks up the lines, clucks to the horses, and off you go. The driver stops the horses out on the street, and waits for the Colonel who has staid behind to close the barn doors and put out the lantern. He comes out and climbs into his seat, and this time you are off for good.

You can't expect to feel any better than you do when you start for Sullivan County early in the morning that way, to fish for trout—that is, if you are a boy. You guess a man feels pretty good, too. Daddy and the others get to talking about horses, hunting and fishing, and pretty nearly everything you can think of, as the horses trot along; and when one can't think of a story another can. They are all smoking pipes; and from the way they talk and laugh over the stories, you judge they must be having a good time.

The road you are on leads up to Grahamville and Claryville—two hamlets well up in the county. You keep to the main road when you are going to the West branch; but if you want the East branch you turn off the main road before you get to Grahamville, and then you learn what a corduroy road is like when it's old, and every third log is rotted out.

When the wagon gets to the beginning of the corduroy road, there's a man waiting for you

that Mr. Johnson has sent to take the rig the rest of the way. Daddy and the others get out and walk, and the man follows with the horses and wagon. You have a notion it is great fun to ride over such a road as that is, and stick to the wagon; but you soon find out what a mutton head you are. The way the body of the wagon goes down, first in front and then behind, makes you think of the walking beam of a river steamboat. Teetering is good enough fun; but the kind of teetering you get in going over a played out corduroy road in a wagon is just like having the other boy drop off his end of the teeter when your end is up in the air; only in the wagon you get that kind of jolt three or four times a minute. A boy that ever teetered with Tom Gifford knows how he feels; it's pretty nearly the same as having One-Eye Ditmas swat you with a barrel stave when he's behind you and has a fair show. There isn't much difference. In either case you don't feel like teetering for several days.

After the wagon seat chases you up into the air and hits you a few cracks before you come down again, you make up your mind to get out and walk. You don't have to stay with the others; so you run ahead of them and come across a fine hornet's nest as big as a bushel measure, hanging up in a tree not far from the road. You wonder whether there are hornets in it and peg a few stones at it to find out. Pretty soon you peg a stone right through the middle of it, and find there are hornets in it surely enough—the little, yellow kind that can see a boy with a stone in his hand forty rods away. You don't stay around there any considerable length of time after the stone plunks through the nest, but grab off your hat so as to be ready for business, and start walking backward up the road. You remember it is better to back away from a hornet's nest that you have pegged with anything, than it is to run straight ahead in the regular way. You can see what's coming after you when you back away.

You forget all about your being on a corduroy road; but you remember it pretty soon. About a hundred hornets come flying out to look for the one that put a new, front entrance into their house, and three or four get their eyes on you. Just then you step backward into a hole in the road and drop your hat out of your hand; and when you are scrambling to get up, two or three hornets catch up to you. One jabs you under the eye, and the other on the lip. You don't stand any show with a hornet when you are down and have no hat in your hand with which to fight back.

There's plenty of mud in the road; so you make up a couple of poultices and plaster them on the burnt spots. By the time you see the next chipmunk your under lip sticks out as big as a crabapple, and your eye has a wen under it about the size of a marble. You don't peg stones at the chipmunk, because you don't feel like pegging stones any more. You just walk right along looking out for holes in the road. After a while you turn your back to see why the wagon doesn't come along, and find it just 'round a bend with the front wheels down in a hole. The horses are unhitched from it and standing a few yards off.

When you get to the wagon, there are Daddy and the insurance man prying up the wheels with

a fence rail, while the others are prying under the axle with another rail. The wagon comes up out of the hole all right, and the driver lets go of the rail to put blocking under the wheels when, all of a sudden the chock flies from under the rail with which Daddy and the insurance man are prying, and they both fall down on their hands and knees. Then the wagon tips down on that side, away goes the chock under the other rail, and back into the hole goes the wheels again. The driver begins to talk the way Phot Stickle did when his balky horse backed the wagon through a picket fence. Phot uses a good many swear words right along in his regular conversation; but when he is mad he uses a private stock of custom made ones that he keeps for particular occasions, and that driver talks as if he went to school to Phot.

The moment the driver begins to get off mixed conversation, everyone looks at Daddy, but he is fixing up another chock and doesn't appear to be paying attention. The driver keeps at it hammer and tongs, till Colonel Nevin walks over to him, gives him a nudge with his elbow and nods toward Daddy. That is a bad thing for the Colonel to do; for the driver roars at him, then, and he says between swear words:

"What's the matter? Ain't I doin' this right?"

"O, yes. O, yes," the colonel answers in a mild, almost scared way.

"This ain't no time for foolin'," the driver says back to him, "if you want to wet your feet in the Branch this afternoon and see fish on your plate for supper."

The next time the rails boost up the wagon, the driver gets the chocks under the front wheels all right. Then he steers with the pole till the others push the wagon ahead and clear of the hole. After that the horses are hitched on again and the driver starts off. Pretty soon Daddy notices you and asks:

"What on earth is the matter with your face, boy?"

"Hornet," you tell him, and all the others laugh.

"Hmm," Daddy says. "He's been stoning a nest, very likely."

"He's getting his elementary lessons in natural history," he goes on, talking to the others. "Very practical experiment he has been making; and the result are like those obtained by the fabled individual who tickled the heels of a mule. That boy needs a good many prayers; but in this instance there appears to be no call for effort in that direction."

"Now, there's that driver," Daddy keeps on. "I suspect he hasn't the faintest conception of Divine displeasure, and I don't know that it would make any difference with him if he had, because of lack of a practical demonstration of it; but if the Almighty were to send a hornet to operate on him every time he let out an oath, he would quickly acquire a widened perception. The times of Pharoah are past; but I've often thought a plague at the right time and place would be useful."

Everybody except the driver who goes ahead with the horses and wagon, walks along behind the rig for another mile or two, and then the corduroy ends. You get into the wagon with the others, and the horses make pretty good time till you come to Mr. Johnson's.

(To be continued.)



An Illustration of "Do it Yourself" and Do it Successfully

A Florida Fishing and Hunting Paradise

Here Is a Little Spot that offers Winter Relaxation and Recreation for the Northern Sportsman and His Family

By W. F. Rightmire.

In a recent letter you asked me why I "do not send in for publication for the entertainment of my brothers of the rod and gun some accounts of my fishing and hunting trips from my home in Florida."

Which question I can only answer by saying that I have had no hunting trip in my nearly two years' residence here, for when I first located here the fishing was so good that for nearly three months I did nothing but get bait, fish and give fish away if I could—if not to turn my catch loose for others to catch.

And as the fishing was right at my door I gave no thought to hunting, but at the opening of the hunting season last November I secured a state hunting license, cleaned up my shotgun and rifle, and was ready for big game, just as soon as the work of the office would let me get away for a few days. Every week one or more parties would go out from Stuart about eight miles and camp for two or three days, and return, each one having secured his legal quota of deer and wild turkey for the year, besides wild hogs, squirrels, coon, and for the party a bob-cat or two, and one or

more black bear. While their accounts would make me more determined to go, yet the amount of work that accumulated in my office was so great and I kept postponing my trip, so that the hunting season closed and I had not even fired the rifle or the shotgun, not even to go out for an afternoon, to get my limit of one day's quail, twenty, under our Florida laws. Therefore I cannot tell my brother sportsmen about any of my personal hunting trips in Florida. As for the fishing I have only been out once after black bass, and then I went with another party for an evening and morning of fly-fishing, but the bass would not rise to the fly, as the lake is full of bluegill sunfish ("Brim" here), on which the bass were feeding.

The next morning we broke open the leaves and stalks of the water lily, and in some of the stems we found a white worm about one and one-half inches long, which we used on small hooks and caught nearly a dozen small sunfish which we used for bait in still fishing. We caught six large mouth black bass, that would weigh from four to seven pounds, and quit and came home. A few days afterwards a darkey was "fishing for Brim"

in a nearby lake with a darkey's outfit, a long cane pole, heavy line and large hook, and while pulling in a "Brim," caught, at the full length of his line and pole, a big-mouth, (the local name for our black bass) took the brim, and he pulled it in, and brought it to town and sold it to St. Lucie Hotel—a large-mouth black bass, that weighed a few ounces more than seventeen pounds. Therefore my partner on my trip and I concluded that we were not first class black bass fishermen. The fish are in such plenty that within one fourth of a mile of the office I can catch in an hour the very best of salt water game fish that my family can use, and I have lost the zest for the sport, since I with another man in one hour caught off of the railway dock, three jew fish weighing respectively 480, 425 and 350 pounds, that others helped drag up on the wharf, where we hung the fish up and weighed each one, and then gave them to a farmer, who hauled them out home and buried them in his compost heap, to be made into fertilizer. One other morning two of us went out and in one hour's troll got nineteen large bluefish and five three pound Spanish mackerel. Salerno, four and one-half miles by rail south east of Stuart, is only one mile by water from the ocean at the mouth of St. Lucie Inlet, and last week two men from Salerno went in their motor-boat through Manatee Bay to the Inlet, and trolled around in it for a half day and caught 155 bluefish, many brouper, red snapper, and a few Spanish mackerel. On three separate days last week my daughter and I went out in my boat and fished by the end of a railroad bridge pier for

about an hour each day, on the start of the incoming tide, and caught all we wanted for home use as well as supplying three other families, and at the farthest we were not in a eighth of a mile from home. As my daughter is here on a visit, and never had an opportunity to learn to catch fish, near my former home in Kansas, she had to learn the knack of it here, but she learned it, and on our third trip she caught twenty-four one pound grunters and red snappers with a hand line while on each day I got fast to some king fish of some kind, and so large that I could not get him to the surface, and with all my skill with rod and reel, the fish broke the copper wire connecting the line and hook (as our game fish are so well supplied with teeth, that we fasten all our hooks to a copper wire leader, to which we fasten our line) and left.

If I were a northern sportsman and had the wealth to spare, and could get away from my business during the months of December, January or February in each year, I would have me a four

or five room cottage of my own, and my own boat, and I would bring my family with me to enjoy the delights of our winter climate and be at home under my own roof, not in the fashionable tourist winter resorts, but at some point where the fishing was first class all those months, and right at the door, so that if the wife and children wanted to fish, from wharves they could do so within a stone throw of home. Salerno, Florida, is the place to secure such a home.

I am not booming or boosting a land selling proposition, but from my sixty-five years of travel, fishing and hunting, in its varied experience, I have never seen another place that offered such advantages for a sportsman's colony of homes as Salerno, and I have persuaded the owner to make of Salerno a Mecca for sportsmen and sportsmen's families, and to make the place known through the advertising columns of the *Forest and Stream*, with the hope that every brother of the *Forest and Stream* family, who would like such a home in our sunny south land write to the address therein given.

here and there rows of houses (some still standing) with low attics where the slaves were locked in, after a certain hour in the evening.

"The abundant trees of the present had not been planted, though there were a few elms on 'The Avenue.' The summer sun heated the rough brick sidewalks to the baking point, and this warmth was given off liberally until midnight or later. Folks gathered in chairs on the sidewalks in the evenings, or visited between the groups seated on the verandahs of better-class houses.

"The less frequented streets afforded an abundant crop of grass, which was utilized by wandering domestic animals.

"It was all primitive, village-like, and yet not without charm. The suburb of Georgetown to the west across Rock Creek—older than Washington and more aristocratic, with narrow and closely built up streets and old-fashioned mansions with lawns and gardens—was connected with the capital city by a line of rumbling omnibuses."

The great service performed for science by Professor Baird will never be forgotten. He filled a unique position among the scientific workers of that day, and his personality made him greatly beloved by all with whom he was brought in contact. His duties were so many, his problems of administrative detail so constantly pressing, that he was frightfully overworked, and died early, universally lamented.

Dr. Dall's biography is a splendid piece of work, and should be read by all naturalists.

Life of Professor Baird

The Career of One of America's Greatest Naturalists Appreciably Set Forth in Book Form

A GENERATION ago the most famous of American naturalists was Spencer F. Baird. His life, though shorter than man's allotted span, yet covered the most important epochs of biological science in America. An enthusiastic, hard-working boy, an energetic, busy man and organizer, and finally a wise and well-loved chief, he worked hard for his fellowmen for more than forty years.

For thirty-seven years he was continuously in the scientific service of the government and did more to make known the higher forms of life in the further west and the marine life of the Atlantic coast than any man ever did or any man ever can do. Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, developer and organizer of the United States National Museum, and Commissioner of Fisheries, he ever found some new work to initiate and to direct, and all that he took hold of he did well. His work as Commissioner of Fisheries, economically so important, appealed with especial force to European experts, and the accomplishments of the United States Fish Commission were highly praised in Great Britain, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. A great French authority said of his work that "pisciculture has nowhere produced results which can be compared with those obtained in the United States."

Professor Baird worked for the love of his work, not for the money compensation that he received. Like many another man his reward for doing a piece of work was the satisfaction of doing it.

The Life of Spencer Fullerton Baird, just published by J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, has been prepared by Dr. Wm. H. Dall, who had long worked side by side with Professor Baird, and

who knew him well. During the last eighteen or twenty years of Professor Baird's life Dr. Dall was closely associated with him, and much of what he tells in this volume happened under his own eyes.

Professor Baird, who was born in 1823, was of an old Pennsylvania family, the son of Samuel Baird and Lydia MacFunn Biddle. He graduated from Dickinson College in 1840, and about that time, having secured two fly-catchers that he did not recognize, he ventured to write to John James Audubon, from whom he received a most friendly letter. This was the beginning of a correspondence extending over more than seven years, during which young Baird did much helpful work for the older naturalist. The volume before us is packed full of interesting letters from the naturalist and his young friend. This was the beginning of Baird's scientific career.

As the boy had worked hard in collecting his birds and other specimens, so the young man worked hard broadening his field, becoming always better known and meeting such men as Dana and Henry. A list of his correspondents would indeed be a catalogue of the most famous students of science of the period between 1850 and 1885, during the last part of which he stood in the front rank of American workers in science.

Interesting pictures of the life of Washington as it was in 1850-60 are given in Dr. Dall's biography:

"The Washington to which the Bairds came, leaving out the public buildings and the transient political population, was a rather shabby Southern village scattered over a grandiose plan, of which Tom Moore, the poet, made fun. The unpaved streets were too wide to be improved from the tax receipts of an only moderately well-to-do population. The city directory was a thin pamphlet. There was a slave pen, and

BIRDS IN THE WAR ZONE.

Experiments and observations made in between times at the various European battle fronts by bird-lovers have revealed some striking characteristics of the feathered broods that have not been frightened from their accustomed haunts by the war. It is shown that crows, from generations of experience, fear rifle fire but not artillery fire, while song birds, never having known the fear of the hunter and his rifle, break into song when the guns are fired, but are alarmed at the tremendous explosions of shells.

Even the trained artillery horses continue to show more fright at shell explosions than do the birds. The crows, for instance, do not even trouble to take to flight when a shell lands near them, but does not explode, and only rise for an instant when it does go off. But when the rifles begin to pop they put as much distance as possible between themselves and the trenches.

Many of the soldiers have canaries in their trenches, and have conducted numerous experiments with them. Usually the discharge of a rifle is a signal for them to sing, and even the sound of breaking glass will bring the same result. The same is true to a great extent of the wild song birds that abound, especially along the French front.

The birds, of course, display a sharpness of vision that even a powerful telescope will not equal, and many times the warning of an attack has come first of all from the crows and other birds rising in alarm at some movement that the sentries for all their watchfulness had not detected.

* Spencer Fullerton Baird, a Biography, by William Healey Dall, A. M., D. Sc.; with 19 illustrations. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co., 1915, Price, \$3.50.

AFTER "OLD TRAMP."

(Continued from Page 533.)

willows. A moment later Closson joined us. We looked at our grizzly. Closson said, "It's 'Old Tramp'. Isn't he immense? But back up there quick and look out—we've got a wounded grizzly in the bushes."

As we ran up, I asked Closson which one and he said it was the second one. I asked, "Did the first one stay down?" and he replied "Yes." Two down and another wounded. Going some? Up the cliff we went. Just as we put our heads over the top, grizzly No. 2, but a few feet away, let out a couple of roars like a lion and the bushes rattled. Closson yelled, "Jump" and leaped backwards. His hat stayed on the shelf. All was quiet for a moment. We got down, went around, climbed up farther out and found No. 2 had moved out of the willows on a small ridge over to one side some thirty yards. A shot in the back caused him to whirl around, rear up on his hind legs and let out another roar. But with the next shot, he dropped and rolled down over the cliff.

Three grizzlies in less time than it takes to tell it was too fast and furious for any of us. We rolled "Old Tramp" down on a snow slide and worked the other two over to him, where we skinned them out. The two smaller bears were "she's," and doubtless constituted "Old Tramp's" harem. They measured seven feet and seven feet six inches. The big one—"Old Tramp"—measured when put up to dry on the stretchers, properly shaped, nine feet three inches in length, about the same in width across the shoulders, and five feet across the middle of the back. We estimated him to weigh over eight hundred pounds. He was very fat, the other two were thin. All had prime fur, all nicely colored. One of them was very light. She might be called a silver tip, but the white stripe on the nose was missing.

Dr. Rainsford, writing on the subject of Grizzly Bears, in "Big Game of North America," in relating his experiences hunting grizzlies as far back as 1868 to 1880, says the largest bear he ever killed measured nine feet three inches, estimated weight nine hundred pounds (he had killed eighteen grizzlies) and his guide admitted it was very unusual for a wild bear to grow over nine hundred pounds.

The great strength and tenacity of life of the grizzly make him an opponent to be attacked carefully. What magnificent muscular development when stripped of the skin! He is horribly like man. The muscles of his arms and chest are simply tremendous. As we leaned over him I realized the utter nonsense in the use of a six shooter or a knife.

There is something fascinating beyond measure in hunting the grizzly—the hardest of all animals to approach. The extreme difficulty of finding him in the daylight, the lonely haunts he has retired to, the roughness of his rages, make him the most difficult to bring to bag.

"Old Tramp's" history is not unlike the story of "Old Wahn." Born on this range, as a big cub, he grew to his full size, bigger than any other bears. He became master of all his range, which extended along the river for about twenty miles. He had never been hunted. He had never seen or heard man. He knew nothing of the man smell. He had never heard a gun go off. He had fought and either killed or



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John H. Rothermel

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Tuxedo is the great American tobacco, for all men to smoke with thorough enjoyment at all times and places — it is the one absolutely right tobacco for you.

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You never grow tired of smoking Tuxedo, because you get all the mellow fragrance and flavor of the ripest, finest Kentucky Burley leaf.

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There is no other tobacco like Tuxedo, because Tuxedo is the *original* processed Burley tobacco — and no imitation *ever* equals the original.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch . . . **5c** Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket **10c**
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

chased off every other living thing that had come on his range. He even killed the young cubs, unless the mother grizzly cached them away. He accepted companionship of the "she grizzlies" alone. He was monarch of all he surveyed. When he came around the edge of the willows towards us, he only knew there was something alive there and as he had always done before, he tried to get away with it.

I had first heard of him while sitting in a friend's office in New York, four months previous. I next heard of him when Closson wrote me his first letter. Again when I reached Jasper. Again, when, eleven days later, we first saw his tracks in the gravel on the river flat, one mile below our camp. Four days later we had followed him up this range along the river

for more than six miles. We had climbed to the highest part of his range. We had pitted our hunters' skill against his natural instinct. He had accepted our challenge and come out into the open. Heretofore, he had always won. He had met us. We had fought a fair fight. We had won. He took his defeat as he had taken his victories—silently, never uttering a sound after he fell. As I stood there looking him over, it seemed incredible that victory should have been man's—that prizes such as old experienced sportsmen would spend years trying to obtain had been mine in a few short days. Such is the fortune of the chase!

Never before had Closson, in his twenty years big game hunting—many times after grizzlies—experienced such a close call. He



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A. NO. 2"

The Pinckneys — "Fathers of the Republic"

PERHAPS South Carolina's best gift to this Free Republic was the splendid services of her two great sons — Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Charles Pinckney. It can truthfully be said of the Pinckneys that their love of honor was greater than their love of power and deeper than their love of self. One played an important part in the Louisiana Purchase — the other, while an envoy to France, was told that the use of money would avert war, and to this replied: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." Both devoted their eminent abilities toward framing our National Law. The Constitution of the United States, as it stands to-day, was built upon the framework of a plan first proposed by Charles Pinckney. It was he who demanded that it contain freedom of religion, freedom of the press, habeas corpus and trial by jury. In political faith only did these two great men differ. Charles Pinckney was an ardent Democrat and Charles C. Pinckney a loyal Federalist, and was twice a candidate for President. It is easy to imagine the horror that these two great lovers of Personal Liberty would have expressed if shown the proposed Prohibition Laws of to-day. It is needless to say that if alive they would VOTE NO to such tyrannous encroachments upon the NATURAL RIGHTS OF MAN. The Pinckneys both believed in the moderate use of light wines and barley brews. They also believed in legislation which encouraged the Brewing Industry because they knew that honest Barley Beer makes for true temperance. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewers of honest Barley-Malt and Saazer Hop beers — the kind the Pinckneys knew to be good for mankind. To-day their great brand — BUDWEISER — because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other beer by millions of bottles; 7500 people are daily required to keep pace with the public demand for BUDWEISER.

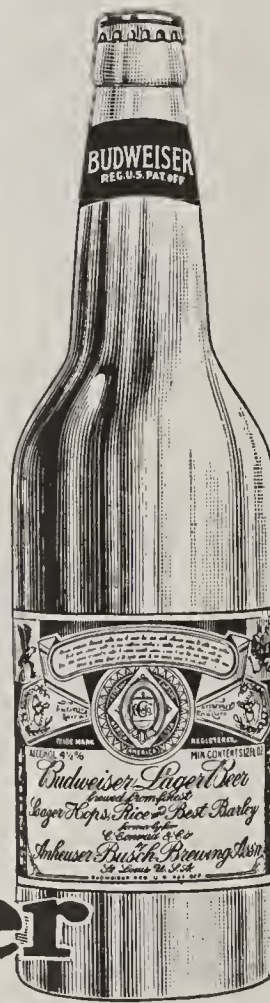
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Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant — covers 142 acres.



Budweiser

Means Moderation



said, "Now you see why I say any man who goes after grizzlies alone is a fool."

We packed the heads and hides down to the river, left two of them, taking one into camp, where we arrived after dark, at the end of the hardest and most exciting day any of us had ever had. Too tired to eat much we turned into our tepee tent, but not to sleep. All night long, I saw and heard "Whoo-of! Whoo-of! Not for many nights after did I sleep without restlessness.

We now had four unusual grizzly trophies. We had experiences that come to few hunters. I said, "No more bears for me this trip. I have had enough."

The next day Closson and George went back to bring the other two hides, while I remained in camp. We were located in the edge of the timber on a little flat within twenty feet of the shore of the lake. At this point the lake was about one thousand yards wide. From the opposite side rose the mountain, barren of all vegetation. Starting right at the water's edge, it rose so steep it would have been almost impossible to climb for about three thousand feet; from there about two thousand feet to the top, almost perpendicular.

The following day we moved back up the lake. We camped one night, went back to the trail after our horses, and then packed back to

the camps where we had cached our first grizzly—"Four Toes." We stayed there about five days, cleaning, stretching and drying our skins. We loafed. We shot mark. We took pictures. We made leisurely climbs up the mountains. We watched the snow slides as they rushed down the mountains. We saw more bear, more goats, more caribou, lots of porcupines. All together we saw sixteen grizzlies, four black bear, thirty goats, five caribou, two black tail deer, one lynx. The next ten days we rested and moved camp slowly back to the settlement, thus bringing to a close our thirty days' hunt after grizzlies.

ATLANTIC TUNA CLUB.

The Atlantic Tuna Club is now located in its beautifully situated summer home on the cliffs near old harbor at Block Island. The club house chosen for this season's headquarters is Bluff Cottage, belonging to the Ocean View Hotel, and easy accessible from both harbors. Saturday July 24th was opening day, when the white pennant was run up the new flagpole by President Willard, displaying the blue tuna and letters A. T. C. as the breeze spread the bunting.

The members of the club began to arrive at noon, coming from various directions. Many of the members came in their own pleasure craft, among them Vincent Astor and guest, Mr. Willoughby, in his yacht Noma, Colonel Shepley, Hon. Zenas W. Bliss, Rowland G. Hazard, Richard S. Aldrich, C. P. Whitall, and H. A. McKinney in private yachts, and all assembled at the club house in the evening.

Sunday many of the fishermen tried their luck for tuna. A large bonita was brought in by Dr. N. D. Harvey, and was offered up in planked form as one of the features of the special banquet which was tendered the club by the management of the Ocean View Hotel Sunday night.

At the annual meeting held on Monday the reports of the president and treasurer indicated a most prosperous condition of the club both as to membership and finances. The following gentlemen were elected to fill the offices for the year ensuing: President, C. W. Willard, Westerly, R. I.; 1st Vice-President, Geo. L. Shepley, Providence, R. I.; 2nd Vice-President, Andrew G. Weeks, Boston, Mass.; 3rd Vice-President, Frederick S. Doremus, New York City; Secretary, Richard S. Aldrich, Warwick, R. I.; Treasurer, Ralph C. Watrous, Providence, R. I.; Directors, Dr. C. K. Stillman, Mystic, Conn.; A. Julian Crandall, Ashaway, R. I.; Daniel B. Fearing, Newport, R. I.; Chairman House Committee, L. Dana Chapman, Boston, Mass.

A KING AND AN ANGLER.

Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, is a keen fisherman, and spends hour after hour with his rod, though the best of luck does not always attend his piscatorial expeditions. Once, after several hours' angling had brought him only three poor fish, and he was returning to the castle, he was met by a peasant with a magnificent catch of trout. "You seem to be no great fisherman, to judge by your catch," commented the peasant. "I should say you were about as lucky as the King." "Why?" inquired his Majesty. "Oh," replied the peasant, "he thinks a great deal of himself as a sportsman, but he is a poor body, much more fit to be a king than a fisherman."—*Answers.*



LIVE NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Being Reports From Our Local Correspondents

A GOOD WORD FOR THE STARLING.

Port Richmond, N. Y., August 5, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am glad to see in the current issue of your magazine a letter from a Staten Island observer of the English starling. For the past year I have been engaged in collecting facts regarding the habits of the starling with the object of establishing a balance of usefulness in its favor—providing that can be done.

The New York State ornithologist takes strong ground against the starling and classes it without reservation as a destructive bird.

This conclusion is wholly at variance with my own observations and while I cannot claim knowledge of the starling over any extended area, I can claim knowledge of the local habits and an enthusiasm for general bird study, gained during twenty years and more of observation.

The State claims that the starling is dirty and disagreeable about buildings and that it destroys fruits and crops greatly in excess of any services it may render as a noxious worm and bug destroyer. The national government takes much the same ground without however assuming any such dogmatic position as that assumed by our State authorities. In Massachusetts the starling is officially regarded as a "suspicious person" among our bird population but the State ornithologist is willing to concede much that is good in starling habits and seems open to conviction upon the proposition that the bird may be beneficial to mankind.

At my request farmers in my vicinity have given me the results of their observations of the starling and I have yet to find one man among them all who will accuse it of taking more than a fair toll of the fruits and vegetables the starling has aided in growing.

A neighbor recently borrowed my shotgun to shoot starlings, which he asserted were robbing his cherry trees. "It's them damn English blackbirds with freckles on them," said he.

He shot three times and brought me his killings.

The dead birds were: one half grown grackle and two blackbirds.

I do not find the starling pestiferous. I do not find it to bluster among other birds nor to interfere with their nesting and I have excellent opportunities for observing such things if they occurred, as my home holds tall trees and low tangle, running water and other inducements to birds to take up habitation near me.

Our robin is apparently a much more diligent fruit eater than the starling and I find it doing less work among the injurious worms and bugs.

I find the starling a cheerful summer and winter resident and even on the darkest, bleakest days of winter, its notes are promising and inspiring. Its movements indicate "alertness of mind" so to speak; it walks briskly among the garden rows searching industriously for worms and bugs without taking time for statuesque posing, a habit so confirmed in the robin and all of the thrushes.

The starling is British in nothing but name, for all its movements and habits are, it seems to me more typical of the brisk businesslike and optimistic American than any other of our native birds.

Perhaps some of the odium cast upon it is because it is a foreigner.

"Good American robins can eat my fruit if they want to," writes one patriot to the state ornithological bureau, "but I'll kill every English starling I see."

Our state bird bureau alleges against the starling its hardness and prolific breeding qualities. These are qualities which must recommend the starling, providing of course it can be placed in the class of birds which are useful.

I would like to hear from other observers regarding the habits of starlings in other localities.

I am not arguing for the starling to conserve my own opinion. I only want to get facts upon which the bird may be either convicted and condemned or relieved from being persecuted without due warrant of law, as "a suspicious individual."

OBSERVER.

THE CARE OF THE HUNTING DOG.

The sportsman who has not discarded the good old-fashioned way of shooting over dogs will, doubtless, be a connoisseur in regard to their breeding, points, and promise while in the puppy stage, especially if he breeds them himself, and, time being freely at his disposal, he finds the breaking-in of young pointers and setters an engrossing pursuit, whether he undertakes it alone in conjunction with a professional gamekeeper.

Seeing that all care is bestowed upon young dogs in regard to food and drink, cleansing and brushing, exercise, medicine if necessary, attention to their feet, etc., they may well be left unhandled until their seventh month is reached, by which time they will have acquired a sufficient amount of stamina and vigor of constitution to take in hand, in addition to development of mind. It would not be judicious to give lessons to more than one animal at a time, for obvious reasons.

On returning from shooting, dogs should be

well brushed down, and their feet examined for thorns, or possible injury. Upon the whole, to thoroughly instruct a young pointer or setter and bring him into perfect training is a sufficiently arduous task, and one which demands the utmost assiduity and patience. Nevertheless, the trouble receives its compensation in successful results. If the amateur considers the undertaking too much for him, or if undesirable from lack of leisure or other reasons, and decides to hand over his youngsters to professional care, the integrity and ability of the trainer is certainly a matter for investigation before entrusting him with valuable animals at a stage of their lives which is scarcely of secondary importance to their adult career in the field.

GAME IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Yours of the 2d inst. at hand. Giving conservative figures we should expect that at least three thousand pheasants and five hundred or more quail will be liberated, and two thousand ducks, and possibly fifty Canada geese and a smaller number or ruffed grouse. Most of these will be placed on reservations in various parts of the state in the expectation that they will there receive a reasonable amount of protection from vermin and will breed and increase on these reservations, the surplus population extending as conditions require.

We find, as an important proposition, that the birds, particularly Bob White quail, which are liberated, should be kept in original coveys as these family groups tend to keep together for mutual protection and thus increase the chance survival against attacks of enemies and of inclement weather. The ordinary practice of indiscriminately liberating mixed lots of pheasants and quail has resulted in a waste of bird life.

Breeding licenses numbering five hundred and twenty-four have been issued during 1915, and from these private breeders doubtless a very considerable number of birds will escape. We find as a practical matter that the birds which escape from private breeders and from the game farms give better returns than those which are liberated in the ordinary way by shipment to another section of the State to which they are strangers and in which they must become naturalized again if they are to maintain themselves.

We believe that the principle of a breeding place in the center of a large reservation in which shooting is prohibited and where the enemies of the birds are held in check as much as possible furnishes the best method of restocking the game covers.—G. W. FIELD, Chairman.



Gun Balance

That is something you need when your bird gets up and wings away fast. The LEFEVER Gun is not only made with the proper distribution of weight but it has the hang and balance that come from our thirty-eight years of experience.

LEFEVER SHOT GUNS

not only hold better but they have a penetration and pattern unequalled. The LEFEVER taper system of boring and the LEFEVER standard of materials and workmanship insure a value that you cannot find elsewhere for the money.

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BEAVER SHOULD BE PROTECTED.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Complaints by two sojourners in the Adirondack wilderness that beavers have done some little damage have caused the Conservation Commission to issue a bulletin advising the public of the conditions and promising a thorough investigation.

So far as the records show the beaver was practically extinct in the great North woods in 1895. It is stated that in that year Adirondack trappers killed the last two known to exist. The slaughter took place near Madawaska pond. As a result the legislature of the following winter

passed a strict protective law and the few people who opposed the extinction of the species started a movement to restore the beaver to its natural habitat. It was not until 1903, however, that the legislature appropriated \$500 to be used toward the work of restoration. The late Harry V. Radford took vigorous hold of the movement to bring back the beaver to the Adirondacks and that year the commission bought three pairs which were wintered at Old Forge hatchery and carefully looked after by the Browns Tract Guides Association. Four more were bought later but one of these died. J. Edward Ball of the guides association reported that during

the winter the beaver "during their temporary confinement consumed several cords of wood."

These beaver were released in the latter part of April in 1905, the record stating that two were set free on the south branch of Moose river and four others on the North East inlet to Big Moose lake. Some of these were reported to have moved over into the Beaver river country fully 200 miles northeast of the place where they were originally liberated. Others which escaped from the estate of Edward H. Litchfield added to the colonies thus formed and settled near Big Tupper lake. An estimate then made showed that there were in all about 40 beaver



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It's a pretty tame man that wouldn't enjoy reading and owning this 84-page Book. It tells what quality means in a revolver, what safety means, what accuracy and dependability mean. In other words it describes the Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver.

The Iver Johnson "Champion" Single Barrelled Shot Gun and our new Double Gun are shown and their many good features explained.

After reading the chapter on bicycles, you will understand why most racing men ride the Iver Johnson and why our bicycles have held front rank since



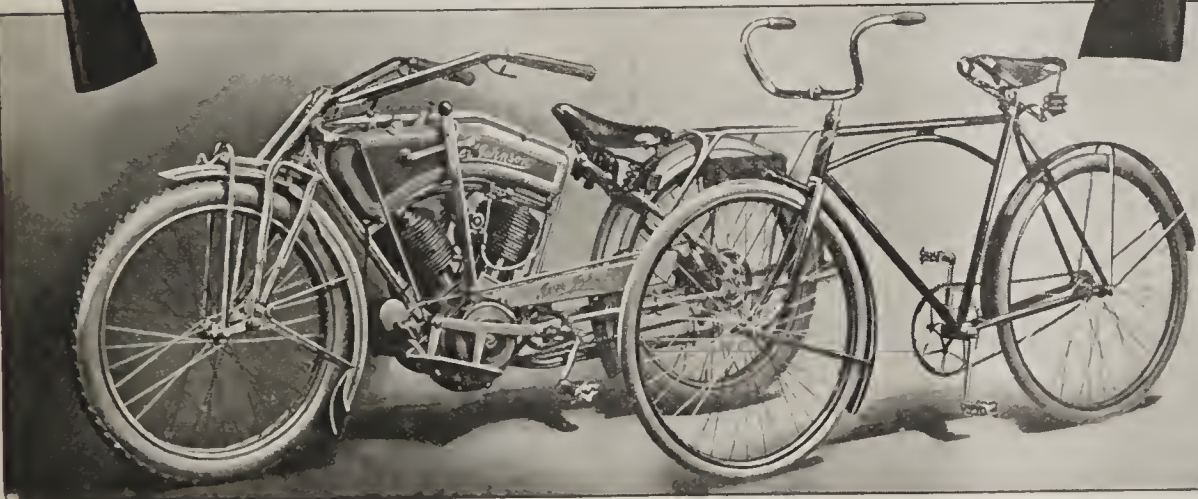
bicycles were invented.

You will be impressed with the talk on the Iver Johnson Motorcycle. It tells of a masterpiece of engineering. It is our belief that no better motorcycle will ever be built. Slight changes may be made, but basically the Iver Johnson Motorcycle is perfect.

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in the forest. In 1906 an appropriation of \$1,000 was secured to buy beaver and Commissioner James S. Whipple started out to get 25 more from Yellowstone park. In a trip through the Saranac lake country that spring commissioner Whipple found a colony of 12 beaver which had cut 171 trees. In 1907 it was estimated that the colonies had grown to number fully 100 animals and that these were distributed through the counties of St. Lawrence, Franklin, Essex, Hamilton and Herkimer. How many beaver now exist in the Adirondacks is not known but they have become a great attraction to tourists and are very carefully preserved.

JOHN D. WHISH.

GRASS BLINDS FOR SHORE BIRD SHOOTING.

At last it has come to pass, and at a price within easy reach of all of us—and, just think back and you will note that we generally pay big prices for a new device we need. Frank Lawrence, one of the best known wild fowl and shore bird shooters on the Atlantic coast and a prominent professional trap shooter, has invented and is manufacturing grass blinds and grass suits for shore birds, ducks and goose. The grass suits are much the same as field laborers in Japan use for waterproof suits. They are light and convenient to shoot from. Write Frank Lawrence, 384 Third Street, Brooklyn.

MIGRATORY BIRD LAW TO BE ENFORCED.

With the approach of the open season for shooting wild fowl, the United States Department of Agriculture is warning sportsmen that the Federal regulations as amended October 1, 1914, will be strictly enforced. Some misunderstanding has arisen from the fact that the various state laws do not always conform to the Federal regulations. This is regarded as unfortunate but in such cases the Department must insist upon the observance of the Federal regulations.

The Department will consider any recommendation submitted in good faith for amendment of the regulations, but will hold no public hearings thereon, nor will it amend the regulations prior to October 15, 1915. It is the purpose of the Department to conform the regulations to the wishes of the majority of sportsmen so far as it can be done and at the same time give wild fowl the necessary protection.

Federal regulations divide the United States into two zones. Zone No. 1, the breeding zone, includes the States of Oregon, Idaho, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and all States north of them. Zone No. 2, the wintering zone, includes all States south of those named.

The regulations to prescribe seasons as follows:
Open Season for Migratory Birds in 1915 Under Federal Regulations—Zone No. 1.

Waterfowl, Sept. 1.-Dec. 16.

Exceptions: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Oct. 1-Jan. 1.

New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Oct. 1-Jan. 16.

New Jersey, Nov. 1-Feb. 1.

Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Sept. 7-Dec. 1.

Rails, Coots, Gallinules, Sept. 1.-Dec. 1.

Exceptions: Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Aug. 15-Dec. 1.

Connecticut, Michigan, New York, Long Island, Sept. 16-Dec. 1.

Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Sept. 7-Dec. 1.

Oregon, Washington, Oct. 1-Jan. 16.

Woodcock, Oct. 1.-Dec. 1.

Exceptions: Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Oct. 10-Dec. 1.

Rhode Island, Nov. 1-Dec. 1.

Pennsylvania, Long Island, Oct. 15-Dec. 1.

Shore Birds—Black-Breasted and Golden Plover, Jacksnipe, Yellowlegs, Sept. 1.-Dec. 16.

Exceptions: Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Long Island, Aug. 15-Dec. 1.

New York, (except Long Island) Sept. 16-Dec. 1.

Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Sept. 7-Dec. 1.

Oregon, Washington, Oct. 1-Dec. 16.

Insectivorous birds protected indefinitely. Band-tailed pigeons, cranes, swans, curlew, and smaller shore birds, and wood ducks protected until September 1, 1918. Rails in Vermont and woodcock in Illinois also protected until 1918.

Shooting prohibited between sunset and sunrise; or at any time on sections of upper Mississippi and Missouri Rivers after January 1, 1915.

Open Season for Migratory Birds in 1915 Under Federal Regulations—Zone No. 2.
Waterfowl, Oct. 1.-Jan. 16.

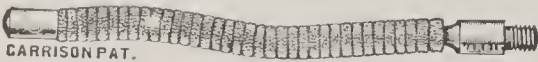
Exceptions: Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, Ala-

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Substantial as a one-piece rod—more convenient. Brass with steel joints or all steel as desired. Swivel tip prevents twisting of rod, gives whirling movement that cleans thoroughly. For all sporting and military rifles. Mention calibre and length of barrel when ordering. Any calibre, price \$1.00.



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Made of soft brass gauze washers on a spirally bent spring tempered steel wire. Gets into rifling—cleans thoroughly—removes lead. Can't harm finest rifle. Lasts a lifetime. Fits any standard rod. State calibre wanted. Price 50c. Same style cleaner for shot guns 75c.



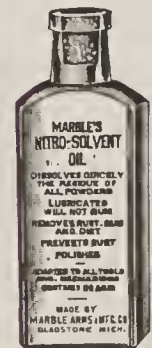
Same as rifle cleaner but is equipped with cord—one end with loop—other with weight. Fasten loop to twig, drop weight through barrel, move gun back and forth. For all calibres. Price 75c. Pull-through for shotguns—\$1.00.

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bama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Nov. 1,-Feb. 1.
Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, Nov. 20,-Feb. 16.
Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Sept. 15,-Feb. 1.
Arizona, California, Texas, Oct. 15,-Feb. 1.
Rails, Coots, Gallinules, Sept. 1.-Dec. 1.
Exceptions: Tennessee, Utah, Oct. 1,-Dec. 1.
Missouri, Sept. 15,-Jan. 1.
Louisiana, Nov. 1,-Feb. 1.
Arizona, California, (coots) Oct. 15-Feb. 1.
Woodcock, Nov. 1.-Jan. 1.
Exceptions: Delaware, Louisiana, Nov. 15-Jan. 1.
West Virginia, Oct. 1-Dec. 1.
Georgia, Dec. 1-Jan. 1.

Shore Birds—Black-Breasted and Golden Plover, Jacksnipe, Yellowlegs, Sept. 1.-Dec. 16.
Exceptions: Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, Nov. 20-Feb. 1.
Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, Nov. 1-Feb. 1.
Tennessee, Oct. 1-Dec. 16.
Arizona, California, Oct. 15-Feb. 1.
Utah, (snipe) Oct. 1-Dec. 16.
Utah, (plover and yellowlegs) Sept. 1, 1918.

Insectivorous birds protected indefinitely. Band-tailed pigeons, cranes, swans, curlew, and smaller shore birds protected until September 1, 1918; wood ducks in Kansas and West Virginia, rails and wood ducks in California, and woodcock in Missouri are also protected until September 1, 1918.

Shooting prohibited between sunset and sunrise; or at any time on the Mississippi River between Minneapolis and Memphis after January 1, 1915.

TEN CALVES ADDED TO U. S. BISON HERD.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The Government's herd of buffalo on the Wichita National Forest in Oklahoma which is also a federal game preserve has been increased by the arrival of ten calves according to a report received by the Forest Service from the supervisor in charge. The herd, which now comprises sixty-two specimens, is in good condition, says the supervisor, and promises to continue increasing at a rapid rate.

Eight of the calves are females, bringing the number of heifers and cows up to thirty. The bulls number thirty-two and have been placed by themselves in a pasture which has just been fenced in for them.

Three years ago the buffalo herd on the Wichita Forest was little more than half as large as it is now. It is said that the other game animals in the preserve, including the elk and antelope, also are increasing, due to the protection afforded not only against hunters, but against wolves, wild cats, and other predatory animals, which committed serious depredations from the establishment of the preserve in 1905 until measures were taken to stop them. In protecting the game from predatory animals, the wardens and forest officers are also promoting the interests of local stockmen, who graze several thousand head of cattle on certain allotted areas within the preserve.

There's What Gets The Game



There's what gets you to the hunting grounds way ahead of the other fellows. There's what lets you have an extra hour's sleep. There's what cuts the work out of sport. There's the famous

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Clamps to the stern of any rowboat in a jiffy, develops 2 H. P., and runs 7 to 10 miles an hour. Has five positive speed adjustments—high speed forward, trolling speed, neutral, slow reverse and fast reverse. All speeds secured without stopping, reversing or altering the speed of motor.

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Gives a good hot spark down to practically the last revolution. Supplied with dual ignition if desired.

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Look out or you will get to that point where you're so tired that you will not have enough gumption left to make yourself take a vacation and rest. Don't put this matter off so long that your mind keeps working in a circle all the time chewing over the same old troubles. Break away now.

If you don't know where to go we'll tell you—and what tackle to take.

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3
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—says Mr. Lody Smith of New York about 3-in-One Oil. Mr. Smith fishes whenever he has a moment to spare; and when he talks about anything relating to fishing he knows whereof he speaks. Read Mr. Smith's letter:

"For use on floating flies, I find that the feathers are not affected by the hackles and wings sticking together. There is an entire absence of paraffin which is present in most of the dry fly solutions. I also use 3-in-One for my reels, lines, etc., and recently discovered that it was a good repellent of black flees, mosquitos and midgets; better to use than heavy greases."

Try 3-in-One Free

Send for a generous sample with full information about its many uses. 3-in-One is sold by all hardware, sporting goods and general stores; 1 oz., 10c; 3 ozs., 25c., 8 ozs., [1/2 pint] 50c; and in Handy Oil Cans, 3/2 ozs., 25c.

Three-in-One Oil Co.,
112 New St., New York



engine geared to the propeller shaft which would drive the boat along slowly and steadily when the fish lines were out astern, the main engine being shut off at this time.

First, Mr. Clock had a boat built for this express purpose, one light enough to make good speed, yet of sufficiently heavy construction to provide for the amount of machinery to be carried. The dimensions are 35 ft. by 6 ft., and the draught very moderate to permit extensive cruising in the shallow waters of Florida. As the novel power plant for this boat the Sterling was selected as by far the most efficient and adaptable for the dual purpose intended. For the main engine, a Sterling Model B, 50-85-h.p., was installed in the usual manner. Then, resting upon a specially built sub-base, and then the flywheel facing aft, a Sterling Model C, 8-10-h.p. motor was placed above the propeller shaft. The small motor was geared to the main shaft with beveled gears at a ratio of two to one. On the rear of the tail shaft of the small engine a special one way clutch was installed. The whole overall distance between the two flywheels measures 10 ft. 6in.

The owner is enthusiastic over his novel power plant, which after a Winter's use in the waters of Florida, appears to be eminently satisfactory in every particular. The small motor is so light that its height in the boat does not make the craft topheavy, and the vibration is scarcely perceptible. Mr. Clock ran the boat all the way South, from Long Island to Miami last Winter without mishap. There is nothing freakish or impractical about the installation of the two Sterlings in this boat. Instead, it seems to be the solution of a difficulty met by everyone who wanted a fast runabout for fishing purposes which could also be run slowly enough for satisfactory trolling. Mr. Clock has just written the manufacturers as follows, according to "The Rudder:"—

"For trolling purposes, for tarpon or kingfish, we can run at any speed from 2 to 6 miles per hour with the 8-10-h.p. engine, at a very small cost. When ready to return, we throw in the one-way clutch and start large engine with the small one; in fact, either engine may be started with the other. The arrangement is certainly an ideal one for trolling purposes, giving a range of from 2 to 20 knots and enabling us to troll all day on less than 10 gallons of gasoline."

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- ☐ Put new life in your body with a fishing trip.
- ☐ Start now by sending for a copy of our free Catalog.
- ☐ We need your patronage and you need our goods.
- ☐ Let's get together--- you start it by writing for the Catalog.
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- ☐ The Catalog will be mailed to any address upon request. Write:

H. H. MICHAELSON
916 Broadway, Brooklyn NEW YORK CITY



AN UNIQUE POWER PLANT FOR FISHING.

Driving the same propeller in the same boat with both an 85-h.p. and a 10-h.p. motor is something decidedly startling and unusual. Yet that is precisely what Mr. Willard W. Clock, president of the Live Fish Company of Long Island, is successfully doing in his 35-ft. fishing boat Doc. Mr. Clock is an ardent disciple of Isaak Walton and is especially fond of taking the tarpon and kingfish in the warm waters of Florida. With others, he has faced the problem of getting a motor boat which would be fast enough to carry him from home out to the fishing grounds and back again after the day's sport was over in the briefest possible time, yet which would be slow enough for satisfactory trolling on the grounds. After making a very careful study of the situation, he came to the conclusion that it would be perfectly feasible to install with direct drive a speed-engine of sufficient power to give the boat the required cruising speed, and to install in addition a small

TY COBB STEALS HOME WITH AN A. H. FOX GUN.

Ty Cobb has Been Presented with a Made to Measure A. H. Fox Gun.

The presentation took place at Shibe Park, Philadelphia, on June 12. A great crowd was present, and as the committee came forward to meet Ty, who had just stepped up to bat, a cheering and clapping arose that was ample evidence of his popularity.

While in material, design and workmanship his gun is a standard guaranteed Fox, drop, bore, barrels, choke, etc. were discussed in detail; Cobb all the while appeared as delighted as a busher breaking into a big league.

Here's wishing Cobb a batting average at the top of the list, and a gunning average that will beat any he has ever made before and the Fox can make it if he holds on.

Our Stock of **GUNS**

is most complete, also our line of **Hunting Clothing** and **Shoes**, as well as everything pertaining to this sport. Our line of **Football, Boxing, Skating, Gymnasium** and **Basket Ball Outfits** is also complete and are described in Fall and Winter catalogue No. 69. Send for it as well as list of **Gun Bargains**.



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This is the Hunter's Practice Month

The game season will soon be here. Prepare for it now. Make sure of a full bag. Be ready to drop your bird when the fun starts. Get out your gun. Go out to the gun club and true up your aim. Get your arms — your eyes — and your mind — in alignment. Practice makes perfect and

TRAPSHOOTING

is perfect practice. Learn to hit the flying clays. Combine training, pleasure, recreation and sport. If a gun club's not handy get a

DU PONT HAND TRAP

— a simple, practical, portable device that throws all kinds of targets from easy gliders to "birds" that tax the skill of an expert.

JOHN D. BURNHAM

President of the American Game Protective and Propagation Association

Says:

"The hand trap gives a shooter the kind of practice that he can get in no other way except on the birds themselves. I have seen some great improvement in field shooting in cover as a result of a moderate amount of hand trap practice."

\$4.00 at your dealer's. Sent direct postpaid if he can't supply you.

Write for Booklet 3-S

DU PONT POWDER COMPANY

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WILMINGTON, DEL.



TRAP SHOOTING



Forest and Stream is an Honorary Member of the Interstate Association for the Promotion of Trapshooting.

Louisiana State Shoot

By Our Special Correspondent.

Shreveport, La., Aug. 8.

Saturday Aug. 7th saw the close of one of the greatest shooting tournaments that had been held in Louisiana for years. The attendance while not as large as expected was all that could have been asked for as it kept the trappers busy from 8:30 a. m. until late in the afternoon to finish the program except the last day which was short only 150 targets and same was run off nicely without a hitch by 2:30 p. m. which gave the boys plenty of time to get what was coming to them in the office, get to town doll up and take in the picture shows or indulge in any other light amusement they saw fit. Nearly all of the Southern States were represented at the tournament as there were amateurs from, Alabama, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Kansas, Missouri and Texas and the last named State was here strong having eleven representatives who gave a good account of themselves while on the firing line as Texas has some of the finest trap shots in the Union. The weather conditions the first day Friday 5th were all that a shooter could ask for, bright sunshiny day just a little breeze to make it pleasant but not enough to alter the course of the target in its flight. The opener was FIVE-MEN team championship day, 200 targets the first fifty of which was the preliminary for \$150 worth of merchandise prizes and those who had the good fortune to break 90 per cent. or better received a prize. The other 150 targets were registered and were divided into five 20 and two 25 target events the last two events of fifty targets was the team championship race which was won by the Lone Star State, Louisiana having two teams and they only one there was not the required number from any other State to enter. There was more or less trap trouble this day as trap No. 1 worked badly and had to be worked on some two or three times but the game was not delayed much on this account. The center of attraction the first day was squad No. 7 composed of six lady shooters, Mrs. J. T. Austin, of Monroe, La., on peg No. 1, Mrs. S. Bourke, of Monroe, La., on No. 2 Mesdames. R. W. Dodd, C. Schaffer, J. E. Ribb, V. W. Cain, of Shreveport on pegs 3, 4, 5, & 6. All of the ladies managed to find a few in the the 50 target preliminary and each received a prize, first honors of the squad by annexing the highest score.

Friday August 6th, the second day of the tournament opened bright and crisp without a cloud and every indication early in the morning pointed to another ideal target smashing day but by 9:30 a. m. the wind came up strong and brisk from the southeast the result of which there were

Remington UMC

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Firearms and Ammunition



Honored with GRAND PRIX

-- Highest of Honors --

At Panama-Pacific International Exposition



The Superior Jury at San Francisco delved deeply into firearms and ammunition history, statistics and both trade and consumer conditions before using that word MODERN in connection with this award. There are many reasons supporting the decision—here are a few:

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10. The first standard high power smokeless cartridges for big game autoloading rifles

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NEW DESIGNS WITH HUNTER ONE-TRIGGER and AUTOMATIC EJECTOR FOR **TRAP AND FIELD USE**

THEY ARE WINNERS. PRICES \$25 TO \$1,000

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The HUNTER ARMS CO., Inc., 80 Hubbard St., FULTON, N. Y.

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HUNTING AND FISHING Quebec and the Maritime Provinces

The Foreword Says:

While Quebec and the Maritime Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were the earliest settled portions of Canada, they still remain its best big game territory—in fact, the latter statement could be extended so as to include the whole of the North American continent, and there would be no exaggeration. There are hundreds of square miles of forests and barrens where the moose, caribou, deer and bear roam as free as did their kind a hundred years ago—nay, in the case of the moose, caribou and deer, they are distinctly better off than were their forebears, owing to the strict enforcement of the Provincial game laws, which is also accountable for the marked increase of these denizens of the forests in recent years.

Excellent wild fowl shooting is to be obtained. Duck, partridge, plover, woodcock, snipe, are plentiful, and the fall shooting of geese, duck and brant are worthy of special mention.

The guides are well organized and can properly outfit and equip parties for an outing that may last two or three weeks or more, having chains of camps furnished with everything the hunter may require, and the necessary camp wagons and canoes.

The sportsman will be told the kind of game and fish to be procured, and how and where to procure it, the guides and their charges, the best outfitting places, the hotel and boarding house accommodation, the fish and game laws of the various provinces, customs regulations, with useful hints as to the proper equipment.

H. H. MELANSON, General Passenger Agent
CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RYS. MONCTON, N. B.

An Excellent Opportunity for a Few Members to Join the Best Duck-Shooting Club in the State of Florida

A few memberships in the best duck-shooting Club in Florida can be had by desirable applicants. The 1,000 Island Club of Florida, a Club incorporated under the laws of the State of Florida, having increased its membership from twelve (12) to twenty (20), will take in eight (8) new members. This Club owns several thousand acres of marsh islands and feeding grounds for ducks and snipe. Our Club House is a fine new building, built to accommodate twenty members.

The Club House is situated on the eastern side of Merritt Island on the Banana River, and the 1,000 Islands. Shooting grounds are directly across the river, 2½ miles, and are in the Banana River, directly back of the Atlantic Ocean Beach.

Quail are plentiful on Merritt's Island. Plenty of deer and some bear on the Ocean peninsula. Good fishing in Banana River and in the creeks of our Islands, and surf fishing on Ocean Beach.

This proposition is all real estate, no mortgage, free and clear.

Membership fifteen hundred dollars each.

Below are the names of the members who own the Club now:

John Pullman, Real Estate, 741 Union Street, Brooklyn; William H. English, Vice-President, Empire Trust Co., 68 Murray Street, New York; William J. Hazlewood, President, Connecticut Tobacco Corporation, 135 Front Street, New York; J. Ross Valentine, President, Fire Brick Manufacturing Co., Woodbridge, New Jersey; Hobart J. Park, Formerly of Park & Tilford, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York; Dennis C. Fauss, of the firm of Schwarz, Kirwin & Fauss, 42 Barclay Street, N. Y.; W. L. Mellon, of Mellon Trust Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Charles T. Dotter (retired) 15 Tompkins Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John J. Roberts, of John J. Roberts & Co., plasterers, 841 President Street, Brooklyn; J. P. Matthieu, retired leather manufacturer, 134 State Avenue, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

For full information apply to JOHN PULLMAN, 741 Union Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

EXCELSIOR BELT SAFE--Absolutely Water-proof

Indispensable to the BATHER to put your Eyeglasses, Jewelry, Bathhouse Key in before going into the water.
EVERY CANOEIST, FISHERMAN, HUNTER, ETC.

should have one. Will keep your Matches, Cigarettes, Tobacco, Money, Jewelry Water-Proof, Dust-Proof Burglar-Proof. Small and compact, made of Brass, Nickel Plated, Gun Metal or Oxidized, and furnished complete with fancy canvas belt. Sent anywhere on receipt of \$1.00.

HYFIELD MFG. CO., 48 FRANKLIN STREET, NEW YORK CITY



lots of near straights with 13 sauce. This the Louisiana State Championship day was by far the feature day of the shoot. The program called for 200 targets, all registered, divided into five and four 25 target events the last four events, (100 targets) was the championship race. There were seventeen bona fide residents of Louisiana who qualified to take part in this race, J. T. Austin, R. W. Dodd, J. E. Ribb, H. A. Suehr, O. Warren, J. B. Hombeck, J. Norsworthy, W. W. Cocke, G. M. Macmurdo, J. B. Tisdale, L. Henry, H. D. Wadley, J. B. Gravely, Joe Bell, J. G. Marsten, Ed. Dickinson, J. M. Eastham. Austin, of Monroe, who won the 1914 championship with 98 was picked to win, then came J. B. Tisdale as next choice but you cannot always sometimes tell. In the first event Suehr broke all of his, and six of the others broke 24, Austin, Cocke, Wadley, Bradley, Eastham and Ribb. In the next time up the grand balloon ascension took place and such a collection of perfectly good targets which landed on the green without a scratch you never saw before. Austin did not miss but six, Eastham and Dickinson 6 and Norsworthy 9 which put these gentlemen in the peanut gallery with visions of the Grand American fast fading away.

Ribb was steady in the second and only let one slip by which made him only two down out of the fifty and the race looked to be between him, Tisdale, Wadley, Cocke, Suehr, Macmurdo. The third inning, Ribb let 3 by unmolested, Tisdale dropped 2, Wadley 2, Cocke 2, Suehr 3, Macmurdo went straight. In the last frame, with every shooter and spectator on the ground and all congregated around trap No. 1, which was named the "Jonah" account of the trouble the field captain had keeping it in working order, these six gentlemen all nice and pale with every nerve strained to its breaking point walked up in turn determined to cop the coveted State championship, the last of the race looked to be only between Ribb, Wadley, Cocke and Macmurdo as the two former were down 5 each out of the 75 and the two latter 6 each. In the final one James E. Ribb came back strong and only missed 1, Wadley 3, Cocke 5, Macmurdo 3. Ribb won the State Championship with 94 out of the century and Tisdale finishing straight was the runner up with 93. Dodd, after having missed 7 out of his first 50, came back in the last and shot like a house on fire breaking 49 tying Wadley for the third place and in the shoot off defeat Wadley for the third Interstate Association trophy, Macmurdo won the fifth, Suehr sixth, and Warren and Cocke tied for seventh and in the shoot off Cocke defeated Warren 2 targets.

Saturday August 7th, the last day, was by far the best for the shooter to make good scores, and by the way there were several nice ones piled up and business picked up in the jewelry department of the DuPont and Hercules Powder Co. as there were several nice long runs made on this the last of the program. The catalogue called for 150 targets, all registered, divided into five 20 target and two 25 target events the last two of which was the the three-men team championship of the U. S., which was won by Nashville, Tenn., five other teams competing.

BEST SPRING FISHING IN MAINE

Is found in Attean Lake where the big trout come from. Fishing begins right at the Camp Wharf. Particulars and booklet.

RUEL E. HOLDEN, Attean Camp, Jackman, Me.

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DURO Shirts are guaranteed to wear six months without fading, shrinking or ripping, or new shirts free. Made of the finest white percale with neat, narrow stripes of blue, black and lavender. One shirt of each color to the box with stylish wide-end silk poplin ties to match. Cut in the popular coat style, cuffs attached, stiff or soft turned back as wanted, ocean pearl buttons, hand laundered and very fashionable. Standard sizes 14 to 17. Sleeve lengths 33, 34, 35. **DURO** catalog in every box. Highest bank references and this magazine.

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Wonderful Shooting



Send for catalogue
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**Some Shooting with The
DOUBLE BARREL PARKER GUN**

At the Indian Tournament, Sandusky, O., June 29-July 2, S. A. Huntley won high general average and amateur average, 491 x 500. Woolfolk Henderson second, 488 x 500.

Fred Gilbert won second professional average, 481 x 500; Arthur William third professional average, 475 x 500. All of these gentlemen were shooting DOUBLE BARREL PARKER GUNS.

"Pacific Coast Handicap, San Diego, Cal., July 8th to the 15th, four Parker DOUBLE Barrel Guns tied for first place. Guy Holohan won high general average at single targets; Foster Coats and Tony Prior won high average at double targets. These gentlemen all shot 34 in. DOUBLE Barrel Parker guns."

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.
NEW YORK SALES ROOMS, 32 WARREN STREET

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The Standard Dog and Puppy Foods**



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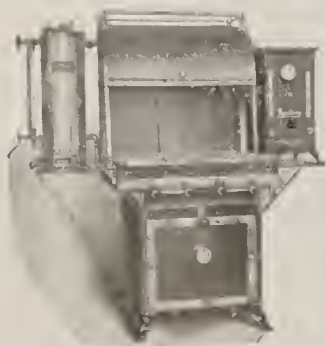
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Can be fed with equal success to both large and small breeds.

Send 2c. stamp for "Dog Culture" which contains valuable information regarding kennel management, rearing, etc.

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Cocke	48
Macmurdo	43
Bell	45
Total	136

HOUSTON...TEXAS

Cocke	47
MaNair	46
Barnes	43
Total	136

NASHVILLE...TENN.

Waltrip	47
Campbell	47
Noel	48
Total	142

TEMPLE...TEXAS

Bryant	47
Forsgard	48
Miller	46
Total	141

**BECOMES OLDEST TRAVELING
SALESMAN.**

Arthur K. Ingraham, seventy-eight years old, and forty-five years a salesman in the employ of the Joseph Dixon Crucible Company of Jersey City, N. J., received a long letter the other day from his friend "Uncle George" Olney, in which the latter relinquished his claim to the title of Dean of Traveling Salesmen on account of his retirement over a year ago from active service with the Irving Pitt Manufacturing Company of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Ingraham is two years the junior of his friend "Uncle George," and in a photograph taken two years ago at a convention of the National Association of Stationers, he stands erect, with a look of mental keenness which promises the satisfaction of holding for several years to come his newly acquired honor. Both Mr. Ingraham and Mr. Olney have been connected with the stationery trade during their entire combined service of over a century—a decade over for good measure. Mr. and Mrs. Ingraham celebrated their golden wedding seven years ago at their home in Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

ARE YOU SURE YOUR GUN FITS YOU?

Realizing the importance of this question, Englishmen have had shooting schools for some time in which were to be found try-guns for fitting purposes, but we Americans have only recently considered the idea. In this country many a trapshooter has been able to break 75 to 85 out of 100 targets for many years, but there he stops. Nine out of ten chances his gun does not fit him.

Realizing this, American shooters recently decided to make use of the try-gun. They think its use will decrease the number of "misfits." The great influx of men, and even the fair sex, into the trapshooting army has brought guns of all sizes and styles into play. John Brown has a gun, which seems to suit him; Bill Jones likes it and buys the same kind. Such purchasing has caused the "misfits."

Baseball and cricket players have their bats made for their individual use, as polo players have their mallets, and tennis players their racquets. They have their grip, manner of swing, and other individualities noted or measured, and the implements made accordingly. So it is with clothes, a 150-pound man couldn't wear the suit a 230-pound man could, and yet at the

trapshooting club they often use the same size and style gun.

The first to take an active interest in the try-gun has been the du Pont Company. Recently they called their shooter salesmen to the Wilmington office and had Jack Fanning explain its use.

Fanning explained the adjustability of the try-gun as to length of stock cast-off and drop of comb and heel. After stating that the breadth, height and usual shooting position of the shooter governed his measurements, then were taken up separately the different parts of a gun that should fit the shooter. First, was measured the length of stock required, by resting the butt of the gun in the bend of the arm, finding at what length the forefinger comfortably reached the trigger. Then having the shooter take the gun in his natural shooting position, careful study was made of the position of the butt and the comb. Necessary adjustments were made until the butt finally fitted the shooter's shoulder and the heel had the correct drop.

The comb was a harder proposition. The shooter's eye had to be sighted, and attention paid to the way he checked the gun. The comb was adjusted several times until it fitted snugly to the shooter's cheek, making sure that it was impossible for the shooter to hide his sighting eye behind the breech of the gun. To note these points, it was necessary to stand in front of the shooter, to make proper adjustments.

On all future visits to clubs and other shooting affairs in their territories, these salesmen will be prepared to measure anyone who contemplates buying a new gun, or who wants to know just why his old one is not breaking 90 per cent. or better.

GOOD SHOOTING IN NORTHWEST.

Galesburg, N. D., August 16, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

From all appearances this is going to be the banner year in the northwest, both for crops and for game. The sloughs all over the state have been full of water all summer, and consequently the ducks are very plentiful. Except along the low lands close to the Red river prairie chickens appear to have done well and reports come to me right along of parties seeing many birds and numerous covies. One in search of game can hardly go astray in the western part of the state. Oakes, McHenry, Williston, the Turtle Mountains, along the Mouse river—most any old place will give the hunter a game bag full. The stopping of spring shooting certainly is a great thing for the benefit of the game supply. Few indeed are the people here who incline to shooting in the spring any more, they see the good of its prohibition too plainly I guess.

JOS. P. WHITTEMORE.

DR. SIMON MAKES NEW WORLD'S CASTING RECORD.

Dr. Carleton Simon, of New York, was acknowledged the champion of the Asbury Park, N. J. Fishing Club at their ninth annual casting tournament held Aug. 7, at Deal. His cast of 379 feet 8 inches breaks his own record of 354 feet 9 inches made at the Midland Beach tournament on June 27, already reported in *Forest and Stream*. He also made the record for the best cast in a "V" shaped court.

The tournament attracted a large number of

fishermen from the angler's clubs in the vicinity of Asbury Park, who came to exhibit their skill with the rod and line. Women as well as the men turned out and the gentler sex made quite a fair showing. The tournament began at 10 o'clock in the morning and closed at 6 o'clock at night.

The winner of the first event, which was casting in a lane thirty feet wide with three ounce lead, was Dr. Simon, who scored 1,273 feet. John Vogler was second and C. O. Perry third. Perry came in first, with 1080 feet 3 inches, casting in a lane thirty feet wide, with a four ounce lead. Dr. Simon was second and Maynard Day was third. In the third event, casting at a stake 140 feet from the starting line, F. F. Fech came within 2 feet 8½ inches of the stake. B. N. Kurtz was a close second; J. G. Young, of Newark, was third.

In the distance event, John Clayton was second to Dr. Simon, and Howard Kain, president of the Ocean and Steam Fishing Club, was third.

Mrs. F. J. Ernst made the best mark in the event open to women, that of casting in open field. She touched the 294 feet 3 inch mark, with Mrs. C. L. McLaughlin following her, and Mrs. W. H. Scott coming in next.

Many men have many minds and so there are many kind of sights for many shooters modern sights for modern arms made by D. W. King have shown that King has done his part in giving hunters and sportsmen an opportunity to prove their ability in sighting and marksmanship by inventing sights for all conditions and lights fine and course, light or dark. Like most really important inventions they are simple in the extreme, yet strong and enduring, so much so the heads cannot come off no matter how roughly used, and sightly with all. Records made with them, not only by the writer himself, but by hunters and sportsmen as well have proved for the sportsmen in general their reliability and practicability. Further particulars from D. W. King, Denver, Colorado.

AN OLD FRIEND SURRENDERS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

As one of the most obstinate believers in the fact that *Forest and Stream* was better as a weekly, and unconditionally impossible as a monthly, I have within the last months received quite a set-back to my notions. My wrangle with the publishers will go down as a monumental plea. I pointed out in seven different ways how *Forest and Stream* as a monthly would be an inconceivable collapse. The president of *Forest and Stream* bade me wait and see. I waited, and with the receipt of the last number, the August number to be exact, I am come to think that the impossible has magically become the possible, for the magazine now rivals comparison. To all effects it would seem that the magazine's future, if it climbs in this manner, is more than assured. Bearing, as it does, a crystallization of the best outdoor writing extant we can well hope that it will not falter and fail and that the foundation is firm bedded. *Forest and Stream* as a monthly, and at such a low price, should interest newer and new friends, enrolling them among the many readers.

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.



Make These 3 Tests With Your Gun

A shotgun expert discovered three simple, interesting tests of shot shell superiority that any one can make. Write your name and address and the name and address of the store where you buy shells across the margin of this advertisement. Return to us and we will put into your hands, without cost to you, three

US THE BLACK SHELLS

Smokeless and Black Powders

and a copy of our booklet, "How to Test Shells." You can make these tests in your own back yard. Make similar tests with three shells of any other make and find out

- What shell requires the least "lead" in aiming
- What shell has the quickest, strongest primer
- What shell is best for damp-weather hunting
- What shell has the widest flash passage
- What shell has the greatest penetration
- What shell has the most uniform shot
- What shell has the hardest crimp
- What shell feeds and ejects smoothest in any type of gun
- What shell has the best wads
- What shell can be reloaded greatest number of times

Write for the Test Material Today

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY

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OPEN SEASONS FOR GAME IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, 1915

[Compiled by T. S. PALMER, W. F. BANCROFT, and FRANK L. EARNSHAW.]

The following table shows the open seasons for game in the United States and Canada arranged on a uniform plan. In its preparation the dates prescribed by the regulations for the protection of migratory birds, as amended October 1, 1914, have been inserted in black-faced type.

THE SEASONS HERE SHOWN ARE THE OPEN SEASONS UNDER BOTH FEDERAL AND STATE LAWS.

The first date of the open season and the first date of the close season are given, so that CLOSE SEASONS MAY BE FOUND BY REVERSING THE DATES.

When the season is closed for several years, the first date on which shooting is permitted, as November 1, 1919, appears in the table.

A few unimportant species and the numerous local exceptions in North Carolina, Tennessee, Washington, and Wisconsin have been omitted. All the omitted seasons will be published in "Game Laws for 1915," except the county seasons of North Carolina, which will be published in Poster No. 33 of the Biological Survey.

These publications may be had free on application to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

The term rabbit includes "hare;" quail, the bird known as "partridge" in the South; grouse, includes Canada grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse (known as "partridge" in the North and "pheasant" in the South), and all other members of the family except prairie chickens, ptarmigan, and sage hens; introduced pheasant is restricted to the Old World pheasants; and goose includes "brant."

States are arranged geographically and grouped under the two zones defined in the regulations for the protection of migratory birds (See Game Laws of 1915).

	STATE.	BIG GAME.				UPLAND GAME.						
		DEER.	MOOSE.	RABBIT.	SQUIRREL.	QUAIL.	GROUSE.	PRAIRIE CHICKEN.	INTRODUCED PHEASANT.	WILD TURKEY.	DOVE.	
ZONE NO. 1.	1 Maine*	Oct. 1-Dec. 16...	Nov. 1, 1919	Oct. 1-Apr. 1	Sept. 1-Nov. 1†	No open season...	Sept. 15-Nov. 15		No open season...		No open season...	1
	2 New Hampshire*	Oct. 15-Dec. 16...	No open season	Oct. 1-Mar. 1	Oct. 1, 1919	Oct. 1-Dec. 1...	Oct. 1-Dec. 1...		No open season...		No open season...	2
	3 Vermont	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	No open season	Sept. 15-Mar. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1		No open season...		No open season...	3
	4 Massachusetts	Nov. 15-Nov. 21	No open season	Oct. 12-Mar. 1	Oct. 12-Nov. 13	Oct. 12-Nov. 13†	Oct. 12-Nov. 13	No open season...	Oct. 12-Nov. 13		No open season...	4
	5 Rhode Island	No open season		Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1		Nov. 1, 1920		No open season...	5
	6 Connecticut	June 1, 1917*		Oct. 8-Jan. 1†	Oct. 8-Nov. 24	Oct. 8-Nov. 24	Oct. 8-Nov. 24		Oct. 8-Nov. 24		No open season...	6
	7 New York*	Oct. 1-Nov. 16†	No open season	Oct. 1-Feb. 1	Oct. 1-Nov. 16	Oct. 1, 1918	Oct. 1-Dec. 1		Oct. 1, 1918		No open season...	7
	8 Long Island*	No open season		Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1		Nov. 1-Jan. 1		No open season...	8
	9 New Jersey	Oct. 15, 20, 27, Nov. 3		Nov. 10-Dec. 16	Nov. 10-Dec. 16	Nov. 10-Dec. 16	Nov. 10-Dec. 16		Nov. 10-Dec. 16	Mar. 13, 1919	No open season...	9
	10 Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Dec. 16		Nov. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 1		Oct. 15-Dec. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	No open season...	10
	11 Ohio	No open season		Nov. 15-Dec. 5	Sept. 15-Oct. 21	Nov. 15, 1917	Nov. 15, 1917		Nov. 15, 1917		No open season...	11
	12 Indiana	No open season		Apr. 1-Jan. 10	July 1-Nov. 1	Nov. 10-Dec. 21	Nov. 10-Dec. 21		Nov. 10-Dec. 21	No open season...	No open season...	12
	13 Illinois	June 23, 1925		Aug. 31-Feb. 1	Aug. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 11-Dec. 10	July 2, 1920		June 23, 1925	June 23, 1925	Aug. 15-Sept. 1	13
	14 Michigan	Nov. 10-Dec. 1†	No open season	Oct. 1-Mar. 2	1920	1920	Oct. 1-Dec. 1		1920	1920	No open season...	14
	15 Wisconsin*	Nov. 11-Dec. 1†	No open season	Oct. 10-Feb. 1†	Oct. 10-Feb. 1†	Oct. 1, 1921	Oct. 1-Dec. 1†		Oct. 1, 1921	Nov. 1-Feb. 2	No open season...	15
	16 Minnesota	Nov. 10-Nov. 30	Nov. 10-Nov. 30†	Oct. 10-Feb. 1	Oct. 10-Feb. 1†	Oct. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 1-Dec. 1†		Sept. 7-Nov. 7	No open season	Sept. 7, 1918	16
17 Iowa	No open season			Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Dec. 15		Sept. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 1, 1917	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	No open season...	17
18 North Dakota	Nov. 10, 1920				No open season	Sept. 7-Nov. 2†		Sept. 7-Nov. 2	No open season	No open season	18	
19 South Dakota	Nov. 1-Dec. 1				No open season	Sept. 10-Oct. 10		Sept. 10-Oct. 10	No open season	No open season	19	
20 Nebraska	No open season			Oct. 1-Dec. 1	Nov. 1-Nov. 16	Sept. 1-Dec. 1		Sept. 1-Dec. 1	No open season	No open season	20	
21 Colorado	Oct. 1, 1918		Oct. 1-Mar. 1†		Oct. 1, 1924	Aug. 15-Oct. 11		Aug. 15-Oct. 11	Sept. 1, 1924	No open season	Aug. 15-Sept. 1	21
22 Wyoming*	Oct. 1-Nov. 16	Sept. 1, 1918*			Aug. 1, 1919	Sept. 15-Nov. 16		Sept. 15-Nov. 16	Aug. 1, 1919	No open season	No open season	22
23 Montana	Oct. 1-Dec. 15	No open season			No open season	Sept. 15-Oct. 16		Sept. 15-Oct. 16	No open season	No open season	23	
24 Idaho*	Sept. 1-Dec. 1†	No open season			Nov. 1-Dec. 1	Aug. 15-Dec. 1		No open season	No open season	July 15-Dec. 1†	24	
25 Oregon*	Aug. 15-Nov. 1†	No open season			Sept. 1-Nov. 1	No open season		No open season	No open season	No open season	25	
26 Washington*	Sept. 15-Nov. 1	Oct. 1, 1925			No open season	Sept. 15-Nov. 1†		Sept. 15-Nov. 2	Oct. 1-Oct. 15†	No open season	No open season	26
27 Alaska*	Aug. 15-Nov. 2	Aug. 20-Jan. 1†			No open season	Sept. 1-Mar. 2		Sept. 1-Mar. 2				27
28 Delaware	Nov. 10-Dec. 25		Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Oct. 16	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1		No open season	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Aug. 1-Jan. 1†	28
29 Maryland	Nov. 10-Dec. 25		Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Nov. 10-Dec. 25		Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Nov. 10-Dec. 25	Aug. 15-Dec. 25†	29
30 Dist. Columbia	Sept. 1-Jan. 1		Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Mar. 15	Nov. 1-Mar. 15	Nov. 1-Mar. 15		Sept. 1-Mar. 15	Nov. 1-Dec. 26	Nov. 1-Dec. 26	No open season	30
31 West Virginia	Oct. 15-Dec. 1		Oct. 15-Jan. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Nov. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 1		No open season	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	Oct. 15-Dec. 1	No open season	31
32 Virginia	Sept. 1-Dec. 1		Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Local laws	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Feb. 1		Local laws	Nov. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1-Mar. 1	No open season	32
33 North Carolina†	Local laws		Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	Nov. 15-Mar. 15	Nov. 15-Mar. 15	Aug. 15-Mar. 1	33
34 South Carolina*	Sept. 1-Jan. 1		Nov. 15-Mar. 15†		Nov. 15-Mar. 15†	Nov. 15-Mar. 15†		Nov. 15-Mar. 15†	Nov. 15-Mar. 15†	Nov. 15-Mar. 15†	Aug. 15-Mar. 1	34
35 Georgia*	Oct. 1-Dec. 1		Aug. 1-Jan. 1†		Nov. 20-Mar. 1	Dec. 1, 1916		Dec. 1, 1916	Nov. 20-Mar. 1	Nov. 20-Mar. 1	Nov. 20-Mar. 1	35
36 Florida	Nov. 20-Mar. 10		Oct. 1-Mar. 1	Oct. 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 20-Mar. 10	Dec. 1-Dec. 20		Dec. 1-Dec. 20	Nov. 20-Mar. 10	Nov. 20-Mar. 10	Nov. 20-Mar. 10	36
37 Alabama	Nov. 1-Jan. 1		Oct. 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 15-Dec. 15		Nov. 15-Dec. 15	Dec. 1-Apr. 1	Aug. 1-Mar. 1	Aug. 1-Mar. 1	37
38 Mississippi	Nov. 15-Mar. 1				Nov. 1-Mar. 1				Jan. 1-May 1	July 1-Mar. 1	July 1-Mar. 1	38
39 Tennessee*	Oct. 1, 1917		June 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1†	Nov. 15-Jan. 1†	Nov. 15-Jan. 1		Dec. 1-Jan. 1†	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Aug. 15-Jan. 1	39
40 Kentucky	Sept. 1-Mar. 1		Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Feb. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	Nov. 15-Jan. 1		No open season	Sept. 1-Feb. 1	Aug. 1-Feb. 1	Aug. 1-Feb. 1	40
41 Missouri	Nov. 1-Jan. 1		June 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 10-Jan. 1	Nov. 10-Jan. 1	No open season		No open season	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Aug. 1-Nov. 11	41
42 Arkansas	Nov. 11-Jan. 11		Oct. 1-Feb. 16	Nov. 1-Feb. 16	Dec. 1-Feb. 1	Dec. 1-Jan. 1		Dec. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 11-Jan. 11	Nov. 11-Jan. 11	No open season	42
43 Louisiana	Sept. 15-Jan. 6				Nov. 1-Feb. 16	Dec. 1-Jan. 1		Dec. 1-Jan. 1	Nov. 1-Feb. 16	Nov. 1-Feb. 16	Nov. 1-Feb. 16	43
44 Texas	Nov. 1-Jan. 1				Dec. 1-Feb. 1	Nov. 1, 1916		Nov. 1, 1916	Dec. 1-Apr. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 1	44
45 Oklahoma*	Nov. 1-Dec. 1				Nov. 30-Jan. 1	No open season		No open season	Nov. 15-Jan. 1	No open season	No open season	45
46 Kansas	Mar. 24, 1921				Sept. 1-Jan. 1†	Mar. 19, 1918		Mar. 19, 1918	Mar. 19, 1918	Mar. 19, 1918	No open season	46
47 New Mexico*	Oct. 16-Nov. 6				June 1-Dec. 1†	Oct. 25-Jan. 1†		Sept. 16-Nov. 26	Mar. 18, 1920	Nov. 1-Jan. 1	Aug. 16-Oct. 1	47
48 Arizona	Oct. 1-Dec. 16				Oct. 15-Jan. 1†	Oct. 15-Feb. 2†		No open season	Oct. 15-Jan. 1	Oct. 15-Jan. 1	June 1-Feb. 2	48
49 California*	Aug. 1-Sept. 15				Oct. 15-Jan. 1†	Sept. 15-Jan. 1		No open season	Sept. 15-Jan. 1	Sept. 15-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Dec. 1	49
50 Nevada	Sept. 15-Oct. 16				Oct. 1-Nov. 1†	Oct. 1-Nov. 1†		No open season	No open season	No open season	Aug. 15-Sept. 1	50
51 Utah*	Oct. 15-Nov. 1				Oct. 1-Nov. 1†	Oct. 1-Nov. 1†		No open season	No open season	No open season	Aug. 15-Sept. 1	51
52 Br. Columbia*	Sept. 1-Dec. 16	Sept. 1-Dec. 16	Sept. 1-Jan. 1		Oct. 1-Dec. 16	Oct. 1-Dec. 16		Oct. 1-Dec. 16	Oct. 1-Dec. 16			52
53 Yukon*	Sept. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 1			Sept. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 1		Sept. 1-Mar. 1	Sept. 1-Mar. 1			53
54 Alberta	Nov. 1-Dec. 15	Nov. 1-Dec. 15			Oct. 1-Dec. 1	Oct. 1-Dec. 1		Oct. 1-Dec. 1	No open season			54
55 Saskatchewan*	Nov. 15-Dec. 1	Nov. 15-Dec. 1			Sept. 15-Nov. 16	Sept. 15-Nov. 16		Sept. 15-Nov. 16	No open season			55
56 Northwest Ter.*	Dec. 1-Apr. 1	Dec. 1-Apr. 1			Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Jan. 1		Sept. 1-Jan. 1	No open season			56
57 Manitoba*	Dec. 1-Dec. 15	Dec. 1-Dec. 15			Oct. 1, 1920	Oct. 1, 1920		Oct. 1, 1920	Oct. 1, 1920		No open season	57
58 Ontario*	Nov. 1-Nov. 16	Oct. 16-Nov. 16	Oct. 1-Dec. 16	Nov. 15-Dec. 2	Oct. 14, 1916	Oct. 15-Nov. 16		Oct. 15-Nov. 16	Oct. 14, 1916	Nov. 15-Dec. 2	No open season	58
59 Quebec*	Sept. 1-Jan. 1	Sept. 1-Jan. 1			Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15		Sept. 1-Dec. 15	No open season			59
60 New Brunswick*	Sept. 15-Dec. 1	Sept. 15-Dec. 1			Oct. 1-Nov. 1†	Oct. 1-Nov. 1†		Oct. 1-Nov. 1†	No open season			60
61 Nova Scotia*	Oct. 1, 1918	Sept. 16-Nov. 30			Aug. 15-Jan. 1	Oct. 15-Nov. 15		Oct. 15-Nov. 15	No open season			61
62 Pr. Edward Isl.*					Sept. 20-Jan. 1	Sept. 20-Jan. 1		Sept. 20-Jan. 1				62
63 Newfoundland												63

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Table with columns for STATE, WOODCOCK, BLACK-BREADED AND GOLDEN PLOVER, YELLOWLEGS, WILSON OR JACKSNIFE, RAIL, DUCK, GOOSE, BIG GAME, and GAME BIRDS. It lists hunting seasons for various species across different states and provinces.

* Laws of 1915 not received. † Local exceptions. ‡ Certain species. § Males only. ** Under the regulations for the protection of migratory birds the season is closed until September 1, 1918, on swans, cranes, curlew, godwits, upland plover, and all the smaller shore birds in the United States; also on wood duck in Zone No. 1 and in California, Kansas, and West Virginia.

ADDITIONAL PROVISIONS AND EXCEPTIONS.

Alaska.—Moose (male), caribou, sheep, north lat. 62°. Aug. 1-Dec. 11. Moose south of Lynn Canal, Caribou on Kenai Peninsula, and sheep on Kenai Peninsula east of Long 150°, 1916. Large Brown Bear, south lat. 62°, Oct. 1-July 2; north, unprotected. Deer on Duke, Gravina, Kodiak, Krusof, Long, Suemez and Zarembo Islands, Aug. 1, 1916.
Arizona.—Bobwhite quail, no open season.
Arkansas.—Gobblers, additional open season, Apr. 15-June 1.
California.—Deer (male, except spike huck), in Districts 1 and 23, Aug. 15-Oct. 15; District 4, Sept. 1-Oct. 1. Mountain quail, in Districts 1 and 23, Sept. 1-Dec. 1; Districts 2, 3, and 4, Oct. 15-Jan. 1. Cottontail or bush rabbit only. Tree squirrel only. Wood duck, no open season. For counties in each game district, see "Game Laws, 1915."
Connecticut.—Deer, if reported to commissioners within 24 hours, may be killed by use of shotgun on a person's own land.
Delaware.—Dove, Newcastle County, no open season.
District of Columbia.—Hunting permitted only on mamebe of Eastern Branch north of Anacostia bridge and on Virginia shore of Potomac.
Georgia.—Snipe, Dec. 1-Feb. 1; yellowlegs, Nov. 20-Feb. 1; wood duck, Dec. 1-Jan. 1.
Idaho.—Big game, quail, Mongolian pheasants, in Bannock, Bear Lake, Cassia, Franklin, Oneida, Power, and Twinfalls, protected to Mar. 11, 1920. Deer (male), in Bonner, Clearwater, Idaho, Kootenai, Latah, Nez Perce, and Shoshone Counties, Sept. 20-Dec. 20. Elk (male), in Bingham, Bonneville, Fremont, and Teton Counties only. Grouse, north of Salmon River, Sept. 1-Dec. 1. Quail, Lemhi County, March 5, 1919.
Illinois.—Cock pheasant, may be taken Oct. 1-Oct. 6.
Kansas.—Fox squirrel, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; other squirrels, no open season.
Kentucky.—Squirrel, summer season, June 15-Sept. 15.
Louisiana.—Dove, Oct. 15-Jan. 6. Turkey hens, protected to Dec. 1, 1915. Florida duck (black duck), Nov. 1-Feb. 16.
Maine.—Deer in Androscoggin, Cumberland, Kennebec, Knox, Lincoln, Sagadahoc, Waldo, and York Counties, Nov. 1-Dec. 1; ruffed grouse, woodcock, in same counties, Oct. 1-Dec. 1.
Maryland.—Dove in Baltimore, Sept. 1-Oct. 1; Dorchester, Aug. 15-Jan. 1; Frederick, Aug. 1-Oct. 1; Kent, July 16-Dec. 24; Somerset, Aug. 10-Jan. 1; Talbot, Aug. 15-Jan. 1; Washington, Aug. 1-Sept. 1. In Allegany, Carroll, Harford, and Wicomico Counties, no open season.
Massachusetts.—Quail, Essex County, Oct. 12, 1919. Pheasants in Barnstable, Berkshire, Essex, Hampden, Middlesex, Norfolk, and Worcester Counties only.
Michigan.—Deer in Berrien, Calhoun, Genesee, Ingham, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Oakland, and St. Clair Counties, Nov. 10, 1920; Bois Blanc Island, Nov. 10, 1918.
Minnesota.—Ruffed grouse, Oct. 1-Dec. 1; sharp-tailed or white-breasted grouse, Sept. 7-Nov. 7. Golden plover, Sept. 7, 1918.

Montana.—Elk in counties of Sweetgrass, Stillwater, Park, Gallatin, Madison, Teton, Flathead; Beaverhead east of Oregon Short Line and parts of Missoula and Powell Counties, Oct. 1-Dec. 15; in rest of State, Oct. 1, 1918. Partridge, prairie chicken, sage hen, grouse, in counties of Custer, Dawson, Richland, Sheridan, Valley, Phillips, Rosebud, Big Horn, Fallon, and Prairie, Sept. 1-Oct. 1.
New Hampshire.—Deer, Coos County, Oct. 15-Dec. 16; Carroll and Grafton, Nov. 1-Dec. 16; rest of State, Dec. 1-16.
New Mexico.—Deer, wild turkey, north of latitude 35°; south, Oct. 25-Nov. 28.
New York.—Deer in Adirondacks, Oct. 1-Nov. 16; Ulster County, 9 towns in Sullivan County, and in Deer Park, Orange County, Nov. 1-16; in rest of State, no open season. Introduced pheasant protected by order of commission in 9 counties. When date of open or close season falls on Sunday, season opens or closes on preceding Saturday.
North Carolina.—See Poster No. 33 for local laws, 1915.
Oklahoma.—Deer and wild turkey in Blaine, Caddo, Comanche, Kiowa and Major Counties, no open season. Wild turkey, additional open season, Mar. 15-Apr. 15. Wood duck, no open season.
Oregon.—East of Cascades, silver gray squirrel, Chinese pheasant, no open season; grouse, Aug. 15-Nov. 1; sage hen, July 15-Sept. 1; prairie chicken, Sherman, Union, Wasco, Oct. 1-16; quail, Klamath, Chinese pheasant, Union, Oct. 1-11; shore birds, Oct. 1-Dec. 16; ducks, geese (brant in State), rail, coot, gallinule, Oct. 1-Jan. 16. West of Cascades, Chinese pheasant, Oct. 1-Nov. 1 (except Oct. 1-11 in Jackson and no open season in Coos, Curry, and Josephine Counties). Quail, in Coos, Curry, Jackson, Josephine, Oct. 1-Nov. 1; rail, coot, duck, goose, in Coos (geese only), Clatsop, Columbia, Multnomah, Tillamook, Oct. 1-Jan. 1; shore birds, same counties, Oct. 1-Dec. 16; duck, Coos, Oct. 1-Jan. 16.
South Carolina.—Deer, Berkeley, Clarendon, Dorchester, Aug. 1-Feb. 1; Barnwell, Florence, Marion, Aug. 1-Jan. 1; Orangeburg, no open season; quail, wild turkey, Abbeville, Chester, Lancaster, Dec. 1-Feb. 1; quail, Chesterfield, York, Nov. 15-Mar. 1; Marlboro, Nov. 15-Feb. 16; wild turkey, Orangeburg, no open season.
Tennessee.—Quail in Chester, Fayette, Hardeman, Haywood, Dec. 15-Mar. 1; White, 1918. Turkey gobblers, additional open season, Apr. 1-25. See "Game Laws, 1915" for other local seasons.
Utah.—Deer, nonresidents not permitted to kill deer. Quail, in Carbon, Davis, Salt Lake, San Pete, Sevier, Uinta, Utah, and Weber, Oct. 1-Nov. 1; in Garfield, Kane, and Washington Counties, Sept. 1-Feb. 1; Iron County, Oct. 1-Dec. 1; rest of State, no open season. Sage hen, Rich, Uinta, Aug. 15-Sept. 16. Waterfowl, in Grand, Kane, San Juan, Uinta, and Washington, Oct. 1-Jan. 16.
Virginia.—Deer, Oct. 1-Feb. 1, squirrel, Nov. 1-Feb. 1, dove, Aug. 15-Jan. 15, waterfowl, Nov. 1-Jan. 1 in Brunswick and Greensville Counties. Deer, Prince George and Surrey, Oct. 1-Jan. 1. Squirrel, Isle of Wight and Southampton, Sept. 1-Jan. 15; Warren, Nov. 15-Jan. 1. Quail, grouse, wild turkey, west of Blue Ridge, Nov. 1-Jan. 1. Wood duck (State), Nov. 1-Jan. 1.
Washington.—Deer, goat, east of Cascades, Oct. 1-Nov. 15.

Wisconsin.—Deer in Pierce, Dunn, Eau Claire, Trempealeau, Jackson, Juneau, Sauk, Marathon, Langlade, Oconto, Door and all counties north (except Polk), Nov. 11-Dec. 1; in rest of State, no open season. Waterfowl, unlawful to hunt on main waters of Mississippi River at any time.
Wyoming.—Deer in Campbell, Crook, Johnson, Niobrara, Sheridan, and Weston Counties, Oct. 15-Nov. 1. Elk and sheep in Lincoln, Park, Fremont (except Bridger National Forest and north of Big Wind River and South of Sweetwater), Sept. 1-Nov. 16. Hunting permitted in Lincoln County on Fall River Rim or Crest in Cattle Districts 1, 3, and 5 in Wyoming National Forest, Oct. 5-Nov. 30. During season of 1915 fifty (50) bull moose may be killed under special \$100 license. Ducks and geese, Carbon County, Sept. 1-Dec. 16.

CANADA.

British Columbia.—Seasons south of lat. 55° are fixed by proclamation. Moose, Caribou, Atlin, Skeena, and Columbia districts only. Sheep, Yale, Similkameen and Okanagan districts, no open season.
Manitoba.—South of lat. 53° only.
New Brunswick.—Teal, wood duck and dusky or black duck, only, Sept. 1-Dec. 2 (residents of Grand Manan Parish may kill black duck Oct. 1-Mar. 1). Shore or other birds on beaches, islands, or lagoons bordering tidal waters of Northumberland Strait, Gulf of St. Lawrence, and Bay of Chaleur, Aug. 15-Jan. 1.
Northwest Territories.—Additional season on big game, July 15-Oct. 16.
Nova Scotia.—Cow moose in province and all moose on Cape Breton Island, Sept. 16, 1918. Caribou (male) in Inverness and Victoria Counties only. Ruffed grouse or birch partridge, Oct. 1-Nov. 1, Canada grouse (spruce partridge), wood duck, no open season; snipe, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; yellowlegs, teal, and swan, Aug. 15-Jan. 1.
Ontario.—Deer in Dufferin, Grey, Simcoe, and Wellington Counties, Nov. 1, 1917; in Bruce County, Nov. 1, 1916. Moose and caribou (males) south of Canadian Pacific R. R. between Mattawa and Manitoba boundary, Nov. 1-16. Black and gray squirrels, ruffed grouse, Haldimand and Halton Counties, Oct. 14, 1917. Shore birds and waterfowl, south of Canadian Pacific R. R., Montreal to Toronto, Guelph, and Goderich railroad, Sept. 15-Dec. 16. Brant, Sept. 1-Dec. 16; geese, Sept. 15-Apr. 16.
Prince Edward Island.—Snipe, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; yellowlegs, shore and other birds along beaches or tidal marshes, Aug. 20-Jan. 1. Geese, Sept. 15-May 10; brant, Apr. 20-Jan. 1.
Quebec.—Deer, male moose, in Labelle, Ottawa, Pontiac, and Temiscaming Counties, Oct. 1-Dec. 1. Caribou, Sept. 1-Mar. 1, hare, rabbit, Oct. 15-Mar. 1, birch or swamp partridge, Sept. 15-Feb. 1, white partridge or partridge, Nov. 15-Mar. 1, in Chicoutimi and Saguenay Counties east and north of Saguenay River.
Saskatchewan.—Deer, elk, moose, caribou (males) north of lat. 52°. Nov. 1-Dec. 1; south, no open season.
Newfoundland.—Additional open season on caribou, Aug. 1-Oct. 1.

DAYS EXCEPTED.

All hunting prohibited on:
Sundays.—In all States and Provinces east of the 105th meridian, except Illinois, Louisiana, Michigan, Texas, Wisconsin, and Quebec.
Mondays.—For waterfowl in Ohio, and locally in Maryland and North Carolina.
Tuesdays.—For waterfowl on the Susquehanna Flats and certain rivers in Maryland.
Other days.—For waterfowl locally in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina.
Election day.—In Allegany, Baltimore, Cecil, Charles, Frederick, and Harford Counties, Maryland.
Days when snows on the ground.—In New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, and Maryland.
Between sunset and sunrise.—For migratory birds.

Constructive Criticism

A New Line of Thought Suggesting Improvements in American Made One Hand Arms

By Louis E. Tuzo

During the past few months much has appeared in the daily, weekly and monthly press about the unpreparedness of the United States, but very little has been said of the real or partial cause of this unpreparedness. To get down to the last analysis at once the humble citizen will be blamed.

This conclusion has been reached by having followed closely for some years eight or more shooting and sportsmen's publications, and having studied what authorities have written, about their wants and needs, that they cannot get. In a country where citizen soldiery is counted on for defense, shooting of any kind is of great advantage as it trains the eyes, muscles and nerves, besides giving better self control. With sufficient practice it develops the expert shot. Take for example, preparedness with the pistol or revolver—If every citizen could shoot well with either of these arms, would he not be able to learn the ways of the rifle much quicker in time of need, and thereby save his country both time and money. Comparatively speaking—there are a few men outside of military organizations who know how to handle pistols and revolvers, and who can, and do good shooting. But in time of trouble how many brigades could they muster in comparison with what would be needed. But the vast majority—the novice and householder, what about them? The most of them are uninterested in shooting, and why? From a great many I have talked with and others that have written in the public press, it is because pistols and revolvers are dangerous, not only to themselves, but to their children as well. Why, in this day and age are they dangerous? Simply because they are unsafe. Is a loaded pistol or revolver safe for a child to pick up, play with, pull the trigger, have the hammer fall and cartridge explode? Certainly not. There are many so-called safety pistols and revolvers on the market, and they are safe, but only for the man who knows about arms and is careful in handling them. Such a person keeps his wits about him ALL the time, unfortunately, there are—comparatively speaking—only a few such. In the writer's opinion, pistols and revolvers should be made for the child, not to fire or play with, but for safety, because in the majority of homes, a child will find a small arm, and play with it, no matter where it is hidden, except it is locked up, which it seldom is. Thousands of homes are without firearms simply because they are unsafe, and there is a child in the house, in many other homes, where there are no children, no firearm is kept, simply because of fear.

If all these so-called safety pistols (automatics) are really safe, why has the police department of New York, and most all other cities of the United States recently ordered that in the future no more shall be purchased by members of the force for police service? And in future revolvers, with rebounding hammer and supposed

positive lock will be used. What do police accidents reports show? only that the automatic pistol with all its safeties is unsafe. Many householders have bought automatic pistols, kept them loaded and cocked (for home protection) then after a time, have forgotten they were cocked, released safety, pulled the trigger, and, no matter what happened, the cartridge *was* fired. Proving, *that kind of a safety pistol not safe for that kind of a man*, and his name is legion.

Many single shot pistols and single and double action revolvers have so-called safeties but I have yet to hear of one that can be loaded, cocked, its trigger pulled and hammer fall, that cannot explode the cartridge, if handled by adult or child.

Interest in trap shooting has grown wonderfully in the past few years and many hammerless shot guns with hammer indicators and safeties of some sort have been put on, some good, some bad, but children seldom play with a heavy gun, and further, guns are seldom left loaded in the house, and are only mentioned here to show that some and only some little things have been given the attention they deserve, while pistols and revolvers have had (especially for the householder) practically nothing done to make them absolutely safe.

Many authorities have written about the quality, lines, and finish of our pistols and revolvers, also size and fit of revolver grips, yet they, nor anyone else can get what they want, from manufacturers that ought to have every facility for producing all that could be desired. Charles Newton wrote in *Arms and the Man* an interesting article a month or so ago about the new rifle he is building, and the methods employed to obtain the "little things in life", (improvements for rifles) not for himself alone, but for all the shooting world. He also gave some useful information that was real news to many and sorrowful news, especially so, to those who have tried and failed to get some small practical improvement made.

"The article by Captain Roy S. Tinney contained a very pointed invitation to manufacturers of new rifles to let the fact that they contemplated the making of such rifles be known in advance of their production, to the end that the opinions of some of our shooters who have knowledge of the subject from a practical standpoint might be submitted to the manufacturers with the possible result that the new product might be improved by embodying therein some of the many ideas which such a course would bring forth.

A careful examination of the management of our great arms factories reveals the fact that they all had their origin with some man who had a thoroughly technical knowledge of arms, whose taste for firearms was born in him, and was accompanied by sufficient business ability to build up a large business, and whose names they still bear.

ARREST FOR GRAND LARCENY

The reason for requesting this circular to be shown in your magazine is for the purpose that Edward C. Kindred was known by all of his friends as a great huntsman and fisherman, and it was known that during his life that he followed this particular kind of sport.

Police Department, City of New York.



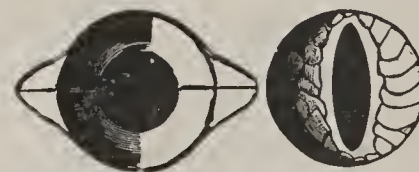
EDWARD C. KINDRED.

DESCRIPTION—Age, about 35 years; height, 5 feet, 10 inches; weight, 200 pounds; blue eyes; brown hair; straight large nose; heavy fair eyebrows; wavy hair parted in centre; good teeth; pale complexion; wore dark grey suit, black lace shoes, split straw hat, soft light shirt, soft collar with a bow string tie. Kindred was employed by the Flinn-O'Rourke Co. (Inc.), of 17 Battery Place, this City, and on the morning of August 4, 1915, was sent from the office of said firm to the Liberty National Bank, 139 Broadway, where he received \$22,119.75 in cash and absconded. The money was in bills of all denominations from one to fifty dollars.

Police authorities are requested to make careful search for this man. If found, arrest, hold and wire Detective Bureau, Police Headquarters, New York City. New York, August 6, 1915.

ARTHUR WOODS,
Police Commissioner.

J. HANNOFSKY PRACTICAL GLASS BLOWER



and manufacturer of artificial eyes or birds, animals and manufacturing purposes a specialty. Send for prices. All kinds of heads and skulls for furriers and taxidermists.

363 Canal St., New York.
Please mention "Forest and Stream."

Partridge and Deer Shooting

Maine State License reduced to \$15.00.
Bird License good until Oct. 1st, \$5.00.
Perpetual close time on Moose. Let me tell you about my Camps one to four miles in from the Canadian Pacific R. R.

Address
BURT PACKARD, Sebec Lake, Me.

Run over the owners of our great factories to-day and find one in which the ownership did not come through purchase or inheritance rather than through a knowledge of arms.

As a result any new idea submitted to these companies is passed along by the management, who have no natural taste for gun construction, to the superintendent of factory, who in all probability holds his position because of his skill as an efficiency man in procuring the maximum production at minimum cost. He examines it from the standpoint of cost of production and reports back to the management, which accepts his finding. This is at direct variance with the methods used in the days of Colt, Remington, Smith & Wesson, Marlin, Parker, Lefever and others of that class, and the result is seen in the difficulty with which new ideas are impressed upon our arms companies.

A couple of weeks after Mr. Newton's article appeared, "a welcome to the new rifle" was written by A. D. Hanks, in which he said:—

"We like the manner in which Mr. Newton speaks of the methods most of our gun makers have of receiving new ideas, namely, through the advice of their shop foreman. This is true, and it means a lot in seeking the answer to the question, 'Why has there been such little changes in the types and construction of our firearms?'"

"Few of the owners of our gun factories have any personal interest in the arms they are turning out, and to them the factory is only 'an investment.'"

"Another thing we like is the invitation to the shooters and sportsmen to send in their ideas. This is about the only way on earth by which to arrive at a satisfactory model for a modern arm. We can not recall any of our present manufacturers having issued such an invitation, but to the contrary, we know of instances where good suggestions have been submitted and after having evoked a brief letter of thanks never have been heard of again."

In the last few years a great many large concerns have organized an efficiency bureau or employed efficiency engineers to reorganize their business methods, and have laid great stress in advertising on the service they render. If efficiency means improvement in ideas and methods, and service means ability and willingness to take care of customers wants, both large and small, and Mr. Newton's and Mr. Hank's statements are true, as it seems they are, do not our arms manufacturers need a little efficiency and service work to draw the sting from their apparent policy of letting hunters, sportsmen and the general public take what is their pleasure to offer, or, go without, and are they not gradually losing their patronage and good will? Arms and ammunition companies spend thousands of dollars annually in advertising, which is interesting enough to be read and it must be read or it would be discontinued, but the advertisers apparently do not read the publications in which they advertise or else pay little or no attention to many excellent and practical suggestions as Mr. Newton says, further than that, questions have been asked regarding articles of their own manufacture, as to where they could be gotten, a post card in answer to those questions would have effected a sale, yet in several instances that I know of, no information resulted in no sale.

Look at the artistic lines and appearance of

some of the old duelling pistols made 100 or more years ago, they may not have had the accuracy of the present day arms, but they are away ahead of us to-day as to beauty of lines etc. What improvement in our grace of lines and artistic appearance? We have all heard, curved is the line of beauty, but where is our symmetry of appearance? It appears now that wherever it is possible to make a graceful curve, an awkward angle is made instead. Yet a man can get round, pointed or square toed shoes, any width in any length, and gloves with long or short fingers, but he cannot get a revolver with little niceties such as a well fitting grip, either in length or thickness, nor one that is shaped to give what is called the proper hold; and what about the sights, are they not insignificant in comparison to what they should be? Little things that add to comfort, convenience, dexterity and a proper hold are no longer studied, designed or, apparently thought of. To do this would require some experimenting, and might require some new machinery and tools, so did the change from smooth bore to rifling, from muzzle to breech loader, yet apparently it paid, because it was an improvement, more accurate, more convenient and induced more interest in the shooting game. In other words the little things count both for the manufacturer and the user.

The whole subject of perfect safety in arms with the other little comforts and conveniences combined with graceful lines and artistic appearance seems so absolutely simple practical men cannot understand why experimenting has not given us a perfect arm long before this—could not an automatic pistol be made that would make the cartridge safe—automatically—that practice could be had in aiming, sighting, cocking and pull while loaded, with safety—that would hold 30 to 50 per cent. more cartridges in magazine—that would have a hammer indicator—proper sights, that could be changed if desired—whose shape would be made to fit the hand and a revolver made with graceful line artistic appearance—with cartridge safe—automatically—yet which could be aimed, sighted, cocked and trigger pulled while loaded, without danger, and yet in target practice or game shooting have safety off and fired as quickly as can now be done by anything on the market—whose grip would be made for a large hand yet which could be cut, filed, scraped or sandpapered down to fit a small one—and the shape would insure a better hold and a proper one.

Would not pistols and revolvers made along the above lines promote business, increase interest in shooting and less fear of firearms?

NEW FISHING AND HUNTING TERRITORY IN QUEBEC.

Riviere Bell, P. O., Quebec.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Have been doing some traveling since I got in here July 20 and have located much new territory, including five or six lakes and three or four rivers never before seen by any white man. Incidentally I have located some of the best speckled trout fishing (fly of course) I ever had the good fortune to enjoy—fighters all—up to 2½ pounds. I believe they go double that. Had only one evening at them—took 27 running from 8 inches up to 1¾ and 2 pounds and one 2½ pounds, then quit—took them three at a crack.

Moose and bear sign are excellent. I have

There's What Gets The Game



There's what gets you to the hunting grounds way ahead of the other fellows. There's what lets you have an extra hour's sleep. There's what cuts the work out of sport. There's the famous

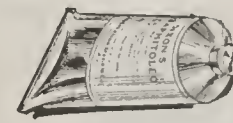
Caille 5 Speed Motor
Push-Button Controlled

Clamps to the stern of any rowboat in a jiffy, develops 2 H. P., and runs 7 to 10 miles an hour. Has five positive speed adjustments—high speed forward, trolling speed, neutral, slow reverse and fast reverse. All speeds secured without stopping, reversing or altering the speed of motor.

Magneto Built in Flywheel
Gives a good hot spark down to practically the last revolution. Supplied with dual ignition if desired.

Other Caille Features
Caille Silencer on exhaust. Water-tight gear housing. Double seamed fuel tank. Reinforced bracket. Non-kinking water tube; all fully described in catalog No. 10. Larger motors described in catalog No. 24.

DEALERS WANTED
THE CAILLE PERFECTION MOTOR COMPANY
1549 Caille Street Detroit, Michigan



Graphitoleo

a mixture of choice flake graphite and pure petrolatum, cannot gum or become rancid. Lubricates without waste all parts of the gun and reel. Not a liquid. Sold everywhere in small, convenient tubes. Write for sample No. 52-H. Made in Jersey City, N. J., by the Established 1827

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY


Brook Trout
Brook Trout Eggs

Stock streams now and get the benefit of early spring fishing. Fingerlings of all sizes. No care is necessary on your part. Put them in a running brook or spring pond, and they will do the rest. Our latest advanced methods, in conjunction with our pure water supply, give us strong, vigorous trout, in the best possible physical condition. For particulars and prices address

PARADISE BROOK TROUT CO.
Henryville, Pennsylvania

We make DECOYS

of the portable and compact kind, that are good wherever the water fowl flies. See cut of our "Automatic Duck Decoys," open and collapsed. Thousands sold annually in many parts of the world. You can't beat them. Write to us for descriptive matter and prices. J. W. Reynolds Decoy Factory, Chicago, U. S. A.



Small-Mouth Black Bass

We have the only establishment dealing in young small-mouth black bass commercially in the United States. Vigorous young bass in various sizes, ranging from advanced fry to 3 and 4 inch fingerlings for stocking purposes.

Waramaug Small-Mouth Black Bass Hatchery.
Correspondence invited. Send for Circulars. Address **HENRY W. BEAMAN - New Preston, Conn.**

Brook Trout of all ages for stocking brooks and lakes. Brook trout eggs in any quantity. Warranted delivered anywhere in fine condition. Correspondence solicited.

THE PLYMOUTH ROCK TROUT CO.
Plymouth, Mass.

"Three King's" Front Sights



Triple Bead
Ivory, Gold, Black
Price, \$1.50

"Ideal" or "Spark Point"
Gold Beads. Price, \$1.25

Gold Beads are of SOLID "GOLD" alloy nearly as HARD AS STEEL and HIGHLY POLISHED. Steel blade of sight extends into the bead giving it A STEEL CENTER. STRONGEST GOLD BEAD SIGHTS EVER MADE. MADE FOR EVERY ARM.

Send for catalogue F of KING SIGHTS showing over 100 Models of front and rear sights; and copy of "Modern Sights for Modern Arms" FREE.

D. W. KING

Box 399, DENVER, COL., U.S.A.



Outing Moccasin For Seashore, Lake and Tennis
Made in three colors, Chocolate, Tan and Pearl
Men's 6 to 11, Price \$3.00
Ladies' 2 to 6, Price \$2.50
Boys' 1 to 5, Price \$2.50
In ordering mention size of shoe worn
LUELLA MOCCASIN CO., Box 125, Auburn, Maine

A GOOD CATCH
Moerlein's BARBAROSSA
THE LIVELY MELLOW PERFECT TASTING BREW.
You can't find a better or more satisfying drink.
The best Equipment best Talent best Grain, best Methods All combine to produce the BEST BEER possible. The Beer that makes Brain and Muscle and Brawn. Besides deliciously quenching the thirst.
THE CHRISTIAN MOERLEIN BREWING CO. INC. CINCINNATI, O.

also seen the live article and am glad to report deer as coming in now. We saw two on my trip and quite a few fresh tracks. Some caribou sign in places. Three were killed here last winter close to steel—that is within thirty miles, but they are funny "critters" as you know, and travelers all.

The first three camps are done and are all right. No. 1 is 22 ft. x 16½ ft. inside measurement; no. 2 is 20 ft. x 14 ft. and no. 4 is 18 ft. x 13 ft. 5 in.; will be done by the 19th instant,

and will only be a two-man camp, 15 ft. x 12½ ft. inside. Am very pleased with the camps and equipment. The trout waters lie some forty miles in and the portages when I get them cut out will be o. k.—the longest carry a mile. I have deserted the Coffee River as impracticable for camps and located better areas, all reached by canoe from here. No. 1 camp is 11 miles north, No. 3 is 19 miles northeast and No. 4 is 28 miles north, on territory taking in two new found lakes known before only to a few Indians. CANUCK.

ARCHERY

National Archery Tournament

The thirty-seventh annual meeting and tournament of the National Archery Association of the United States was held in Chicago, August 10, 11, 12 and 13.

The weather was not hot, nor the wind very strong, but the range was sodden from much rain and covered in places with little lakes. The last day, and the tournament, was ended by a terrific rain storm.

The Association dinner was at the Auditorium Hotel, Friday evening, at which time the medals and prizes and trophies were awarded.

Miss Cynthia M. Wesson of Cotuit, Mass., a teacher in Bryn Mawr College, broke the Columbia Round record 144 hits, 990 score, made in 1896 by Mrs. M. C. Howell of Cincinnati, who was champion 17 different years, by making 144 hits, 998 score.

At the business meeting Thursday evening, a new constitution was adopted. The method of deciding rank, in all competitions, was simplified by abolishing the point system of scoring, and ranking all archers by combining hits and scores.

Jersey City, N. J. was selected for the place for the 1916 tournament. The date will be chosen by the executive committee.

The newly elected officers and Executive Committee.

James Duff, President, 130 Zabriskie St., Jersey City, N. J.

Heriman L. Walker, First Vice-President, Chicago.

W. J. Holmes, Second Vice-President, Pittsburgh.

George P. Bryant, Third Vice-President, Boston.

Robert McNeil, Secretary and Treasurer, 35 Charles St., Jersey City.

J. H. Pendry, Chicago.

H. S. Taylor, Buffalo.

J. M. Mauser, Laurys Station, Pa.

T. T. Hare, Radnor, Pa.

Highest Scores.

DOUBLE YORK ROUND.

	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	Total
	100 yds.	80 yds.	60 yds.	40 yds.	20 yds.	
Heriman L. Walker, Chicago, Illinois	49-183	60-262	43-221	152-666		
Geo. L. Nichols, Chicago, Illinois	49-193	49-251	42-174	140-618		
Dr. R. P. Elmer, Wayne, Pennsylvania	49-179	58-212	46-212	153-607		

Dr. O. L. Hertig, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	55-215	54-194	35-194	144-604
James Duff, Jersey City, New Jersey	33-127	59-205	35-137	127-469
James S. Jiles, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	47-141	46-142	36-164	119-447
Homer W. Bishop, Chicago, Illinois	20-60	42-176	33-173	95-409
W. D. Douthitt, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	23-97	52-184	30-120	105-401

DOUBLE AMERICAN ROUND.

	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	Total
	60 yds.	50 yds.	40 yds.	30 yds.	
Dr. R. P. Elmer, Wayne, Pennsylvania	57-299	60-364	60-412	187-1075	
Geo. L. Nichols, Chicago, Illinois	53-305	58-334	59-383	170-1032	
James Duff, Jersey City, New Jersey	48-212	58-284	58-244	164-840	
Heriman L. Walker, Chicago, Illinois	48-188	53-275	58-362	159-825	
James S. Jiles, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	39-165	54-290	57-339	150-794	
Dr. O. L. Hertig, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	44-204	51-253	56-328	151-785	
Homer W. Bishop, Chicago, Illinois	43-195	54-250	55-329	152-776	
W. J. Holmes, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	40-162	45-211	58-350	143-723	
Dr. Calvi S. Case, Chicago, Illinois	36-162	51-241	57-313	144-716	

DOUBLE COLUMBIA ROUND.

	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	Total
	50 yds.	40 yds.	30 yds.	20 yds.	
Cynthia M. Wesson, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania	48-294	48-328	48-356	144-998	
Mary C. Williams, Chicago, Illinois	42-184	40-224	45-285	127-693	
Mary L. Harlan, Chicago, Illinois	39-183	45-239	45-263	129-685	
Priscilla Williams, Chicago, Illinois	20-94	38-178	44-226	92-498	
Mrs. F. L. Wesson, Cotuit, Massachusetts	21-63	40-198	39-195	100-456	
Miss M. A. Southworth, Chicago, Illinois	22-88	29-133	41-193	92-424	
Mrs. J. H. Pendry, Chicago, Illinois	24-88	32-130	39-159	95-377	
Miss M. A. Baker, Chicago, Illinois	12-36	22-88	22-68	56-192	

DOUBLE NATIONAL ROUND.

	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	H. S.	Total
	60 yds.	50 yds.	40 yds.	30 yds.	
Cynthia M. Wesson, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania	85-455	45-253	130-708		
Mary C. Williams, Chicago, Ill.	63-265	35-153	98-418		
Mary L. Harlan, Chicago, Ill.	42-162	38-158	80-320		
Mrs. F. L. Wesson, Cotuit, Mass.	37-175	18-52	57-227		
Priscilla Williams, Chicago, Ill.	30-94	22-96	52-190		
Mary A. Southworth, Chicago, Ill.	21-85	22-84	43-169		
Miss M. A. Baker, Chicago, Ill.	21-75	7-21	28-96		

The Championships are computed by adding the hits and scores of the Double York Round and Double American Round for the men, and the hits and scores of the Double National Round and the Double Columbia Round, for the women.

Dr. Robert P. Elmer won the men's championship.

Miss Cynthia M. Wesson won the woman's championship.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

By H. G. Canda, Canoe Editor.

Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River. August 6th to 20th.

The thirty-sixth annual meet of the American Canoe Association was held on Sugar Island August 6th to 20th. This gathering of Canoeists from all parts of the country first began in 1880 with the "Convention of Canoeists" at Crosbyside Park, Lake George, N. Y. and has been a regular event every year since. Since 1903 the meets have been held at Sugar Island on the St. Lawrence River.

While this great meet was smaller than usual, due in a large part to the absence of the Canadian contingency yet it was most successful in every way and was thoroughly enjoyed by all having the opportunity of attending.

The regatta lasting the week of August 9th to 17th was attended by many of the summer sojourners among the Islands.

One, if not the most interesting event, at least from the onlookers point of view, was the "Wilderness Cruising Contest." This was not a race but a practical demonstration of the Cruising Canoeists ability to care for himself and his outfit in the open. Each of the contestants started from a given point on the Island, with complete duffle, including tent, for remaining over night in the woods. They paddled to a camp sight where each man pitched his tent, started his fire and made ready for the night. Each camp was then broken, a carry made and a return paddle around the Island finished the contest at the starting point. The prizes were awarded for the best all-around ability. Particular attention being given to appointments and detail.

This contest was for the *Forest and Stream* trophy and the silver shield presented by the Association. The Association having decided that the trophy is to be contested for for three years, presented the shield to the winner for permanent possession. This is only the second year that such a contest has been held and its increasing popularity is attested to by the fact that seven canoeists took part this year whereas only three entered the first year. The winner of the *Forest and Stream* trophy was Mr. E. Vom Steeg of Roselle Park, N. J.

At the annual meeting of the Association held on August 15 Mr. C. A. Spaulding of Buffalo was elected commodore for the ensuing year and Mr. W. B. H. McClellan was re-elected Secretary of the Association. The executive meeting is to be held in Buffalo in October.

Event 1—Open Canoes—Sailing Twice Around Sugar Island—First, G. P. Douglas; second, F. F. Dorsey; third, P. L. Kretzmer.

Event 2—Decked Canoes—Relay Race—First round, Gown, Harrison, Davis; second round, L. Frede, Walter L. Quick; third round, F. Dorsey, Douglas, Cummings.

Event 3, 9 and 12—Decked Canoes—Sailing Trophy, Six Miles—Won by F. Frede.

Events 4, 7 and 13—Open Canoes—Sailing Trophy, Three Miles—Won by F. W. Walters, Jr.

Event 5—Mixed Tandem—Paddling Race—First, Lansing Quick and Miss McKay; second, I. Walters, Jr. and Miss Walters.

Event 6—Overboard Race—First, Douglas Cummings; second, Fred Walters, Jr.

Event 8—Open Canoes—Novice Sailing Race—First, Gordon Douglas, Jr.; second, C. Spaulding.

Event 10—Ladies Paddling Race—Tandem—First, Miss E. Walters and Miss D. McKay; second, Miss A. Hopf and Mrs. E. Von Steeg.

Event 11—Tilting Contest—First, Washington Canoe Club Team; second, Washington Canoe Club Team.

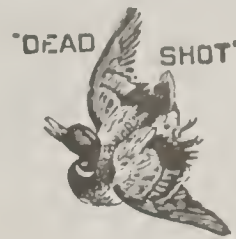
Event 14—Racing Class—Half Mile, One Man, Single Blade—First, A. E. Ireland; second, T. W. Burch; third, R. Rutherford.

Event 15—Cruising Class—One Man, Single Blade, Half Mile—First, C. H. Wagner; second, R. Kratz; third, A. Geiger.

Event 16—Racing Class—Tandem, Double Blade, Half Mile—First, A. E. Ireland and D. Quick; second, P. Colby and T. Burch.



**"DEAD SHOT"
TRIUMPHS**



Record-breaking Grand American Handicap proves almost clean sweep for **"DEAD SHOT" POWDER**

Grand American Handicap

J. J. Randall of Greensburg, Kans. tied for first place in field of 828 shooters, with 96x100 from 19 yards.

Preliminary Handicap

Won by Robert H. Morse of Chicago, Ills. with 95x100 from 18 yards.

National

Doubles Championship

Won by Guy V. Dering of Columbus, Wisc. with remarkable score of 91x50 pairs in hard wind.

Dering also won the Hazard Double Target Trophy emblematic of the

Doubles Championship of America

with a score of 176x100 pairs of Doubles.



AMERICAN POWDER MILLS

BOSTON, MASS. CHICAGO, ILLS.



The 1915 .22 Cal. Rifle Matches

*A Succession of Victories
and New Records*

by users of

Peters

Semi-Smokeless AMMUNITION

Team Championship of the Short Range League - - -	} Won by Engineers Rifle Club of Cleveland, Ohio.
World's Record Individual Score - - - -	} 2200 out of a possible 2200 in N. R. A. Matches 2399 out of a possible 2400 in Short Range League 4599 out of a possible 4600 by T. K. Lee Far excelling any shooting performance on record
World's Record Team Score - - - -	} 1000 out of a possible 1000 by Engineers Team, Cleve- land, Ohio, in the 11th match of the Short Range League
Short Range Individual Championship -	} Won by T. K. Lee, 499 out of 500 E. E. Tindall a close second
Inter-Scholastic Championship of U. S. - -	} Won by Iowa City High School Team with an average score of 972.4 per match Fred Cox, of Iowa City, made High Individual Aver- age, 195.66 per match

Make No Mistake! Peters Semi-Smokeless Cartridges are more accurate and uniform than any others, therefore insure the shooter every point he is entitled to. This accuracy is equally desirable in field shooting—you get your game if you hold right.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

NEW YORK: 60-62 Warren St.

SAN FRANCISCO: 583-585 Howard St.

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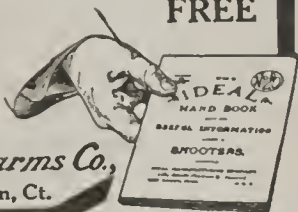
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Event 30—Racing Class—Ka-na-en-da Canoe Club Trophy—First, F. Geiger and H. Hart, Ka-ne-en-da Canoe Club; second, R. Kratz and A. Geiger, Ka-ne-en-da Canoe Club; third, F. Walters, Jr. and N. Walters, Rochester Canoe Club.
Event 31—Racing Class—Paddling Trophy—First, A. E. Ireland; second, J. D. Burch.
Event 32—Cruising Class—Fours—First, Washington Canoe Club; second, Ka-ne-en-da Canoe Club; third, Delaware Canoe Club.
Event 33—Record Combined—First, F. Walters, Jr.; second, F. F. Dorsey; third, D. N. Walters.
Event 34—Wilderness Cruising Contest—(Forest and Stream Trophy—First, E. Von Steeg; second, E. McVickers; third, C. Gary.
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Event 36—Decked Canoe—Handicap—First, W. G. Harrison; second, E. Gervis; third, D. N. Walters.
Event 37—Open Canoes—Handicap—First, P. L. Kretzmer; second, D. Walters; third, F. F. Dorsey.
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AMERICAN QUAIL IN CANADA.

A novelty for British Columbia sportsmen this season is the appearance of large numbers of American or "bob white" quail in several localities in the Province, according to a report just made public at Washington from R. E. Mansfield, U. S. Consul General at Vancouver. Previous efforts to introduce this species of game bird in the Canadian Pacific coast country have failed, and the bevies reported this year are said to have migrated from the south of their own accord and in some places they are reported quite plentiful.

The birds came into British Columbia for the first time last season. There were only six pairs, and they are supposed to have migrated from the flocks which the United States Government has been breeding in the State of Washington. As a result of breeding and by additional migrations, the covies have multiplied rapidly.



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By next season it is expected that the quail will have attained great numbers. This addition to the game birds of the province compensates for the willow grouse which have been, for some reason unknown, disappointingly small in recent years.

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NOTES ON ARROW MAKING

By Z. E. Jackson

(Continued from June 21st, 1913.)

Owing to loss of copy this interesting and instructive article has been unavoidably delayed

THERE are numerous methods of gluing the vane to the shaft. One is by temporarily wrapping them on with thread. This is the poorest possible method and unworkmanlike. Another way is by placing the vane between the leaves of a clamp such as would be formed by an ordinary butt hinge and pressing the glue-covered surface of the bone against the shaft. This requires too much manipulation, is uncertain in adhesive results and clumsy to a degree. I have a mechanical device made by myself which will feather any arrow perfectly but any mechanical device requires so many different manipulations that it appeals only to those who lack the skill required to do the work properly without mechanical aids. The best plan for the skilled workman is to simply pick up the feather, apply glue to the contact surface of the bone, and stick it in position, but the knack only comes with long, patient practice and is fully as difficult as is the foregoing statement simple. For the benefit of advanced arrow makers, I beg to state, however, that it is the best way to feather arrows, and from every viewpoint it is

best. It requires no preparatory manipulation of the feather, the result is satisfying, and the operation brief. I might say that in feathering my first arrows I resorted to the plan of wrapping them on with thread, which held them in position while the glue dried. It required two hours to feather a single arrow and the result was anything but satisfactory. Years afterward, on one occasion, by following the plan of simply "sticking them on," I feather an even dozen arrows in thirteen minutes. For the purpose of this article and of those for whose benefit it is written, I assert the following method of attaching the feathers to the shaft to be the best. If instructions have been followed to date the bone of the wing will extend at right angles from the vane about 1-40 of an inch and the thickness of the bone at the point of contact with the shaft described as "A" will be about the same. The bone will extend beyond each end of the vane 1/8 of an inch. A supply of bead-beaded steel pins about 1 1/4 inches in length should be secured. One pin is passed through the extension of the bone at the nock end of the vane, the point of the pin barely passing through the bone. Another pin is passed 1-16 of an inch through the extension of bone on the opposite or pile end of the vane, but instead of being at right angles with the axle of the bone, as is the first pin, it is placed at an angle of about 45 deg., slanting toward the nock end of the vane. The glue is then applied in small quantities to the surface of the bone, which will rest upon the shaft, in doing which a small sliver of wood serves the purpose better than a glue brush. The cock feather, being the one which is placed at right angles with the string notch, is the first to be applied and so placed that the distance between the extreme nock end of the shaft and the end of the vane is 11 1/8 inches. While held in that position pin number 1 is pressed home. This will necessitate pressing the pin into the fiber nock, but that may be readily done. Pin number 2, which has been hanging in the loose end of the bone, is then grasped, the feather drawn taut, and the point of pin number 2, which protrudes through the bone 1-16 of an inch, is pressed slightly into the shaft, being careful to still retain the 45 deg. angle. When the footing has been thus secured, pin number 2 is brought to a position at right angles with the axis of the shaft and pressed home. It will be noted that this operation secures a leverage which stretches the bone of the feather tight against the shaft and forces out any surplus glue. If the work is carefully performed there will be no surplus glue. The other two feathers are placed on the shaft in the same manner, being careful to accurately divide the total circumference of the shaft into three equal parts. This division may be made with the aid of instruments, laying off the different points of contact, but that is unnecessary labor. Practice will enable the workman to space those distances instantly by the eye and so accurately that they will not vary the distance of one of the holes made by

the pin point. One hour is sufficient time to permit the drying of the glue, after which the pins are removed, the bone extension at the nock end is cut off square, and the extension at the other end is trimmed to a feather edge with the feather knife. The very best glue used for attaching the feathers is made of equal parts of the best commercial glue and Russian isinglass. Do not confuse isinglass with mica. The one is animal while the other is mineral matter. The isinglass, after being cut with shears into small bits, is soaked for two days in sufficient water to cover it, together with the commercial glue, to which should be added brandy, quantity sufficient. It is then brought to a boil in an ordinary glue pot in a water bath. Brandy must be added from time to time as needed and small quantities of the glue cooked up as needed. Notwithstanding the use of brandy the glue ferments within a few days and gives off a very offensive odor. The Russian isinglass costs from 40c. to 60c. an ounce and may be secured from the large drug houses. It is, however, not expensive because of the great bulk in a given weight.

The entire arrow is next varnished from nock to pile with thin varnish, being careful to lay the varnish well over the glue joint formed by the union of the feather and shaft but keep it from coming in contact with the vane of the feather. If it does, the varnish will creep up the vanes, make them stiff and mar the looks. After this coat of varnish has thoroughly dried it is again cut down with the fine steelwool; the uniform weight of the arrows being maintained. The shaftment, being the space between a point 15-16 of an inch from the extreme nock end to a point 4 3/4 inches from the extreme nock end is then painted any desired color, in doing which the paint is laid up on and over the bone of the feather but not permitted to touch the vane. This is best done with a small round brush in which the bristles are about a half inch long, ending in a point. The crest is then painted on, using one wide band and several narrow ones or two or more wide ones, lined with a color different from any used in the crest. The lining is best done in a lathe but can be accomplished by laying the arrow in a notch cut in the work bench and twirling it with one hand while applying the paint lines with the other. For lining, I find a very fine pointed brush the easiest to handle. The band nearest the nock end is about 3-16 of an inch wide leaving the final 3/4 inch of the nock end bare of paint. The appearance is, however, fully preserved by the contrast between the wood of the shaft and the red fiber nock.

After the paint has dried the entire arrow is again varnished with a coat of varnish that has not been thinned, and after that has dried the arrow is again rubbed down with the fine steelwool and polished with a dry woolen cloth. Such an arrow will look well, fly true, and live long.

Hunting arrows are made of hickory 11-32 of an inch in diameter and 28 inches long. It is not necessary to foot them nor to reinforce the string notch with a nock. The feathers are stripped from the bone instead of being cut. Unless properly stripped, small particles of pith will adhere to the skin of bone that remains attached to the vane. To avoid this, take the feather just as it leaves the bird, grasp it at the outer or vane end with thumb and finger of left hand,

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In order that the inroads of civilization may not destroy these resources, the Government of Alberta has decided to give additional protection to elk and wapiti by prohibiting their destruction after November 15th, and to beaver by declaring a close season for beaver for five years from December 31st next.

Officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway who are in a position to know the true conditions of game in the Western Canadian provinces, say this new rule will prevent the practical extinction of elk, wapiti and beaver.

The Dominion Government has set aside a park of 2,200 acres in the Chin Coulee district as a preserve for antelope. This new preserve will be under the management of the Dominion Department of the Interior.

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holding the feather in a vertical position. With the thumb and finger of the right hand tear the vane loose from the bone near the vane end and immediately turn the torn part downward making and maintaining a sharp angle between the torn part of the vane and the bone of the feather—then pull downward; the vane will strip off the entire length of the feather and will come away clean. If too much of the bone-skin comes off with the vane, it may be trimmed with the shears. The vanes of a hunting arrow are 4 inches long and 7/8 of an inch high. The big softer feathers of the wing yield better vanes than do the primary or pointers. The vanes are attached in like manner as to a target arrow but if placed with a slight twist or spiral the flight of the arrow will probably be improved 50 per cent. Indeed, I feather all my target arrows with the same twist or spiral suggested for hunting arrows. If the pile end of the vane is placed 3-32 of an inch out of line with the axis of the shaft there will be ample twist to the vane. In fledging an arrow with spiral or twist wings, care must be taken to so place them that the pressure of the air on the vanes while in flight will come against what would be the nether side of the feather when in the wing of the bird, as the vane of a feather is very stiff in that direction while in the other it is limber. Hunting arrows are headed according to the use intended. Babbitt headed, blunt arrows are used in shooting at birds and small game in trees, and sharp steel bladed ones for large game and game on the ground. The weight of hunting arrows should be as nearly uniform as practicable, but nothing like the great care in this respect is required as in the target arrow. They should be painted between the feathers and varnished to exclude moisture from shaft and vane. White feathers and a red shaftment have saved from oblivion many an honest shaft.

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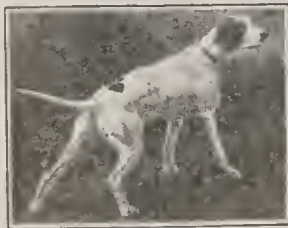
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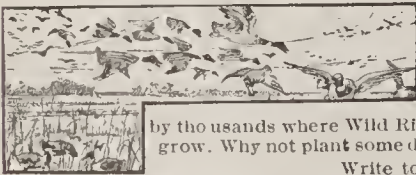
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HOW TO INTEREST RIFLE SHOOTERS IN ARCHERY.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your May number Charles G. Blandford has a readable article entitled "How to Interest the Rifle Shooter," in archery.

I shall not try to answer the question; but simply give a little information on a subject about which Mr. Blandford does not seem to be very clear.

I suppose many are in the same boat. Archery scores, as usually reported, are readily understood by archers. People who do not understand them would not be interested in them, if they did.

It would be quite impossible to describe the target, the rounds, the ranges and the scoring, every time a score is reported. For many of us the same thing would have to be done to make us thoroughly informed, in reporting a rifle match, billiards, golf or tennis. Unless people are especially interested in a game all they look for is general results, or to learn who the winner is.

An archery target, such as used in all club meetings and tournaments, is four feet in diameter, and made up of four concentric rings, and a center, called the "gold," not a "bull," its color being gilt. The diameter of the gold is a little more than nine inches, just twice the width of a ring.

The color of the rings and the value of a hit in them is: gold 9, red 7, blue 5, black 3, white 1.

If in shooting six arrows an archer placed one in each color, and missed the target with one, his score would be 5-25; that is, 5 hits, 25 score. If he hit the gold with each arrow, he would make 6-54; that is, 6 hits, 54 score. This is something rarely done, even at short range. A range is a distance, or a given number of arrows shot at one distance. To illustrate: the Men's Team Round is composed of 96 arrows, all shot at 60 yards. Here the range and the round are the same. The American round is composed of 90 arrows, 30 of which are shot at 60 yards, 30 at 50, and 30 at 40 yards. Here the round is composed of three ranges.

The Woman's National Round is made up of 72 arrows; 48 being shot at 60 yards, and 24 at 50 yards; two ranges. The Columbia round is made up of 24 arrows at 50, 40 and 30 yards each. The Woman's Team Round is 96 arrows at 50 yards, all at one range.

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IMPORTED NORWEGIAN BEARHOUNDS, Irish Wolfhounds, English Bloodhounds, American Foxhounds, Deer, Wolf and Cat Hounds. Illustrated catalogue for 5c. stamp. ROOKWOOD KENNELS, Lexington, Ky.



Fox, Coon, Skunk and Rabbit Hound Pups

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Don't get out your old decoys and putty and paint 'em up. They didn't decoy well last year and they won't do as well this. Get some real imitations. The kind that Dame Nature would be fooled on. Every kind of decoy that is used we manufacture. Write us for catalogue.

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At the
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99 x 100

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The Champion's Choice

Try a box of SCHULTZE LOADS. Learn why this "easy on the shoulder" powder is the champion's choice.

DU PONT POWDER CO. Wilmington, Del.

POWDER MAKERS SINCE 1802

When the Hunting Spirit is in the Air

SIGNS have already appeared—signs of the hunting season, which is near at hand. Signs of a good season, too.

Over the hills and mountains, at about this time of year, hovers a sort of mist, visible only to the sons of Nimrod. It is not inert, but strangely beckons. By those who have the eyes to see and the gift and grace of understanding it is called "the spirit of hunting."

If you would smile at this fancy, remember the story that is told of Whistler, the artist. A tourist stood beside the famous painter in a country of lakes and mountains. One was seeing the same sunset that the other was only looking at.

"I don't see anything in a sunset," complained the tourist.

"But don't you wish you could?" said Whistler. The spirit of hunting, perhaps, will some day be embodied in marble—the masterpiece of a Borglum.

Now is the hunter's time of anticipation. It is the time when the office-caged man has hallucinations even in business hours. He looks out of the window and sees a herd of mountain sheep feeding in their sky pastures. His ear catches the far drumming of a partridge. He knows of a happy hunting-ground that he could reach by train. A railroad timetable, bearing evidence of much use, is locked in a drawer of his desk, and with it lies a copy of the game laws.

The boss is similarly affected, so he doesn't notice that anything is the matter. Go home with either man and you find that some room in the house looks like a sporting-goods store, and all through dinner you know that he is thinking of a camp menu of grouse, trout and venison. Finally, after all the necessary small-talk, he discovers that you belong to the hunting fraternity. That settles it. Big-talk, then, for the rest of the evening, and nothing else. After dinner your host makes you examine his Remington, aim it and look through the shining barrel; he proudly calls your attention to the antlers on the wall (though you had seen them before) and tells you the whole story; and when it has grown late he urges you to stay overnight, apologizing for the bed he offers you by saying he wishes it were a bed of balsam boughs.

Your true hunter reckons not the hardships of the trail. He welcomes them. They increase his joy. Even disappointments have a certain fascination. He tells you with great gusto of the deer he didn't kill, and includes the incident in the story he sends to his favorite outdoor magazine. Just notice the conclusion of the following paragraph, taken from an account of a bear hunt:

"While putting the dogs into the brush at the bottom of a gulch, something attracted my attention up the mountain side on the rocks. I looked up and beheld a fine little brown bear gazing down upon us. I threw my gun to my shoulder and fired but an instant later, for just as I pulled the trigger he dropped out of sight behind the rocks. The dogs saw him, however, and the chase was on. The Rancher got in several shots, but with no effect. Down the mountain we ran, dogs and bear in the lead, everybody yelling to encourage the dogs and in the hope of scaring the bear up a tree. Breathless and weary, we finally got to the dogs, who were lying down under a tree, 'all in' and no bear in sight. His pace had been too hot for our unhardened pups and he had escaped." (Now hear the conclusion of the matter.) "It was the Rancher's first bear and he was much disappointed not to get him. We were all agreed that it was the best sport that we had had in a long time, hence were pretty well satisfied."

It was "the Rancher's first bear," even though it escaped. There spoke the true hunter. And by the way, that party did not finish their trip empty-handed—not in a country that abounded in bears, mountain sheep, mountain goats, cougar and deer, as well as the smaller game, like pheasants and rabbits, which any townsman or farmer can find near home.

A hunter is as old as he feels, and judged by that standard he has the advantage of old Ponce de Leon, who searched long and vainly for the Fountain of Youth. Though the gift of the trails and tramps and campfires is physical health and strength, one always comes back with a sense that somehow an even richer legacy has been bestowed.



The Remington Cubs in the "Movies"

Probably there are no more popular or better known visitors to the pages of the sporting magazines than the Remington Cubs. Now the millions are to see these clever animals in moving pictures. (See story elsewhere in this issue.)

Watch for the Cubs when they come to your town or neighborhood theatre.

In the magazines the Cubs demonstrate and emphasize the good points of Remington-UMC Autoloading and

Repeating Rifles—Solid Breech, Hammerless, Safe—the Steel Lined Speed Shells "Arrow" and Nitro Club and the dependable Red Ball Metallic Cartridges for Rifles, Pistols and Revolvers.

The Cubs are a little proud just now—though they expected it—at the news that the Grand Prize at the Panama-Pacific Exposition went to Remington-UMC "For MODERN Firearms and Ammunition."

Write to us for a Grand Prize Folder, in two colors, telling the whole story.

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October, 1915

FALL SHOOTING NUMBER

Ten Cents a Copy

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The hunting season is here, and the call of the woods, the fields and the marshes is not to be denied.

Get ready! See that your scattergun is oiled and easy. Get a few hundred shots practice at the gun club to ensure success in the field.

Get shells loaded with the powders that win.



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None Better in the Adirondacks

"More deer this season than in the last ten years." That's the report coming from Cranberry Lake, the ideal deer country in the finest part of the Adirondacks. Best of experienced guides, outlying camps, complete camping outfits—in fact everything necessary for a successful hunt awaits you at Bear Mountain Camp. Very best of food and accommodations. Make arrangements now and come early—there's a fine buck waiting for you. Booklet from

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CASA BIANCA PLANTATION—A Beautiful Shooting Lodge 8 miles north of Georgetown, South Carolina, Casa Bianca has a beautiful garden—there are twenty Camelia Japonicas over 10 feet high—about one mile of water front east on Pedee and the same west on Black River. Good duck shooting also quail and snipe. There is adjoining fine Hunting land which might be leased. Picturesque rambling old house, ten rooms and many closets.

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The North Branch House, with a capacity of 20, situated 8 miles from Loon Lake Station and in the heart of this region will be pleased to accommodate you.

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If you would like to locate in such a Sportsman's Paradise, send 4c. in postage stamps to B. W. Mulford, Salerno, Florida, write for particulars, and he will answer your letter and give you full information.

Do not delay, but write him at once.

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owning one of the finest American wild-fowl gunning islands along the Atlantic Coast; membership in the club small and limited by the Club's By-Laws. Price, \$3,000. Further information will be gladly furnished.

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A few memberships in the best duck-shooting Club in Florida can be had by desirable applicants. The 1,000 Island Club of Florida, a Club incorporated under the laws of the State of Florida, having increased its membership from twelve (12) to twenty (20), will take in eight (8) new members. This Club owns several thousand acres of marsh islands and feeding grounds for ducks and snipe. Our Club House is a fine new building, built to accommodate twenty members.

The Club House is situated on the eastern side of Merritt Island on the Banana River, and the 1,000 Islands. Shooting grounds are directly across the river, 2 1/2 miles, and are in the Banana River, directly back of the Atlantic Ocean Beach.

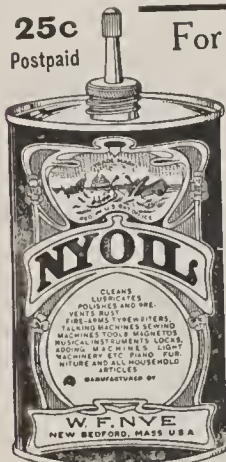
Quail are plentiful on Merritt's Island. Plenty of deer and some bear on the Ocean peninsula. Good fishing in Banana River and in the creeks of our Islands, and surf fishing on Ocean Beach.

This proposition is all real estate, no mortgage, free and clear.

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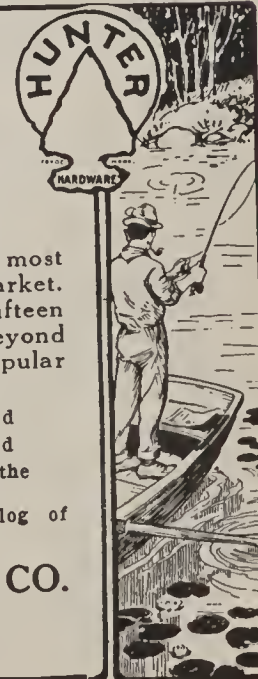
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KENNELS

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KENNELS (Continued)

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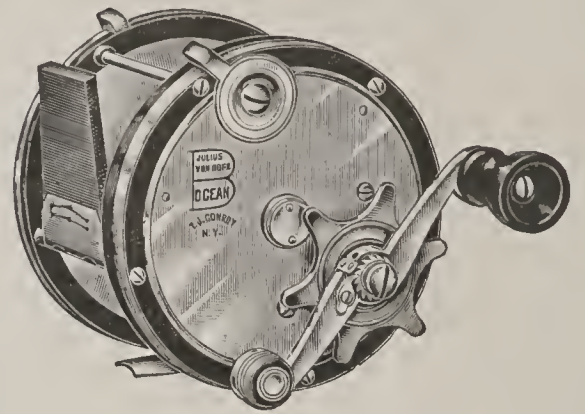
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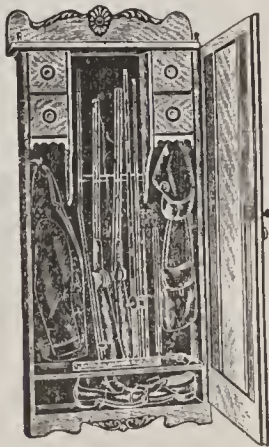
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VOL. LXXXV

OCTOBER, 1915

No. 10

After Caribou on The Barrens of Newfoundland

Story of a Trip which was Attended by Some Excitement but Ended in Success—Big Game Hunting at its Best

By Double Barrel.

In the fall of 1903, as I was sitting in my tent on the Gander River in Newfoundland having my tiffin, my guide came to the door of the tent and said that seven caribou were crossing the river just below. I went out and looked them over, and, as there were no stags among them with over forty points, I reproved my guide very severely for having disturbed my tiffin and returned to finish it. A moment later he again disturbed me by saying that there were five stags about to cross the river, just opposite the tent so I again left my tiffin and went to the door from where I shot three stags, one of fifty-five points, one of fifty points, and one with forty-five. Being very well satisfied with the day's sport I then resumed my tiffin, etc. etc.

Those who desire to read an account of a trip to Newfoundland along the lines indicated above will find numerous books written by British officers and explorers. If, on the contrary, the reader desires an account of what actually happened in Newfoundland in the fall of 1914, let him read the following pages and certain basic differences will be apparent.

I.

Nevermore will the great herds cross

The deep, worn trails in the barren moss,

And the hunter's muscles flag and tire,

Ere the lone stag drops to the Mauser's fire.

Newfoundland is one of the untouched wildernesses which still lie close to civilization. The railroad and fishing villages merely touch the edge of the country. The entire interior is a wilderness, some of it practically unexplored, without roads or trails, which can only be reached

by canoeing or packing. As there are practically no horses in Newfoundland the pack sack and canoe are the only known means of reaching the interior.

As night came on the train turned and began to cross the northern part of the island and



Smith and His First Head.

about half past two or three o'clock in the morning my friend Smith and I were called by the porter and bundled out at the crossing of the Terra Nova River. We had taken the precaution to dress in hunting rig when leaving North Sidney and to have all our stuff packed and I was devoutly thankful to find our guide, Dan

Burton, waiting in the dark with a lantern by the railroad track. We gathered up our rifles, two pack bags and a bundle containing tent, folding stove and sleeping bags and lugged them down to the river where Dan had set up a camp. There we found a tent with hot tea and baked beans waiting for us and we were introduced to the rest of the party, consisting of Dan Burton's son, Piney Burton, and the two Sweetapple brothers, Ned and Tom.

Dan was a big, swarthy woodsman of about fifty; his face lined with a thousand wrinkles from years of exposure. His son, Piney, was a boy of nineteen or twenty, six feet high, with a clean, pleasant face and the figure of an Apollo. Ned and Tom were stocky woodsmen, decorated with scrubby beards, short pipes and perpetual grins. The whole party looked very satisfactory and Dan voiced his impressions of us by saying that we looked as though we meant business and he was glad we knew enough to bring the right stuff along.

After tea and beans we smoked and walked up and down the edge of the river watching the stars gradually grow dim and the sky begin to show color in the east. We also went up and visited the camp of a Mr. Reed, who had also left the train at Terra Nova. We found him getting ready to start up the river with Bob Saunders, a very old guide who formerly had been with Selous in Newfoundland. They were going up the river in one big canoe. Saunders looked to me so old that I wondered whether the trip would not be pretty hard on him. He spoke with the peculiar cracked, quavering voice



NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU (*RANGIFER TERRAENOVAE*. BANGS).

Wild stag, photographed, 1902, on a Newfoundland barren,
by Charles D. Cleveland, and reproduced by permission.

of an old man. When we started I asked Dan if he did not think Saunders was getting very old to go guiding, to which he replied, "Uncle Bob is pretty old, but he's pretty tough," so I judged Dan was not much concerned about him.

When it became light enough to see we loaded the three canoes, pushed off and started up the Terra Nova River. There were three miles of river and then six miles of lake and by the time we disembarked on a bar at the head of the lake for lunch my shoulders and arms ached with the unaccustomed work of the paddles.

I was much surprised that I had not seen any caribou flocking down to the edges of the lake to be shot, but, through years of bitter experience, I judged that this was like the fishing resorts where the fishing always had been fine, either the month before you got there, or else last year, or like those hunting places, where there is always game which disappears, for some mysterious reason, when you arrive.

Surrounding Terra Nova Lake were bare rolling hills, covered only with grey rocks and blackened stumps of burned timber, but when we reached the river above the lake we found it lined with spruce and birches, the fall leaves still swinging on the trees on the border of the river, and making the changing views as beautiful as any of the rivers of Northern Canada.

Soon after lunch we struck the swift part of the river. At the first heavy rapids I got out and walked along the bank and shot the first game of the trip, which was an ordinary snowshoe rabbit of the North. All the afternoon we worked up the stream sometimes paddling, sometimes pulling the canoes along the bank with a rope and sometimes poling them.

Toward evening we came to the place where we were to leave the river. There, at the inlet

of a little brook, we made camp and set up our tent and stove and ate the rabbit for supper. As both Smith and I were as sore over the shoulders from the long, hard paddling, as though we had been pounded with clubs, we were glad to turn in.

The weather the first day had been clear and crisp but during the night I was awakened by the patter of rain upon the tent, and, when we looked out the next morning, we found a low, gray sky and a steady downpour; a typical wet, fall day with no signs of clearing. After breakfast Dan came to our tent and told us that, in his opinion, it was too wet to break camp and that he thought we had better stay there and he and the boys would take a load of stuff and go over and leave it at the camp on the other side of Pynsent Lake. This was satisfactory to us so they started off and we spent the day reading, shooting at a target and fooling around the camp. About four o'clock, just as the rain stopped, Dan and the rest returned.

The next morning was clear, and we prepared to make our first pack trip into Newfoundland. Piney presented us with the most awful cup of coffee at breakfast that I have ever had the misfortune to meet. I asked him what he made it from and he produced a can which stated on the label that it was a mixture of chicory and coffee but the makers of that compound should not have boasted in that way. They might have put one bean of coffee in the can, but it is doubtful. I told Piney the coffee was one thing he need not bother to pack and everybody stuck to tea, which was excellent and plentiful. During the whole trip we were deluged with it. In fact, it is not an exaggeration to say that we were always wet with rain outside and tea within.

Both Smith and I had pack bags for all our

superfluous personal stuff. When I left Chicago it seemed to me that I had taken nothing to spare, but, when I had packed my bag with an extra change of clothes, extra socks, shoes, twenty-two caliber revolver, tobacco, pipes, glasses, two books, camera, films and a few other odds and ends, I found that I had all I wanted to carry.

At first we bore diagonally away from the river over the long marshes. These marshes were entirely different from the muskegs of the west, in fact, were different from anything I had ever walked on before. Hunting snipe you walk through marshes which are mud, grass and water, but the Newfoundland ones are endless depths of wet moss, so that walking on them is exactly like walking on layers of wet bath sponges. Each sponge is just as wet as it can be, without water running out of it, and you sink into your ankles at each step. Of course, after the rain, the sponges are a little wetter, but otherwise, the extra water makes little difference.

We had proceeded hardly a mile across these marshes before I was wet through with perspiration and my arms and legs ached from the walking and the weight of the pack. Even the rifle I was carrying seemed to weigh considerably more than usual. I took one look at Smith and saw he was evidently in much the same state that I was and I was just wondering whether we were going to keep that up all day when Dan threw off his pack and said he guessed it was about time to have a blow so we sat down and had a blow, and, as far as I was concerned, it was a good one. After the next mile we had another, the only difference being, that as we were sitting still, a solitary caribou cow came out of the woods and walked through the marsh about fifty yards from us. She apparently was

not frightened and we looked her over very carefully until she walked off across the marsh.

Then we pushed on to the edge of Pynsent Lake where we had lunch and left our outfit to be rafted across the lake while Dan and Smith and I started off again for a walk over the marshes. Smith carried his Mauser, while I took the spare gun, which was of German make having two twelve gauge shot gun barrels and a thirty-forty rifle below. We worked up around the lake on the high land over the marshes for a good many miles, seeing no game except one English snipe. I was very much surprised to see a Wilson snipe so far north on the twentieth of October, as I supposed the snipe started their southern migration much earlier in the fall. I shot at it when it rose and missed it triumphantly with both barrels, thus making myself feel very much at home in Newfoundland. I have always noticed, that in shooting snipe in the morning when I am fresh, I have an even chance with it, but, in the afternoon, at the end of a long and muddy tramp, the chances are all in favor of that elusive bird.

We had an afternoon of wet sponges working around Pynsent Lake and after cutting down through about a mile of scrub timber arrived at camp. Piney, Tom and Net were there and had succeeded in getting up the tent. They had a log cabin already built there for themselves and it was a very comfortable camp in a little pine grove near a brook. A fire was cracking in our folding stove and I immediately rigged up drying lines for my wet clothes.

During the whole time I was in Newfoundland I never came in without being sopping wet from the waist down, and this, in spite of my peculiar footwear. All the guides in Newfoundland use boots made of the skins of the hair seal. They are made by the Eskimo women of Labrador and are about the height of an ordinary short rubber boot, but they are as soft as a glove and can be turned wrongside out. The tops tie just below the knee and they make ideal footwear for the country, being very soft and light and as waterproof as anything can be. I do not think they could be improved on, except in one particular. They owe their water proof quality to the seal oil in the leather, and, when you remove them and turn them wrong side out at night, they smell to the heavens. Smith stuck to a pair of regular New Brunswick shoe packs but I adopted the Eskimo boots and wore them the rest of the trip. However, as I generally succeeded in sinking in over at least one boot during the



Going Out in the Snow.

day and filling it with water, I did not keep my feet overly dry.

The first morning, after our arrival at Pynsent Lake camp, was the official opening of the hunting season and I started out with Dan and Smith with Ned Sweetapple. This was supposed to be the edge of the caribou country and we hoped to see a head. Dan and I climbed two or three hundred feet above our camp to a broad, high marsh. All the Newfoundland country in the Terra Nova district is of the same character. It consists of a rolling country with broad flats of brown moss-broken strips of spruce and birch. Sometimes the timber is of considerable extent and again it is merely little bunches of scrub spruce.

When Dan and I had covered about two miles and a half we sat down to rest and Dan lit his pipe. He had hardly begun smoking when a caribou stag, with a doe and fawn, came out of the woods near us and started out across the marshes. The stag was quite a good sized beast but too small to be worth shooting. He seemed to have fairly good brow points but no tops at all to his horns. We followed them about a mile and then cut into the woods and came out quite close to the stag. He was badly startled and went off across the marshes on the run, making a beautiful sight with his light body and dark gray head. He left the doe and fawn showing that the rut was over.

From there we worked on three or four miles more, until we came to a favorable place to watch for caribou where we made a fire and boiled a pot of tea and ate a substantial lunch of bread and butter, cheese and sardines. We had hardly finished when a small stag and two fawns came trotting across the marsh up to within thirty feet, then stopped and stood looking at us for a long time before they grew frightened and ran. It was bright sunlight, with the sun behind us, and the caribou were at the closest possible range when I remembered to my disgust that I had left my camera at the camp. During the whole time I was in Newfoundland this was the only time I had a chance to take a picture of living caribou at close range and in good light and it was the only time that I did not have my camera with me. However, I was not worried about this at that time for I thought that we would see a stag every few minutes.

After lunch we worked in a circle back to camp and saw several cows in the distance but nothing that interested us until about the middle of the afternoon when we were sitting down to rest. I was searching the distance with my glasses and picked up a caribou near some woods about a mile away. I passed the glasses to Dan and he said that it looked like a good stag. I took the glasses again, and happening to get a good side view of him, I saw what seemed to be very large horns. We at once started after him.

He was bearing diagonally across the marsh to the woods and we ran across it to see if we could cut him off. I think we must have run about three-fourths of a mile. By the time a half mile was passed I was going through all the agonies of dissolution. The marsh was particularly soft and full of holes and we went plunging ahead, going half way to our knees every few steps. I don't suppose at our top-most speed we made better than five miles an hour. At the end of three-fourths of a mile, we were still probably six hundred yards from the caribou when he disappeared into the woods and there was nothing to do but sit down and recover our breath. Dan was pretty badly used up but I was literally reduced to a pulp. We rested for a few minutes then went over to where the caribou had been and saw that he had had about four hundred yards to go to our three-fourths



My Third Head—Note the Wide Spread of Antlers.



Newfoundland Guides Are a Serious Lot But Nothing Enthuses Them Like Success.

of a mile. I think, if I had been sure that he was going into the wood, I might have turned him with a shot, but I did not know what he was going to do until he was gone. Like the fish that gets away, I have always had a sickening feeling that that caribou was bigger than any other caribou we saw on the trip. Perhaps, had I got close to him, his majesty would have decreased materially.

At any rate he was gone and there was nothing to do but to put my gun over my shoulder and start back to camp for it was getting late and we had eight miles to go. The last two miles kept getting longer and longer and my rifle heavier and heavier and it seemed as though we would never arrive. Smith was back and smoking and drying his socks before the fire in the tent. He had not had any luck as he had seen only half a dozen caribou cows and one stag and that not a good one.

After supper Dan told us that we would move our camp the next day six or eight miles further on and that from there he thought we would strike the best caribou ground. As I had seen three stags that first day, and one an especially good one, it seemed to me it would be very simple to kill the legal limit of three stags.

II.

The longest shot kills the smallest head

The big head falls without work or skill,

The perfect shot with the perfect head,

Long have we sought and are seeking still.

The next morning was cloudy, looking very much like rain, and, though we were only going about six miles, we packed up everything and the whole party started off up to the high marsh and across it in the general direction of Millais

Lake. The guides were, of course, pretty heavily loaded, although we left most of the supplies at the camp, expecting to send a man or two back for them as we needed more food. Even the two days had made a difference to me and I found that I carried my pack more easily.

We had walked about two miles in somewhat the same direction that Dan and I had gone before when we reached a height of land where everybody but myself sat down to rest. While I was standing with my pack still on my back looking off over the marsh I saw three cows and a big stag coming across it about four hundred yards away. They would pass about three hundred yards from us and there was no cover. I called out to Smith that there was a stag and for him to shoot it. He replied that he would not as it was my stag and I had seen it first and as the stag proceeded across the marsh we continued to wrangle on the subject while Dan danced up and down and begged somebody to do something. Finally, Smith said the caribou could go as far as he was concerned; that it was my caribou because I had seen it first and that he was not going to shoot it under any circumstances and that he didn't think he could hit it, if he did shoot at it.

As it seemed hopeless to continue this argument forever I ran a little ahead with Dan till I could get a good view of the caribou and sat down with my rifle. I was using my German double barrel chambered for the Adolph Newton Express. As it has a very high velocity and shoots the Spitzer soft nose bullet I paid no attention to elevation but just let go. At the first barrel the stag jumped into the air and started from me on the run but I fired the second barrel instantly and staggered him. He was evidently badly hurt but kept on at a pretty good

gait. He was getting further every minute and my next three shots had no effect so I started running after him, gaining on him a little when he stopped and swung broadside on to look back. I was about the same distance as when I fired first but this time I killed him with a shot through the lungs.

On examination he proved quite a disappointment. He had very long, tall horns, very much like an elk's, but few points, only running nineteen in all. While he was quite a fine looking animal, yet he was not the sort of head that I had come as far as Newfoundland to get and I determined that I would be more careful before I fired in the future. Dan seemed satisfied, however. He said that he knew it was not a very good head but he thought it was plenty big enough for the first.

We had lunch then and there and we took out one bottle of our very limited supply of Scotch to wet the stag. What that party did to a quart of Scotch in wetting a stag was something awful and I saw that the four bottles we had brought with us on the trip would not be more than sufficient for wetting six stags; as for any idea of having a hot Scotch every night when we came in wet, that sweet dream vanished forever. We cached the head in a little bunch of woods so that, when one of the boys went back for the next load of grub, he could take the head out to the river.

After lunch we pushed on four miles. The latter part of the going was very hard as the marsh was particularly soft, but finally we began to go down hill. We struck a brook which ran down through a heavily timbered valley and had followed it for about a mile when Dan stopped and announced that here we would camp.

(Continued on page 624)

Whirr! Whirr! The Air Seemed Full of Ducks



See That Duck? Bang! Never Touched Him!

W. TOWNSEND.

SHOOTING wild ducks in the fresh-water marshes that border the shores of many of our inland lakes is grand sport when fowl are abundant, and to the lover of nature there is a peculiar charm in pursuing them in such localities that is lacking in many of their deep-water resorts.

Scattered irregularly about, in the midst of the lusty growing mass of wild rice, blue flag, and the various growths which flourish here, are calm, still pools of open water often fringed with patches of pond lilies of rare beauty and size. The broad, raftlike leaves tempt many gorgeous dragon fly to alight and spread its gauzy wings in the warm autumn sunshine. Water spiders innumerable play at "hide and seek" among the lily pads, and we may also discover the gossamer spider in the act of launching his fairy web of spun silk from the tip of a tall rice stem. These modest little fellows have successfully solved the problem of aerial navigation, and the filmy sails of their glistening "white squadron" are spread to the light air which breathes from the south, and sail in the blue sky like tiny cloudlets.

'Tis true, we are after ducks, but the surroundings always add a charm to the pursuit of game, and fortunate is he who can observe and appreciate, even to a limited extent, this teeming insect life, as he cautiously pushes his light boat through the marsh in search of wildfowl.

Silently we glide along the lanes of open water, which tread their devious paths along the reeds. What's that? A guarded quack! quack! from the margin of an opening, whose still waters we see glistening just ahead, betrays the presence of ducks.

Now is the time for a tenderfoot to have the "duck ague," and even to an old hand the experience is ever new, ever thrilling.

We have all along moved stealthily, no careless

crashing through the reeds; no jar of paddle has disturbed the quiet. But now we must exercise the greatest caution, we must steal up to this little pool with the silence of a thought.

Where is the man who has felt the keen excitement of such a moment that will ever forget it?

As we near the spot a basking pickerel darts with a sudden rush from under the lily pads. Such is our nervous tension that it seems as though we had struck a whale, and a chill creeps down our spine.

Hush-sh-sh! Here we are!

Now! A few vigorous strokes, deep, long, and strong, and our little craft, like a racer under the lash, springs forward into the open.

Whirr! Whirr! Whirr-rrr! Right, left, all around us; the air seems alive with ducks.

To drop paddle, seize gun and fire is the work of an instant.

How the echoes are flying in response to the bang! bang! of our salute, while clear and thrilling amid the dim there comes to our ears a sounding splash! splash! announcing the successful shots.

This is not luck alone; no one may blunder through the marsh and kill game. It is the quick ear, the cautious approach, the thorough "know how," coupled with perfect accord of brain, eye and finger, that instinctively presses the trigger at the right instant, that has won the prize. My word for it, that right and left, made so handsomely in this lonely marsh, will serve memory with an incident to quicken the heart-beats for many a day to come.

If we had decoys I should set them right out here, for this is evidently a favorite spot, with the ducks, as those numerous floating feathers, indicative of a leisurely toilet, will testify, and in due course, when satisfied that all danger is past, they will return by twos and threes, affording fine sport. Not having decoys, our best chance will be among the reeds at the head of the marsh, where it narrows out toward the lake. There we

shall be apt to see every duck that comes in, and, if fortunate, by sundown we will have added largely to our score.

Here is the place! You see, we are concealed from the eyes of any incoming birds, the sun is at our back, and right before us is spread a lovely picture.

In front, directly across the marsh (here about forty yards in width), a heavily timbered ridge runs down to the lake shore, and in the full glow of changing foliage, blushing in the mellow sunlight which floods the scene, the effect is indescribable. High in the air, the light gondolas of the spiders are drifting, each bearing its tiny navigator, and while watching one little craft (that had become entangled through carelessly taking a lower course over the reeds) a huge shadow glides upon the water before us.

We know that something with feathers is near by and "coming to a ready," we wait an instant, only to see an immense blue heron sail over, not ten yards away.

Well! He was surprised when he caught sight of us. It is laughable to see one of these clumsy fellows when startled. They seemed to be all tangled up for a moment, head, legs, and wings are going like the sails of a windmill, as they make a ludicrous effort to get away.

See that duck! Bang! Never touched him!

What! By George, he's down! Well, well! Quick! Mark north, three blacks!

"Great Cæsar! All there?"

"Yes, all cleaned out!"

Thus we spend the afternoon, killing some, missing others, taking no note of time as the golden hours slip by, until the hooting owls in the darkening woods on either side of the marsh tell us it is time to be moving out, and on our departure we can fancy their big broad wings are hovering over the scene in search of a possible cripple wherewith to regale themselves.

I wonder if they enjoy hunting as much as we do?

W. T.





Large Hook Unseen From Below.

Back View of Crawfish.

Belly View Shows Double Hook on Tail Large Powerful Hook Entirely Hidden.

Three Best Nature Lures For Bass

Crafty Micropterus Spends Most of His Life Hunting for Food Like This and Here Is Something That Will Satisfy Him

By Louis Rhead.

THE crawfish, helgramite and lamper eel are exclusively bass food—pike and pickerel, also trout, have little or no use for them. With a quantity of these live baits on a fishing trip to lake or stream, I should be very confident to get plenty of bass at any time, locality or condition.

Naturally they are most effective in river fishing, because they breed and live in rivers. On those three splendid bass rivers, the Schuylkill, Susquehanna, and Delaware, the crawfish and helgramite stand first in the heart of every angler who loves bass fishing,—indeed, those three baits are universally used on those and many other lesser bass streams.

The helgramite takes the first place for the reason it is more easily captured, is very tough on the hook, lasts a long time alive, is always lively and anxious to get away. The lamper eel is more delicate and soon dead—when dead it loses that fresh dark olive green to become a dull slate color; in that state bass do not take it so well. It is hard to get; hard to keep fresh; and a perfect devil in snagging your line. Dig-

ging lampers is far from a pleasant recreation and I find it mighty hard, unpleasant, dirty work.

Men and boys who sell them at an average price of five cents each, so that when you experience as I have, the annoyance of seven out of ten being taken by chub (which usually abide along with bass) the price comes high to buy them. Crabbing in the brooks is altogether different; in fact I consider it both amusing and interesting to catch crabs. But it requires experience to be a good crabber, in addition to being pretty smart and very patient. It would, however, be unwise on my part to describe how these baits are best caught, because I am hopeful that in the near future nature lures will be found such effective substitutes as to be quite as good, nay, better than the natural bait. When that fortunate time arrives, game fish foods of all kinds will increase more rapidly, being left at peace to serve their purpose of making game fishes more abundant and of greater size. No angler in his right senses will dispute this one fact—wherever food is plentiful, game fish thrive and grow big.

I shall describe the nature crawfish first, for the reason that it is equal, if not a better imitation of the natural bait than the frog. Also it is

universally conceded to be the top-notch bass enticer. Every intelligent bass fisherman knows that bass always swallow crabs tail first, for the obvious reason that the claws may fold together over the head, and not spread out, otherwise the foolish bass will find Mr. Crab pinching delicate parts of his gullet on the way down. For that very reason crabs ought to be hooked (but never are) by inserting the hook point up through the belly coming out at the back half an inch below the eyes. Such a method immediately kills the crab, and that is the reason why most anglers, including myself, hook crabs by the tail. In so doing, fish have much less chance to gorge the bait without getting entangled on the leader, especially if the hook be larger than the bait.

After careful study and many trials how best to place the hook to hold fast immediately bass strike at the crabs tail, I conceived it more perfect to have the hook extend a little beyond the tail so that the bass striking the bait would swallow bait first to make doubly sure of capture. Glancing at the side view, angler will notice the long, powerful hook, running from the eye on top of body out of sight of the bass below, the curve bend ingeniously hidden by the crab's tail made

of turkey's tail feathers and long hair of wolf. Underneath the tail is placed a double hook, set there to clinch the snap of a bass. This double hook is also made invisible by hair from squirrel's tail. The body is a solid piece of painted cork to which is securely fastened by silver wire the legs and claws, which are made of the long fibers of turkey's tail feathers,—the most pliable yet strongest material I can find for the purpose. At the base of the body the movable tail is fastened by a hinge. The tail is shown in the cut at its highest point, which is the portion seen while in the water, though on a slack line the tail drops down to move up again when a jerk is given the lure. The horns are quills from the cock's hackle. It is only on very rare occasions that bass will rise from the bottom where they lie to take a live crab at, or near, the surface. They invariably seize a live crab while it is swimming near the bottom, going for it even after it begins to crawl along the bed of the river to hide under a stone.

For that reason, sometimes, the same condition prevails with the artificial lure, and to carry out the natural delusion, it may be necessary to place one or two buckshot on the leader near the hook. If the water is sluggish, one shot is sufficient to keep the lure below, yet suspended from the bottom. More success will be apparent if the bait is jerked and kept on the move. No full basket is gained by the sleepy angler, or one who stares around without thinking of what he is about. Bass are everlastingly cute, they are neither sleepy nor foolish.

Another way—especially good in fairly swift water—is to fasten a dipsey sinker to the end of the line, then have the lure on a two-foot leader, which is attached to the line one foot above the sinker. The lure will not sink to the bottom, but float at the same height as tied, according to the action of the water flow. The sinker should be lifted now and then to give life to the lure.

This method also applies to the helgramite, frog, and various floating minnows, and to be only tried if the bass fail to rise at the lure near the surface.

The reasons a live helgramite is so good to use as a bass lure are twofold. They are very tough, also very active, swimming and wriggling in the water all the time, till they get in their natural habitat, the bed of the river. Therefore it is most necessary that the artificial be played and kept moving all the time near the bottom. I



Helgramite Reduced One-Third.

have made it to float that bass may, perhaps, be induced to take it near the surface or about midwater. Otherwise it must be made to sink with one or two small split shot fastened on the leader as before described.

The lamper eel has not been made to float because its peculiar shape and length of body would make a much more expensive lure if made of cork. It was found to be much easier to use a piece of rubber tube, bent to shape and carefully painted the right color. The long, powerful hook and heavy rubber makes it weigh somewhat more (a little over, quarter of an ounce) but quite light enough to cast with a long flyrod. After casting, it should be allowed to sink near the bottom, then rapidly reeled in.—

its bent shape giving a peculiar twisting wriggle to imitate the motion of a live eel. It is quite possible (though not yet tried) that the addition of a small half-inch silver flat spoon attached to the eye of a hook, would prove extra attractive to the bass.

Later on a trial will be made to construct a floating lamper of cork, reinforced with silver wire and wound in silk. Such a lure will be more expensive; whether it will be worth while remains to be seen by a test.

This article concludes what I have to say on nature lures for the present. I know I shall be kept busy this winter making them, afterwards spending part of the coming summer fishing exclusively with them, and the rest of the time will be taken up on the coast, round about inland bays to copy the various foods consumed by salt water game fishes with the aim of making a set of artificial nature lures for striped bass, channel bass, bluefish, weakfish, fluke and other minor fishes—something heretofore not attempted for salt-water anglers.

If I have not, in this and previous articles, convinced anglers that nature lures (which exactly imitate color, form and life movements of natural baits) are equally advantageous to the fisherman, game fishes and the various creatures they feed on, it is not from lack of effort and years of patient study on my part. But I am confident that, in time, nature lures will take their place, will succeed far better than anything else, either natural or artificial. At least, I shall make them so if others don't. It is only a matter of persistent effort in the right direction—that is to make the artificial act as the natural bait does.

Finally, the bass, trout and pike angler, equipped with a complete set of these nature lures, will be able to catch the bigger fish at less trouble and expense, gain infinitely more sport with keener delight, than he can get with any other lures—natural or artificial.

The White Goat

He Bears This Common Name on Him, But He Really Is an Alpine Antelope and Difficult to Stalk

(See Frontispiece)

THE Alpine antelope, which we know as the white goat, has been often described in *Forest and Stream*, and in fact more has been put on record with regard to its characteristics and its ways of life in these columns than in all the other books and papers that have ever been printed. As is well known to those who have studied it, the animal is an antelope allied to the chamois of Europe, and closely related to one or two species of rock-inhabiting antelopes found in Asia. The only reason for calling it a goat seems to be that it lives among the rocks and has a beard, but it differs widely from the goat in its physical characteristics. Such erroneous names are constantly given in popular nomenclature, and the differences between the white goat and the domestic one are not greater than those which exist between the American and European robins or hedge hogs, or elks, or many other animals which bear like names in the two continents.

To one unacquainted with its habits the white color of the goat might seem to be a very serious disadvantage to it in exposing the animal to the attacks of its enemies. Nothing is more conspicuous than a patch of white against a summer landscape. On the other hand, we know that animals which live in Arctic or snow-clad regions are protected by their color, which renders them invisible at a little distance. The ptarmigan, the snowy owl, some hares, a fox and the polar bears are examples of this, and in our own climate some weasels and some hares turn white in winter. The goat's color is protective, and it is not easily discovered on snow-clad mountains or where the snow lies through most of the year in patches and drifts.

As is well known, the goat usually lives very high up among rocks, above timber line in summer, but in winter, especially on the west coast, it works down nearer to the sea level. In the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, however,

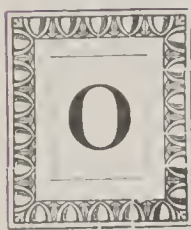
they seem to live about as high at one season as at another.

The goat is an animal of great strength, but of rather slow movements. It seldom runs, unless very badly frightened, and very seldom lifts its head with any appearance of alertness such as is common with deer, antelope and mountain sheep. Usually the head is carried low—below the level of the back, which seems higher than it really is on account of the long dorsal spines and the heavy roach, or mane, along the middle of the back. An examination of the bony framework shows that the bones and legs are short and extremely stout; that the dorsal spines of the dorsal vertebra are unusually long, and that the animal is formed for strength and long continued exertion, rather than for great bursts of speed. So it is that the goat seldom attempts to escape by running, but when alarmed almost always points its nose toward the top of the mountain and climbs out of danger.

Echo Lake, the Home of the Large Mouth

Many People do not Know that Within 100 Miles of the Metropolis of Manhattan There are many Sequestered Spots Where Fresh Water Fishing is Still Good—Here is one of Them

By George Langworthy Buguey.



ONE frequently hears that "sweet water" fishing around "little old Manhattan" is a thing of the past and in order to secure full creel, one must travel prohibited distances and spend much of our hard-earned "gilt." To the busy man with the call of the wild and a strong tendency for "chucking a plug" in his make up, statements like the above to say the least are a bit discouraging. I being one of the fools, the "Little Mrs." says who would rather fish than eat, determined to prove that this "thing of the past" stuff was a fallacy and that I would find a real live bass pond within a hundred miles of New York, where motor boats did not continually churn the waters and one could land the "pound for pound fish" without camping in a boat a month at a time.

Most fishermen, it is known, cherish their favorite "bass holes," like they do their strong box; when you come right down to it, who can blame them?

Knowing that not only Westchester County but northern New Jersey contained many lakes and reservoirs, I procured a sportsman's map of both of these districts, and being blessed with the happy faculty of being able to scent a bass pond by looking at a map, I found that there were undoubtedly *not one* but *several* ponds within the required distance of the "big town" where not only the fishing but the catching—there's a big difference, brother—must be good. Selecting a little pond, shown on the map as Mcopin or Echo Lake, I took myself to a friend, later affectionately referred to in this article as "G. E. K." and the "Little Fellow." He stated that he had a camp on this very lake, and that I had dropped on one of the best ponds in the State. Plans were at once laid for a trip to "The Home of the Large Mouth." A few days later we left Jersey City for Charlottesburgh, New Jersey, some forty miles by the Susquehanna Branch of the Erie Railroad.

In due time, we arrived and were met at the station by my host's man, who had been up at the camp for a few days previous putting on a new roof. After looking in his "Kit," we decided that the roof had not occupied all of his time and that he had also done some fishing, as he had seven of the nicest large mouth that I had ever seen for some time; the largest being about four and a half pounds, the smallest about two. If this catch could be taken as any indication, my dreams of a live bass pond within a couple of hours of old Manhattan, were about to be realized.

After loading our luggage on the "three seater" we started for camp, a steady climb of one and a half miles, the horse walking the entire distance. The time consumed in making the trip was not noticed, however, as we were highly entertained by stories told by the driver of our conveyance, one Cahill by name, a typical farmer, with a crop of fishing and hunting yarns stored

away in the back of his head, where undoubtedly many of them originated.

On arriving at the dam, the outlet of the lake, we climbed down from our "Chariot," unloaded duffle and carrying same to the landing, some two hundred yards away, where the boat which was to take us to camp, awaited us. The first view of Echo Lake, which will last long in my memory, I can best describe by borrowing the description given me by G. E. K. "A lake about two and a half miles long, varying in width from one-quarter to one-half a mile and surrounded by high hills so densely covered with timber, as to almost make one believe he is in the woods of Maine, which is augmented by the clear bracing air due to the altitude of eleven hundred feet. No 'chug-chug' of the motor boats here, nor other sounds annoying to the angler, nothing to disturb the stillness, but occasionally the whistle of a railroad engine in the far distance, or the sweet, toned notes of the yellow-breasted warbler and other birds punctuated at intervals by the drum of the partridge during the day," the notes of the whippoorwill and the croak of the bull-frog by night.

Trappings stored safely away in the boat, the last stage of the trip to camp began. "Mine host" impatient to get a whack at the big fellows soon had rod and reel together and selecting from his large assortment of plugs an old timber, a white plug with yellow spots, a veteran of many trips, began casting into all the likely spots and never have I seen a lake have more of them. The east shore partly rocky, the west shore with its fallen trees and over-hanging branches—the latest thing in bass architecture—The north and south shores I later found to be studded here and there with old stump and patches of lily pads, with just enough "open water" to delight the heart of any "plug caster." This pond indeed had all the hall marks of a sure-to-goodness bass hole.

Either the fish were not in shore or were not feeding as the old white plug failed to raise them, but to offset this, as we rounded a point of land called "The Willows," my attention was called to a big buck, weighing in the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty pounds, calmly looking us over. The boat was stopped and cameras unslung, but by this time "His Majesty" giving a snort, turned and breaking through the underbrush, was no more. Shortly afterward we heard his call echoing across the lake.

Truly a most picturesque introduction to the spot that was to be the home camp for the next few days. As we were now nearing the camp, lines were taken in, preparatory to landing. Quicker done than said, we drew up to the dock, the grub unloaded and soon stored away, the city clothes shed, the old flannel shirt and khaki trousers taking their place. Who would now trade places with the mighty of the world? Without waiting for the eats, we at once started out—what is food when the bass are rising?—across to the west shore we went with its over-hanging trees and branches, casting a big night

walker here and there, but with indifferent success until darkness made it impracticable to continue this method of fishing, the old white plug was once more resorted to, this time with better result, for hardly had the first cast been made when bang, a whirl of water, a "big boy" had struck and the fun begun. Picking up three nice "large mouth" along this shore and though hating to pass by the likely looking lily pads at the north end of the lake, we put back to camp and grub. Truly too much praise had not been given this little pond. Grub over, dishes washed, the old corn-cob well fired, plans for the morrow were laid, then off to bed as an early start had been decided on. No rolling or tossing this night; heads had hardly touched the pillows, when we were off to the land of nod. Up before the sun next morning, the lily pads along the northern shore were tried and while we got several strikes they all seemed to be a little short, and we failed to land but two up to breakfast time, but fresh bass for breakfast will melt in most any hungry man's mouth. After breakfast, still fishing for small mouth was tried, it being a little early in this lake for them, we lost out. Back to camp again and lunch, after which the dishes having been cleared away, the old cots looked most inviting, the afternoon hours were spent in sleep. Out again about five for the south shore, no mistake had been made this time, SWISH, BANG, JUMP, all at once the old bamboo's were surely put to the test. Gad it was good to be living. Two hours of casting—result, six good size bass, one a small mouth; weight three pounds.

So it went on for five days and the natives all tell you "They ain't no fish in the old lake anymore," but we got them as a few of the neighbors back home will testify.

The "little fellow" sure knew the spots as a "New Yorker" knows his Broadway and the Avenue. Each stump, each rock had its particular meaning to him, to illustrate—late in the week, about dusk, we were slowly paddling along the south shore, when he spied a stump, about fifty feet from the boat. "See that stump" watch how near I come to it, there must be an old one waiting there," he said. The cast was made, a beauty too, directly on it, a slight pull, the plug dropped off into the water. At once we saw the well-known whirl of water, the bang, the dash for deep water, and the fight was on. From his actions we knew that this was no young one, but a real old wallop—up into the air he went, but the hook held well, now for deep water, then back again in his rush for the boat, but the man on the reel end of the rod, however, had seen antics like this before and was ready for him, now out again, the whirl, the jump and the splash, then once again the run for the boat, but Mr. Bass was tiring and a few more dashes and he was atop the water along side the boat—five pounds and all fish.

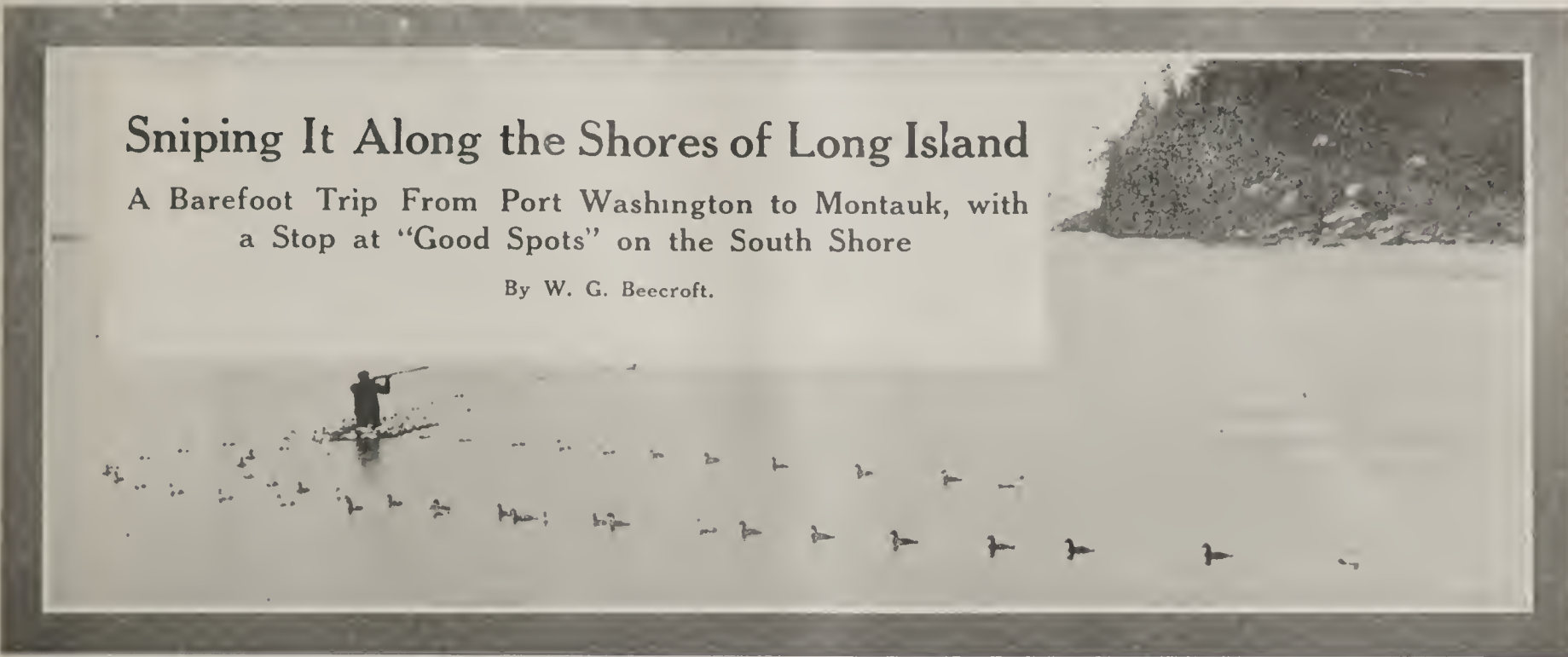
The end of the trip was upon us all too soon but the real live bass pond within a hundred

(Continued on page 640.)

Sniping It Along the Shores of Long Island

A Barefoot Trip From Port Washington to Montauk, with a Stop at "Good Spots" on the South Shore

By W. G. Beecroft.



THE "Barefoot Boy and his coat of tan," was envied by Whittier but to no greater extent than should be the lucky man who can take a week to trudge almost *au naturel* along the coast of Long Island in search of the shore bird. It's a trip *ideal*, not only for its bebies of the long bills, its moonlights and sunrises but too for its striped bass, snapper, blackfish and tuna fishing. We heeded the call of the camp writer who sighs "travel light" and headed from the "Penn" station loaded to the scuppers with a Remington Automatic, twelve; a Marlin pump sixteen and the indispensable Marble game getter, over and under 22 gauge and 44, which takes the 28 shot cartridge. Our clothing was of ancient vintage, worn to fit. To this was added two Bristol steel rods, a three piece cooking outfit, a bait net, a piece of bacon, a silk canoe tent, an Airedale terrier and a pair of tickets to Port Washington. Our train landed us at the "Port" in time for a stop over at the Victoria, where the genial sportsman proprietor, Walter Mullon, gave us much advice and some sustenance. Then on to a large fish supper at Bradley's, after which we took to the beach and stuck up our shelter. At four-thirty, arrayed in bathing suits and bare feet, we hiked eastward along the sandy shores. When we had rounded the light house at Sands Point two yellow legs got up, and in three shots we got 'em both. The snipe is notorious as an uncertain bird- "where you think he is, he ain't"- as a native put the proposition, and where he was yesterday, he has vacated today. And so many of the "favorite spots" among local gunners brought forth no bag. Along the shores of Hempstead Harbor there were signs, but it ended there. An arduous trip past Sea Cliff, Glen Cove and we struck Bayville, where between two rocky points we started a bunch of nine plover. Oorang, our Airedale, who loves hunting and swimming like a human, worked between the points, while Ches, our partner, took one point while I in the trenches took on the other. Oorang entertained the birds with his antics while Ches and I pulled them down, one at a time, until we had cleaned out the entire flock. But they were thin—woefully thin.

We decided upon a course dinner, so while Ches went neck deep and treaded for hard clams. I went out to the point and fished for snappers. In an hour I had creeled forty fat, glistening snappers, while in the mean time Ches had basketed two dozen hard clams. A visit to the farm house on the hill netted us a pint of milk, a loaf of bread and a piece of butter. For be it said in a whisper, the coast dwelling Long Island farmer is hospitality a la Virginia.

We dined on little necks, snappers and plover, and tumbled into bed, done to a turn. It won't be worth while dwelling on our kills for a day or two, or until we struck Oriental Point. Here we ran into a flock of yellow legs, in which there must have been two hundred. Unlike their foolish brothers they refused to stay bunched between two points. Oorang could not cajole them into air-lining between us. They broke up into small bunches and flew wild. Finally after getting into one of the Frank Lawrence reed suits we robbed the flocks of seven yellow legs. The shooting between here and Montauk was not worth mention, although the snapper fishing was good for quarter pounders at every take, and we took four big blue fish in Plum Gut, and used nothing but a Jamison coaxer and a silver side. At Mon-



tauk the snipe and plover shooting is wonderful. We bagged twenty-nine yellow legs and twelve plover. It is hardly fair not to mention the man here who located the birds for us, because he will do the same for you.

When we took all the birds we felt we could use we rowed across to Block Island for a try at tuna. Jim supplied us with bait and the boat. We had the questionable joy of seeing a big one taken from another boat but we did not get a strike in our boat. However, it may be said truthfully that this is one of the best tuna fishing grounds in the world. In fact it is the home of the wealthiest tuna club to be found anywhere. A small steamer makes the trip from Sag Harbor to Block Island and in any of the harbors around the island tuna guides and rigs are to be had at four dollars a day. From Montauk Point we streaked it afoot to Montauk village, where, after sprucing up as best our wardrobe permitted, took the Long Island railroad to Promised Land (a misnomer), where we trailed across toward The Springs.

In this section we saw two female deer, three covies of quail, probably thirty-five in all, and a black duck with a late brood of twelve ducklings not more than a month old. They were quite curious over the Airedale as he scampered along the edge of the marsh, but at sight of us, they flew, swam and ran down the pond and lost themselves in the rushes. Hiking back to the beach line, we drilled along to Good Ground. All along we started covies of yellow legs and "teeters" but they were wild and our bag average was low.

Last year *Forest and Stream* published a story by Dr. Thomas telling of the black bass fishing in Wildwood Lake, south of Riverhead. We concluded to prove it and started across country. One native after another denied knowledge of any such lake as Wildwood. After meandering about for half a day we came to a lake that fitted the description painted by the Doctor. It proved to be Wildwood, but is known to locals as Old Pond or something else equally rhythmic. We found a bunch of late summer boarders arrayed like heroes in a musical comedy. They were an-

chored in the middle of the lake casting away at midday, with all sorts of dry goods store baits, not at all discouraged at the lack of bass and the prevalence of "punkin seed," "cause" said the old boat tender "all them guys want is a coat of sun-burn to take back to the city with them; they don't want fish, they want color." We acquired some color (local color) from the old man and paddled down to the end of the lake, where in a nice shady spot we took twelve as fine large mouth bass, as one wants to cast a covetous eye upon. The largest weighed three pounds, eleven ounces. We felt that this fishing alone was worth the whole trip, not only for what we caught, but because we located a convenient lake full of fine bass.

We laid our course for Eastport, but a heavy rain put one over on us, so we jumped the train to Holtville and "shanks-mared" it over to Blue Point, where Jupiter Pluvius still sputtered, so we put in at The Anchorage, where the genial Capt. Bill Graham gave us fresh dope on shooting conditions, and predicted that after the first big wind storm snipe would be plentiful all along Great South Bay and across on Fire Island. We boarded the first morning boat at Patchogue for Water Island, where we struck low tide and no snipe. We followed the beach down to Point O' Woods, where we bagged five plover and two yellow legs, one brace being a double with the sixteen by Ches.

Between Salt Aire and the Inlet we saw rafts of coots and a few black ducks and Old Squaws. We killed five plover and almost lost Oorang. One bird dropped fifty yards off shore and Oorang went after it. He ran into the terrific tide that runs toward the inlet on the ebb and could not swim against it. The life saving station power boat was coming up the shore and noticing the struggle headed out and picked him up. He hadn't let go of the bird, and didn't until he

dropped it at our feet on the beach. We took across to the south side of the island, where the crew at the life saving station said there were plenty of snipe. We found lots of signs but only a few wild birds.

In the brush and sedge all along Fire Island we started cotton tails. There seem to be unlimited numbers of the little fellows there. Time was getting short, and we had pretty well located individual shooting grounds, so we railed it to Massepqua, and right here we located any number of rabbits and quite a number of quail but unfortunately the law was not off on either of these "birds" so we had to be satisfied with "locating" them for future reference. Here ended our hike and we took the "safety first," "watch your step" and, "look before you cross" road to Port Washington, where Little Joe satisfied our inner men and our shore to shore trip ended without an unpleasant experience and left us ready for another later in the season, when we know that a week's hunting will yield all the game any man needs.

Among places we did not touch but where reports indicate good inland shooting are Commack, reached from Central Islip, Coram and Middle Island, reached from Port Jefferson; Lake Grove, reached from Ronkonkoma; and right here there is said to be fine small mouth bass fishing in Ronkonkoma Lake. They say the fishing is hard but if the fish are there in numbers mentioned, a real angler would enjoy a good creel. We will tell more of this later. A more charming coastline can not be imagined than that surrounding Long Island. Its yacht harbors are ample and sufficient, its residences beautiful and its hospitality unsurpassed. It is ideal among ideals for sportsmen or vacationists. The length of the trip along the shore is approximately 200 miles, time ten days; cost, \$20 per head, health and enjoyment 100 per cent.



Conservation in the New York Constitution

By John D. Whish.

Twelve lawyers, a banker, a civil engineer, an architect, a lumberman and a minister composed the Committee on Natural Resources in the convention to revise the state constitution, just adjourned. Their work will be submitted to the people for approval at the coming Fall election and it behooves every camper, hunter, fisherman and friend of the woodlands of the state to know what has been done.

It should be noted that but two members of this highly important committee were actual residents of the Adirondacks and but one was from the Catskill district. It should, however, be said also that the chairman, Charles M. Dow of Jamestown, although a banker, takes a personal interest in forestry and is a member of both the American and the State Forestry Association. He also has an arboretum in which he is experimenting with a view to discovering suitable species of timber producing trees to add to, or take the place of, those now native to state forests.

A score or more of the delegates presented

proposals for a new article to take the place of good old section 7 of article seven of the constitution which has safeguarded the forests of the state for many years. Several of the plans, under the plea of doing the Adirondacks and Catskills good, advocated applying "scientific forestry" to the few acres,—not more than 70,000 all told, of wild forest land remaining the property of the people. Fish and game did not seem to interest the delegates greatly.

Several public meetings and many executive sessions were held by the committee and finally it reported a plan to the convention. From this plan the delegates, after a hard fight, struck out a section which while it ostensibly provided for the leasing of camp sites was really intended to give title to a number of squatters around Raquette Lake and would have extended the same protection to several on valuable islands in Lake George and to some in the Adirondacks.

The proposed new article provides for an unpaid

commission of nine members, to be selected by the governor from the various judicial districts and confirmed by the Senate. Each is to serve for a term of nine years. No commissioner may be interested in lumbering, in any forest preserve county, or in any business in which hydraulic power is used or in which water is distributed or sold under public franchise; nor can he hold stock or own bonds in any corporation so engaged in this state. The governor may remove the commissioners after a hearing on charges.

The commission is "charged with the development and protection of the natural resources of the state; the encouragement of forestry and the suppression of forest fires throughout the state; the exclusive care, maintenance and administration of the forest preserve; the conservation, prevention of pollution and regulation of the waters of the state; the protection and propagation of its fish, birds, game, shellfish and crustacea, except migratory fish of the sea within the limits of the marine district, with the power, subject to the veto within thirty days by the governor, to enact regulations with respect to the taking, possession, sale and transportation thereof, which shall have the force of law when filed in the office of the department of state and published as the legislature may provide, until and unless the legislature shall thereafter modify such regulations."

This is the important matter for out-of-door men to consider, but it is stated in addition that the department is to be intrusted with enforcing the general laws relating to these subjects and exercise such additional powers as may be conferred by law. The nine commissioners are to select a superintendent and necessary subordinates.

The old provision to keep the forest preserve as wild forest land was not changed, although a desperate effort was made to turn it over to the tender mercies of "scientific forestry." It is, however, provided that the new department may "reforest lands in the preserve, construct fire trails thereon, remove dead trees and dead timber therefrom for the purposes of reforestation and fire protection solely, but shall not sell the same." Provision is also made for the construction of a highway by the state, to run from Saranac Lake to Long Lake to Old Forge, by the way of Blue Mountain Lake. The remaining sections are practically the same as the present constitution, except that New York City may secure state land for its water supply in the Catskills, and that the legislature must make yearly provision for buying additional forest lands in both preserves, for reforestation and making boundary and valuation surveys.

Why the convention proposes to have the people return to the old and discredited many-headed commission system, which has but just been abandoned in favor of a single head, especially when the delegates were so strenuous about having a simplified government, is not apparent on the surface, but everybody who watched the convention work on the conservation article is suspicious of the change. It is all the more unexplainable when one remembers that the state has only just secured the services of a most satisfactory citizen as conservation commissioner,—one who can not be reached by the politicians or other interests inimical to conservation for the good of the whole people, and who has taken hold of the work with a strong hand.



The Third Time He Doesn't Rise But at the Fourth Cast He is Hooked.

When Bill Went A-Fishin'

A Continuation of one of the Best Stories of Boyhood Experiences Ever Written by a Forest and Stream Contributor—What Really Happened to Bill.

By W. H. Bentley.

(Concluded from September Forest and Stream.)

MR. JOHNSON runs a tannery and a general store, besides a farm. The store isn't a very big one; but you think it must be big enough for that country. So far as you can see, there isn't anyone in all that region to whom to sell anything. The tannery isn't very big, either; but you guess it can tan all the hides Mr. Johnson can pick up around there. You don't see anyone 'round the place where the house, the store and the tannery are—all pretty close together—and you wonder whether Mr. Johnson is farming or tending store or tanning. You finally make up your mind that he farms when the weather is pleasant; tans hides when it is stormy, and tends store in the evening.

Mrs. Johnson is on hand tending to her business; for as soon as she sees the crowd going up the path to the house, she throws open the door and comes out on the porch to say, "How

do you do?" She knows everyone but you and shakes hands all 'round. Daddy tells her who you are, and she acts as though she didn't mind having you around. She doesn't even ask what's the matter with your face, though she takes a sharp look when she first sees you. Of course, Daddy has to tell her you look different when you haven't been pegging a hornet's nest, and says some things about you that make her smile; but she doesn't rub it in to you at all.

After dinner Daddy and the others go upstairs and get into their fishing rigs. Then they come down to the yard, put their poles together, fit on the lines, leaders and flies, and get ready to start upstream. They talk a good deal about the flies and wonder what are the best kinds to tie on. Daddy hooks on a coachman, a brown hackle and a dusty miller. You don't know one from another, and aren't interested in the discussion. Daddy rigs up a pole he found in the backyard, gives the driver twenty-

five cents and asks him to dig some worms for you. You follow the driver as he goes for the worms; but instead of digging any he puts for the barn and pretty soon comes out with a little, slimpsy, homemade fish pole that isn't much heavier than a cat tail stalk.

First, he gets the pole and line in shape, and then looks 'round the corner of the house to see where the others are. Then he says:

"Now, Sonny, you come with me and I'll show you how to catch trout with a fly. There's no use in your using worms when you are big enough to cast. You can handle this pole, all right enough."

When we get out to the road, there are Daddy and the others legging it ahead. Daddy looks back to see that you are coming, and then pays no more attention to you. He knows you are all right with the driver. You begin to wonder how both you and the driver are going to fish with only one pole between you; but from the way

the driver acts you make up your mind he knows what he is about, and you don't bother on that score any more.

You trot along up the road for about a mile or so, when the driver jumps a little fence round a field and you crawl after him. You cross the field, crawl over another fence made of brush, and there's the East branch. The driver takes three flies out of his pocket to put on the leader, and while he is fastening them he tells you the names of them. He points out one that he himself made, and says he doesn't know any name for it but "chicken tail." After the flies are all fastened to the leader, he wades out into the stream and says to you:

"Now you watch me cast a few times, and then you can try it."

He clicks some of the line off the reel, and keeps slowly wading farther out into the stream. Just at that place there's a little bend, and where the water runs close to the bank about five feet high, it is pretty smooth and quiet, and bushes hang down over the water. The driver swishes the line back over his shoulder, and out it flies toward the still water. He appears to think the line isn't long enough and clicks more of it off the reel. When he casts the next time the leader reaches to the farther side of the still water, and the flies skitter along the surface. There's another swish and the line goes back over his head again. You think he is going to snap off the flies as the pole darts forward again; but they merely follow the curve of the line as nicely as a trotter makes the turn on a track, and fly out over the water as lightly as dandelion fluff bounces along the grass on a windy day.

A dozen times the driver drops the leader over the water, and you begin to wonder why he doesn't let it lie still long enough for a trout to see it and bite at one of the flies. He casts again, and just as the flies start to move toward him, you see a good sized trout leap up into the air at least a foot, and then drop back into the water with a little splash.

"There," you think, "if he would only let the flies stay in one place a little while, he'd catch that trout. The trout wants them so badly he's even jumping out of the water after them."

As the trout jumps up the driver jerks up the hand that holds the pole, but only a little bit. He doesn't swish the line back again this time, and you guess one of the hooks is caught on a stone or a stick under the water; for the line is taut and the pole is bent over so much you make up your mind it is altogether too limber to fish with. It strikes you about this time, that the driver doesn't know much about fishing after all, and you wish you had a chance to show him how you handle a fifteen foot bamboo pole along the Sandburg, when you are after chubs. A fellow can't catch any chubs if he keeps jerking the line out of the water every few seconds, and doesn't give them a chance to grab the grass-hopper bait.

You don't think more than that far, when the line begins to fly round in the water and the driver starts reeling it in. The pole stays bent till, suddenly the line flies upstream middling fast, and while you are wondering what makes it do that, up jumps a trout into the air. Jingo! That trout is fast on the second fly; but how he happened to get there is a sticker to you. The driver keeps on reeling in the line till it is

pretty short and then wades for the shore, pulling the trout that is near the top of the water, wiggling hard, toward him. In another second he pulls the fish into shallow water and then gets him in a dinky little net about the size of your hat, that has a bundle about two feet long.

My! Isn't a trout pretty when you first pull him out of the water. All the red and blue spots show up clear and bright on his glistening skin, and he has a shape that makes a bullhead or a sunfish look as bad as a pollywog in comparison. When you want to get a trout ready for the frying pan, you don't have to scale nor skin him; and when he's browned in butter and flour and dropped on your plate, you pull out the backbone and all the other bones come with it. Daddy says you must break a fish's neck as soon as you pull him out of the water, so that he won't needlessly suffer.

After the driver stows away the trout in his creel, he looks over the flies on the leader and then begins casting again. He gets another one at the third or fourth cast, and after he takes him off the hook, hands the pole to you and tells you to try it. By this time you find out what a ninny you were in thinking that driver didn't know how to catch fish, and learn in addition that a trout will jump for an artificial fly that is moving over the water, but would only look at it and swish water at it with his tail, if it were held still for him to grab. Of course, if a real fly or a bug were to come along, he would grab it quickly enough. He knows a fly with a hook in it from a real fly, if he gets a chance to look at it, as well as Tom Gifford knows hay seed from fine cut.

When you get hold of the pole, the driver tells you to reel in and cast with a short line at first. You get the line upstream all right; but the way you whip it down stream makes him yell at you:

"Hi, there! Easy! Easy! You ain't killin' snakes. You'll snap the flies off the leader if you thrash that way."

You try to take it easy as the driver says, but make a pretty poor job of it for a while. By and by he says you are doing better and tells you to let out more line. You can let out more line easily enough, but you don't handle your pole very briskly, and at the next cast the line merely drags on the water in front of you a little way. You have to let it float down stream in order to get a fresh start, and this time you get it back upstream all right. The driver has to say "Easy" at you again when you try to whip it down stream over the still water; but you pay attention to what he says, and after a while can make a pretty fair cast with a moderately long line.

"Now," says the driver, "we'll work along down stream. You see that rock in the water down there, with a clear place each side of it? You cast below that and maybe you'll get a rise."

You catch trout in all sorts of places. Of course, you don't catch them on dry land nor up a tree; but they are in all kinds of water that you would think wouldn't be interesting to a fish. There's generally one below a rock in a stream, and in the still places close to the bank there are always more than five or six. Just about sundown, in a little, shallow mill pond, they will rise to a fly as fast as you can take them off the hooks.

Well, you do as the driver tells you and try to cast for the little, smooth place below the rock, but don't get the leader there. All you do is to swing the pole and get the flies all caught in the back of your flannel shirt. The driver laughs at you and cuts out the hooks with his knife. Then he tells you once more to take it easy. He says you are excited, and when you stop to think a moment, you know he is right. You cast again, and this time the flies go pretty close to the rock. At the next cast you do so well that a trout rises, but you don't get him. The third time he doesn't rise; but at the fourth cast he is hooked. You forget to jerk your wrist and help hook him the way the driver says; but he is an accommodating fish and hooks himself. As a matter of fact, all the trout you ever caught, hooked themselves. The fellow that can jerk his waist quickly enough to do any good, must be quicker than chain lightning. Of course, if anyone wants to jerk his wrist when a trout rises and strikes the fly, it doesn't make any difference to you; and so long as he thinks it does any good there isn't any use arguing the matter.

When you hook your first trout on a fly, you feel as if you are about the smartest boy in that part of the country; but when you stop to think over the matter, you can't see that there is so very much in the trick after all. Of course, you don't stop to think about this when the trout is on the hook; you do your thinking afterward on the way home. When you see the trout on the hook, you try to do as the driver told you, and to work your fish as he did; but your fish doesn't act as his did. The first thing he does is to rush upstream about forty miles an hour, and while you are watching him go you let the line get slack. That's his chance and he gets rid of the hook before you know it. You feel pretty sick and foolish when you find he's gone. The driver grins at you and tells you to keep your eyes and hands working as soon as you hook a trout. "Don't give him any slack line," he says.

All the rest of the afternoon the driver sticks by you and gives you pointers. You hook a trout now and then, and land him. Just before sundown the driver tells you to come with him, and you follow him down stream to a place where the water rushes along very fast between two big rocks that block the stream, except for the passage through which the water tears its way. A short distance below the rocks the rapids end in a big, quiet pool that you can easily reach with your pole from the rocks themselves. The driver tells you to get to work, and you can now cast well enough to reach the middle of the pool with the leader. At about the fourth or fifth cast you get a strike, and in a second you have lively business on hand.

When you hook a trout in a pretty good sized pool and have a pole that is hardly bigger round than the handle of a parasol, and though springy is as limber as a horse whip, you can't jerk a trout up into the air the way you do a bullhead at the end of twenty feet of line tied to a bamboo pole, and fling him thirty feet back from the bank of the creek. Till you saw the driver catch a trout you didn't know any other way to fish than that, and thought you knew as much about fishing as the next boy; but now you think differently.

After you hook that trout in the pool, the

line flies round at a great rate and you begin to think that fish must be up to some trick you don't know. You judge he must be a big one, since he doesn't budge an inch in your direction though you keep a steady pull on the line; and from the way he breaks up the surface of the water in thrashing round, you decide he must be a pedigree fish that can do a two thirty gait and not half try. You don't get a chance to take in any line, and the way the tip of the pole rattles on the reel starts you to wondering how much longer it will hang together. You don't dare lower the tip of the pole, for fear of giving the fish an advantage of you. Pretty soon up jumps the trout into the air; but at the same time the line is held down in the water, and you find out something you didn't know before—there are *two* trout on the line. You take a quick look at the driver. He grins at you and calls out:

"Keep 'em up! Don't let up on 'em a minute."

It must be as long as ten or twelve minutes before those fishes quit thrashing round and give you a chance to get in some line. You then begin to work them toward shore, and the driver edges out to you with the little net. You see what he is up to, and move up the stream a little. That brings the pair near him as he wades out, and in a moment more he is close enough to reach them. You can't remember just how he does the trick; but you know he has them both in the net by the way he turns and makes for the pebbly beach. You hurry down to him all in a tremble because of your excitement; but after you have looked at the trout a minute you make up your mind that your arm trembles because it is tired. To catch two trout at once is something you never thought of. The driver seems to be pretty well satisfied, too, and says to you:

"I'll bet you there won't be any bigger fish than them in your dad's basket to-night."

If it were not for the driver, you would stick to that hole till dark; but he says it is time to go in, and after what he has done for you, you don't think it well to argue the matter with him. He leads the way to the road, and as you make for the house tells you not to let on that he has been with you all the afternoon. At the first turn in the road below the house, he leaves you to walk the rest of the way alone. You understand what he means, and as you saunter into the little store where all the others except the insurance man, are, pretend you aren't particularly interested. You dump down your creel as though it were a pair of old boots. Daddy and the others look in it, and after they appear surprised at your good luck, the Colonel says:

"Well, bub, you beat your Daddy all to pieces."

You feel as tickled as a dog with a fresh bone; but you just grin and make believe fool with your flies. Daddy takes a look at what you are doing, and asks:

"Where'd you get the pole and flies?"

"O, borrowed them of the driver," you tell him. Then the others all look surprised and the landlord says:

"I guess it would have been well if some of the rest of us had stoned a hornets' net."

After supper you tell Daddy all about the driver, and how he came to let you have the pole. That tickles him so much he hands you



Bill Receives Some Practical and Important Lessons on Outdoor Life.

a half dollar to give the driver in the morning; but you give it to him right off. By and by you get sleepy and go out to the barn to turn in, because there isn't room enough in the house for the whole crowd. You stay awake only long enough to make up your mind that the driver is a bully fellow.

About six o'clock next morning you drop down from the hay mow, and make for the house; and at the rear door are Daddy and the others washing up. You get washed when your turn comes to use the basin, and all the time you can smell trout frying and coffee cooking. The Johnsons have other things to eat at their house, too: bacon, fried potatoes, eggs, hot biscuit, preserved wild strawberries, maple syrup and milk; and when you are at the table you can have some of anything you want.

After breakfast Daddy takes a chair from the dining room, and sits on it in the yard near the house. The others sit on the door sill or on blocks of wood, except Mrs. Johnson; she sits on a chair just inside the dining room door. Daddy gets out his pocket Bible and reads a chapter; and while he is reading, you hear the driver coming round the corner from the barn, whistling a lively tune. He makes so much noise you don't think he is coming to the house; but in a moment he pokes his head round the corner, and as soon as he sees what is going on, he lets up on his whistling and jerks himself back out of sight. After prayers are over, you go with the Colonel to the barn to get something out of the wagon, and there's the driver leaning against one of the wheels and picking his teeth with a stalk of timothy hay.

"Say, Colonel," he asks, "is that man who was reading the Bible, a preacher?"

"He certainly is," the Colonel tells him. "Didn't you know that before?"

"Naw, I didn't," he says. "Why the devil didn't you tell me so yesterday when we was gettin' the wagon out of that hole? Bub," he

says, turning to you, "you might 'a' let on to me 'bout your Dad."

Then the Colonel says: "I did try to tell you yesterday; but you wouldn't pay attention and told me to quit fooling."

"Was that the time you give the nudge?" the driver asks.

"The very time," says the Colonel.

"Thunderation! I've got to square myself with that preacher," says the driver. "What is he: Methodist, Dutch or Baptist?"

"Dutch," the Colonel told him.

"Well, here goes," he says. "Say, bub, tell your Daddy I want to see him, will you?"

"You feel sorry for that driver, and don't want to see him in a scrape, but don't know what to do to help him out, so you chase after Daddy and tag back after him when he goes to the barn. The driver looks at him for as much as a minute before he starts to talk:

"Dominie," he says, "I'll be d—d if I did—er—er—I just this minute heard you was a preacher, from the Colonel, here. He ought to told me plainer, yesterday, when the wagon was in that hole. I suppose I was excited and let out a few cuss words; but I didn't know they was a preacher along. I didn't mean nothin' by it. But that was a d—d bad—I mean that was a dirty hole, and somebody'll break an axle in it if it ain't fixed."

All the time the driver is talking, Daddy looks at him pretty solemn; but you can see he isn't mad. After the driver is through, Daddy says:

"I once heard a story of a man who apologized to a clergyman for swearing in his presence, and the clergyman said to him: 'If you aren't afraid of the Almighty you needn't be afraid of me.' Of course, I don't like to hear anyone swear, and I trust you will give up the habit, but you offend the Almighty more than you do anyone else, when you do it."

The driver looks as though he feels better than he did at first, and fishes out some of the



"A Place Where the Water Rushes Along Very Fast Between Two Big Rocks."

flies he made, from his pocket, to give to Daddy. Daddy is pretty well tickled over that present, and all the rest of the time you are at Mr. Johnson's he and the driver are as chummy as two boys.

The driver doesn't go with you to the Branch that day; but he lends you the pole and lets you have a lot of extra flies. You have a creel full of nice trout when you leave the stream at sundown. Daddy tells you when you begin fishing, not to keep the little fish, but to throw them back into the stream.

You strike the road about a half mile below Mr. Johnson's, and there you run across a boy about your size carrying a nice bunch of trout on a piece of fish line. One of them is a great big fish that must weigh a pound or more. You know afterward that in some localities a fish that weighs a pound isn't thought very big; but that one was a whopper for that region.

"Hello!" the boy says to you, and you say it back to him.

"You're from the city, I 'spose," he says next, looking you over pretty well. "Say, don't you want to buy my fish? I'll sell 'em to you for a quarter. You don't ketch a big one like that every day."

You tell him you haven't got a quarter with you.

"Why, ain't you from the city?" he says. "I never seen you round here before."

"No," you tell him. "I live in Ellenville."

"Well, then, I should think you would have a quarter," he says; but he isn't interested in you any longer, and starts off down the road.

When you get to the store, Daddy and the

landlord are there; but the Colonel and the insurance man haven't yet come in. Pretty soon you see those two coming up the road; and the first thing the Colonel says, is:

"Holden has cleared out the stream, to-day. I'll swear he's been using a net."

What he said starts some conversation, and the landlord and Daddy take a look in the insurance man's creel. One asks: "Did you get him below the dam?" and another says: "I'll bet you that's the same one that rose to my fly below the big rocks." You tag along behind the others, but don't get a chance to look in the creel till the insurance man slips it off his shoulders and lets it down on the counter of the store. Then you take a look, and there's that big trout that was on the bunch the boy tried to sell to you. You don't stop to think, but just blurt out:

"O, I could have had him, too, if I had only had a quarter. The boy offered him to me, first."

The insurance man wheels round, glares at you and then shakes his fist in your face, while the others roar and laugh so loudly you almost get scared. The Colonel jumps up and down on the floor, and then fetches you a crack between the shoulders that nearly knocks you down.

"Billy, you shall have a fine, new fish pole as soon as we get back to town," he says to you. Then he turns to the insurance man.

"Holden, this is rich enough to spread on pound cake," he says to him. "O, me! O, my! Caught him below the apron of the dam, did you? Dominie, isn't there something in Scrip-

ture about the lake that burns with fire and brimstone? Say, Holden, did you ever hear about that lake? Well, you want to get your asbestos life preserver on."

Daddy grins when the Colonel asks him that question, and says:

"I wasn't thinking of that, but of another text: 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, etc.,'" and then the Colonel gives you another crack between the shoulders.

By that time you begin to get it through your head, that you ought to have kept your mouth closed about that boy and the big trout. You feel pretty mean, and don't dare look at the insurance man after that. You don't want to stay in the store any longer, and start to sneak out.

"Here, you pocket edition of Benedict Arnold," the insurance man roars at you. "Where you going?"

You don't like to stop; but you don't dare to light out after that sort of call; so you get red in the face and look at the floor all the time he is talking to you.

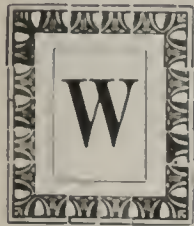
"Bill, if I had known you and that boy had run across each other," he says, "you could have blackmailed me out of a ten dollar bill. The next time you catch me buying trout, don't you tell anybody but me, and you'll get rich in a hurry. You hear what I am saying to you." Then he winks one eye at you, and you see he isn't very mad. You feel better right away; but you wish harder than ever that you had stopped to think before you squirted out anything about that boy.

(Continued on page 640.)

Grouse Hunting in the Berkshires

The Good Old New England Country That for Many Years Yielded Sport in Abundance—A Well Told Story of a Hunt in which Two Tyros Played a Part

By Lucien C. DeHart.



WHILE the quail holds the very just reputation of being the game bird of America, there are few forms of more exhilarating sport to the wing shot than trying conclusions with the ruffed grouse. It is quite true that the grouse offers a larger target to the sportsman; the covers from which they usually flush, the roar that startles the ear of the hunter—well calculated to upset any but a steady nerve—will more than offset the advantage of size. It has been maintained that if the grouse flushed in open cover, as often as do the quail, there would not be many bad scores by a good wing shot. The fact, however, that the grouse usually chooses very shrewdly its hiding place, and not infrequently manages to get a fair-sized tree between himself and the gun, would prove again the great, universal law of compensation.

One of the very attractive features about the advent into New England, as a place of residence—some seventeen years since—was the early acquaintance with ruffed grouse shooting. A short run west, over the Boston and Albany railroad on an early train, will carry one to one of the most attractive hill countries in America, especially in mid October, just when the mountain foliage is aglow in every conceivable hue. The first trip to grouse cover in the hills was made with two unpracticed tyros, with gun and dog. A report had been given by one of the tyros that the birds were so thick up there that a dog would be unnecessary. As I felt just a little uncertain about the safety of a valuable dog with such sports—or even myself for that matter—I concluded to leave the dog at home and to stand the

risk alone. We left the train at the little town of Huntington, carted for four miles by a very lazy horse, and put up at a farm house for the night. At daylight an early breakfast was had, and the attractive cover was "struck before sunrise." I had seen a good many birds in previous years, on the extreme eastern hill boundary of the Connecticut Valley, but the flushes that I witnessed on that bright autumn morning, in the majestic Berkshires just about laid over anything I had ever seen or heard of. The small coveys seemed to be spread out in every direction on the hillsides, and the coveys were numerous.

A very amusing thing about my tyro companions was that they seemed to become rattled almost from the first flush, and instead of getting in their gun play when the birds began to break cover, they almost invariably would hold their fire and shout to me—"There goes one! there goes another!" It was indeed an unique bird hunt, and upon seeing that I was to have little or no competition, though much amusement, I tried to hold the nerve down, pick the shots—and managed to score a very good bag.

On one occasion a big cock grouse flushed from a pile of boulders, swung around to my left and sailed away for a very pretty shot, as I followed the target, and was just about to touch the trigger, providentially I saw one of the tyros squarely in line with my aim. If the charge of number eight shot had gone on its mission, I might have bagged the bird, but I am dead certain that the other fellow's face would have been badly marred by my charge. After recovering from an excited moment over what might have happened, I suggested to the tyros that unless they were willing to hunt in

line I was prepared to quit and not make another shot.

For their part in the hunt, the city tyros were having so much fun "marking" the birds to me, they did not care a rap about shooting. The real difficulty was, I thought, they did not think of shooting until afterwards, even though they both seemed to enjoy the excitement. One of my tyro grouse hunting companions—in relating the incident of that well remembered hunt, recently declared to another fellow that I had bagged ten birds without a miss. "Why, man, whenever I shouted 'there goes one,' he would swing around and kill the bird just as easy as eating pie." I laughed and reminded the tyro of what an exciting outing that grouse hunt had been for him, but that I was afraid he had forgotten how to score. From that occasion and several others, I have thought that the hunting excitement, with the desire for the contest, was a natural instinct in most healthy, active men, for apparently those two chaps enjoyed the hunt as much as I did, though I thought at the time what a foolish outing it was. Two active young men chasing, flushing grouse around the sides of the mountain all morning for the pleasure of seeing them fly, then shouting to another fellow to shoot them. But after all there is no accounting for taste. It was not my taste to go grouse shooting with such a reckless pair again.

With due appreciation to the tyros for showing me the good grouse cover, I ventured forth on subsequent occasions with only one other companion and he knew the game. The setter, with an excellent nose for grouse, and a steady nerve for hard work and for holding down a



With the Grouse in the Berkshires—The Point.



point, joined me on the next trip to the hills. It had seemed to require considerable practice for the young dog to learn the requirements for good grouse hunting. The fact was he had entirely to much vim and speed. Frequently the setter would be going full speed ahead, his nose would catch a point when it was too late, he would wheel into a point as quick as a flash, but too late—the bird was up and out of range. That then, was our chief difference in instituting the partnership hunts, until finally, after much scolding and coaxing, "Pilot" seemed to fall into the means of correction very suddenly. We had just left the train and with a walk of twenty minutes came to a bunch of alders. Watching the setter I noted that something was "in the wind" and suddenly he became rigid and there was no moving him. "Go on," had no effect, so I walked a few paces in front of him, when up flushed a full grown grouse. The shot was very easy and after bagging the first bird the dog seemed to have gotten "onto himself." We hunted that bright day until we had bagged eight or nine birds. From their weight

my shoulders became very weary. I was several miles from conveyance and we decided to quit; no doubt had the hunt continued there would have been four or five more bagged birds.

I recall one interesting occasion that demonstrated the dog's good judgment. He pointed a grouse in a thicket of small white oak bushes—about waist high. In autumn when the leaves are dry and rattle, the oak bushes are troublesome for following up grouse. As I walked cautiously up to the setter, with a whirring rush the grouse flew in towards a pine thicket. Just as I touched the trigger I saw the bird "side-step" around a pine tree. At the report of the gun the resin dust flew from the tree just on a line with the bird's flight. However, as the target had seemed quite out of sight when the trigger was pressed I felt sure that the flight was continued. The dog looked at me reproachfully and followed the course of the bird's flight. In a few moments I distinctly heard him "mouthing" a bird—the fine feathers of the ruffled grouse are annoying to the retriever, hence considerable fuss is usually made in trying

to pick up the bird. Pretty soon out trotted "Pilot" with a dead bird. When it was picked a good many shot were found to have perforated the skin. Whether the charge caught the bird before it got around a tree trunk, or sufficient followed the flight in the circuit, I could not determine. At all events the setter knew what had happened even though he was not as high up above the oak bushes as the other fellow was.

Just after eating luncheon in the hills, on one memorable hunt, "Pilot" and I continued on a down hill course, in a marshy place, among birch bushes. The dog began to trail, when suddenly, with a mighty roar, a full grown cock grouse got up away ahead; instead of going on down grade he swung around and came by me at top speed. As I pulled the trigger something seemed wrong. I made a clean miss. Almost involuntarily I relaxed my mouth grip upon a very long cigar—it had been in the right hand corner of the mouth and jammed against the gun stock—that at least was my excuse for missing the bird. As the cigar hit the ground the old cock was just climbing to the tops of

some birch saplings, offering a beautiful shot. At the crack of the gun he dropped and fell like a brick bat. It was very amusing to see the unmistakable evidences of pleasure in the setter's action and facial expression. He had thought the bird lost, but we came home from that hunt also with a good bag.

Hunting the ruffed grouse is certainly not easy sport for the dog, among the hills, they—the birds—are usually fast enough runners to get into difficult places for hiding, hence if the dog is inclined to be a fast hunter, four or five hours' hunt in the rocky hills is quite enough; even then one is apt to return pretty well fagged out.

From very recent accounts of grouse scarcity, through the hills of Western Massachusetts, it seems to be a most lamentable fact that the tremendous influx of alien nimrods to this country, together with other forms of native hunters—including always the troublesome "game hogs"—the ruffed grouse, like many other attractive species of game is going the way of extinction. But a decade since I have gone but a few miles from city life, and in several hours' hunt flushed as many as twenty-five or thirty birds.

A crack shot—one of those fellows who will follow a grouse to "kingdom come," until it lands in his bag—informed me recently—in speaking of a favorable cover, that he and another fellow had gone there many times during the same season, and bagged as many as fifteen or eighteen birds. It is little wonder that such bagging—along with the other forms of destruction—will more than offset the good effect of protective laws.

From all accounts the planters in the far southern states seem effectually to aid in protecting the quail and other game birds, by posting their plantations and seeing that poachers are kept out; then too the long mild seasons are most favorable for bird propagation. Up in the hill country of New England, in wild territory, posting seems to count for little even though the farms are small.

The seasons are frequently hard on the hatching and brooding processes, as also the long winters are seasons of scarcity in the matter of

provender. When all the plausible excuses are offered we certainly have nothing to be very proud of in our lame attempts at game conservation. It is quite true that legislatures enact many good laws for different forms of protection, etc., but when laws are not effectively enforced—what's the use?

On one occasion a "game hog" came into a good cover and shot up a whole covey or half grown birds that had been hatched late in the season. He displayed the remarkable nerve of showing the bag to another man who suggested that if he could reach a game warden he would have had the "game hog" promptly arrested. It was suggested by the hunter that "everything was grist that came to his mill." "I live ten miles from here; by the time you get your game warden I'll be at home." He lighted his pipe, boarded a trolley car and returned home. It would seem that in our rapid, hustling progress, we are very much in the habit of seeing things afterwards, maybe when it is too late. It would seem also that the most effective time to make and execute game protective laws—as a matter of forethought and wisdom—was at least half a century ago, or before the process of destruction had left comparatively little to protect. To the eye of most any man, accustomed to hunting, a trip through the wonderful hills known as the Berkshire mountains, would be impressive of the fact that few finer game countries could be found anywhere.

There is sufficient cultivation on the numerous farms to afford feed during a greater portion of the year, the farmers themselves are seldom active hunters (occasionally they are bold enough to set "snars;" one recently got caught and "pinched"—with a "snar" in his corn-field and pleaded "not guilty" in court), but they do not seem sufficiently interested in the protection of what they do not have the time to hunt.

Last year, in a famous cover for woodcock, during the flight season, a neighbor asked a farmer to allow him to hunt the cover the following morning, and received permission. When the neighbor had gotten into sight of the cover he saw four or five other hunters with dogs. In the road he also saw two automobiles. The

neighbor turned off to another cover. The same evening the farmer telephoned to ask "what luck?" When he was told of the automobile sports from the city, the farmer made the wire hum with pretty warm vocabulary, "that is the d—d—d bunch that camped down here near my house last night; I will go straight and have the farm posted; I'll keep those chaps out if I have to stand guard with a shot gun"—afterwards you see.

There is little or no trouble about propagating game birds in any portion of the United States provided proper restrictions can be placed upon the appetite of *genus homo*, to allow his killing propensity within certain safe limits, and certainly before the other game birds are exterminated as completely as was the passenger pigeon. Some wise man suggested the idea that all of the pigeons were caught in a terrific hurricane and blown out to sea. No one ever saw game birds being destroyed by wind storms carrying them to sea, but many of us have seen the ruthless destruction of most of the game, to satisfy the greed of man—and the destruction has been wrought by the hand of man, rather than by the blow hards of good Dame Nature.

The very logical conclusion would seem to be about as follows:—that the active sportsmen throughout the country, those who are interested in game conservation as well as the fun of shooting, to take the same active interest as that displayed by the Southern planters. Those who write for publication might accomplish much by aiding in keeping alive a real active brotherhood of sportsmen, with eyes for the future, to look beyond the bird crop for just this season, to be interested in the preservation of enough for seed for succeeding seasons. And finally, the sporting journals may accomplish quite as much by keeping in touch with the sportsmen who are willing and able to write upon the subject, thus keeping alive a good sentiment. It might be well for the journalists to remember that when the game shall have been exterminated, there can be no more hunting—hence no more hunting stories—only from the rehash—and sportsmen do not care to read ancient history.





The Old Swamp

HOW many years it has been there no one knows. Perhaps it was only one of the minor depressions left in the surface of the earth after the passage of the great glacier that swept over the land that is now ours when the race was young. Then our ancestors dwelt in caverns—true troglodytes—and slew the reindeer and the hairy mammoth and the horse, and perhaps now and then had fierce conflicts with the huge cave bear, which they conquered by their courage and their numbers, rather than by the excellence of their rude stone weapons.

Or it may have been once a broad valley, down which hurried a sparkling brooklet, which twisted and turned, winding from one side to the other of the level meadow; here rippling in a yellow current over the smooth pebbles of the bottom, there burrowing its way beneath overhanging grassy banks, where its soft murmur alone told of its presence; or again making some sudden crook and digging out for itself a deep, quiet pool, where the trout used to lie in summer, and in which the silent otter was always sure to find a meal. Then, perhaps, a little family of beavers passed that way, and seeing the brook and its possibilities determined that they would make it their home. So they began, by cutting down some of the trees that grew by the brookside, to build their dam. They brought mud and stones from the bottom of the stream and with their chisel-like teeth clipped off the willows and alders, and cut them into lengths, and their patient and unremitting industry finished the dam by the end of summer. Now a good part of the meadow was a wide but shallow pond. Next the houses were built and the winter supply of food laid up, and, not long after this, the pond froze over.

For years, perhaps for centuries, the colony of beavers remained here, always becoming more numerous. Sometimes they moved up or down

the stream, and every few years they built new dams, and overflowed more of the low land. Those that they had first deserted had long ago rotted and broken down, and the ground which had first been grassy meadow, and then the bottom of the pond, was now a wet marsh, in which grew young alders and willows and bilberries, soft maples, cypress and tamaracks, and a hundred other moisture-loving trees, while the foot of the passing deer sank deep into the spongy sphagnum or crushed the showy yellow lady-slipper and the delicate pink arethusa. As the years went by the forest growth increased in size, while the smaller shrubs beneath formed a tangled mass, impenetrable save to the wild creatures which made their home among the luxuriant vegetation.

Here during the summer, before the berries were ripe, the black bear dug roots, and tore up the rotten logs or turned over great stones, for the ants, worms and bugs on which he lives. The deer browsed on the water grasses and in winter nipped the tender shoots of the willows. The raccoon hunted frogs in the wet places, and at the approach of autumn grew fat on the thick-growing cluster of fox grapes, made sweet by the early frosts. All the other denizens of the forest found here a safe retreat, from which they made excursions into the surrounding hills.

So it was with the old swamp when our fathers first took possession of the soil. Game was plenty then, and a man, when he needed meat, had to go but a short distance from his own door to kill a deer or a turkey. But as time went by, fire and the axe cleared away the timber from the surrounding hills. The hunter gave place to the husbandman. The sickle supplanted the rifle. Now the game had become less plenty. Birds there were, it is true, but the largest game has disappeared from the land, except in the old swamp. That was as it had

always been. The settlers had been busy, and it was the clearing of the land, rather than the actual destruction of animal life, that had driven off the game. Now and then a hunter had penetrated the tangle of the swamp in pursuit of a wounded animal, but its interior was still a mysterious unknown to all.

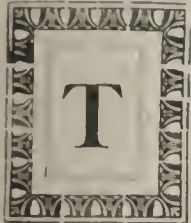
It was to the old swamp that the hunters resorted now for game, and often the sharp crack of the rifle rang among the trees or the roar of the shotgun awoke its once silent echoes. The angler pushed its way down the course of the stream and caught the trout. One began to find paths in the swamp that were not game trails.

A few more years passed by with rapid changes. The axe had been at work. Now all the timber had been cut away, but there was still left the undergrowth. Deer and bear and turkey and wild pigeons had disappeared, but there were some grouse left, and the quail, when startled from the stubble fields about its borders, still sought safety in the old swamp. The closing change in the old swamp was yet to come. Trenches were dug through the swamp. The brush was cut down and burned. The brook dried up. The plow passed over the land, and the next year a crop of sod-corn was grown where once the beaver had their homes. Such is the history of many an old swamp.

All this is progress—the march of improvement. It is also the reason why our streams are drying up, and why the farmer complains that each year there is less rain, and it is a harder matter to grow crops. It explains why our rivers are gradually becoming more and more shallow, why the water-power that turned a hundred mills, now turns none and is replaced by steam. It is something that is taking place all over our country. The clearing up of each swamp like this one is a misfortune to our people, and the aggregate of such misfortune means a loss of material wealth that can scarcely be computed. This loss is widely distributed, and is not felt as it comes, but increases year by year.

This is Truly the Sport Alluring

With a Few Suggestions as to How to Select and Use the Implements Necessary to the Enjoyment of One of the Most Attractive Outdoor Recreations



Of the gun fan, it seems incredible that there might be a man who doesn't own a gun, but it is a sad commentary that brings to light the fact that only about four million men in the United States owned guns last year—by guns we of course mean shotguns—and of these three and one-half millions took out licenses to shoot during 1914.

Few sports offer the rugged recreation enjoyed by the wild fowl and upland game hunter, while to the man or woman who cares not for the trips and climbs and enjoyable hardships of the live bird and game shooter, the delightful pastime of trap shooting brings us back to the "sport alluring." Some have been kept from indulging in inanimate pigeon shooting through the impression that its cost was prohibitive. Nothing could be further from the fact. For although it is more expensive than tiddle-de-winks, it is less expensive in proportion to the pleasure, health and charm found in it.

A single barrel shotgun can be purchased as low as \$5.00, and although I should not recommend so cheap a gun, it would in a pinch—do to begin with. At from \$17 to \$25 a good gun may be had, while of course from the latter price up to a thousand dollars, the most finicky can be fitted. Gun clubs generally charge only nominal dues, for which they furnish trap boys and pullers. Targets cost a cent each at these clubs, while shells will set you back \$2.60 per hundred. The tyro should limit himself to one hundred targets an afternoon, thus allowing a Saturday afternoon's recreation at a cost of about \$2.50.

One of the most important features of trap shooting is the fact that it is an "all-year-round" sport. When the snow and ice make it more enjoyable indoors for the golfer, when the ball fan has to take his exercise through reading of the doings of the Giants at Marlin, Texas, and the tennis player uses his time planning improvements of the courts for next season, the clay target smasher stands outside his warm clubhouse and shoots away to his heart's content, no weather being too severe for the sport alluring. For the man or woman not within reaching distance of a gun club or who wants to shoot on days not scheduled for club shoots, the recently introduced hand trap brings the club to him or her. This little device eliminates the necessity for a trap boy or puller! Anyone can operate the hand trap, and incidentally it will give the "upper register" shooter some targets that will make him stand up and take aim. It throws either an extremely difficult target or an easy one, such as Mr. Beginner would like. The cost of the thing is negligible and it fits in a suitcase.

Trap shooting has become exceedingly popular

among women, there now being a dozen clubs comprised entirely of the fair sex. The 10 and 20 gauge are somewhat more suitable for women because of less weight and lighter charge; however, a number of the best women shooters stick to the 12-gauge.

Few sports are as scientific as trap shooting. The rapid calculation of lead, elevation, angle, time, etc., the instant action and nice decision, quicken the eye and hand and develop qualities helpful in every-day business life. For the brain worker, trap shooting offers relaxation and relief from brain fag because it requires intense concentration on an enjoyable occupation, minus physical exhaustion.

Trap shooting soon will be the leading outdoor recreation, so if you do not belong to a gun club, join one now. If there is no club in your locality, start one.

We will tell you how to go about it. Before you buy a gun, ammunition, trap or else in that line, write this magazine for advice, which will be furnished gratis, and all questions will be answered willingly relative to trap or field shooting. The following pointers will help you to select a gun and become easily proficient in scatter gun shooting.

CHOOSING A GUN.

The first step in the choice of a gun—not so much its make, but its fitness for the work it will have to do. Clay targets are small objects to aim at, and unlike game birds and animals, have no wingbones or legs to break and put them out of commission. A clay target must be hit *solidly*, and with several pellets of shot, if it is to be counted on the score sheet. In the field a wounded bird or animal can often be retrieved and put in the game sack after having been only lightly hit; but a clay target, even when "dusted" heavily, cannot be retrieved and counted on the score sheet. Hence a close-shooting gun, one *full choke*, is a necessity if ultimate success at the traps is desired. A 12-gauge gun, weighing $7\frac{1}{2}$ or $7\frac{3}{4}$ pounds, is the right thing for trap work. Guns of lighter weight give too heavy a recoil even with the moderate load of three drams of a "bulk" powder (or 24 grains of a "dense" powder) and $1\frac{1}{8}$ ounces of chilled shot. Nothing puts a man to the bad when trap shooting so quickly and so completely as heavy recoil (or "kick").

Select, therefore, for trap work a 12-gauge gun, about $7\frac{3}{4}$ pounds in weight, and either a single-shot, a repeater or a double-barrel, for all these guns have their firm adherents, and no one style seems to be much more preferable than another, except, of course, that doubles cannot be shot with a single-shot gun.

When selecting a gun be sure that it has what

is known as a "straight" stock; that is, one that has not too much "drop" to it.

The *thickness* of the stock is another matter to be considered. As a general proposition it may be said that a thin-faced man does not require as thin a stock, that is, thin at the comb, as one who has plump cheeks; in other words, a man who has a thin face would probably shoot better with a thick, well-rounded comb than he would if the stock were thin, or wedge-shaped at the comb. He would also be much less likely to have his cheek punished by the recoil. The idea is, of course, that when a man puts his gun to his shoulder, drops his cheek against the stock and looks along the barrel, he should find that *he is looking straight down the rib to the sight*. If he is not doing so, then he is liable to "cross shoot" at any time, and his gun cannot be said to fit him, and the stock must be altered to suit.

The *length* of the stock is very important when selecting a gun. This length depends upon the length of the gunner's arm, and naturally a long-armed man would need, and should have, a longer stock than a short-armed man. The *length of the stock* is measured from the front trigger in a straight line to the center of the butt.

A fairly accurate way of finding out whether your gunstock fits you, is to place the gun to your shoulder and put your finger *naturally* on the trigger as if about to pull it. Keeping your finger on the trigger, take the gun from your shoulder and let the butt rest in the hollow of your arm, the muzzle pointing upward. If no readjustment of the position of the finger on the trigger, or of the hand on the grip are required, your gunstock fits you, so far as its length is concerned.

The *trigger pull* is important. Pull is the term applied to the weight in pounds *avoirdupois* which, if attached to the trigger when the gun is cocked and held perpendicularly, would cause the trigger to be pulled and the hammer to fall. As a general rule a pull of from 4 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds may be considered satisfactory and can be recommended.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the main essentials to be observed in selecting a gun for trap shooting are *close shooting qualities, weight, drop, thickness of stock, length and trigger pull*. All these really depend on the individuality of the person selecting the gun; in other words, the gun must fit the shooter, or he cannot expect to do much more than fair work, no matter how hard he may practice. An ill-fitting coat is not only awkward to wear, but hampers the movements of the wearer; and an ill-fitting gun is just as awkward to handle and won't "point right" in the hands of a novice. An expert can do fair work with a gun that does not fit him, simply because he knows how to shoot targets, and soon learns how to hold the gun,

whether under or over the targets; but a beginner would be hopelessly at sea under similar conditions.

An excellent plan for a beginner to adopt with reference to getting a gun to suit him, is to try any gun about the right length of stock (this based, as stated before, on his length of arm) that his friends will loan him temporarily for such trial. Sooner or later he will find one with which he can do better than with others, and thus has a basis to go on. Sometimes a beginner picks one up that happens to be just right, and the trick is more than half turned.

Another pointer for the beginner to remember is to have no hesitation in asking the advice of an expert, particularly one of the expert professionals, for the latter are always expected and indeed are glad to give advice on just such points, and any suggestions they may have to offer will be found as a rule to be of much benefit.

Any good field shot should with but little practice make a first-class trap shot. The thing that bothers him at first is the idea of holding the gun right up or close to the shoulder when calling "Pull." It is unnatural to him, and at first probably strikes him as unsportsmanlike. He tries the up-to-the-shoulder game and finding it a new and strained position to him, fails miserably instead of "breaking them all," which he had expected to find a simple operation, as it looks so easy. He then reverts to the gun-below-the elbow (field style), and the targets get away from him so fast he has to hurry up to catch them, which he does not do in a very large percentage of instances. Unless such a man has grit and determination to find out how it is done he quits right there, and a good man is lost to the sport of trap shooting.

The field shot will find another thing, too, and that is that an exact duplicate of his old favorite in the field will not be just what he wants. If he is a good quail (Virginia partridge) shot, ten to one he uses a fairly straight stock. That will be O. K. as a guide for his trap gun; but he can use a longer stock on his trap gun to good advantage and should bear this in mind when ordering his gun. It will benefit him in assisting to take up the recoil, and as he can adjust his

gun before calling "Pull," it will not catch under his arm and bother him, as it would if he were shooting in the gun-below-the-elbow or field style.

AMMUNITION.

This subject can be dismissed in but a few words. The scores made by experts show conclusively the class of article now being put on the market by all the standard loading companies. The shells manufactured by any and all of these companies, and loaded with one or other of the brands of smokeless shotgun powder are good enough to tie to under any conditions of wind or weather.

The novice, *i. e.*, the beginner, should guard against using too heavy a load. Heavy loads cause correspondingly heavy recoil, and recoil not only causes sore shoulders, but frequently severe headaches and consequent gun shyness on the part of the beginner. Select and stick to, for the first few months at least, a load of three drams of a "bulk" powder, or 24 grains of a "dense" powder, with either an ounce and an eighth or an ounce and a quarter of shot. The ounce and an eighth load is fast and snappy, and is extremely pleasant to shoot. When ordering your trap loads, be sure and specify "chilled" shot, for if you use soft shot you will find you lose from 30 to 50 per cent. of your pattern.

SHOOT WITH BOTH EYES OPEN.

Use both eyes; you need them both, and sometimes you will wish you had a third—the clay targets will steal out and get away from you somehow.

"Keep both eyes open" is a rule that must be adhered to, if success is to attend your efforts to become an expert at the traps. This rule should be strongly impressed upon every beginner, for the natural impulse is perhaps exactly the opposite, namely, to close one eye. Try it for yourself: Take a walking cane or a stick of wood and pretend that it is a gun; select some object to aim at, fix both eyes on the object and throw the stick to your shoulder as you would a gun. Don't you then close one eye and instinctively look along the stick to see if you pointed right? To be sure you do. And wasn't the stick pointing just right, too?

SHOOTING GLASSES.

If your eyes do not seem to focus well, or if you are not quite sure as to which eye of the two is the stronger, do not delay, but go to an oculist and let him tell what, if anything, is wrong. If necessary have glasses made to correct any defect, but above all, when having such glasses made for you, be sure to have them large enough, so that when your cheek is down on the stock and your eye is looking along the rib, you will not be looking over the top of the glasses.

Special shooting glasses are made by several concerns found in our advertisement pages, and lenses suitable to any kind of freak sight can be had of several different colors—green, orange, pale blue, etc. The popular color among trap shooters seems to be on the order of an amber, and plain glasses of that color made for ordinary sight or according to some special formula are much worn and certainly do help to kill the glare, light on the gun barrel, etc. Their use is decidedly beneficial when the sun is exceptionally bright and there is snow on the ground, or when shooting over water.

HOW TO LOCATE THE RIGHT SPOT.

Opinions differ somewhat as to whether targets shot at by beginners are more often lost by being "shot under" than by being "shot over"; that is, whether the shot goes under or over the targets that are missed. Observation seems to warrant the claim that far more targets are lost by novices through over shooting than by under shooting, disregarding for the present the question of "lead" (*i. e.*, the proper distance to hold ahead of a target), which will be touched on later.

The reason for such a claim is this: The novice does not appreciate the fact that owing to the straight stock on his gun he should see his target well above the gun barrel; that is, look (and consequently point the gun) at some imaginary point below the target. If he shoots quickly, the target should as a rule be just clear of the barrel; if he is a slow shot, the imaginary point will have to be considerably lower, for by the time the shot gets out to the target the object aimed at will have passed the apex of its flight and have commenced to drop.



The Gentle Art of Tournament Casting

Every Community Should Have Its Club and Place to Practice, for the Sport is About the Most Inexpensive That Can Be Had.

HOW many thousands of able-bodied men there are in this country who spend their time poking around billiard tables, and on other inside amusements, when they might better be employed in out-of-door sport, cannot be very accurately estimated, but the number is legion. True, billiards is usually an evening entertainment, but some outdoor sports can be followed as long as there is sufficient light to see by, and in the evening as well when artificial illumination is possible. Tournament bait and fly casting is such a sport. It requires as much skill as any other—even more so when the higher



San Francisco Fly Casting Club Grounds.

Stow Lake, Golden Gate Park, Calif., on which the International Tournament was held August 12-15, 1915

Perhaps some day the rod and tackle manufacturers will follow the good example set by their brethren in the ammunition business and

will make organized efforts to promote a sport that will stimulate the gentle art of angling, make better sportsmen and as a corollary, lead to a more scientific plan for the preservation of game fish, and their propagation.

The average man with only a limited vacation may be in spirit the keenest angler in the world, but because of limitation he does not derive one-tenth the pleasure from his outing that he might have if he went to lake or stream a finished caster. Few men will take the trouble to use backyards and vacant lots for casting purposes but any dozen or more men—and women too for that matter—who will combine their interest to the point of picking a suitable location, expending a few dollars for a platform, and hold regular meets, will be the better for their little outings and also will find themselves better anglers, and what is more important, better sportsmen or better sportswomen.

Forest and Stream will gladly assist in the preliminary organization of such clubs and all information is at the disposal of its readers. *Forest and Stream* will also at the proper time endeavor to stimulate interest in this sport by offering awards to tournament winners.



Illinois Casting Club Grounds, Washington Park, Chicago.

National Tournament, September 5-7, 1914

ranks are reached—and affords infinitely more pleasure.

It is pleasing to note that bait and fly casting clubs are springing up everywhere. Some of the older organizations number their members by hundreds and their competitive tournaments attract as much attention as trap-shooting, golf, etc. Every town and every community which has at command three hundred feet of open water, fresh or salt ought to have a bait and fly casting club. The sport incites continued interest; it certainly enables the angler to practice and gain that point of perfection that he always strives for; it means that when he does go fishing his rewards will be better; the healthfulness of the recreation is beyond dispute.

The rules are simple and the expense almost negligible. What trap-shooting is to the gunner tournament casting should be to the angler. In fact it is developing to that stage. Some clubs, happily situated, operate both sports in conjunction.



Kansas City Bait and Fly Casting Club Pool.

Latest form of Pool, designed especially for Casters

Something About Cold Weather Clothing

Showing That the Shortest Road to Comfort May Be to Take 'Em Off and Explaining How a Man May Dress Too Warmly to be Warm

By C. L. Gilman.



HE WAS so warmly dressed that he "durn near" froze to death. He had been urgently advised to procure a mackinaw coat and strongly warned against buying one lined with sheep skin. But he knew better. The month was December and the camp which he was to visit was about as far north as it could be and not be located in Canada. He was going to be comfortable. So he got him a sheep-lined coat which hung high to his knees and had a wombat fur collar which turned up almost to the crown of his head. Also he accumulated diverse flannel shirts and sweater vests.

And to this day he shiveringly reminds me of the night he huddled over my red-hot air-tight heater clad in all his armor and inbibed hot toddies between his chattering teeth in the intervals of spasms of sneezing while I sat in the outer cold with most of my clothes off and read him "The Cremation of Sam McGee."

He's still undecided whether I'm abnormally warm-blooded or of that cold-blooded tribe which can freeze without discomfort.

Should this plain statement of the actual facts happen to come to his eye, he will never believe it. But it's the truth, none the less, for I still own and use to bed down friend dog a coat lined with sheep skin in which I once suffered with cold just as he did last winter and will again this fall if he ventures to go deer hunting in northern Minnesota.

Not that a sheep-lined coat isn't warm. The men who drive the tote teams for the lumber camps, riding all day long through an atmosphere chilled below the zero mark, find it the warmest thing, at the price, the market affords.

But you can bet your bottom dollar that the men who fell the pines and saw them into logs under the same weather conditions don't wear any fur and leather garments.

There is, as estimated at the beginning, such a thing as being too warmly dressed. A man will find a fur-lined coat a mighty fine thing for sitting all day in a duck blind, waiting for his game to come to him.

But when he attempts to tramp eight or ten miles, actual distance (usually reported as twenty-five or thirty miles by the trumper), through the woods in quest of the elusive white-tail in the same garment, he'll almost perish with cold.

First, thanks to the weight of the thing and the impervious nature of its lining, he'll work up a fine lather of perspiration. When he halts to rest or look about his pores stand wide open to the cold. The end of the day so spent in sub-zero weather will find him enervated as by a sultry day in August.

When he resumes his "warm" coat for the next day's hunting the dank, sodden fleece is anything

but warm. He must give up a lot of the body heat, which is the essence of his vitality, to warm it up. Whereupon it will proceed to treat him to a second all-day Turkish bath.

By night the unfortunate victim is usually so far drained of strength that he can't react to the cold; he spends the evening huddled close to the fire and completes his downfall by sleeping in his clammy, saturated garments in a vain effort to keep warm.

He might better roll naked in a snowbank.



Dressed so Warm He Durn Near Froze.

From this point to his disgusted, coughing, exit from the woods the progress is brief, painful and certain. As certain as that he will spend the rest of his natural life inveighing against the foolishness of folks who will freeze themselves to death hunting deer or moose in the far north.

I have drawn my indictment against sheepskin. It would be as true a bill were any impervious material, whether of leather, rubber or water-proofed fabric named as the culprit.

For the sedentary outer, be he the teamster on his sleigh seat, the duck hunter in his blind or the tenderfoot waiting on the runway where his guide has posted him, sheepskin, *et al*, are fine materials.

But the axman more nearly approximates the activities of the big game hunter than does the teamster. He, likewise, dressed to keep warm in the coldest of weather. You'll see him striding along the logging road to the cook shanty at sundown with the sweat of honest toil frozen solid on the surface of his garments.

Frozen on the outside—inside things are dry and comfy.

In general, the chopper's garments are of pervious material.

Specifically, they are mackinaw.

That heavy, blanket-like cloth, all-wool and weighing two pounds to the yard, which has served the lumberman for generations and is now coming to be appreciated by the sportsman as well.

I don't mean the gaudy, Norfolked, box-pleated and belted mackinaw in which the college youth of yester-year dazzled our eyes. That stuff is mostly cotton, made up to sell cheap. The mackinaw of the woodsman is of more somber shades and cut with severe plainness. You may know it by the fact that it is all wool and, if you lack surety in judging this, by the fact that a coat made of its costs just about double the price of the more showy "college" styles from any reputable dealer.

For actual "still hunting," when the hunter is anything but stationary, even the mackinaw coat is too warm. In northern Minnesota, and the same probably will hold true for Wisconsin, and Michigan, Maine, and southern Canada, the days of the big game season when it can be worn with comfort are few. It is a fine thing to have in camp to slip on when one rises in the cold of early morning or when one comes in, tired, at sundown. It is admirable for sitting on a runway while someone "plays dog."

But for the actual work of the trail a still lighter mackinaw garment will generally be found sufficient. This is the "overshirt" or "staggered shirt." You can compare this to a middy blouse if you wish. In actuality it is a shirt of medium weight mackinaw with the tails cut off and worn hanging outside the pants after the style of the Chinese.

Such a garment gives freedom to the arms and shoulders, impossible in a coat; itself a factor for warmth, will keep out the wind and turn rain. Worn over a woolen undershirt and a flannel shirt of army grade it gives all the warmth needed by any active man on an average day in the hunting season. Increased protection can be built up with an extra flannel shirt, a sweater vest or both. Unlike the last named garment, it will let through neither wind nor rain, hence should be the outermost thing worn. For bucking into a stiff, cold wind in open country or across the ice, a newspaper pinned beneath the overshirt where it will shield chest and abdomen is unsurpassed.

So it is that you, with fewer, lighter clothes, may come through warm and sound where our friend of the sheep skin nearly perishes with cold.

In practical experience it will develop that a

man's covering should be warmest at his feet and dimmish as it mounts upwards.

Again referring to the lumber-jack we find him wearing rubbers as the only thing which will keep his feet dry in the melting snow of fall and springs. Not the feather-weight slip-on of the city but sturdy structures of gum and canvas as thick and staunch as sole leather. To these are sewn tops of light, oiled leather, with bellows tongues to keep out the snow and of a standard height of ten inches. Higher tops than these are made, but are mostly affected by "sports" from the cities.

With these "lumbermen's rubbers" the sweat problem again comes forward. It is met with three pair of heavy wool sox—changed daily. In practice it will be found that the perspiration of the feet will condense against the cold surface of the rubbers, wetting only the outer pair of sox. It is not unusual to find the outermost sox frozen stiff though the foot is dry and warm at the center of the bundle. Change to dry sox before turning in for the night and have those you take off by the fire.

Not only do these "rubbers" insure dry feet, which means warm feet, but they are also the ideal shoes for still hunting.

Those "shoes of silence," buckskin moccasins, may be more romantic. But their true time does not come during the hunting season, leastways not here in Minnesota. There are few days when the snow does not melt, at least at noon. The new-formed ice of lakes and rivers is generally covered with slush and the swamps are never securely frozen over. In six seasons I have hardly found more than three days when moccasins could be worn with comfort, and then only on the higher lands.

As to the water-proof leather boot of commerce. Aside from the fact that it won't keep out the water of melting snow and that the grease with which it is impregnated is prone to freeze, binding it into distorted shapes which cause either blisters or chilblains, it is all right.

Personally, I own a preference to mackinaw pants, worn over woolen drawers, and tucked into the tops of a pair of heavy, knee-high sox. I have yet to strike November weather when a pair of woolen "golf-gloves" did not afford ample protection for my hands. These wear out so rapidly "bucking brush" that a reserve pair, or at least a darning outfit, is desirable if the hunt is years spent chiefly in the woods. I am but beginning on my second mackinaw overshirt, and the to be of more than one week's duration. What-

ever the head-gear is, be sure that it has a brim or visor ample to shade the eyes, for one may be sure that he'll have to look and possibly, shoot pretty close to the sun. For this, and to ease the strain from the snow-glare, amber glasses are



Wearing the Mackinaw Over-shirt in the Dead of Winter.

(Note: Lest anyone should guess, from his arms and accoutrement that my friend here pictured is a tenderfoot I'll explain that the photograph was taken while he was running a trap line which involved cutting across several bays of a large lake where he frequently got long range chances at wolves on the open ice; hence the excess baggage of a rifle. The ax and haversack hardly need be extenuated to a man who knows what trapping is. The pistol in this chap's competent hand served to kill the diverse small birds and animals required to bait new traps and re-bait old ones.—The Author.)

advantageous. Personally I cherish a little black felt hat, in the stage of disreputability, as my hunting top-piece.

Garments such as I have described will last the occasional hunter indefinitely. After four first, the sleeves worn out against the brush,

boasted stashed some material in the woods to make a winter coat for the baby.

With these clothes, and as little else as possible, a man is rigged to travel hard and far. His rifle he must have, of course. A box of twenty shells in one hip pocket is more ammunition than he'll really need, and far better than forty or fifty shells gathering verdigris in the loops of a leather belt. Knife, compass and matches in a water-proof box and a handkerchief nearly complete the list. Milk chocolate sufficient to stay the noon-day hunger of a normal man is a trifle to carry. A cocoa tin with a hay-wire bale in which to boil a bit of tea—it fits the hip pocket—is the height of luxury.

It is doubtful if a man could possibly so disguise himself as to be mistaken for a deer by a deer. But it is a cinch that the man who invades the thickly timbered country in the hunting season wearing gray, tan or olive drab garments ought to be court-martialed and shot at sunrise of the opening day as a public nuisance. One such at large in any district is enough to keep every other hunter on the verge of nervous prostration. He's all right so long as he keeps moving, but when he sits down or stands still a hand's breadth of his coat seen through a tangle of branches is good for a half hour of wasted watchful waiting on the part of the prudent man who don't dare fire on a deer until it proves its identity by motion.

Happily the red-cap habit is becoming almost universal. Bright red garments are affected by the majority. Scare the deer? shucks, no! Red is not an abnormal color in the winter woods. Man's scent, sound and manner of locomotion are what identify him to the deer—and Mr. White Tail would spot these quickly were the hunter dressed in deer-hide with the hair on.

For those who hesitate to dress up to resemble a forest fire, the commercial mackinaws offer many shades which are far from the taboo "deer colors." Dark red, green and blue checked with black and solid black and blue are "safe" enough. The man who'd mistake any of these for a deer's hide would fire as readily upon a scarlet coat and quote some poetry about "the good, red deer" in justification.

In this, as in all else, the man who will use a little wise moderation and pay due heed to the customs of those who regularly live and work in the country in which he is to hunt, is the man who will find himself warmly, lightly and safely clad, to the end that he will get the full pleasure out of his outing.



It is Comfortable Although it Does Not Look so.

Give the Prairie Chicken a Fighting Chance

This Contributor Thinks that the Time has Come to Abolish the Hunting Dog, but not Many Will Agree With Him

By C. H. Lockwood.



THE subject of the danger of extinction that threatens various kinds of wild game within the United States, is at the present time attracting considerable attention; and then comes a genuine surprise to many sportsmen who have given the matter little thought. In speaking of the pin-nated grouse, or prairie chicken, I shall confine my remarks largely to my native state, Minnesota. for, I believe the condition found in this state to be a good example of the general average.

The latest theory that is advocated for Minnesota is the establishment of a five year closed season on prairie chickens. New York and other states have been quoted as having acted too late to save the prairie chicken's eastern cousin, the

ably avoided; and for these, I am endeavoring to make a few suggestions that may help to solve the chicken problem.

Perhaps many hunters are not aware that telegraph and telephone wires annually kill large numbers of chickens, partridge and quail. Usually the birds strike the wires when flying low in morning or evening. I have examined several birds which I picked up beneath wires and generally they are killed by striking the top of their skull or breaking the neck. But the wires cannot well be done away with, and in one sense of the word this might be called a minor cause of destruction.

Remains then to consider what might be said to be the greatest cause of destruction to prairie chickens, and this I believe to be, the trained hunting dog. I know a good many hunters who

kill. Rather, are we now more interested in how the "kill" was made. We believe (at least some of us do) that the game should have a "fighting chance" to escape. Surely we should be generous to allow them this, when we are equipped with "reason" and with up-to-date guns. To grant them anything else would seem the lowest form of debauch.

Yet! There they go! The dog has them covered and cowering—the machine stops and the hunters alight. They have hammerless guns, repeaters, and automatics. They creep up. The birds are flushed. One by one they fall, their sleek feathers ruffled and their warm bodies pierced by hard, chilled shot. Perhaps an odd one escapes from the ruthless slaughter, yet it is safe to say that when they are gathered up and thrown into the back end of the machine, two thirds of the covey has been killed or wounded. The men get back into the machine, they drive on; they eat and drink and sit on soft cushions. The dogs spot another covey and they repeat the process, and they call this "sport." For shame on the misuse and abuse of the word.

Do the farmers, as a class, like these so-called city sportsmen who go tearing through their fields and fences, hardly ever stopping to ask permission? But even granted that the farmer voluntarily allows them to hunt on his land, I cannot conceive that he can really like this kind of a hunter. Their ways are not his. The farmer lives a sort of natural life. He has learned to love those wild birds about his farm, and he hates the man that goes out and deliberately plays hog and tries to kill the whole batch. Such ruthless slaughter makes the old farmer sick at heart, it makes him sad; it gives him a bad impression of his city neighbors.

Now let us note the general condition when the average farmer boy, or even the old farmer himself, goes a-hunting. He saunters out into the stubble field and his mind is busy trying to figure out just where to look for "them chickens." Like as not he has observed their habits so that he knows pretty near where to look for them at a certain time of the day. At one time of the day he figures they will be in a certain stubble field again, they are most likely to be in the long grass. Their feeding time and resting time must be taken into consideration; in short, reason must work against instinct and cunning. The result is, he generally gets fewer chickens than if he had used a trained bird dog; but he has learned more about chickens, he has more sympathy and understanding for them, he has hardened his muscles by healthy exercise, his eye is clearer and his hand steadier from this fact—and I believe the chickens could almost learn to like that farmer boy for often, no doubt, they have noted his approach long before he was aware of their presence and I wot not that their verdict was "He at least is giving us a fighting chance."



It Would Be Pretty Hard to Give Up a Companion Like This.

heath hen. The species have already become so reduced in numbers that despite the establishment of closed seasons, it could not resist its natural enemies, and "come back."

Breeding the prairie chicken in captivity has unfortunately never been developed up to the present time in numbers sufficient to permit restocking. Quail and partridge, or the ruffed grouse, are two other species of the gallinaceous family that it is claimed will soon need the attention of the game protectors.

In speaking of the protection and propagation of these useful birds it is well to get down to a few of the basic causes which are destroying them; for oftentimes when the cause is removed the disease takes care of itself. Of course, a five year closed season on chickens would fill the bill: but there are a great many hunters who do not favor an entire closed season, if it can be reason-

ably avoided; and people that make a business of training and selling hunting dogs, will likely throw up their hands in horror of this suggestion, yet they must realize that something has to be done. We are practically up against the proposition or removing the cause of disaster to the chickens, or else the legislature will put us all out of commission with a closed season for years to come. I realize the difficulties involved in hunting chickens without a good pointer or setter, but if they can be increased in numbers, this difficulty will be considerably lessened. We must also remember that this is an age of evolution, that things are constantly changing, with a rapidity scarcely equalled before—so also we do note a change in what is known as the "standard of sportsmanship."

To be a "real" sportsman, nowadays, it is no longer necessary that one shall make the largest

AN APPRECIATION OF THEODORE GORDON.

It was with profound regret that I, in company with others of the *Forest and Stream* family, read the news of the death of Theodore Gordon, the well-known writer and angler, whose sketches we all have so greatly enjoyed perusing with pleasures and profit. The death of Mr. Gordon was most untimely. That his name will be missed under the headlines we will feel more as the years roll by, and his true worth is recognized. The uncomfortable fact is that such men of true and sterling worth are never missed so much as when they have vanished beyond the pale of reach; and we truly come to the realization of the fact that a heart and hand has been stilled forever. Our regret then is deep, and we read anew the sketches of a favorite with increasing interest, for then alas! they have more of a value to us than when the author lived. Mr. Gordon was unknown to me personally. His writings were his means of keeping me interested and filled with pleasure, and pleasure of the righteous and noble sort. Those who knew him intimately in life have lost much indeed for their can be little doubt as to the fact that he was a figure of endearing charm, as much personally, as was shown in his writings. His name belongs with the names of Sage, Mather, Harrington Keene, Harris, and a host of others whose identity is familiar to all of us. Mr. Gordon was the happy medium by which *Forest and Stream* has made itself a lasting and reputable institution in the land. His name and the names of others we cherish, our old friends of fields and stream, wood trail and brookside; and by their loss how much we lose who live and breathe and yet enjoy the comforts and products of existence. A recent writer and appreciator of Mr. Gordon has remarked that Mr. Gordon has understood, as we understand it who find these pleasures better than the inharmonious twinkle of coins; and the sordid strivings that belong thereto. So much more gold of sunshine taken from the rippling waters; so much more of bird song and waving flowers slipped away into a beyond; and so much more of a happy and cheerful summer of life faded across the last ridges of eternity; just so we must feel by the absence from our ranks, of Theodore Gordon, prince among individuals, one of the noblemen of Nature; but he can never leave our minds, for his immortality shall be stamped on our own consciousness and we shall shape our lives accordingly, feeling glad that he lived and progressed among us and died, a true sportsman, without a blot to his name.

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

NEWFOUNDLAND ANGLING NOTES.

We have had more visiting American anglers this year than ever before, and most of them have had such sport that they will repeat their experiences next season. Dr. Pratt, of Binghamton, N. Y., who is well and favorably known here as a genuine angler, fished on the Humber this season. He was accompanied by Dr. Overton, a neighbor of his. They got such good fishing that they cut short their holiday.

The fish were so numerous that they only fished for a short time each day and then gave it up, when they were satisfied. They caught all the fish they wanted and filled a barrel for their guide.

Since then two other anglers took 130 fish in



"So Much More Golden Sunshine Taken From The Rippling Waters."

two weeks and one sportsman took 30 salmon from the same pools a few days previous. This is some fishing, don't you think?

Annexed are some late clippings that show how other American visitors have fared:

During the last week in July the salmon caught on Harry's River were as follows: Mr. Meyers, 7, weight 54 lbs.; Mr. Faunce, 5, weight 33 lbs.; Mr. Cobb, 5, weight 39 lbs.; Mr. Holloway, 3, weighing 17½, 14, 10½ respectively.

Mr. Bristol, of New York, who fished on Torrent River, Hawkes Bay, came down by the Meigle yesterday. For big fish and good sport, he had the time of his life. A great many sal-

mon ranging in weight from fourteen to thirty-four pounds were landed. Mr. Bristol has gone to the Lower Humber to try his luck there before returning home. John A. Pennell is his guide.

A number of rainbow trout have lately been taken from the Curling ponds. On Friday one was captured which weighed over a pound and a quarter, which is a pretty fair size for a two-year-old trout.

H. M. Bristol, of New York, who went fishing on Lower Humber last Wednesday, secured a 22½ lb. salmon at Little Rapids on Thursday, and the following day landed at Big Rapids two salmon weighing 20 lbs. and 9½ lbs. respectively.

W. J. CARROLL.



A Hydra-Headed Monster— and Hercules

WITH the close of the Constitutional Convention in New York State, the friends of conservation are congratulating themselves that the raiders of the State forests have retreated. This is technically correct. But they have retreated strategically and in good order, upon a second line of defense that was prepared and strengthened by them from the beginning of the convention. Just how strong they consider this line to be may be gathered from the fact that it was chosen and sponsored for them by the lumber interests.

The Meigs proposal for a multiple-headed Conservation Commission, of nine members, only one of them shall go out of office each year, it to become a part of the basic law of the state, if the people approve it in November. These nine men, one from each judicial district, are to serve without pay, and the actual conduct of the work of the Conservation Department, under the policies determined by the Commission, is to be in the hands of a paid executive to be chosen by the Commission.

The method of appointment places the Commissioners squarely within the field of politics. They are to be appointed by the governor, "by him with the advice and consent of the Senate." Of the seventeen departments, the heads of all others except the Public Service, Labor and Industry, and Civil Service are to be appointed without senatorial confirmation, thus leaving the executive free in nearly every case to make his selection for merit alone. But not so with the Conservation Commissioners. In addition to making place of residence a prime recommendation, and subordinating fitness and training, to financial ability to serve without pay, the appointees must finally pass the searching examination of the senate machine.

The fact that the Commissioners are to serve without pay is sufficient guarantee that the personnel of this dydra-headed commission may be made up of estimable gentlemen who know nothing at all about the forests except what they are told, or of others whose knowledge extends to every crook and turn of commercial exploitation of the woods. It will be a game of "heads I win, tails you lose."

Defeated in the attempt to throw the gate wide open in the Convention, the lumbermen have hedged with every resource that they possess. And the surest hedge was to get in on the councils of the Conservation Commission. With this new hydra-headed Commission they will have several points of entrance, to shape policies from the inside with all the leverage that official position gives.

That sportsmen may be led to abate their vigilance against this packing of the Commission, the authors of the amendment have inserted a provision that the Commission is to have authority to enact regulations for the "taking, possession, sale and transportation of game, until and unless the legislature shall modify such regulations."

Such a dual system of game legislation, by the Commission and by the legislature, can have no other effect than to make the confusion of the game laws worse confounded. New York already has in its codified game laws a better elastic provision. Sportsmen's associations all over the state have risen in protest, and the State Fish, Game and Forest League, under the energetic leadership of its president, George A. Lawyer, is conducting an active campaign against the amendment. It is evident that this palpable sop thrown to sportsmen, with the intention that they shall wink at the attempt to get at the state forests, will not be accepted.

The present Commission, of one member, Hon. George D. Pratt, President of the Camp Fire Club of America, who has stood in the forefront of the conservation firing line for many years, has gone on record as absolutely opposed to any commercial utilization of the forests. He is giving a clean cut, square administration to sportsmen and lovers of the woods alike. To break down this deadlock is the object of the hydra-headed commission.

It is part of the fable of the hydra-headed monster, whose slaying constituted one of the labors of Hercules, that the heads never all slept at one time. On this fable the lumber interests have planned their second attack. They have yet to reckon with Hercules.

The Hunters Moon

THIS is the season of the Hunters Moon. In days when mythology held sway it was believed that longer hours of moonlight were granted at the garnering season, both of grain and animal surplus, in order that provision for the winter might be made doubly sure. But astronomers tell us that the phenomenon of the harvest or hunters moon is due to the fact that the full moon occurring on or near the time of the autumnal equinox rises at practically the same minute for a number of nights, owing to the small angle of the orbit of the moon and the ecliptic.

The Hunters Moon means more than that to the man who loves the chase. We do not believe that much game is taken after sunset or before sunrise. The law in fact prohibits such sport as applied to wild fowl. The moose-hunter, it is true, crawls out of his warm bed at some unholy hour before sunrise and shivers in the cold while his guide awakens the echoes of forest-clad slopes as dawn approaches. But even the moose-hunter, if truth be told, would much prefer the warm blankets in his tent to the piercing cold of an early north woods' morning.

The Hunters Moon is something over which to rhapsodize, though it represents little in practical hunting life. The beauty of it, the sense of it, is worth while. Shining in full effulgence on sleeping lake and forest and untrodden plain it gives the weird impression of something unreal, but still part and fiber of the hunting season itself.

For how many centuries have the eyes of the huntsman been turned toward it in the solitudes of the earth? Long, long ago when the moon represented Diana, the goddess of animal life and the chase, the half-wild hunter was accustomed to lay before rustic altars his tribute to her in the form of antlers, skins and choice portions of his kill, vouchsafed to him by the golden bow of Artemis herself. Then the Hunters Moon

meant something. Pagan though the custom may be called, it showed an appreciation and gratefulness now too often lacking. Let it be remembered also that Diana was the goddess of temperance and other like virtues, the adherence to which should be part of the present day hunter's creed and practice.

The Good Angler and His Tackle

THE season for the angler in the north is about over. The salt water fisherman will continue to go down to the sea in ships and will even swim if necessary to insure a continuance of his favorite sport, but the fresh water angler is ready to lay aside his tackle and do his fishing for the rest of year through the columns of his favorite outdoor magazine, which in this case we hope is *Forest and Stream*. Anglers are all good fellows, be they men or women, but just a word to such of them as have not learned to appreciate the tools of their trade. The pliant rod, the vibrant reel, the marvelously resistant line, which have brought joy to the owner and have sent thrills of keen excitement down the spine and through the nerves, deserve better and more careful treatment than they usually receive. Do not jam your rod into a case or unjoint it, to throw into some closet to remain all winter; do not toss your reel negligently to one side with the line wound on it.

Give the rod a thorough drying and revarnishing is necessary; see that all silk wrappings are carefully repaired and that everything is in apple-pie order. A rod is much better for being hung up on a hook than leaning in a corner against the wall. The reel should be carefully gone over, treated to an extra drop of oil or two and wrapped up so the dust cannot get at it. The line should be dried and given the same attention. Go over the old tackle-box, and even though you may be reluctant to throw away relics of past contests with more or less mighty monsters of the deep, that more or less got away from you, place such extra reminders where you can get at them if you want to look at them this winter—but keep the tackle-box in apple-pie order. While we hate to say it, the man who mistreats his fishing tackle outfit or neglects it, is not the good citizen that he ought to be. Perhaps he would not go to the length of abusing his family or horse; why then should he fail to treat with the loving care that it has earned, his angling paraphernalia?

Game Laws of 1915

A SUMMING up of legislative action for the year of 1915 to date shows that two hundred and forty new laws dealing with game were enacted. These laws are distributed unequally over forty-three states. As a rule the new laws are more restrictive in character, both in the matter of increasing protection on species not heretofore protected, and also in shortening seasons. In a very few instances laws were relaxed, as for instance in Wyoming, which for the first time in twelve years permits moose-hunting; and in Indiana, where protection on prairie chickens, enforced since 1907, has been removed. Michigan has prohibited the use of automobiles in hunting partridges and Indiana has abolished the use of searchlights or other artificial lights attached to autos for hunting game on or near highways.

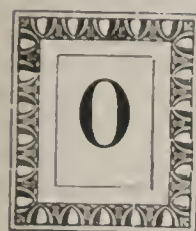


NATURAL HISTORY



Are Most Theories of Game Preservation Wrong?

By Sydney G. Fisher.



ONE day in Florida a winter or two ago I stepped up to a covey of quail, my dog was pointing in the pine woods, and as they rose made a double, one with each barrel. The two birds fell rather near together on a bare spot of ground. I reloaded my gun and ordered Saxon to retrieve. Just as he started from my side a hawk shot down from a tree and picked up one of the dead birds; but the dog got so near him that the hawk had to drop it.

I know many people who would have effected great rage at the hawk; would have shot him and ever afterwards boasted of killing him for attempting to "steal" their quail. Having shot him I suppose they would have thrown his agile body and beautiful plumage to rot on the ground.

But to me the episode was the most pleasant one of the day. I felt no rage. On the contrary, I was delighted with the characteristic boldness of my friend. He must have been close by in the tree when I fired both barrels. He was evidently not gun-shy. Undeterred by the noise he had waited in his tree, and as I seemed to be indifferent to the dead quail and was merely fooling away time pushing things into a piece of iron, he had sailed in to help himself. I rather regretted that he had not been able to carry off the quail and enjoy it at his leisure.

He seated himself solemnly and sternly on a limb had allowed me to come within not much over twenty yards to study the beautiful glint of his barred and mottled plumage, and the scornful glance of his fiery little eye. It was an uninhabited region where the wild life was but little disturbed, or I could not have gone so close to him. His coloring, size and extreme boldness led me to put him down as a Pigeon Hawk. At least that was my judgment when I got back to the houseboat that night and looked him up in Chapman's excellent Handbook of the Birds. I should have had my camera with me to take his portrait and also my field glasses so as to have seen him better. But goodness, if I have to carry all those things, and the gun, ammunition and lunch, often wear rubber boots, and "cuss" Saxon when he does not behave properly, I shall be worn out, and we shall have to eat ham and canned stuff on the houseboat instead of game.

Where the so-called predacious animals and birds are not hunted down too persistently, you can get near them and study their great beauty and interesting traits. You can do this in many countries of Europe of far older civilization than ours. They are not such dreadful exterminators as we are. They have more predacious birds and vermin, all the old wild life, and infinitely

more game than we have. In only a few parts of our country is it any longer possible to add this study of all sorts of wild creatures to your pursuit of game. When you can do so your day is much more of a recreation.

I had an interesting experience some years ago of the possible tameness of wild life. I was strolling near the shores of Lake Tohopekaliga (which, by the way, is the Seminole Indian imitation of the caroling note of the blackbird), when I saw a curious little dark-colored hawk sitting on the lower limb of a tree; I went up and stood under him, not over fifteen feet away, and he was perfectly fearless, that supremely indifferent staring fearlessness of a hawk. I picked up a little stick and tossed it up towards him. He followed it with his eye and head in rather an interested good natured way until it dropped to the ground, and after a while, having shaken and fluffed up his feathers and smoothed them out again, he sailed off into the forest.

He was the handsomest and most alert little sport I ever saw, and I have never been able to make up my mind to what species he belonged. He may have been one of those that come up sometimes from South America. His extreme fearlessness may have indicated this. He may have only just finished a trip of a thousand miles or so from some far southern, tropical wilderness; and I may have been lucky enough to have chanced on him before he became careful of himself.

Before the time of the Civil War, experiences of this kind with all sorts of wild life could be enjoyed almost everywhere in America. I am glad to say I can still enjoy them in some parts of Florida; and on every visit there I learn something more than the hawks. But in how few other places could I learn of them? The poor creatures are well-nigh exterminated. Their glorious abundance which the older naturalists, like Wilson and Audubon, describe, and the interest and zest they added to every scene of field or forest, has almost wholly passed away. How numerous and comparatively tame they must have been for a person to kill six or seven of them in a day, as Audubon describes. He himself was sometimes a shameless slaughterer of them for the sake of specimens to study. But he had the grace at times to regret the slaughter and give excuses for it.

The more hawks and the more everything, including vermin so-called, the skunks, weasels, coons, foxes, all the original life, the better I am pleased, and the more pleasure and profit there is for human beings. The old wild life of the woods and fields, fighting and feeding on one another, like the humans, but most of the time,

very friendly, is what we should aim to restore as far as possible. I am entirely opposed to bounties, or poisonings or any methods of exterminating one part of our old life for the sake of a supposed benefit to the other part. It does not produce the benefit. It obscures and leads us away from the real cause of our difficulties, which is man's destruction not only of the creatures themselves, the game and song birds, but of their food and hiding places.

After many years of shooting expeditions in all sorts of out-of-the-way places in the southern states and to some extent in the west and in the north woods, I have become greatly humanized or animalized. The two words mean the same thing. Many of our most human qualities, our sympathy and tenderness, have been largely developed, the biologist tells us, in the long past of our race, by association with animals. And then we ourselves are animals.

The sweet, slow length of golden autumn days in my long tramps afield slowly transformed the too eager sportsman. He had been so intent on the bag that he was blind to the wonders about him. But now a large part of each hunting day is passed in worshipping those wonders; watching the crows, hawks, shrikes, owls, coons, skunks; in fact, the whole array of vermin that our people in a mistaken policy are trying to wipe off the face of the earth. They think that they know more than God about what the world should contain.

I must confess even to have spent a large part of an hour last winter in studying a nest full of young prairie rats to which my dog had kept calling my attention, just as I had sat down tired at noon. As he insisted that there was something there I dug into the tussock and soon forgot myself in wonder of the little blind things, and their strange instincts, their strong life that was surviving so vigorously in the blistering sun of the lonely prairie, the beauty, softness and perfection of the nest so cunningly contrived for them. No, I did not stamp them to death. I covered them up again and gave Saxon a gesture and an order to let them alone. He understands that now; for he has become a sort of a naturalist himself. He had been watching them with greatest interest, and no inclination to harm them. When an intelligent pointer becomes accustomed to your ways it is astonishing how he can bring to your attention all the hidden things of the woods.

He brings out a coon for me every now and then and my first intimation of it is usually a savage fight. A coon can usually get the better of a dog; and in a few minutes Saxon is apt to be willing to "come off" and play naturalist for awhile. But it is hard then to persuade Mr. Coon to remain near you. Often, however, in wild places, if I can see the coon first and restrain Saxon, I can go up close; stand within a few feet of his coonship and study pure wild life for quite a time. It is surprising how tame they are in very wild places and how closely you

can see them. Most people, of course, never experience this, because with them it is chase and kill at first sight.

A skunk is really a most interesting animal in wild places where he is not terrorized. I know of no animal that strolls along with such dignity of bearing and serene pleasure in his enjoyment of life and nature. He is apt to come out for these dignified strolls about 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and it is a great pleasure to watch him. He is much more serene than a coon, which is rather a nervous animal. I wonder if that serenity does not come from his consciousness of having a most terrible weapon of defense. Since writing that sentence I find that the famous naturalist Wallace takes that view, and he adds that the conspicuous black and white coloring is protection, because it is an instant and easily distinguished warning to other animals to stand aside. And yet, like some well-armed fellows, he is most moderate and forbearing if you too observe the code of the woods, and do not threaten destruction. I can always study him with perfect safety from a distance of ten or fifteen yards. Saxon too, after several unpleasant encounters, is content to stand more or less quietly at my side, at that distance. But he growls a little over the remembrances of the past. It is not altogether a natural history study with him in this case.

But I am supposed to be writing about birds. The wickedest thing our people and legislatures ever did was to mark for extermination the owls and put a bounty on their heads as has been done in so many states. They did no more harm than anything else. They all kill and we all kill. Here again we have Audubon's fascinating description of the great numbers of owls and their interesting varieties in his time; their frequent appearance, even in daytime, their soft noiseless flight as they started at dusk through the forests on their mysterious nightly prowl for sport and food. They feed largely on mice, insects and other creatures; and, as our National Department of Agriculture reports, are more beneficial than injurious to crops and country life. Like other beneficial birds, and like man himself, one or two species of them are hunters, particularly the Barred Owl and the Great Horned Owl. They kill birds for sport and food at times, and they like a treat of tender chicken just as we do. Even the two hunter species live largely on mice and insects; and the others are beautiful, interesting and beneficial. They help to make country life a pleasure, a varied and healthy recreation; and without such things it becomes mere stupidity and barrenness.

Maybe we shall come to our senses in time to save the last of them; remove the bounty laws and create a different sentiment. Maybe we shall be too late. They are now nearly exterminated except in wild places, where alone I can not have the pleasure of watching them. Many of them are magnificent birds to see. Read about them in Audubon's first volume of his work on birds where they are treated together with the hawks, illustrated by that great master's inimitable artist hand, and described with the natural literary skill of passionate enthusiasm. He saw and studied them nearly a hundred years ago when they were numerous everywhere and fitted in with the rest of the numerous wild life of the continent.

Their habits, development and capacities are

part of the marvels of creation, and when they are all swept from the country and we have to go to Europe to see them, where a more enlightened sentiment protects them, we shall all regret their loss when it is too late. A superb one of them in full plumage one day in Florida, sat on a palmetto tree blinking at me in full midday sun, while I sat watching him under another tree. It is the rule to kill them when they are thus almost helpless, in the full glare of the day. But I would not have destroyed him for any consideration. The sheen and perfection of his plumage were wonderful. They bring you closer to nature and nothing makes me feel so much at home and sure that I am in the wilderness, as their solemn hooting in the Florida tropical forests.

Bounties for the destruction of the hawks, owls, and various small animals, merely encourage our people in the habit of exterminating. It gives them the idea that certain parts of nature are to be exterminated and soon they are exterminating it all.

We should teach them just the opposite; teach them to admire, love and preserve all nature; teach them the pleasure of studying and understanding nature. There is nothing more civilizing.

In the last year the bounty system in Pennsylvania has been found to have resulted in wholesale frauds on the state. It is essentially in its best form, more graft and fraud than anything else. Its motive with politicians is, usually, a mere bid for votes by offering the money of the state to certain people for destroying the natural beauty and property of the state; and encouraging them to trespass on other people's land to do it. While they go hammering away with this sort of extermination in the hope of increasing the game, the real causes of the decrease of game, the destruction of cover and food, and the depredations of mankind, are neglected.

"One of the counties of Pennsylvania paid out in one year over \$5,000 for scalps of birds of prey. In the light of the foregoing fact it will readily be understood how long a time it will take to replace these birds whose destruction cost the state of Pennsylvania so much money, in case their services are wanted. There is no doubt that this state and others which have passed similar laws have made a serious mistake; for it is indisputable that the opinion about hawks and owls, so widespread and popular, is not well founded." (U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Division of Ornithology *Bulletin* No. 3, p. 10.)

That bounty system with its accompanying frauds has been carried on in Pennsylvania for many years; and yet the game and song birds instead of being helped by it have decreased. That is the great fact the whole country over that the extermination of hawks and other so-called predacious birds and animals, does not increase the game of the song birds. I am familiar with many places where that experiment has been tried and failed. Anyone can see that in general it has failed, because the game and song birds which were overwhelmingly abundant forty or fifty years ago, when the vermin so-called, were also abundant, have not increased, but have diminished since the extermination of the vermin was undertaken.

In the times following the Civil War, I was just old enough to go with my father to the eastern shore of Maryland. Hawks, crows,

owls, eagles, foxes, minks, squirrels, snakes, every form of wild life was swarming. Game of all sorts were also swarming, especially quail and woodcock. The wild ducks, geese and swan covered all the rivers. But I need not dwell on them because I am discussing more particularly the land birds. Song birds and all the interesting birds, not game, were innumerable. The woodpeckers, I remember, bored holes under the eaves of the house, and would wake you up with their hammerings at daylight; and if you escaped that, the chorus of song birds would soon put sleep to flight. The swallows built nests in the chimneys in summer time, and every ten or fifteen minutes through the day you could hear the twittering of the young as the parents brought them food. It was a paradise for a boy and I acquired tastes that never left me.

I still go there and to the same farm. The hawks, eagles, and predacious creatures are largely exterminated. I have not seen an eagle's nest for many years; and instead of continually seeing hawks about you everywhere, they are a rarity. The same thing is true of the other species of vermin; they are either gone entirely or reduced to next to nothing. There should, therefore, according to the bounty theory, be a great increase of game. But there is not; it too is largely gone. Game laws have been passed and enforced to help it but even with their assistance there is less of it than when the vermin flourished. Instead of the great abundance of it that formerly lived side by side with the predacious creatures, and had lived side by side with them for thousands of years before white men discovered America, there is now so little of it that it is hardly worth hunting for.

In the counties around Philadelphia fifty years ago there were many hawks and birds of prey, as I well remember, and an infinite number of song birds, far more than now; and twenty miles from the city there were a good many quail and woodcock. The woodcock were often found ten miles from the city. All this game has disappeared. Only a few pair of quail nest in those counties in summer and migrate in the autumn. The war waged on the hawks and vermin did not save the game or restore it. Species of birds were then very numerous, of which now in those localities you seldom see a single one. For example, one we called the yellow bird, which was prodigiously numerous, was trapped in great numbers by people who came out from the city for the purpose, usually on Saturdays and Sundays, and sold as an imitation canary bird. It was the American Goldfinch, as I learned in later years; and now whole summers pass in which I see none of them, or only a pair or two. They were destroyed by man. They had flourished with the hawks and vermin for centuries, but man, the trapper and arch destroyer cut them down so close that as often happens with a species, they cannot get going again and build themselves up. They may disappear entirely.

The Labrador duck disappeared in that way. It was supposed that there was still a number of them about, until rather suddenly it was found that there was none; and none have been seen alive for many years. So also the passenger pigeon, which in the old days often swept across the whole country in vast flocks all day long so that even the naturalists had hardly patience to count the flocks. After merciless slaughter by car-loads on its roosting grounds, it still existed in

some numbers down almost to the year 1890, and no one was thinking of extermination until suddenly it was seen no more, and not a specimen of it has since been found.

Naturalists report that the wild dove may be going the same way easily slaughtered in the southern states by baiting it to certain fields, the flocks of it I used to see as a boy as far north as Maryland, can be found no more even in remote districts of the south. Scattering birds or a few pairs are all you find. The band tailed pigeon of the southwest is also, I understand, meeting the same fate.

By whom has all this destruction been wrought? By man. Nothing else. And to show how men differ in different countries, we must remember that though we quickly exterminate our pigeons, the wood pigeon in England is still preserved, is still so numerous there and in other parts of Europe, as to afford abundant sport and food supply.

The reed bird (bobolink of summer time), which came to the Delaware river marshes in September by hundreds of millions, is now cut down to a miserable, insignificant remnant. I learn from the naturalists that it has totally disappeared or is extremely rare in northern New Jersey and about New York City, where thirty years ago it was abundant. A law to stop shooting them for a few years and allow them to increase was so unpopular that it was repealed on petition of a large number of gunners who preferred to go on exterminating the remnant along the Delaware, rather than practice the thrift of preservation and increase for the future.

Perhaps a word more should be said of it. It is valuable for food in September when it is called the Reed bird, and is then not particularly pretty in its sober brownish suit. But in spring and summer in its gorgeous plumage and filling the air with its rich notes as it lives scattered through our meadows and fields, raising its brood, it has long been the joy and delight of millions of people ever since the colonists came from old England. At that season it is called the Bobolink. Now that our people are learning more about birds, they find that the Bobolink spends the winter in South America below the Amazon in the prairies of Brazil, and the marshes of La Plata, and is a wonderful traveler and migrator, and that though nearly exterminated in our eastern states, he is making his way and finding a refuge westward, following the extension of grain fields and the irrigation enterprises all the way to the Rocky Mountains and has even crossed them to the Pacific Coast. This makes him more interesting than ever. It is almost a "Dollars-and-cents proposition," to preserve him, for we are discovering that natural pleasures are money or more important still, life. They find too, that all summer long he is a fierce destroyer of grass hoppers, caterpillars, army worms, weevils, and all sorts of noxious insects. There, they say, see what a real "dollar-and-cent proposition" he is.

But behold another side of him. In October in his brown Reed Bird form, he had for a hundred years been in the habit of visiting by millions the rice lands of the Carolinas and Georgia, and devouring the rice in its milky stage. Dollars

[This is the First of a Series of Three Articles on the Subject of Game Preservation by an Authoritative Writer. The Next Article Will Be Published in the November Issue of Forest and Stream.—Ed.]



By Whom Has All This Destruction Been Wrought? By Man!

and cents out of my pocket, cries the rice planter; and in the old days they kept slaves standing on platforms in the rice fields all day long cracking whips and shooting guns, to drive Bobolink away. I venture to say that Bobby has destroyed more dollars and cents than all the hawks and vermin from the foundation of the world to the present day. It is a good illustration of the point I wish to bring out strongly in this article, that all are beneficial and all are destroyers, and in that respect resemble man himself; and that to attempt to select and preserve only the beneficial ones and exterminate all the rest is impossible, is a plan doomed to failure and has already failed.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture after exhaustive study reports in the *Bulletin* already quoted, that the hawks may be divided into three classes. First, those including about six species which are wholly beneficial to agriculture, because they feed exclusively on insects, rats and mice; second, those including about a dozen species which are mainly beneficial because, though occasionally indulging in poultry, they, for the most part, keep in check injurious insects and rodents; third, those including only four or five species whose beneficial and harmful qualities about balance each other; fourth, those including only three or four species, the sharp skin, Cooper's hawk, the Goshawk, and the Duck Hawk that feed more on birds than on insects. Taken altogether the large percentage of their lives is beneficial. Of the three or four that are marked as more injurious than beneficial, it is altogether too petty and sneakily calculating to mark them for extermination. They are noble, beautiful birds, that take their prey by skill and power, that put most of our sporting methods to

shame. Let them share the worlds with us and feed on some of the same things we feed on.

One of the birds which the Agricultural Department has felt compelled to class in with hawks and put in the third class of balanced benefit and injury is the eagle, because, though in some localities it destroys rodents and small animals injurious to agriculture, it carries off lambs and kills wild ducks, especially wounded ones. It is our National bird, the emblem of our liberty and independence; and yet our people seem determined to exterminate it and are rapidly succeeding. There will soon not be one left.

Of all the so-called rapacious birds the final conclusion of the National Agricultural Department is that "the greater number either pass their whole time in the constant performance of acts of direct benefit to man, or else more than make good the harm they do in the destruction of insectivorous birds and poultry by destroying a much greater number of animals well known to be hostile to the farmer." (U. S. D. of A., Div. of Ornithology *Bulletin No. 3*, p. 17.)

In our insane desire to protect game by bounty laws against hawks, owls and other creatures we forget the rats which those "predacious birds and vermin" destroyed in the days of abundant game. Of all the destructive agencies of ground nesting birds like quail and grouse, the rats, mice and other small rodents rank among the highest after man. Rodents are innumerable in the fields and woods, and increase from north to south. People are making a great fuss now about preventing dogs from wandering about in the nesting season, and they want to kill your fine dog at sight if they see him out on the road. Others have gone cracked about wandering cats.

(Continued on page 632.)

What Are We To Do About the Starling?

Careful Observers Advance the Opinion that He is Going to be a Worse Pest than the English Sparrow

SHOOT THE STARLING.

Meriden, Conn., Sept. 4, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In an item in your August publication, the starling is described as a destroyer of cutworms, and, therefore, worthy of protection. This verdict is based upon the feeding habit of one pair with their early brood.

After seven years' close observation of the starling in central Connecticut, I would like to have a short report published, that the man with the gun may know their habits and do his part in keeping these birds from being a national plague.

I heartily agree that the starling is insectivorous to a large extent, as the investigation now being carried on at Washington will undoubtedly show. Tent caterpillars are eaten by adults and fed to the young in great numbers. I have known of an entire orchard being rid of these pests by a large flock of starlings. Most of the feeding, however, is upon the ground, usually in the meadows where immense quantities of grasshoppers are destroyed. But the same pair that cleans a garden of cutworms may destroy a neighbor's fruit crop; or the beneficial flock in the caterpillar or locust season may ruin a crop of sprouting or ripe grain. This has been proven true in Connecticut. The fruit destruction has been largely of cherries and pears, and oats seem to be a favorite grain.

Seven years ago there were but four starlings in this town; now there are tens of thousands. One instance has been reported to me in which an immense flock of starlings did much damage in a young pear orchard; alighting in such numbers as to break off the new shoots. Large flocks often select shade trees along a much traveled street as an established roost, and there become a public nuisance. Another objectionable feature is their habit of nesting in any cranny or hole they can find or make about buildings. I have known them to make holes in eave drains, and also directly through a shingled roof. At first the starling seemed to prefer a home in the city; but now that belfries are screened and efforts made to keep them away from the homes, 90 per cent. of the nests I have found this season have been in hollow trees, woodpeckers' holes and bird houses.

Now comes the great objection to the starling in America. They are an enemy to our native birds, driving them from their homes and robbing their nests. I have seen the starling flying with an egg on its bill, and a robin in pursuit, and have often seen them fighting the birds at their nests. Flickers are driven from their holes, which are especially coveted by the starlings. After the starlings have made their own nests, daily visits are made to the bird houses and hollow trees of the vicinity, where robbery is probably committed at every opportunity.

Why will not these birds that have such relish for fresh eggs be likely to feast at the nest of the Bob White or any other ground-nesting bird they may happen upon as they feed in the meadows?

To my mind, the value of the starling as an insect destroyer is largely counterbalanced by his destruction of fruit and grain; and as these birds increase in number and spread westward this loss will be more keenly felt. That leaves the facts that these starlings are a public nuisance in the city and village, and that they drive away and destroy our useful native birds entirely to their discredit.

If it were more generally known that the starlings are eatable and without protection it would greatly aid in keeping them under subjection. Someone, who has had experience in serving the smaller game birds, should experiment with this substitute, and report, let us hope, favorably, so that successful snipe hunters may be induced to bring home the starling in abundance.

L. W. SMITH.

THE STARLING A WORSE PEST THAN OUR ENGLISH SPARROW.

Branford, Conn., Aug. 31, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Only six years ago we were denouncing the English sparrow for its menacing of our streets and gardens, but today who would not be thankful to tolerate this bird in preference to the starling? It is a surprising fact that these birds are getting even more prevalent than the sparrow, and not only do they inhabit the streets, gardens, and public buildings, but they have ventured into the country so that the farmers are beginning to recognize them as pests. In winter, snow and northerly winds do not seem to affect these bold and hardy little birds and a farmer recently told me, that "he'd sooner have crows in his barn than have these black devils yelling all the day."

Like the Saxons and the Normans, the sparrows seem to be willing to consolidate their interests with those of their intruders. I know of a group of maples and elms in a factory yard which seems to be the common rendezvous of both birds. After six o'clock, when work is over great flocks of starlings and sparrows assemble in the trees and carry on a continuous confabulation until sundown. It sounds more like a pitched battle or a heated altercation, but the more I observe, the more I am convinced that the meeting is of a friendly nature and that both are there to roost through a peaceful night.

But although these "black devils" present a more pleasing aspect than the unkempt and scrawny English sparrow, they are more destructive and repugnant than its neighbor. Eggs and the young of most of our smaller song-birds are in constant danger of the starling and it is un-

necessary to state that the mother bird suffers defeat if she should offer resistance. Again many thousands of our voracious and tree-destructive insects, such as the cut-worm, are devoured by the starlings, although they cannot be said to be as thorough as our spray, but to get rid of this deprecating and quarrelsome bird is a problem beginning to be worth while thinking about.

T. F. HAMMER.

WORK OF BEAVER IS LASTING.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In a recent bulletin issued by the New York State Conservation Commission which is making a census and a study of the beaver in the Adirondacks, is the following interesting information about the permanency of the work of this industrious little animal:—

"How long will a beaver dam last?" At least a hundred and fifty years is the conclusion of the Conservation Commission, as the result of an examination of trees growing upon a very old dam in the vicinity of Eighth Lake in the Fulton Chain.

"Scrub white cedars on this dam were cut down, in order to count their annual growth rings, by W. C. Talmage, of Camp Waubun, Seventh Lake, whose study of beavers during the last thirty years has taken him over many of the wild portions of the United States and Canada. A section of one, just received by the Commission, is nine inches in diameter and shows 125 annual rings. Others as large as sixteen inches have rotted in the center until they are mere shells and their age can only be guessed at.

"On the supposition that the trees could not have taken upon the dam until it had become covered with humus from dead leaves, or silt washed on by the stream, it is believed by the Commission that the dam dates back certainly until 1765, before the power of the Iroquois Confederacy was broken, and when the Adirondacks were still their Beaver Hunting Country of apparently inexhaustible supply. Then every stream held evidence at the beaver's skill, and the pelts that they supplied even passed for currency at Fort Orange and New York.

"In their old haunts along the Fulton Chain they are coming into their own again, until they have become one of the prime attractions of the region."

JOHN D. WHISH.

INVISIBLE FISHING LINES.

A collection of fishing lines illustrating the ingenuity of the Japanese sporting goods manufacturer has been received in this country. They are the "invisible" sort, made of very fine silk, boiled in a preparation of oil and glue and calendered under heavy pressure. These lines are called the "tegusu" and are made from the silk from wild cocoons. They are considered the strongest and most successful ever devised to use for large game fish.

The ways of birds are often contrary. For years the Canadian authorities have unsuccessfully tried to introduce American quail into British Columbia. Last year, however, about a half dozen pair migrated there from the state of Washington, have survived and bred and bid fair to multiply rapidly. On the other hand willow grouse, at one time plentiful in this region, have almost entirely disappeared.

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The handle is simple--two parts. Nothing to get out of order. Correct angle for easy shaving. Smooth bar board. Rinsing cleans razor instantly. Blades easy to put in and take out.

Penn Blades are guaranteed to give entire Shaving Satisfaction.

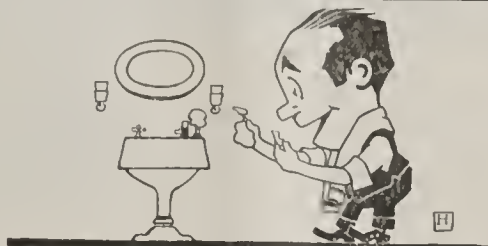
Penn secures the metal in Sweden, has it treated in Sheffield, England, and shipped here in coils. Pieces from each coil are tested in two different laboratories to make sure each coil is up to Penn Standards.

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LIVE NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Being Reports From Our Local Correspondents

SPRING SHOOTING OF GAME IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

A few years ago the Prince Edward Island Fish and Game Association, at Charlottetown, passed two resolutions relating to wild geese and brant. One was that the spring shooting of wild geese be limited from April 10 to May 10, and for fall shooting, from October 1 to December 31, the balance of the year to be a closed season. The second was that the spring shooting of brant be limited from May 15 to June 10, and the fall shooting, October 1 to December 15, the balance of the year to be a closed season. Needless to say those resolutions were never acted on by the Provincial authorities. It might safely be said that the greater majority of those present of that Charlottetown meeting know little about shooting, and far less concerning the habits of the birds, for whose protection they seemed so solicitous. With an experience of thirty years' shooting more or less in my native province of Prince Edward Island, I think I may be pardoned if I should conceive that I can speak with more authority on the question than the majority I have lived in Ontario for the past seven years, but have come down to the Island almost every spring during the goose-shooting season, as this spring. I may say that in late years I have always come too late for the shooting of the white-bellied geese, the largest and best that come to our Prince Edward Island shores, for the very good reason that those birds come to our shores with the first southerly winds after March 15 and remain only about ten days, after which they fly farther North.

Thus it will be seen that with a close season in March and early April, none of those fine white-bellied birds would be shot at all. This species of geese remain for the winter off the Digby Coast of Nova Scotia. Later on the grey geese arrive from the South and begin mating here about May 1. If protection be required, which of course is unnecessary, why not close the season on May 1? These are the geese that are now being shot in this section by boys because the larger and finer species of white-bellied are now away to the North.

Of brant and their habits a great many sportsmen are in the dark. Marsh writers evince gross ignorance of the habits of these birds. There are three different species of brant.

One kind flies up the McKenzie River and on to Herchell Island. Another kind flies across the land and hatches in the marshes of Manitoba with which species we Islanders are familiar, although some of them which stay with the geese off the coast of Digby, N. S., for the winter, come from the South, and hatch on the

west coast of Greenland. Mr. H. A. Leslie, of Prince County, is an ardent and observing sportsman of thirty-five years' experience, has kept a diary of the flights of this bird in the Richmond Bay, the best brant and goose shooting grounds—the Maritime province—with the result that the leaving date of those birds averages May 31st. His diary, so far back as 1887, shows the leaving date May 31, and even as early as May 23,—in 1889, while most of the years recorded place the date at either May 31 or June 1. One year, 1907, the date was at late as June 15, but this was a solitary exception.

Brant remain in some parts of the Island to a later date than in Richmond Bay. They fatten more quickly in Richmond Bay than in most other parts of the Island, on account of the great amount of herring spawn, which adheres to the sea-weed, upon which spawn brant feed.

Both geese and brant are just as plentiful now as they were thirty years ago; with a true sportsman a certain amount of hardship is necessary for true pleasure and satisfaction but some would-be sportsmen would want climatic conditions changed so that the killing of birds would be unattended with the natural difficulties of early spring shooting.

A great many of our Island farmers who are true sportsmen usually are able to spare a few days from their ordinary pursuits at the early part of the season for recreation before the difficult work of sowing their crop. Goose shooting in Prince Edward Island is rare sport indeed.

J. A. MACDONALD.

Hermanville, P. E. I.

CALLS DEER LAW BRUTAL.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Perhaps some of your readers may be interested in what is substantially a copy of a letter I have just mailed to The Connecticut Fish and Game Protective Association.

I am in receipt of your bill for *annual dues*

for the coming year. You may strike my name from your list of members right now.—It would seem that if the association had any influence in the protection of game it might have exerted it to a good purpose last winter. The late enacted deer law is a monstrosity, a most outrageous example of class legislation, and it reflects no credit upon its originator or friends. In what other State does such a law exist, or one which approaches it in injustice or barbarity? If its special privileges be fully invoked they will be fully attended by cruelty, such as should not be tolerated by a civilized people. It paves the way to and makes easy the work of all who would violate its provisions, and renders their conviction more difficult.

As a lover of venison this law benefits me personally, but I denounce it as a disgrace to our State.

Do not deceive yourselves with the notion that the farmer cannot lawfully put his venison in the open market. Should the State attempt to prosecute for such an act it will meet with failure.

F. POWERS.

Westport, Conn., Aug. 31, 1915.

P. S. The only way you can do any good now, is in an appeal to the farmers to show mercy.

The law to which Mr. Powers refers, or rather the law as he interprets it, is set forth in a communication published by him in *The Sun* of New York and in the course of which he says:

"A rather remarkable example of class legislation is 'An Act Concerning the Killing of Deer,' passed at the last session of the General Assembly.

"You or any member of your family or, with your permission, any person or persons in your employ, may at any time (unless on Sunday) with shotgun loaded with shot or with bullets wound, kill or capture any deer found on your premises, whether such deer be buck, pregnant doe, nursing mother or suckling fawn, and any deer so killed or captured shall be your property, apparently to do with as you please.

"For all others than land owners or land holders the law and penalties for violation thereof remain as heretofore."

MOSQUITO AND FLEA PREVENTIVE.

While knocking about Chesapeake Bay in a small catboat, it was my custom to camp on shore at night. These camps were generally in

(Continued on page 616.)



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A Good Example of Nature Coloration.

MOSQUITO AND FLEA PREVENTIVE.

(Continued from page 614.)

a clump of woods, and the mosquitoes, flies and fleas were simply awful. I found that by taking a small quantity of *Pyrethrum rosocum*, or the Persian camomile, making it into a paste with a few drops of alcohol, then diluting with three or four times as much water, applying to the exposed parts of the body and allowing it to dry, that the trouble was much mitigated. The *Pyrethrum* is not poisonous, and may be freely used without danger. The drug is the basis of the so-called Persian insect powder, sold in all drug stores, but some of it is worthless.

REMARKABLE TEST OF RIFLE BARREL.

Kristiania, August 14, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

An experiment was arranged here at Kristiania yesterday afternoon to try an invention of great interest to all your readers as it concerns the protection of the gun barrel against the action of the powder and the ball in rifles. The demonstration and test was under the management of Major Julstrud, the government expert on ordnance and his assistant, Lieut. Hansen of the general staff. The inventor is the Swedish engineer, Alfred Nilson.

The invention consists of a chemical which does not in any way affect the powder or the cartridge but furnishes a lubricant to the missile and a protection to the gun's inside parts against the burning of the ammunition.

The weapon used was the regulation army machine-gun with new barrel.

First 1,000 rounds were fired with the ordinary ammunition of the artillery and the gun was kept cool by constant washing of cold water. Thereafter the barrel was taken out and a new one screwed in its place and the intention was now to fire 1,000 rounds without stopping and without cooling, using the new invention during this test, which was made as severe as possible. It did not take more than two minutes (the gun shoots 250 shots a minute) before the gunpipe was getting red hot, and when 850 shots had been fired the mechanism refused to operate as the different temperature in the different parts put the gun out of work.

The gun was then cooled off and the barrel taken out. Both barrels being cleaned out it was found that the powder chamber of the first was badly cored and burned out while in the second the bore was perfectly intact and showed no burning in the chamber, and hardly any noticeable wear in the rifling.

The invention, therefore, proves to be of the greatest importance in prolonging the life of rifled guns. Just think of what saving this will mean to the big gun material of a great navy and army. Major Julstrud expressed his great astonishment.

The American military attache, Capt. James Tatten, who resides at Copenhagen, was represented at the demonstration by his agent at Kristiania. The invention will be offered first of all to his government.

HARRY RANDALL.

THE SAD REFLECTION OF A FLORIDA FISHERMAN.

Stuart, Fla., August 30, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Being called to Salerno, on a business trip, last Friday, I was informed that, on August 22, James W. Fike, a settler living near the Big Bass Lake, had in an hour's time caught two bass, one of eleven pounds weight, and one of nine pounds, and that in an hour and a half the following Wednesday afternoon, he had caught three, weighing, respectively, five, six and one half, and eight pounds, and then I suddenly remembered that I had not had a vacation this summer, and forgot all business, and was taken out to the lake, to the home of a friend where I was welcomed with the good news, "am awful glad to see you, you will learn what it is to catch bass that are bass, not the minnows you have always caught in the north."

Well, the result was that afternoon I trolled that lake, with the best of artificial bass baits, still-fished from the shore with live bait and from boat but no strike could I get, and I worked faithfully through the twilight, and by moonlight, without a strike. Promising myself better luck on Saturday, I retired to a sound sleep, that was broken by the alarm clock, at 4 a. m., and I was in the boat out on the lake, just as day was

(Continued on page 618.)

“The Ducks Are Coming”

Prepare Yourself for the First of the Flight

ASK any gunner to name the best grounds for wildfowl shooting along the Atlantic Coast, and this will be his answer:

Since the first coming of white settlers the shores of Long Island have been renowned for their abundance of aquatic fowl during the fall migrations.

To-day, with ducks and geese hard to find elsewhere, here you will find them in number to satisfy any sportsman.



The Great South Bay is sixty miles long and from two to five miles wide --- plenty of room for lots of guns and ducks and geese enough for all.

The Long Island Railroad parallels the coast the entire distance.

Read the article covering Long Island shooting in this issue; then make your arrangements to come down and join in the sport!

THE SAD REFLECTION OF A FLORIDA FISHERMAN.

(Continued from page 616.)

dawning, to work constantly until 10.30, except time taken to eat breakfast, strolling, and casting, with artificial lures and still-fishing with grayfish, sunfish and mullet minnows, with the luck to have one bass take a live sunfish minnow, drag it three feet and cast it out alive. Not another pretense of a bite was offered, although I could see the swirls and wakes of the swimming bass, and frequently got a glimpse of a dark form of large size moving through the water.

On my return to Salerno, I met Fike, who cheerfully said to me, "Why didn't you come to my house, on the side of the road before you got to the lake, and I would have gone along and showed you how to fish for bass, and catch them too, and any time you can come down again, let me have a line the day before and I will get the bait ready and go with you and show you how to catch the big mouths."

Alas! thus in two days ended my reputation as a bass fisherman, which in Kansas, was that of one of the best in the state, but I am perfectly willing to forget all I have ever learned about bass fishing, and as a beginner, take lessons of any one. If by doing so I can get one of these large monsters on a good hook, with light tackle, and if I can get one of over ten pounds, I will surely have its picture taken to send to you.

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

SALMON IN LAKE SUPERIOR.

Toronto, Aug. 10th, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

On the 29th of last month I was traveling in a small steam tug along the north shore of Lake Superior, and when off the west side of Thunder Cape the owners of the tug lifted a pound net and took from it a moderate haul of fish, chiefly lake trout and suckers, but among the others was one fish which attracted the attention of all on board. It was a salmon, and the captain of the tug said that it was a steelhead salmon (*Oncorhynchus nerka?*), similar to those in the Fraser and Columbia Rivers. It was a beautiful fish and weighed just eight pounds. In answer to my question as to how Pacific coast salmon came to be in Lake Superior, the captain informed me that some salmon fry had been brought from the Pacific coast ten or twelve years ago and had been put into the lake near both Duluth and Port Arthur. On several occasions he had caught some of these salmon in the vicinity of Thunder Cape, but this one was the first that he had caught this year, and was the largest that he had yet caught.

J. B. TYRRELL.

WHERE LARGE BASS ARE CAUGHT.

Few fishermen around the vicinity of New York realize the remarkable weight attained by striped bass in the water convenient to this city. Every year a few large striped bass running from 10 to 40 pounds are taken along the Jersey coast. An angler two years ago at Elberon landed a monster that tipped the beam at 58½ pounds. Montauk Point, L. I. is also an excellent place for large bass. Early fall is the best time for this sport, the fishing generally lasting well into October. The favorite lure with most of these surf-casters is the head of a squid although bunches of blood worms and mullet and shedder crab, when it can be had, are favorites with others.

Ohio Sportsmen Are Organizing Hope to Band Two Hundred Thousand Good Men and True, in an Effort Toward Better Shooting and Fishing

Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 6.—Undoubtedly the most significant and far reaching development in recent years in the campaign for the conservation of fish and game in this state took place Wednesday, Sept. 1, at the meeting of the League of Ohio Sportsmen in Columbus when it was decided to open a crusade for the enlistment of 200,000 members throughout the state. The league is made up of 44 organizations throughout the state, in as many countries, the membership of these 44 organizations varying from 50 to 2,500, the latter being the membership of the Southwestern Ohio Fish and Game Protective Association with headquarters in Cincinnati. The Columbus organization has 1,500 members, Springfield 1,800, Akron in the neighborhood of 1,200, Newark 300, Dayton 1,400, Canton 400, and all are men of influence in their several communities. The league decided to enter into non-partisan politics and to demand from every state and legislative candidate pledges that they will vote for measures backed by the league. Among the measures to be brought up at the next session of the legislature will be proposed joint hunting and fishing license; a short closed fishing season in the Spring and the proper propagation of fish and birds, especially quail and pheasants. The officers of the league elected are as follows: President, Roy McGregor, Springfield; J. F. Atwood, Columbus, secretary; vice-president, M. J. Bangham, Cincinnati; Nelson L. Bulkley, Columbus, treasurer; executive committee, S. E. Rawlinson, Mt. Vernon; J. F. Campbell, Dayton; and E. N. Van Atta, Newark.

A joint hunting and fishing license would materially increase the revenues of the fish and game department of the state, the hunting license bringing in \$120,000 last season despite the temporary ban placed on hunting by the hoof and mouth disease throughout the country.

The propagation of pheasants in the state is attracting the attention of many farmers and city men who desire to get out into the country. Chief Game Warden John C. Speaks is in receipt of a number of inquiries regarding the subject and declares it will not be many years before the raising of pheasants in Ohio will be placed on a commercial business basis, as it is profitable if properly conducted. The birds bring good prices and are always in demand.

General Speaks has been experimenting with the Mongolian pheasant at the London, Ohio, state hatchery, placing the eggs under the ordinary barnyard hen and thus far the experiment has been a success. He has sent out over 20,000 Mongolian pheasants' eggs in the past few months to various farmers throughout the state and declares the demand is growing by leaps and bounds. Reports to headquarters in Columbus, state that most of the eggs have been hatched out that the old hens take splendid care of the "chicks."

General Speaks, by the way, blazed a trail at the state fair here the first week in September that has brought him congratulations from all over the state. He has an exhibit of wild game birds, wild Mallard ducks, foxes, squirrels,

possums, raccoons, deodorized skunks with their young and other animals of the field and forest that surprised the state authorities by the great interest the exhibit attracted. Hundreds of people, especially children, crowded around the exhibit night and day, the fair being open at night, and the State Agricultural Board has been so impressed with the exhibit that it has decided to vastly enlarge upon it next year. The animals were in "dens" 10 by 30 feet, enclosed with wire netting. A large quantity of seines and nets captured by the wardens throughout the state was also exhibited; and a 42-year-old gander attracted any amount of comment. He strutted about just like any "young blade" but is so vicious that he has been kept by himself. Now a young gander hatched at the London hatchery from wild parents has been placed with him and his ugly temper seems to have been softened somewhat, perhaps because the youngster can take care of himself and "lick" his older companion if he is forced into a fight.

The exhibit of stuffed fish from the state house also brought crowds, and next year it is the intention to build an aquarium and exhibit live fish. General Speaks wants to secure a pair of the more than 200 species of fish that inhabit the waters of Ohio for this exhibit and it is being planned to possibly make this display permanent as the fair grounds hereafter will be open the year round for the pleasure of the people of the state.

PASSING OF A FAMOUS ANGLER.

H. Cholmondeley Pennell, the famous English angling authority died August 22, in London. Mr. Pennell was one of the most distinguished figures in the world of fishing literature, and his death as the *Field* well says will come as a shock to many readers in various parts of the world. There are very few names so universally familiar to anglers as his, and very few books on the sport have attained so wide a popularity as the two volumes in the Badminton Library of which he was the editor, and, in great part, the author. Nor are there many anglers who have done more to attract the notice and earn the gratitude of their fellows by designing and bringing into being various improvements in fishing tackle of different kinds. Pennell was an all-round fisherman of wide experience, he had an extremely active mind, and he devoted a great deal of thought and time to experimenting with various parts of the angler's equipment and making them more efficient. Especially, perhaps, was this noticeable in the matter of spinning flights for pike. The pages on this subject in the Badminton Library volume are extremely interesting and suggestive and show an attention to detail which is remarkable in a writer who had to cover so wide a field. Mr. Pennell was born in 1836.

The United States Bureau of Fisheries forwarded from its hatchery in California to Kobe, Japan 100,000 rainbow trout eggs. The Japanese Government intend placing the fry in the waters of the province of Hiogo of which Kobe is the principal city.

Rebuilding Your Rifle To Suit Yourself

By E. F. Watson.

Perhaps some of your readers may be interested in a hunting rifle which has stood satisfactorily the test of several years big game hunting.

The rifle started out by being the regulation model 1895 Winchester, using the .35 calibre cartridge.

The model '95 Winchester is considered by many to be an extremely efficient gun, the only objections I have heard being that the box magazine makes it awkward to carry, the balance of the gun being at this magazine. If carried over the shoulder the box feels uncomfortable unless the rifle is carried with one side down. Another objection, which is more fancied than real, however, is the fact that the action is so open when the lever is thrown down, because of the link in the bottom of the frame opening in order to give the necessary leverage to withdraw the bolt a sufficient distance to handle the long cartridge that dust and dirt will get into it. I believe no complaints have ever been made regarding the strength or functioning of the action. I might say in passing that my favorite action is the 1886 Winchester because of the shortness of the throw of the lever, but unfortunately the Winchester people will not make this action to handle such long cartridges as those used in the model 1895.

After a great deal of study I decided that the .35 calibre Winchester cartridge for the model 1895 rifle was ideal for the big game of America, and the next point was to get a rifle that would suit my peculiar ideas, and if possible to improve upon the regulation product of the Winchester factory. Despite the fact that most of us rifle cranks are always trying to better Winchester and other rifles, we frequently find it hard to do so—Whether I have succeeded in this instance I will leave to your readers.

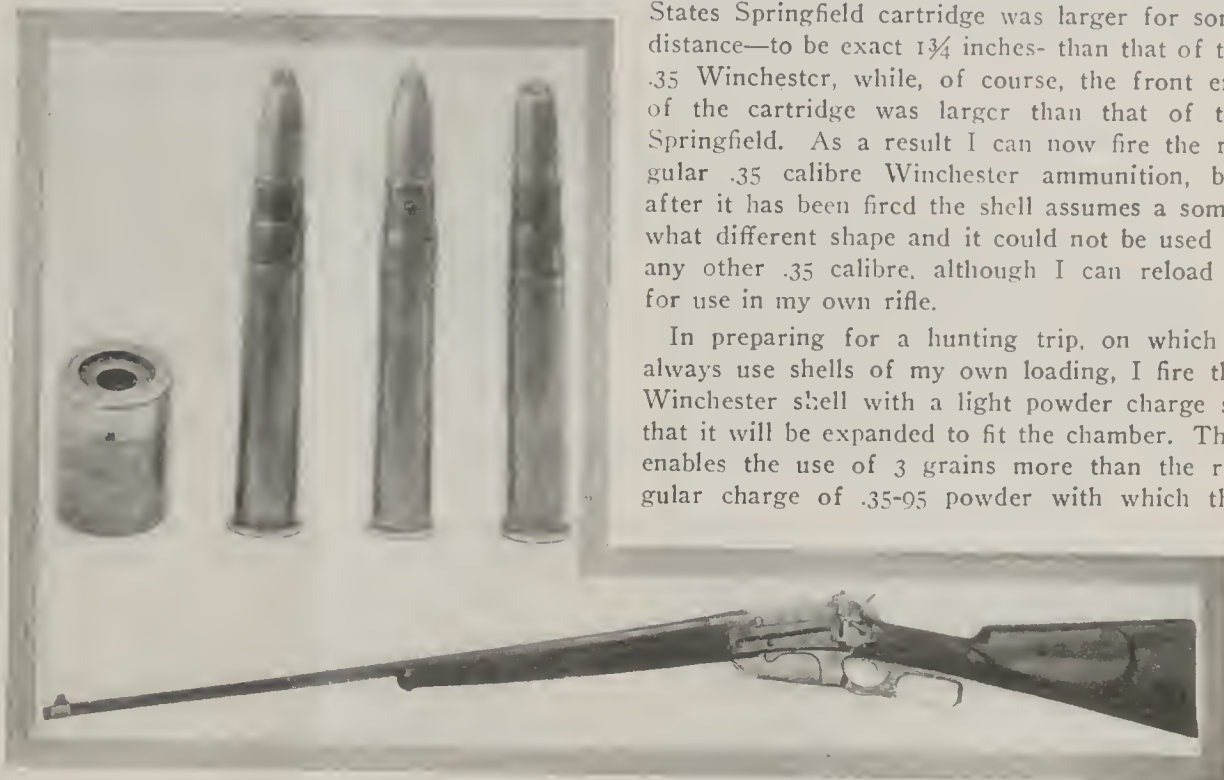
Wanting a rifle to balance further forward I ordered from Francis Bannerman, of New York, the great dealer in military and second-hand supplies, a 30 inch rifle barrel which had been intended for the United States Springfield rifle. The barrel, however, being only 30 calibre and fitting the Springfield action, it was necessary to have the breech turned down, rethreaded and fitted to the Winchester action, then rebored and rifled to .35 calibre and chambered to use that cartridge. There was only man in the vicinity of New York who could do such work to my satisfaction, so I took the action and barrel to my friend, Mr. H. M. Pope, of Jersey City. He is well known to all riflemen for the excellence of his work and the accuracy of his barrels.

In due time Mr. Pope finished the job; also arranging the barrel by means of a pin, which you will notice on the frame, so that it may be removed by hand, thus making it a take-down for the purpose of carrying on long journeys to and from the hunting territory. This pin is fitted friction tight and makes a secure take-down system without removing any unnecessary metal.

While this take-down arrangement is ordinarily too slow to permit of cleaning from the breech any wear on the muzzle of the barrel is avoided by a little cap made of brass and steel, which

is fitted over the muzzle. This cap looks a little like the false muzzle of the old fashioned muzzle loading rifles. There is a hole through it about three inches in diameter through which the cleaning rod can be inserted and thus the rod never touches the rifling and cause it to be marred or worn. One can make a similar attachment for his rifle out of wood from a spool by boring half-way through the spool lengthwise, so that it will fit tightly over the muzzle. The one on this .35 rifle was originally part of a loading outfit which is furnished by the Smith & Wesson people for loading revolver cartridges, I having discovered by accident that it was just the thing for the muzzle of the rifle because of its snug fit over it.

When the rifle is standing in the gun cabinet this cap is a well greased flannel patch inside it is



left on the muzzle, thus keeping the barrel practically airtight and so preventing rust.

In removing the regular military rear sight from the barrel a shoulder was disclosed, and in order to give the barrel a proper smooth appearance Mr. Pope fitted a short jacket, which you may observe in the picture. This adds a little strength, although it is not needed. Then the rifle was sent to the Winchester people, with request that they fit a fancy walnut checkered stock with cheek piece, the stock to be 13½ inches long from the centre of trigger to middle of butt-plate and to have ¼ inch more drop than regular. They were also requested to fit a long forearm, checkered, to match the stock, and by means of which, plus the extra length of barrel, the weight of the rifle was to be so distributed that it would balance, for carrying purposes, just forward of the box magazine. The barrel not being of their own make they would not make the forearm, but kindly sent me, for a very nominal sum indeed, a piece of wood out of which Mr. Dannefclser, the well-known New York gunsmith, made the forearm. The cheek piece seemed a little too full and so I had Dannefclser cut it to about one-half the original thickness. A Lyman receiver sight was put on the

rear and a Lyman semi-jack ivory bead became the front sight. The breech bolt was smoothed by means of the finest flour emery, and as I like a rifle without any drag to trigger I hammered an ordinary pin flat and inserted it, from the inside, through the link in front of the trigger so that nearly all the play in the trigger was taken up.

With the fancy walnut stock the rifle weighs 8¾ pounds, and with a plain walnut stock checkered and well finished it weighs 8¼ pounds. The 30 inch barrel gives a long distance between sights and its accuracy is beyond belief.

You will notice from the cut a peculiarity in the shell in that it seems to have two shoulders. When Mr. Pope undertook to chamber the barrel he found that the chamber for the .30 United States Springfield cartridge was larger for some distance—to be exact 1¾ inches—than that of the .35 Winchester, while, of course, the front end of the cartridge was larger than that of the Springfield. As a result I can now fire the regular .35 calibre Winchester ammunition, but after it has been fired the shell assumes a somewhat different shape and it could not be used in any other .35 calibre, although I can reload it for use in my own rifle.

In preparing for a hunting trip, on which I always use shells of my own loading, I fire the Winchester shell with a light powder charge so that it will be expanded to fit the chamber. This enables the use of 3 grains more than the regular charge of .35-05 powder with which the

Winchester people load their shells, and by reason of the extra 6 inch in the length of the barrel and this extra 3 grains of powder the velocity given the 250 grain soft point bullet is probably over 2,400 feet, and the power obtained over 3,000 pounds.

With this rifle I killed a moose in New Brunswick at a distance of between 400 and 500 yards (estimated), the first shot striking just behind the shoulder, and the moose taking about two steps quartering a second shot struck him 6 inches further back and probably crossed the line of the first shot in the moose's body. A friend of mine borrowed the rifle and killed his moose with it. On another hunt, in Montana, a deer was shot in the breast when facing me, and was almost dressed as it stood, and an elk was shot through the heart, all being exceptionally clean kills.

A soft point pointed bullet weighing 225 grains can now be obtained for this cartridge, and its lighter weight with the improved shape should add to its velocity. It seems to me that considering the speed of fire, accuracy of the rifle and effectiveness of the cartridge it would be hard to improve upon this rifle for big American game if one is a lover of the lever action.

LBO

LBO

When you've hunted through from dawn
To the setting of the sun
You're tired and you're sleepy
But—YOU'VE GOT TO CLEAN YOUR
GUN.

You hate the task of rubbing
Till the barrels will come clean
But that's because you've never used

Our LBO

We do not like to brag
But "a bit of twisty rag"
When you dip it in a little of

Our LBO

Will save you all your rubbing
Your scraping and your scrubbing
So you'd better come to us and save

LBO

Your LBO

LBO

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Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Early European hunting weapons are often amusing to modern eyes. There is the XVIII century hunting- and deer-stalking sword, which not only presumes remarkable sprinting powers in



the hunter, but contains in the hilt a knife and fork for eating the venison or other game when run down.

The accompanying photograph shows the pocket hunting flintlock pistol of the early and middle XVIII century. The upper pair, English, are provided with spring daggers which normally fold beneath the barrels. Should the bullet miss its mark and the quarry get ugly, pressure on the trigger guard releases the daggers, which fly and fix automatically into position.

The lower pair are French of about the same period. In order that there may be no doubt as to their purpose, hounds are engraved on the lock plates.

S. ALLEN.

BOOK REVIEW.

"Bungalows, Camps and Mountain-houses" is the title of a book issued by Wm. T. Comstock & Co., 23 Warren St., New York, which will appeal to a large circle of readers.

A feature of the new edition is the article by Mr. C. E. Schermerhorn, A. A. I. A. It is a condensed account of the requirements for planning a bungalow. It contains a plate showing 22 different schemes for laying out the floor plans of a bungalow, and in addition a lot of little detail sketches showing how to plan conveniences in the house, such as built in furniture, kitchen arrangements, closet space, cupboard, etc. The subject matter is treated in the three parts. The first shows the true bungalow; the second, the bungalow with a second story, and the third, lodges and log cabins suitable for the mountains, lake side and seashore. Descriptive text accompanies the illustrations giving costs and telling the kinds of material used. 200 Illustrations, 80 Designs, 126 Pages, 7½ x 10¼. Cloth, Price \$2.00.

GAME PROTECTION AND THE BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Two recently published books of the U. S. Biological Survey have turned my thoughts backward to the days when there was no Biological Survey on the firing line, and the defenders of wild life received no help from the National Government. In 1898 I published a formal demand that the Survey should "devote the entire services of one man to active protection work." (Extermination of Our Birds and Mammals, P. 106.)

Those were the dark days. The absence of federal participation in the warfare was, by at least one man, bitterly resented.

Presently the federal government took hold, through the Survey. I marked that the beginning as the dawn of a new era; which it was. Since that time the Survey has developed into a tremendous power for good. I know; because I have for more than ten years planned at headquarters, and fought in the trenches, with its campaigners.

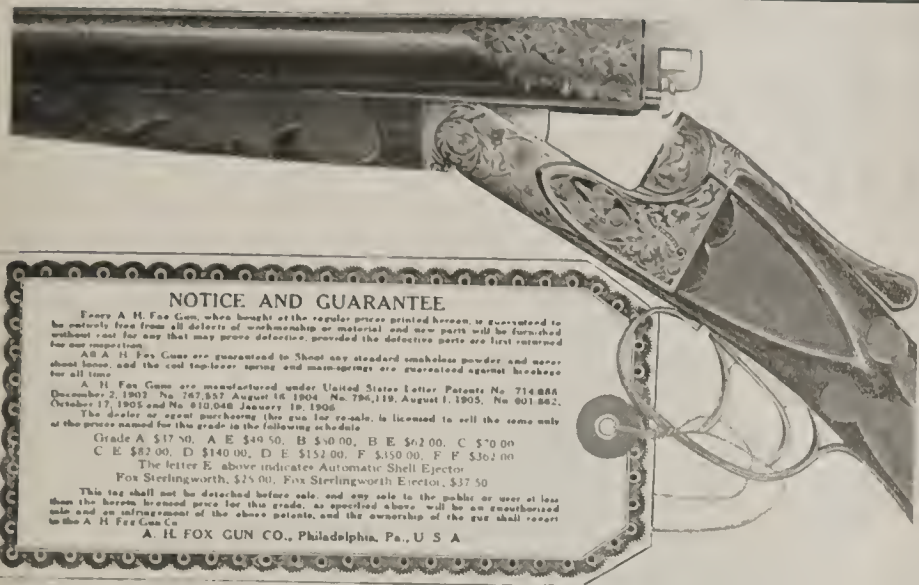
Few men know as well as I do how many good game laws have been made, how many bad game bills have been killed, how many bird reservations, game preserves and bison ranges have been due to the Biological Survey. There never has been any other influence equaling it in Congress and the White House, for wild life protection. The outsiders who have had most to do with securing Congressional aid for game preserves and great game laws are the ones who best can testify to the truth of what I have said above. During these years of Federal activity in game preservation Dr. T. S. Palmer has had charge of this section of the work in the Biological Survey and, backed by the Survey as an organization, has worked tirelessly in the cause.

Often and often I have wondered at the ceaseless industry and boundless complaisance which for years kept the representatives of the Survey at the beck and call of nearly every state game commission or state association of defenders that got into serious trouble with the army of destruction. One week it would be an appearance at Albany, with maps, charts and specimens galore, to help beat the game dealers. Next week it was in New Jersey; and the next in Wisconsin, trying out candidates for game wardenships a la civil service. After that it was a fight to the death with the notorious Binkley-Purdy gang of poachers in the Yellowstone Park,—breaking up the gang, forever. Then it was a cold, raw trip to Jackson Hole, on starving-elk business.

And so forth, and so on. For years it was the Biological Survey here, and the Biological Survey there. Who knows it better than the real wild life protectors of the United States?

Well, since the enactment of the federal migratory bird law, the shrewdest of its opponents have made things rather hot for the federal inspectors, and for the Survey.

The Biological Survey has been criticised for failing to have its inspectors make arrests, and for not prosecuting cases based on the possession of ducks, and also for not having bag limits reduced. These critics do not appear to know that in the Federal Migratory Bird Law there was no authority given permitting Federal inspectors to make arrests, even in cases where the law was violated in their presence, or that it does not make



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possession proof of an offence. It does not give the Survey, or the President, any right whatever to do either of these things, or to change the bag limits!

The Survey has been condemned for not pushing numerous cases which, from inside knowledge, it was sure would terminate adversely, and thus harm the general cause.

Certain conditions existed that wise men knew better than to discuss in print. Conditions that could not be cured out of hand just had to be endured,—until certain things are done.

I know that the Biological Survey has, by a very few persons, been denounced; and for what? For not having made laws over night, and for not having accomplished utter impossibilities: For instance the Survey has been criticised for not more thoroughly guarding our National bird preserves, ignoring the fact that the Survey has 60 bird preserves and several big game reservations in its charge, scattered from Florida to Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands, with only \$21,000 a year to do it with.

Recently Mr. Emerson Hough has permitted himself to attack the Biological Survey, destructively, in the Saturday Evening Post. I am surprised that he should have missed his cue so widely. The charitable supposition is that his attack was due to lack of information. But it gets on our nerves, just the same as if it were due to other causes.

In my opinion, whoever says or insinuates that the Biological Survey ought to be abolished is an enemy to the wild life of North America, and a menace to the cause of game protection.

The Survey needs no defence from me. Its splendid record of achievements is too fresh, and

too well known, to be obscured by a thousand attacks. I am writing this statement solely to warn American sportsmen generally not to be deceived, not to acquire wrong impressions, not to accept a totally wrong point of view! I assert that in the enforcement of the migratory law, the Survey has done the very best that it could do under the circumstances, and with the means at its disposal.

During the first year the Survey had—what? The whole of \$10,000 with which to enforce the law in 48 states! That would have placed one warden in each state at a salary of only \$17 per month, with nothing for his expenses. But that was *all it could get, along with the law!* To get the measure through, its friends in Congress had to put it through as a 20-line "rider", on the Agricultural Appropriation bill. And the next year, what happened?

The Survey needed \$200,000 to enforce the law. In the Department estimates it asked for \$100,000. And then that was cut down to \$10,000! But, in spite of the teeth of the enemies of the game birds, we secured the \$50,000 originally allowed by the House. That means a trifle over \$1,000 for each of the 48 states! Cannot even Mr. Hough appreciate how far such a sum will go in paying salaried inspectors, and handling cases? Does any sane and fair-minded man expect the Biological Survey to protect our game birds, and other birds, with *one-fifth* of the sum that should be regarded as the irreducible minimum? Nevertheless, even under existing conditions the 17 federal inspectors have accomplished a very great amount of good work. But this service is only making a beginning. Is it possible that thinking men do not realize this?

A few sportsmen have made a fuss about certain details of the regulations, which they demand shall be made to fit *their* local conditions to a T. The vast majority of American sportsmen are loyally and patiently giving the regulations a fair trial, to see how they will work out. These are the men to whom I am now writing. A good sport, or a good sportsman, will give tions are subject to change on proper showing, and changes will undoubtedly be made, after the every well-meaning law *its chance!* The regulation most fair-minded consideration, when the evidence shows the justice of the demand for a change.

The Biological Survey is doing the very best that it can do under the very trying circumstances that embarrass its work. Present drags on success will some day be cast off; and then we will have the conditions we all desire. The real bone and sinew of American sportsmanship is behind the federal law, and behind the Survey; and that support will enable both to triumph, eventually.

Any bureau, and any campaigner, can have plenty of friends in fair weather. It is storms and hurricanes that try out men, and separate the sheep from the goats.

Some one has said: "It is charged that Dr Palmer, and the Survey, are really against sport with the gun, and against the shooting of game?"

What nonsense! It cannot be true that any man who can be trusted with a loaded gun is so foolish as to give serious ear to such a suggestion. The intimation is not worthy of serious comment. The most of the principal officials of the Biological Survey are thorough sportsmen as well as naturalists, and in hearty sympathy

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with the sportsmen's point of view. Their great desire in administering the Federal migratory bird law, as well as other Federal laws for the conservation of game birds and mammals, is to prevent the wiping out of our game resources, in order not only that the species may be preserved but that good hunting may be continued into the distant future.

During the past six years, the work of the Biological Survey in stopping game slaughter has made for that bureau many enemies. Those who wish to insure good shooting for 50 or 100 years hence are mighty friendly to the Washington game protectors. Anything that would in any manner hamper or curtail the activities of the Biological Survey in wild life protection would be a calamity in direct proportion to its measure of effect. The sportsmen and friends of wild life need to thank Congress most fervently for having given us that one powerful engine of protection, and kept it running.

Hands off the Biological Survey! If it ever is seriously threatened, 100,000 strong men and earnest women will rush to its defence. No other nation on earth has, or ever had, such an expression of governmental force for the defense of wild life, and the perpetuation of gentlemanly sport with the gun. In this respect we are the most envied nation. It was a great day when the Survey was ordered to help defend wild life, and

I am thoroughly assured that the people of the United States mean that the activities of that bureau shall not be diminished.

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE RECORD SURF CAST.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

It was with great satisfaction that I witnessed Dr. Simon's wonderful cast of 379 ft. 8 inches at Asbury Park early in August, for about four months previous thereto we shook hands over the Doctor's prophesy that the 375 ft. mark would be touched this season.

Upon the latter occasion Mr. Willis M. Finch, an ardent patron of the sport of surf casting, held a stop watch on some of our casts and succeeded in getting a pretty fair line upon the length of time elapsing between the release of a 355 ft. cast of the Doctor's and the striking of the lead. The watch registered four and a quarter seconds. As the wind was somewhat heavier at Asbury Park it is probable that the 379 2-3 ft. cast consumed about the same period of time.

I find from the roughly plotted curve of a cast in which the lead is given an elevation of 75 feet at the highest point of its flight, that the actual distance it travels along its trajectory is about 425 ft., the 75 ft. elevation being what it appeared to my eye.

This elevation also checks with the time element in the cast, as the lead must rise for one-half of the time it is in the air and fall for the other half. The law of falling bodies tells us that 75 ft. is about the distance the lead would fall in $2\frac{1}{8}$ seconds.

As the lead used weighed 4 ounces we thus have very close approximation of the three important mechanical elements in the cast: To-wit time $4\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, length 425 ft., and weight 4 ounces.

To the best of my judgment, based as much upon corroborating calculations as upon observation, the time consumed in bringing the lead from a state of rest to the point where the thumb releases the reel is one-third of a second. It is during this period that acceleration is applied to the lead to give it its initial velocity.

The Doctor's rod is within an inch or two of nine feet in length. He takes a lead of about six feet of line. To the sum of these must be added the radius of the arc through which his hands move in delivering the cast before we can approximate the radius of the arc through which the lead swings. Say the hands swing through a two-foot radius. Thus we would have a total radius of $9+6+2$ ft. or 17 ft. Assuming the arc through which the cast is made from start to release to be 180 degrees it will readily be perceived that the distance traveled by the lead in that one-third second is about 54 ft., or at the rate of 162 ft. per second. Thus we find that the 4 oz. lead starts upon its journey with an energy of $40\frac{1}{2}$ foot-pounds.

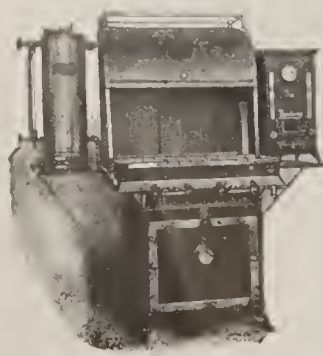
Again referring to the law of falling bodies we learn that the lead in falling 75 ft. strikes the ground with an energy equal to its weight multiplied by its velocity. As the velocity at the end of $2\frac{1}{8}$ seconds would be about 72 ft. per second, the energy would be some 18 foot-pounds. Deducting this from $40\frac{1}{2}$ foot-pounds, the initial velocity, there remains $22\frac{1}{2}$ foot-pounds expended during $4\frac{1}{4}$ seconds to be translated in distance.

Eliminating the known element, four ounces, from this energy, $22\frac{1}{2}$ foot-pounds, the velocity is seen to be 90 ft. per second. This velocity maintained for $4\frac{1}{4}$ seconds gives 382 ft. 6 inches which is very close to the actual cast of 379 ft. 8 inches. Some of the difference may be accounted for by the fact that the Doctor does not always crowd the casting point closely for fear of overstepping.

A very interesting point in this little journey into the mechanics of the surf cast is the apparent contradiction between the initial energy imparted to the casting weight, $40\frac{1}{2}$ foot-pounds, and the breaking strain of the Doctor's line, 12 pounds, which must be reduced a further 20 per cent. to 9.6 pounds at the point where the line is knotted to the lead.

And to thumb that big reel for $4\frac{1}{4}$ long seconds with such nicety that every turn of line goes off the exact top of the spool without the sign of a back lash! Oh, joy, thy name is the surf cast!

I've been reading of squidding for big blues with the surf rod on Fire Island beach. What say you, Muller, Spencer, La Branche, is there any cast that can equal, for pure and unadulterated excitement that which you made with a 5-inch Belmar squid on a 9- or 12-thread line when you wallop it out toward a school of 6 or 8 pounders that are murderously lashing into the



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AFTER CARIBOU ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND BARRENS.

(Continued from page 586.)

There was a little fire place already there and a place for the guide's lean-to, but there was absolutely no place to put our tent and I have never seen a worse camping ground. It was mossy and rocky, wet and humpy. We set to work, and, by digging out stones and pulling up moss, managed to get a nine by nine place fairly level, and then, by piling two feet of boughs on it, we raised it above the dampness of the ground. As this was to be our permanent camp we made a good job of the tent and Ned found a big, black, thin rock in the brook which made a fire stand for the stove, so that it would not set fire to the moss which everywhere formed the substitute for ground.

It was evident to me by this time that we were in good hands as every one of the party was good natured and willing and ready to do anything in his power to make the trip a pleasant one. I had been accustomed, on various trips, to take entire care of my own camp, including the setting of the tent, getting the stove up, etc., and I was only too glad to do it, but, it was certainly comfortable, after such a day as we had had, and after the unaccustomed exercise of packing, to find that the guides were not only willing but anxious to help us in our work and that apparently they considered that our only duty was to sit down and smoke and wait for supper. In the woods it is entirely a matter of choice with the guides how much they care to do for you, for, if they hunt and give you your meals, that is all you can really demand. At the same time, there are thousand and one other things which they can do if they choose and Dan and his men certainly went the limit.

On previous cold trips where in the morning a fire was a necessity, it had always been our custom before turning in to throw cold hands to decide who should make the fire in the morning, or to settle this difficult question in some such way. The first night at our main camp in Newfoundland Smith and I played bezique for the championship of Terra Nova with the understanding that the loser should light the fire in the morning. Smith was victorious so I filled my hat with kindling and a box of matches and crawled into my sleeping bag with a chilly prospect hanging over me. In the morning I was awakened by a gentle popping in the stove and found that Tom had just finished lighting the fire and was telling Smith that breakfast would be ready in twenty minutes. Of course, this was a tremendous luxury and totally unworthy of a Roman, nevertheless, I turned over in my sleeping bag and resigned myself to just such treatment. Smith was peevish that he had not rooted me out before Tom arrived but it was a consolation to him that his turn was soon coming and that it looked as though he also would reap the benefit.

The next day broke cold and windy, the temperature below freezing. Smith and Dan started off toward the marshes and the edge of Lake St. John, while Ned Sweetapple and I struck off to the South. This region was entirely different from anything that we had yet seen, consisting of long ranges of low rocky hills, with very little marshes. The walking was much easier, although the stones were rather hard on my soft boots.

It was very cold and raw, as a harsh wind was blowing and there seemed to be no signs of car-

ibou. I could not tell why, but for some reason I lost faith in this country and did not believe there were any caribou in it so I told Ned that I thought we might just as well return to camp, and this we did, without seeing any signs of game in the seven or eight miles that we traversed. We arrived about noon, and, after having lunch, I went into the tent and smoked and read Barchester Towers.

About three o'clock I heard voices and, going out of the tent, I found Smith and Dan back with a caribou head. It was a very pretty twenty-five point head, with one big brow point and two big bays, the horns running to a point, with no top points at all. It was a handsome trophy and Smith was very much pleased. Dan and he had been taking lunch when they saw three caribou come out on the marsh about a quarter of a mile away. They had crawled and stalked across the marsh until they got within two hundred yards. Just as Smith was about to shoot a flock of wild geese came winging their way over the marsh honking loudly, and, while the stag stood looking at the geese Smith fired at him three times and with the third shot the stag collapsed in a heap on the marsh.

The bullet had struck in the very front of the forehead and had knocked out the front of the brain. It was a beautiful shot for killing effect, but, as Smith was shooting at the middle of the body, he did not feel very elated. Dan said he had overshot every time, and we found that his gun was really sighted so high, that it unquestionably did so at any reasonable range.

The average big-game rifle is very likely to be sighted too high, the manufacturer seeming to feel that this makes people believe the rifle has a greater range. The proper way to sight a big-game rifle is to shoot it off hand on a dark day in a bad light at one hundred feet and sight it so that it will shoot point blank at that range. On that theory you will miss less game than any other way for it is the ordinary tendency of amateurs to shoot high when excited, or in a hurry.

At any rate Smith had his first head and a good one. He was much pleased and so was I as I had induced him to come on the trip, and, therefore, was more anxious than he was that he should get game. He had had a long, hard day and was very tired. The tendons in the back of his legs had also begun to trouble him considerably, swelling up in lumps just above the heel. This was doubtless caused by the fact that he had changed from heel shoes to heelless boots so suddenly.

He decided that he would take a day off to rest so the next morning Dan and I started off toward the same ground where Smith and Dan had hunted the day before. We went about three miles toward Lake St. John and then to a region heavily timbered with scrub spruce and some birch with here and there little bunches of open country. We had not gone far into the timber when we came upon a little stag by himself. He ran out of the woods suddenly and stood looking at us, evidently having winded us, and having gone out to see what the trouble was. After this we passed a lone doe, who heard us, and went racing off through a small marsh at full speed. It was very interesting to see the caribou go over the marshes. The soft going did not seem to bother them at all and they went at a swift pacing gait, occasionally breaking into a run for a few bounds.



TRAP SHOOTING



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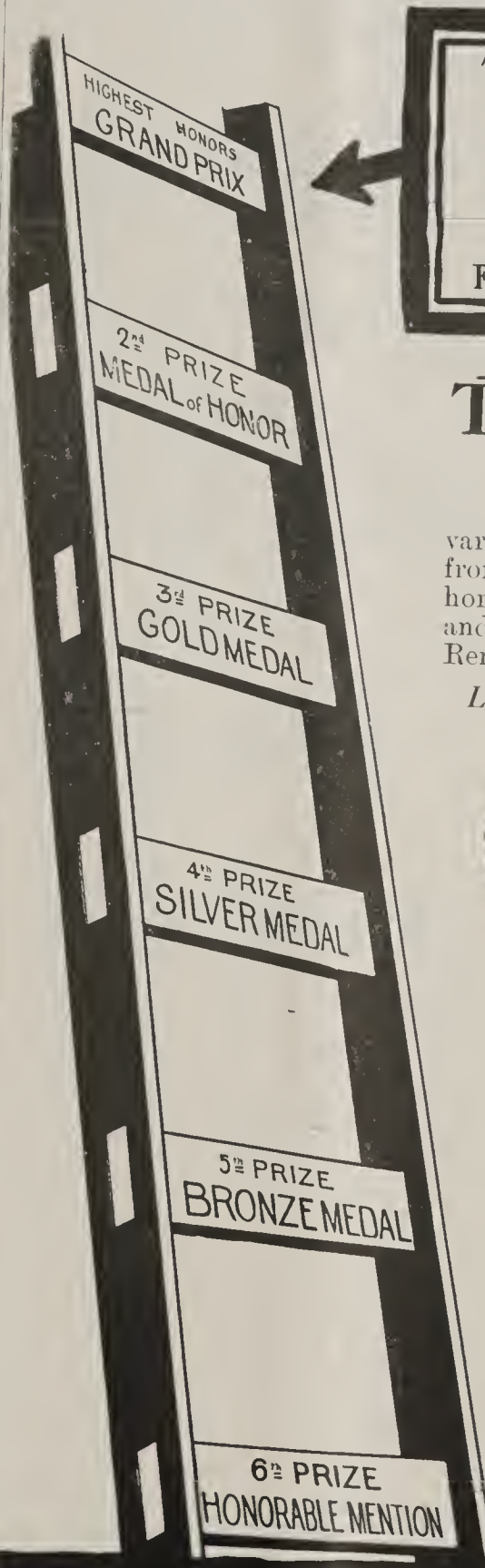
Grand American Handicap

By "Bill."

If there is a man whose middle name is Gun, and who was not at the G. A. H. shoot, Chicago, he must be detained in a home for indigent males or convalescent lunatics. Why? Because every real shooter of the scatter gun was among those present. No one wore wrist watches nor did anyone have a handkerchief concealed up his sleeve but powder—yes everyone used it—not tooth, face nor bug but GUN. What powder will best be found in the advertising pages, what that powder did is here chronicled. Who knows anything about shoots, Interstate shoots, knows that the Shaners—Elmer and son Reed—were the pullers, that is the brain end pullers. What shoot worth a whoop could be done to a turn without Elmer E. Shaner. God bless him. Since the days when glass balls smeared the ambient atmosphere spread by number eight shot Elmer has been the cause of it all. Bernie Waters and Elmer, who ever knew such a combination—and since the days of Barney, Elmer has gone it alone—excepting for the moral and financial support of the Interstate Association. Great, this has been but that is not all. Bernie has passed to the great beyond but his spirit long will linger with the Grand American Handicap and with Elmer. Records—there is one each ensuing year, and this year was one more. Over a thousand clean, clear minded sportsmen toed the score at the Grand American held this year over Lake Michigan. Such a body of men one would go far to find—and then miss them. From all over God's country, outside the war zone, came these aerosaucer smashers, and if war came to this country, unWilsonized, what a corps of aeroplane and Zeppelin killers these chaps would be. They could not fly too fast for these boys to put the kybosh on 'em. Long live Major General Elmer E. Shaner and may E. Reed grow into his foot prints.

Winners will be winners, like the north wind tomorrow may be the south wind today but to be a good south wind the same old north wind must have been a consistent performer elsewhere. And so with the trap shooter. He cannot change overnight. Here are those who Kopped the Kale and trophies. The winners:—
 Grant Park Introductory—235 entries; W. S. Hoon, Jewell, Ia. 196.
 Chicago Overture—219 entries; H. J. Rebhausen, No. Platte, Neb., 98.
 National Championship at Double Targets—80 entries; Guy V. Dering, Columbus, Wisc., 91.
 National Amateur Championship at Single Targets—C. H. Newcomb, Philadelphia, Pa., 99.
 Preliminary Handicap—689 entries; 683 starters; R. H. Morse (18 yards), Chicago, Ill., 95.
 Grand American Handicap—884 entries; 828 starters; L. B. Clarke (18 yards), 96.
 Consolation Handicap—270 entries; 266 starters; H. Hammersmith (18 yards), Milwaukee, Wisc., 91.

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There Were Awards and Awards

varying in importance, as indicated in illustration, from Honorable Mention up to the topmost honor, the Grand Prize for "MODERN Firearms and Ammunition," which was conferred upon Remington-UMC. (Note that word MODERN).

Let the Standard Dictionary Further Elucidate:

mod'ern, mod'ern, a. 1. Pertaining to the present or recent period; belonging to or characteristic of time not remotely past; not ancient, antiquated, or obsolete; recent, late; as, the *modern* era; *modern* literature.

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Kings of Kings—this is no pinochle deck—must be up to Charley Newcomb who won the National Amateur Championship, which means he beat every man who beat every other man in every other state among registered shooters. Charley has for years been one of the most dependable men in the trap shooting game. When he was needed he was there. In taking the championship from all comers he darkened the sun with the dust of 99 out of 100 mud discs pulled, and left no question when he "killed" a bird that it was "dead." How many cartridges were fired at the Grand American is a question one of our readers has

shoved up to me. Elmer advises that 282,380 birds were trapped, our "Dear Reader" can go over the scores and figure the shells by figuring how many fellows missed and how many they overlooked. I refuse to "dope" it for a "constant reader." But not to overlook the Grand American. Four men tied for the big prize and every one of them like Lochinvar, was from out of the west. L. B. Clarke, M. E. Dewire, J. J. Randall and C. C. Hickman, tied each with 95 out of a century. On the shoot off Clarke smashed his twenty straight while Dewire skidded on one, getting second, Randall lost his tire chains on three while Hickman fell down on one more and took fourth trophy. Some shooting, all round, each

man keyed to the Yale limit and missing only because—well the perfect may not always be achieved. Four better shooters never tied score before, nor for some day will they. It is estimated that more than 50,000 visitors were in attendance during the events.

RECORD TUNA CAUGHT BY MR. WERTHEIM.

Mr. Jacob Wertheim, President of the American Tobacco Co. and a member of the Asbury Park Fishing Club caught the record Tuna on September 24. The fish weighed 286 pounds, was 7 feet 2 inches long, 4½ feet in girth and took 1 hour and 17 minutes to land, dragging the boat and its occupant about three miles.

WESTY HOGANS TOURNAMENT.
(By Our Special Correspondent.)

Atlantic City's reputation continues to grow. If this celebrated resort is ever awarded a prize in a popularity contest the Westy Hogans of America should have one too, for the Hogans and their friends are annually contributing their share to making the city the most talked about pleasure place in the country, the while adding to their own fame. Their annual tournament there last week was one of the chief events of the summer season just closing. Like its predecessors the 1915 shoot was the greatest trapshooting tournament in the country, barring of course the Grand American Handicap. What was perhaps the outstanding feature of the tournament was the almost perfect manner in which it was conducted, from the time the first shot was fired on Tuesday afternoon until the last target was thrown late Saturday afternoon. It is doubtful if there was one dissatisfied shooter among the large number of contestants. The excellent program drew forth many favorable comments and as usual the Westy Hogan trophies the finest ever awarded at any tournament made a great hit. The weather conditions were all that could be desired, although Tuesday and Wednesday were distressingly warm days.

One hundred and sixty-two thousand five hundred and ten targets were trapped during the week. This is the greatest number ever thrown at a Westy Hogan tournament, although the total entry, 287 was not the largest. That this could be accomplished on five sets of traps speaks volumes for the expert manner in which the shoot was handled and it also shows that the traps operated perfectly.

The shooting was of a high order and many good, not to say remarkable scores were made. The most notable performance of the week was by Lester German who broke 499 out of the 500 regular program targets. He had a long run of 372. High amateur honors went to Woolfolk Henderson, last year's National Amateur champion and G. A. H. winner. He finished with the highly creditable score of 493 out of 500. F. S. Wright, of South Wales, N. Y., was second high amateur with 489 and Al. Heil of Allentown, Pa., finished third with 485 out of 500. Lim. Worthington of Baltimore, was second high professional. He broke 482 out of 500. J. M. Hawkins and E. H. Storr tied with 481 for third high professional average.

Money-Back Surplus.

The Squier Money-Back surplus purse amounted to \$1,010.05. This was paid to the 45 high amateurs who with their score and the amount each won, are:

W. Henderson	493	\$90.00
F. S. Wright	489	80.00
Al. Heil	485	65.00
Ed. Hellyer Jr.	484	65.00
W. S. Hoon	484	65.00
R. H. Bruns	483	55.00
R. A. Hall	480	50.00
G. V. Dering	479	37.50
L. W. Colquitt	479	37.50
F. Billmyer	479	37.50
Wm. Ridley	479	37.50
C. H. Newcomb	477	23.35
C. B. Platt	477	23.35
F. B. Stephenson	477	23.35



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W. W. Greener—F., .12-30, 7 lbs.	\$135.00	\$100.00
W. & C. Scott—Monte Carlo, .12-30, 7 lbs. 6 oz.	160.00	100.00
Tolly—.12-30, 7 lbs. 2 oz., auto. ej.	325.00	100.00
Parker—C. H., .12-30, 7 lbs. 10 oz.	93.75	75.00
Parker—G. H., .12-30, 7 lbs. 4 oz.	60.00	35.00
L. C. Smith—Spec., .12-32, 8 lbs., Auto. ej., S. F.	106.00	75.00
A. H. Fox—D. E., .12-32, 7 lbs. 12 oz., auto. ej.	152.00	90.00
Remington—K. E. D., .16-26, 6 lbs. 12 oz., auto. ej.	40.00	30.00
Claborough—.12-30, 7 lbs. 4 oz.	75.00	35.00
L. C. Smith—2 E., .12-30, 7 lbs. 3 oz., auto. ej.	75.00	55.00
A. H. Fox—D. E., .12-30, 7 lbs. 10 oz., auto. ej.	152.00	90.00
W. W. Greener—F., .10-28, 8 lbs.	160.00	100.00
W. W. Greener—F. H. 25, .16-24, 6 lbs., auto ej., S. F.	268.00	150.00
W. W. Greener—Crown, .12-30, 7 lbs. 4 oz., auto. ej.	450.00	200.00
W. & C. Scott—Monte Carlo, .12-30, 7 lbs. 8 oz.	160.00	65.00
Francotte—100, .12-30, 7 lbs. 8 oz.	100.00	65.00
American Arms—10-32, 9 lbs. 6 oz.	75.00	30.00
Parker—D. H., .12-30, 7 lbs. 10 oz.	75.00	50.00
Parker—G. H., .12-30, 8 lbs. 4 oz.	60.00	40.00
Parker—V. H., .16-26, 6 lbs. 2 oz.	37.50	28.00
Parker—G. H., .12-28 6 lbs. 12 oz.	60.00	25.00
Lefever—E., .20-27, 6 lbs. 4 oz., auto. ej., S. F.	106.00	85.00
Lefever—B., .20-28, 6 lbs. 4 oz., ex. bbl.	235.00	125.00
L. C. Smith—2, .10-30, 8 lbs. 10 oz.	64.00	45.00
L. C. Smith—3, .12-30, 8 lbs. 6 oz., S. F.	90.00	60.00
Ithaca—7, .12-30, 8 lbs., auto. ej., S. F.	260.00	100.00
Remington—A. E., .12-32, 7 lbs. 12 oz. auto. ej.	40.00	30.00
Lefever—G., .12-28, 7 lbs. 8 oz.	42.75	30.00
Ithaca—I S., .20-28, 5 lbs. 8 oz.	22.50	16.00
Baker-Batavia—Leader, .10-30, 9 lbs. 8 oz.	21.50	18.00

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Winchester '86—.33 T. D., 24 rd., ½ mag.	30.00	20.00
Winchester '86—.33 T. D., 24 rd., full	24.00	20.00
Winchester '86—.45-70 S. F. P. G., 24 rd., ½ oct., ½ full	28.00	20.00
Winchester '86—.38-56, S. F., 26 rd., full	15.60	10.00
Winchester '10—.401 T. D.	24.00	18.00
Winchester '95—.30 U. S., S. F., 28 rd.	24.00	15.00
Winchester '95—.35 S. F., fancy, 24 rd.	38.40	20.00
Winchester '95—.405 T. D., 24 rd.	33.00	20.00
Winchester '95—.30 U. S., S. F., 28 rd.	28.00	17.00
Winchester '95—.303 British, S. F., 22 rd.	24.00	14.00
Winchester '95—.38-72 S. F., 26 rd.	24.00	16.00
Winchester '95—.30 U. S., '03, S. F., 24 rd.	24.00	15.00
Winchester '95—.35 S. F., 24 rd.	24.00	18.00
Winchester '94—.32-40 T. D., 26 rd., oct., full	17.89	15.00
Winchester '94—.30 T. D., 26 rd., oct., full	19.90	14.00
Winchester '94—.38-55 S. F., fancy, 24 rd., oct., full	38.00	25.00
Winchester '94—.32-40 T. D., ex. light, 24 rd., 2-3 mag.	18.90	13.00
Winchester '94—.30 T. D., 26 rd., oct., full	19.90	15.00
Savage '99—.303 S. F., fancy, 20 rd.	105.00	40.00
Savage '99—.30-30 T. D., full weight, 20 rd.	28.00	21.00
Savage '99—.22 H. P., T. D., full weight, 20 rd., P. G.	32.50	21.00
Savage '99—.22 H. P., T. D., full weight, 20 rd.	28.50	20.00
Savage '99—.25-35 T. D., 22 rd.	25.00	17.00
Savage '99—.303 T. D., full weight, 20 rd.	25.00	20.00
Savage '99—.30-30 S. F., 26 rd. oct.	21.00	14.00
Savage '99—.30-30 S. F., 22 rd.	21.00	14.00
Remington—14A, 35 T. D., 22 rd.	22.00	16.00
Remington Auto—8A, .25-35 T. D., 22 rd.	27.50	20.00
Marlin '93—.25-36 T. D., 26 rd., full mag.	19.50	15.00
Marlin '93—.30-30 T. D., 26 rd., full mag.	19.50	15.00
Marlin '93—.38-55 S. F., 26 rd., ½ mag.	16.00	9.00
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Some Shooting with The
DOUBLE BARREL PARKER GUN

At the Indian Tournament, Sandusky, O., June 29-July 2, S. A. Huntley won high general average and amateur average, 491 x 500. Woolfolk Henderson second, 488 x 500. Fred Gilbert won second professional average, 481 x 500; Arthur William third professional average, 475 x 500. All of these gentlemen were shooting DOUBLE BARREL PARKER GUNS. "Pacific Coast Handicap, San Diego, Cal., July 8th to the 15th, four Parker DOUBLE Barrel Guns tied for first place. Guy Holohan won high general average at single targets; Foster Coutts and Tony Prior won high average at double targets. These gentlemen all shot 34 in. DOUBLE Barrel Parker guns."

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Trophy Winners.

The Westy Hogan Amateur Championship Single Targets First Prize—Continental Hotel trophy to Henry Powers, score 98 out of 100, 20 in. shoot-off. Second Prize—Westy Hogan Diamond Watch Fob to Woolfolk Henderson, score 98 out of 100, 19 in. shoot-off.

Third to twelfth prizes—Westy Hogan gold watch fobs to Ed. H. Hellyer, score 98 out of 100, 17 in. shoot-off, W. M. Foord, 97 out of 100, C. B. Platt, 97 out of 100, W. S. Hoon, 97 out of 100, F. S. Wright, 97 out of 100, F. Sidebottom 97 out of 100; R. D. Morgan 97 out of 100; Roy Bruns, 96 out of 100; M. L. Wise, 96 out of 100.

The Westy Hogan Special (88 per cent. race)—\$100.00 added to this event by the Westy Hogans. First Prize—Wiltshire Hotel trophy to George J. Tuckett, score 95 out of 100.

Second to twelfth prizes—Westy Hogan gold watch fobs to D. H. Wagner, score 93; L. J. Reiger, 93; R. Young, 93; H. B. Cook, 93; D. E. Peck, 92; S. S. Hoffman, 91; W. E. Pritchard, 90; T. F. Martin, 89; J. B. Fontaine, 89; J. Ebberts, 89; H. S. Crawford, 89.

High Amateur Average.

Schlitz Hotel trophy to Woolfolk Henderson, score 493 out of 500.

The Bull Durham Handicap.

First Prize—Bull Durham Loving Cup, Donated by George L. Lyon of Durham, N. C., won by C. D. Coburn, score 96 out of 100, from 20 yards.

Second Prize—Westy Hogan Gold Watch to H. B. Shoop, score 94 out of 100, from 19 yards.

Third Prize—Westy Hogan Sterling Silver Watch fob to J. A. Depew, score 93 out of 100, from 16 yards.

Fourth Prize—Westy Hogan Sterling Silver Watch fob to L. W. Poffenberger, score 92 out of 100, from 19 yards.

Fifth Prize—Westy Hogan Sterling Silver Watch fob to F. C. Koch, score 91 out of 100, from 20 yards.

In the Bull Durham Handicap, The Westy Hogan's donated a prize to each of the high amateurs according to their distance handicap. The 16 yard prize was won by John McKean, score 91 out of 100; 17 yards by J. L. Wright, score 90 out of 100; 18 yards E. G. Ford, score 90; 19 yards F. M. Ziegler, score 91; 20 yard, E. H. Gillespie, score 89; 21 yard, George Fish, score 89; 22 yard, F. S. Wright, score 91.

State Team Race.

The state five-man team race was won by the New York team with a score of 483 out of 500. Five Westy Hogan Diamond Scarf Pins went to George Fish, score 94 out of 100; F. J. Wright, 98 out of 100; W. E. Corfield, 97 out of 100; F. B. Stephenson, 98 out of 100; D. S. McMahon, 96 out of 100.

Atlantic City Cup.

The Atlantic City and \$50 in gold donated by Harry B. Cook of Atlantic City, was won by F. S. Wright. This gives Mr. Wright two legs on the cup and if he wins it again he will become the permanent possessor of it. William Wolstencroft tied Wright for a win on the cup. They each broke 148 targets, but Mr. Wright broke 20 in the shoot-off to Mr. Wolstencroft's 19.

The race for the five special trophies for high scores on each trap was again one of the pleasing features of the tournament.

The trap 1 trophy donated by John Philip Sousa, was won by Woolfolk Henderson with a perfect score of 100.

Al Heil and J. C. Griffith tied at 99 for the B. M. Shanley, trap 2 trophy and Mr. Heil won it in the shoot-off 19 to 18.

Bruns, Gillespie and Wright tied for the trophy donated by Mr. David T. Leahy for trap 3 at 98 each and Mr. Wright won it by breaking 20 in the shoot-off.

William Ridley with 100 won the trophy donated by Mr. H. W. Smith for trap 4.

Roy Bruns won the trap 5 trophy donated by the Westy Hogans.

Considerable interest again centered in the Bear trap and it was liberally patronized all

week. Six straight scores of ten were made, three by A. H. Winkler, two by A. B. Richardson and one by William Ridley. In the shoot-off for the Stevens trophy a pump gun donated by the Stevens Arms Company Richardson won.

Al. Heil won the first leg on the DuPont target trophy 18-yard mark championship and the accumulation purse. His score was 97 out of 100.

Lead for fourth day—Westy Hogan Special, Bull Durham and etc.

Additional interest was lend to the attractive program of the last day when a splendid race of 50 doubles was arranged. E. H. Gillespie, of Freeport, Pa., donated \$50 to be added to the purse. There were 21 entries and Woolfolk Henderson won the match with a score of 86 out of 100.

BRIEF REVIEWS OF THE SHOOTS OF OF THE MONTH.**Millinocket Gun Club.**

At the Beginners Shoot on August 20th, held by the Millinocket Gun Club Judge Geo. W. Stearns carried off the Du Pont Trophy breaking 17 out of 25 targets.

Cumberland Gun Club.

The Cumberland Gun Club of Cumberland, Md., held a shoot on August 25th. The program called for 10 events of 15 targets each. Out of the possible 150 R. Gerstell broke 137 taking first place; F. Rasebery was second with 134 and L. H. Faulk and F. R. Darby tied for third with 133. High professional was T. H. Fox with 145.

Blytheville Gun Club.

At the two day shoot of the Blytheville Gun Club at Blytheville, Ark., held August 25th and 26th the program called for 200 birds each day. High amateur was H. N. Bellinger with a score of 382, second, F. Shauver 379; third, J. R. Tansill 378. W. R. Crosby was high professional with 392.

Sioux Falls Gun Club.

On August 25th and 26th the two days' shoot of the Sioux Falls Gun Club at Sioux Falls, S. D., called for a total number of 300 birds shot at. The high amateur score was made by Herbert Abbott with a total of 292, H. G. Taylor, second, 291, and E. T. Meyers, third, 290. High professional was J. E. Dickey 292.

Nora Springs Gun Club.

At the shoot held on August 26th at the Nora Springs Gun Club at Nora Springs, Iowa, the program called for 150 targets. High amateur was H. G. Northey with score of 144, second, Chas. Hummel and U. C. Harris, tied with 142; third, C. E. Lampright, 141. High professional was Rush Razez with 148.

Hunters Club.

On August 28th at the Tournament of the Hunters Club of Syracuse, 150 birds were shot at. H. J. Pendergast was high man with score of 141, A. E. Conley, second, with 138; W. E. Corfield, third, with 137. Neal Apgar was high professional with 143.

Fonda Gun Club.

The Secretary of the Fonda Gun Club of Fonda, Iowa, sends the following report of the shoot held August 31st. Out of 200 birds shot at Roy A. Erickson was first with a score of 191, W. H. Tolen, second, with 190, and E. H. Hinshaw, third, with 186. Geo. W. Maxwell with 192 carried off the professional honors.

Dwight Gun Club.

On September 2nd at the shoot of the Dwight Gun Club of Dwight, Ill., out of 150 targets shot at the following remarkable scores were turned in: F. A. Graper with one miss was first with a score of 149, M. Knissel was second with 148 and E. K. Crothers, third, with 147. Of the professionals Bart Lewis and H. W. Cadwallader tied for place with scores of 147. Mr. Graper made the high run of 143.

Tipton Gun Club.

The Tipton Gun Club of Tipton, Ind., reports the following results from the shoot held on September 3rd: 105 targets shot at; darkness stopped the shoot at the seventh event. High amateur G. C. Weaver 103, second, B. Erlich 102; third, W. N. Wise 101. High professional was F. K. Eastman with score of 101.

Great Island Gun Club.

The Labor Day tournament of the Great Island Gun Club of Fall River, Mass., was even more successful than in previous years. Money prizes of six dollars for first place and four dollars for second places were given in each of the classes. Each event was in the 125 target class which was the big event of the day. James McArdle of Lakewood, ex amateur champion

of England was high man with a score of 95, second was W. J. Stanton of Providence with 91. Winners in the other classes were as follows:

Class 2, R. Dewick and W. J. Weaver tied for first, 89, won by Dewick in shoot-off; second, Rainer, 88. Class 3, W. Dring and Hammond tied for first, 85, won by Dring in shoot-off; second, George Eggers, 84. Class 4, W. Lecompte, A. Menard and Tallman tied for first, 78, won by Tallman in shoot-off; second, Barker, C. Letendre and Williams tied for second, 74, won by Williams in shoot-off. Class 5, first, Mott, 70; second, J. Audette, 69.

Gate City Gun Club.

The Tournament Shoot of the Gate City Gun Club at Atlanta, Ga., was held on September 6th. Of the amateurs the high shot was J. B. Barrett breaking 191 out of a possible 200. Jno. Chafee and Geo. Collins tied for second with 190, A. F. McKissick was third with score of 186. High professional was Walter Huff with 194.

Ogdensburg Shooting Ass'n.

The Labor Day Shoot of the Ogdensburg Shooting Association was called for ten events of 15 targets each. Out of the 150 shot at J. C. Howland was first with 147. L. Brissont and H. J. Pendergast tied for second with 139 and W. P. Twizzy and W. E. Corfield tied for third with 137. High professional was Sam Glover with score of 146.

Latona Gun Club.

At Covington, Ky., on September 9th the Latona Gun Club held a registered shoot. Out of 150 shot at R. H. Bruns broke 144, winning first place; H. R. Bonser was second with 143 and H. J. Meyers, third with 142. Of the participating professionals C. O. LeCompte was high with a break of 141.

Bristol Gun Club.

The registered shoot of the Bristol Gun Club of Bristol, Tenn., held on September 10th, was a decided success from every standpoint, forty-six shooters participating. The program called for 200 birds shot at. W. H. Cochran of Bristol was high over all with 193 breaks to his credit. C. A. Burks of Knoxville, Tenn., second with 190 and A. M. Hatcher of Bristol, third with 188. Mr. C. E. Goodrich was high professional with 192. The long run of the tournament was made by Mr. C. A. Burks with 81.

Hooper Gun Club.

The Hooper Gun Club of Hooper, Nebr., held a registered shoot on September 8th. The program called for 180 birds. The high amateur of the shoot was C. L. Waggoner with a score of 144 to his credit. C. Morehouse and E. Sasse tied for second with 141 and M. Thompson was third with 130. The high professional was Ed. O'Brien with a score of 147.

Youghiogheny Country Club.

At McKeesport, Pa., on September 6th, a goodly number showed up for the 7th shoot of the Y. C. C. Dr. Heisey was high gun with 47 out of a possible 57. Calhoun followed closely with a 45 and J. W. Wilson was third with 43.

MORE ABOUT THE SAFETY PISTOL.

By Louis E. Tuzo.

To be prepared to defend one's self and country, is only manly and patriotic, and, in order to be prepared, one must understand the care and handling of firearms with safety. Unfortunately, a large proportion of our citizens take no interest in firearms, many of them largely because they are afraid of them, or are afraid to keep them in the house with children.

It would seem then, that the first thing to do to get up interest in the shooting game, would be to have an arm made for home protection; that would be absolutely safe. What is needed is a revolver for home protection and target practice, of attractive lines, the handle or grip so shaped that it will fit the hand, or, could be easily altered to do so (by the owner.)

It should have an automatic safety that would protect the cartridge. The safety release lever or button of which could be easily removed, as is the switch key on an automobile. This would permit the owner to keep his revolver loaded all the time for home protection; the release key could be removed from the arm every morning and put in his pocket or elsewhere, then if his children should find the arm during the day, play with it, and get action by pulling the trigger and having the hammer fall, no harm would result. When desiring target practice all he would

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have to do would be, to insert the safety release lever—move it when he gets to the firing line as is now done in many automatic pistols, and he is ready to fire. The rear sight should be movable and centre of bore scored on top of frame and base of sight.

This would allow the many men of inquisitive and experimental turn of mind to make and put of their own wind-gauge and elevating sight or get one from the manufacturers of sights—when a man gets to experimenting he has gotten up interest, not only in himself but also in his friends, thus the game is boosted. A friend of mine owns nearly 30 arms not one of which is now as it came from the factory. This man has a number of friends and they have all heard of his experiments and have made experiments too and told their friends. So, has not this one man done a lot toward boosting the game—and if he has—could not the manufacturers do 100 per cent. more boosting by furnishing arms such as are needed by those not now interested in the game.

Judging by the unexpected and vast number of replies received from "Constructive Criticism" in the September issue, it would appear that "the little things in life" do count with lawyers, architects, army and navy officers, hunters, business men and shooters. Strange as it may seem manufacturers' lack of interest is interesting particularly because many articles have appeared recently in regard to the safety of pistols, revolvers, rifles and guns, also the safe handling of them. It would appear that they either admit the claim, by ignoring it, or do not care to deny it, or, do not take interest enough in their own products to read articles in magazines devoted to their interest—of all the replies to the article, but two agree with it and these two in one particular only. One—a shooter of considerable experience says he personally does not want a safety on any pistol he shoots, but he admits that as made they are not safe. He forgot that the articles stated that pistols and revolvers as made

were safe for the man who *knows* about arms and is careful in handling them—further that the article was written for the benefit and in the interest of the novice and householder—to awaken in him an interest in the shooting game and make him an asset of his country in that he would be in a measure prepared.

The second—a lawyer and an experienced hunter says that accustomed as he has been for many years not to point or practice aiming, sighting or trigger squeeze with a loaded arm, he is not so sure he would care to, or have any one do so, near him. But, he says, he would soon overcome that feeling—after such an arm had been proved safe. A friend of mine, a lawyer who lived in a hold-up country a while ago purchased a pistol for self defense. He was not interested in firearms at all and what did he buy—a cheap 32-calibre revolver with a 2 inch barrel. When asked if he expected to hit anything with it he said, he did not want to hurt anyone but he thought if held up, he could fire it and scare the hold-up man away—are hold-up men so easily scared or are they usually prepared to take care of themselves. If we had arms that were safe for the novice and householder and more publicity given to target shooting could not many more rifle and pistol clubs be organized and interest grow so that our pistol laws would be made for the benefit of the respectable citizen and against the thug and black leg—would not the majority of voters, if interested in the shooting game compel such legislation?

CORRECTION.

In printing in the August number a half tone illustration of a hunting dog with a rabbit in its mouth, *Forest and Stream* unintentionally omitted the line, "Copyright, Photographische Gesellschaft," and "By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., New York." Credit should have been given in the first instance, but in making up the paper the two lines were omitted.



CANOEING



Forest and Stream is Official Organ of the American Canoe Association.

ELECTION OF A. C. A. OFFICERS AND OTHER NOTES.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association held on Sugar Island under the Constitutional provision, it was the turn of the Northern Division to take the Commodore and the Camp for 1916. Vice-Commodore John MacKay of the Northern Division was in line and his popularity and efficiency made him candidate for a selection. Conditions of so stupendous a character facing our members in the Northern Division made Mr. McKay hesitate in accepting the proffer of election as Commodore and the Division surrendered its right to hold the Meet and the Commodoreship in 1916.

In accordance therewith and owing to the most excellent record made by Commodore C. Arthur Spaulding, the Executive Committee unanimously re-elected him for a second term, which most unusual honor, he was good enough to accept and we are assured not only a successful Meet of the General Association in 1916, but also that the several Divisions will be strengthened and the whole membership will be benefited by the unselfish and efficient work of Commodore Spaulding another year.

The attention of the Board of Governors at their meeting held before the Executive Committee meeting, and the Executive Committee was called to the present provision of the Constitution and By-Laws as regards the holding of the Annual A. C. A. General Camp and the provision in relation to the distribution of the general funds for General and Division purposes.

You will remember that Section IV of Chapter I of the By-Laws provides that 60% of all money received by the treasurer shall be applied to the Division and 40% to the A. C. A. treasury each year, except that when the Division holds the A. C. A. Camp it shall contribute its entire receipts for that year. This year, the Commodore was elected and the Meet was held by the Central Division. Next year the Commodore will come from the membership at large, although he actually lives in the Central Division and no Division will hold the Meet as the Northern Division did not feel that they would be able to do so.

The condition of affairs presents rather an anomalous emergency, for while Commodore Spaulding had the entire receipts of the Central Division, or about \$350.00 to run his 1915 Meet, there is no provision in our By-Laws or Constitution whereby he will have any funds to run the 1916 Meet. It was presented to the Executive Committee that some provision should be made in the Constitution and By-Laws to meet such an emergency so that all of the members of the association would be benefited. The attention of the Executive Committee was also called to the operation of this same Section IV of Chapter I, as at present constituted which provides the Division from which the Commodore shall be selected shall carry the Meet and that the whole of the receipts of that Division shall be given that year

for this purpose. This rule acts in a very uneven way and makes it almost impossible for a Commodore coming from one of the smaller Divisions to adequately conduct the General Meet for that year.

For instance, under the present rule, the Atlantic Division for four years gives to the Association 40% of its yearly income. The total last year was \$561.00, consequently 40% would be

\$224.00. On the fifth year the Atlantic Division would give 100% or \$561.00, and four years at 40%, namely, \$224.40, would equal \$897.60, so the Atlantic Division would contribute to the Association \$1,458.60 in five years.

Under the plan which we are now proposing, which will give the Association 50%, instead of 40% of the gross receipts each year, the Atlantic Division would contribute each year for five years, \$280.50, a total of \$1,402.50. You see this would be \$56.10 less contributed by the Division to the A. C. A. than at present.

The Northern Division's total receipts for last year was \$49.00. Under the present rule if this were the average amount received by the Division, 40% would be \$19.60 each year, or for four years, \$78.40, and every five years they would pay the whole amount, \$49.00, which for five years would total, \$127.40. Under the new plan suggested, that is by giving 50% of the gross receipts each year to the Association, the 50% each year would be \$24.50, which would total in five years, \$122.50, or \$4.90 less than is given under the present rule.

It is proposed therefore that Section IV of Chapter I, of the By-Laws be amended by striking out the word "sixty" in the second line of this Section, and substituting therefore the word "fifty." By striking the word "forty" in the third line and substituting there the word "fifty," and striking all the remainder of the line after the word "treasury." Also by striking out all the fourth, fifth and sixth lines. Also by putting a capital "T" at the word "the" in the beginning of the seventh line and by striking out the word "other" after the word "from" in the seventh line.

The new section will then read as follows:

Section IV. Division of fees and dues.—The entrance fees and dues shall be received by the treasurer, fifty per cent. for the Division and fifty per cent. for the A. C. A. treasury. The percentage due the Association from Divisions shall be figured on the total of all dues and entrance fees received during the year.

If this should meet the approval of the membership of the Association, then it would be necessary to further amend the By-Laws in Chapter III by striking out in the third line all of the words after the word "Division" and continuing the rest of that Chapter as it at present stands.

I am sending this communication to you so that if it meets your approval in its present shape you also will sign the same and it then can be published "in one of the official organs," in accordance with Chapter XIII with a notice that this amendment to the By-Laws will be introduced at the next meeting of the Executive Committee for action.

ROBERT J. WIEKEN.

To the Members of the American Canoe Association.

In accordance with the above communication, addressed to H. Lansing Quick, President of the Board of Governors of the American Canoe As-



Photographs by Our "Picture Man" at A. C. A. Meet, Sugar Island, August 6-20, 1915.

sociation, also in accordance with the approval of the Executive Committee as expressed at their meeting in August, 1915, also as provided by Chapter XIII of the By-Laws, we give notice herewith that the above suggested amendments will be proposed at the next meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association.

ROBERT J. WIEKEN.
A. C. A. 47.
H. LANSING QUICK.
A. C. A. No. 1217.

PROPOSED CHANGE OF BOUNDARIES.

September 4, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

It has been proposed that the boundaries of the Atlantic Division be changed as follows:

The middle Atlantic seaboard and its leading rivers, including the Lower Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna and Potomac, or the watershed of the eastern Alleghenies. Beginning at the extreme eastern end of Long Island, thence running westerly through Long Island Sound to the southwestern corner of the State of Connecticut; thence in a general northerly direction, along the boundary line of the State of Connecticut to the point where the northerly line of Dutchess County, in the State of New York, intersects the Connecticut boundary line; thence westerly across the Hudson River at Saugerties; thence westerly following the northern boundary line of Ulster County, N. Y.; thence southerly on the western boundaries of Ulster and Orange Counties, N. Y., to Port Jervis; thence southwesterly, through Mauch Chunk and Harrisburg, and along the central chain of the Alleghany mountains to the valley of the James River at Lynchburg, Virginia; thence following the valley of the James River to Chesapeake bay, which will include all rivers emptying into the bay; thence along the Atlantic Coast to the place of beginning.

This change has been deemed advisable owing to the fact that there are quite a number of canoeists in the territory which it is proposed to annex who can be more readily taken care of by the Atlantic Division than the Central Division under whose jurisdiction they now come. There are a good many canoeists in this territory that have never heard of our Association, and as it is so accessible to the Atlantic Division there is no reason why we should not be able to bring some of them into the fold.

EDMUND VOM STEEG, JR.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

New Members Proposed.

Atlantic Division:—Lansing Mott Quick, 207 Woodworth Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., by H. Lansing Quick; Deacon T. McCaulley, 5010 Newhall St., Philadelphia, Pa., by Earle F. Kerber; Ed. Lindenbaum, 30 No. 10th Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., by F. R. Schroeder; Henry Edgecumbe, 2787 Boulevard, Jersey City, N. J., by Edmund vom Steeg.

Central Division:—J. B. Rogers, Box 482, Schenectady, N. Y., by R. E. Rugen.

Eastern Division:—Earl Dean Linnell, Box 166, Palmer, Mass., by S. B. Burnham.

Northern Division:—William A. Richardson, Peterborough, Ont., Can., Frank H. Dobbin, 622 George St., Peterborough, Ont., Can., both by C. A. Spaulding.

Western Division:—Oscar Keller, 823 Harris Trust Building, Chicago, Ill., by Robert F. Abercrombie.

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Yours truly,

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FHT-EH

PHENOMENAL CHANNEL BASS FISHING.

Asbury Park, N. J., Sept. 27, 1915.

A phenomenal run of channel bass ranging from 20 to 40 pounds each have been taken surf fishing at Deal Beach, near Asbury Park, N. J. These fish in making their fall run have never been taken in this section before, as it is customary for members of the Asbury Park Fishing Club to make an annual outing in quest of them to Barnegat City, Seaside Park, Beach Haven and Corson's Inlet, which resorts are quite a distance southward of Asbury Park.

All told about 30 fish were taken, the largest about 38 pounds by Henry C. Rydell and Harry W. Metz, caught seven, the greatest number.

These fish are very gamy and afford great sport for surf anglers.

HARTIE I. PHILLIPS.

The National Forests turned into the United States Treasury in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1915, nearly \$2,500,000, an increase of more than \$40,000 over the receipts of the previous year. The timber sales amounted to \$1,164,000, about \$79,000 less than those of the previous fiscal year, but the gain was made possible by large revenues from other sources. The grazing receipts, which totaled \$1,125,000, increased \$127,000 over last year, and the water power receipts, which amounted to not quite \$90,000, showed an increase of nearly \$42,000.

The first moose head of the season has arrived in Montreal. It was a fine specimen of the antlered monarch of the Canadian woods, the immense antlers having a spread of from forty-five to fifty inches.

ARE MOST THEORIES OF GAME PRESERVATION WRONG?

(Continued from page 611.)

If the law would only allow us, they say, to go into every old maid's back yard and shoot her cat we would have plenty of game. Yes, my boys, but how about the rats that live right beside the birds' nests. Nature is a balance. Remember that.

All the wild, native, natural life we have or had when this country was discovered by Europeans, had been built up here by itself by a process of evolution, natural selection and survival of the fittest through hundreds of thousands or millions of years. No one part of it exterminated the rest. It was all balanced and perfect as we found it. They all,—plants, animals, birds, insects,—lived on each other and by each other, without extermination and they offered a richness and fertility unequalled in the world. We have been living on it so prosperously and powerfully ever since, that up to to-day we have not needed a large standing army to protect us.

What, according to government investigation and statistics, is the greatest destruction of money values wrought to-day? It is done by insects; billions of dollars worth every year. The colonists and early settlers were not troubled in this way. They raised abundant harvests with ease as they spread out over the fertile lands and luxuriated in the wonderful balance of nature they had found. When did the trouble with insects begin? Recently; after we had upset that balance of nature. It was not only that injurious native insects got ahead, but new ones that our depleted birds could not handle came in from foreign countries. The potato bug that has to be guarded against by large expenditure, the boll weevil that has put out of cultivation whole districts of cotton land, the chestnut blight, that is sweeping off all the chestnut forests, the scale, the brown moth, the fire blight, and diseases in the orchards, are all terribly destructive of our wealth and also compel us to a most expensive outlay for protection, which in many cases, is of little or no avail.

Many of us well remember when northern sportsmen began going in such numbers to the Carolinas for the quail shooting soon after the Civil War, and how easy it was to find a district swarming with quail. I was not among the first rush. I came in a little later; but the sights I saw of the abundance of this game can not now be duplicated anywhere in the United States. You have to go to Mexico to find them; and Mexico, I understand, is full of hawks and vermin. But I am concerned at present with the Carolinas and the abundance of game of every sort we found there along with an equal abundance of its supposed enemies. Hawks and particularly the Blue Darter were very numerous. I have been going there ever since to many parts of the country, have seen the hawks and vermin reduced to almost nothing compared to their former abundance, but the quail instead of being helped have steadily diminished until instead of being able to enjoy good sport almost anywhere, you now must join a preserve at considerable expense and shoot on land posted in your own favor, with not as good sport as you had in the days of the vermin.

What was it that destroyed that great abundance of game? Simply man; human beings. They are the great enemy of quail and all other game; the only real enemy it has. When we found that great abundance of game in the south after the Civil War, it had been there in that abundance for hundreds and thousands of years along with the hawks and vermin. They had all grown up, developed and flourished together as the survival of the fittest, in the balance of nature. If hawks and vermin are destructive to game and song birds, why was there such a vast abundance of both here when the country was first settled by white men? According to the bounty theory there should have been no game or song birds at all here when the country was discovered, because the vermin had been having such a chance at them for innumerable thousands of years.

I have talked with some people who thought that the game must have increased in the south during the Civil War because such a large proportion of the male population was in the Confederate armies, and that it increased for some years after the war because conditions still remained disturbed, and fields grew up in thickets and weeds. If that is true it shows that game, provided man is removed, will increase to the saturation point in spite of hawks and vermin.

We all know what happened to the game in the south a few years after the Civil War was over. Man got fully to work. It was not only the sportsmen. They would not have had such a great effect. But the netter, the trapper, the market-shooter, kept swinging through the country season after season and shipping the dead game for sale everywhere, to all cities small and great. The native country residents suddenly discovered that increasing railroad facilities had made game as valuable as beef and mutton and rather more valuable than poultry. When I first began going south, eggs in the rural districts were ten cents a dozen, and a chicken, large or small, could be bought for twenty-five cents. If it were not for the laws of the last ten or fifteen years, checking the sale of game and the increase of preserved and posted land, there would not now be a feather of it left in the south.

It is well known that it was not at all uncommon for parties of sportsmen so-called, to go to the south and employ native gunners to kill quail for them, furnishing them the ammunition and paying five cents a bird or some such price, so as to have an enormous bag to take back north. When a friend and myself, for the first time, leased the shooting privilege on a tract of land in North Carolina we immediately received a letter from a man offering on very reasonable terms to kill the birds for us. The letter was the more remarkable, because it assumed as a matter of course, that we would have such a person, and that there was nothing reprehensible about it.

For nearly twenty years I have been familiar with many of the wild parts of Florida, where game and predacious creatures lived side by side, equally abundant and there my experience of the effects and results has been the same as in other places.

Last autumn I was in a chance out-of-the-way corner not a hundred miles from Philadelphia.

I was delighted to see a pair of eagles and a number of hawks. Some of the people were complaining that the hawks took chickens; and they were vowing vengeance and extermination on them. At the same time I found quail surprisingly abundant for a place so near the great centers of population. Myself and a companion found without difficulty ten coveys in a day.

It is many years since I was in England, but I can remember the swarming bird and animal life I saw there in rural districts without particularly trying to look for it. The enormous quantity of game and wild life there is almost inconceivable to an American, accustomed to our vast stretches of lifeless territory. A few years ago the *London Field* collected statistics from its readers of the number of shot cartridges an English sportsman would usually use on game in a year. The numbers varied from 2,000 to 10,000. I myself saw rabbits and hares enough along English country sides to make me think that a person could use several thousand shells a year on that game alone; and not seriously lessen its numbers. At the same time, I saw innumerable hawks and all sorts of predacious things. They are very numerous and you hear constant complaints from game keepers of their depredations, accompanied at the same time with the delight and pleasure all sorts of people take in watching and studying them. They are frequently captured and made pets of.

When they become so very excessive in numbers that the keeper thinks they interfere seriously with his reputation for keeping up the supply of game, he shoots and traps them to keep them within limits. In the *London Field* for May 29, 1915, page 952, there was an article on "Vermin and Vermin Killing," discussing the importance of not allowing game keepers to go too far in destruction. Instances of excess were given; and instances of the restoration of "eagles, falcons, hawks and ravens," which had been too much cut down. "There are few of us," said the article, "who would like to see any bird or animal exterminated."

That is the proper spirit; and they have plenty of wild life which they control by public sentiment as much as by laws; and if birds of prey or vermin should become excessively numerous in a locality or farm in America, there is no reason why farmers or sportsmen should not lessen their numbers to bring them within limits. But that is a very different thing from offering a bounty from the tax fund by the authority of the state to every vagabond to go roaming over the whole state with guns exterminating creatures which add greatly to every decent person's enjoyment of nature. About how many coveys of quail will be potted on the ground or driven into a net by the bounty hunters? Why start out such a class of people?

I do not believe that in any state which, taken as a whole, needs to have the hawks, crows, owls and vermin lessened all over its territory by a bounty offer to vagabondage. Farmers can protect their own chickens, as they have done in other countries for centuries; and sportsmen can protect their own preserves. I never saw a place or district in our sadly and increasingly denuded country where such lessening was needed. This country stands in no need anywhere of any encouragement tending towards the extermination of animal life.

THE RUFFED GROUSE.

THE woods in the older parts of our country possess scarcely a trait of the primeval forest. The oldest trees have a comparatively youthful appearance, and are pigmies in girth beside the decaying stumps of their giant ancestors. They are not so shagged with moss nor so scaled with lichens. The forest floor has lost its ancient carpet of ankle-deep moss and the intricate maze of fallen trees in every stage of decay, and looks clean-swept and bare. The tangle of undergrowth is gone, many of the species which composed it having quite disappeared, as have many of the animals that flourished in the perennial shade of the old woods.

If in their season one sees and hears more birds among their lower interlaced branches, he is not likely to catch sight or sound of many of the denizens of the old wilderness. No startled deer bounds away before him; no bear shuffles awkwardly from his feast of mast at one's approach, nor does one's flesh creep at the howl

it was in the old days. On either side of the vanishing brown nebula the ancient mossed and lichened trunks rear themselves again, above it their lofty ramage veils the sky, beneath it lie the deep, noiseless cushion of moss, shrubs, and plants that the old wood-rangers knew and the moose browsed on, and the tangled trunks of fallen trees. You almost fancy that you hear the long-ago silenced voices of the woods, so vividly does this wild spirit for an instant conjure up before you a vision of the old wild world whereof he is a survival.

Acquaintance with civilized man has not tamed him, but made him the wilder. He deigns to feed upon your apple tree buds and buckwheat and woodside clover, not as a gift, but a begrudged compensation for what you have taken from him, and gives you therefore not even the thanks of familiarity, and not withstanding his acquaintance with generations of your race he will not suffer you to come so near to him as he would your grandfather.



Los Angeles Rifle and Revolver Club—Winners of Championship of United States With Military Rifle.

of the gathering wolves or the panther's scream or the rustle of his stealthy footsteps.

But as you saunter on your devious way you may hear a rustle of quick feet in the dry leaves before you, and a sharp, insistent cry, a succession of short, high-pitched clucks running into and again out of a querulous "ker-r-r-r,"—all expressing warning as much as alarm. Your ears guide your eyes to the exact point from which the sounds apparently come, but if they are not keen and well trained, they fail to detach any animate form from the inanimate dun and gray of dead leaves and underbrush.

With startling suddenness out of the monotony of lifeless color in an eddying flutter of dead leaves, fanned to erratic flight by his wing-beats a ruffed grouse bursts into view in full flight with the first strokes of his thundering pinions, and you have a brief vision of untamed nature as

If, when the leaves are falling, and find him in your barnyard, garden or outhouse, or on your porch do not think he has any intention or associating with you or your plebeian poultry. You can only wonder where he found refuge from the painted shower when all his world was wooded.

If he invites your attendance at his drum solo it is only to fool you with the sight of an empty stage, for you must be as stealthy and keen-eyed as a lynx if you see his proud display of distended ruff and wide spread of barred tail and accelerated beat of wings that mimic thunder, or see even the leafy curtain of his stage flutter in the wind of his swift exit.

How the definite recognition of his motionless form evades you, so perfectly are his colors merged into those of his environment, whether it be in the flush greenness of summer, the painted hues of autumn or its later faded dun and gray,



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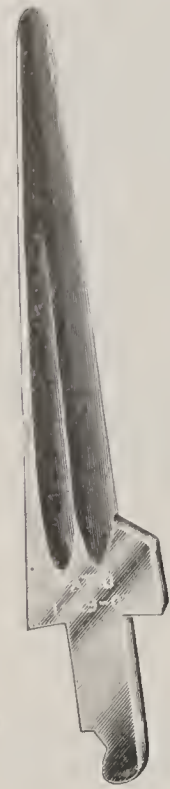
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or in the whiteness of winter. Among one or the other he is but a clot of dead leaves, a knot upon a branch, the gray stump of a sapling protruding from the snow, or covered deep in the unmarked whiteness, he bursts from it like a mine exploded at your feet, leaving you agape till he has vanished from your sight and your ears have caught the last flick of his wings against the dry branches.

In May, his mate sits on her nest, indistinguishable among the brown leaves and gray branches about herself. Later when you surprise her with her brood, how conspicuous she makes herself, fluttering and staggering along the ground, while her callow chicks, old in cunning though so

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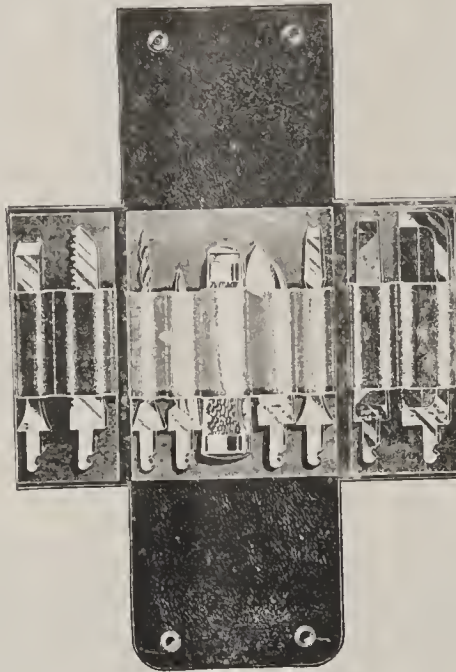


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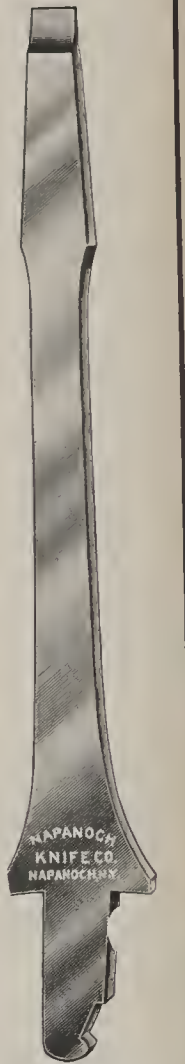
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Screw Driver - Actual Size

lately their eyes first beheld the world, scattering in every direction like a shattered globule of quicksilver and magically disappearing where there is no apparent hiding-place.

Did they con the first lesson of safety in the dark chamber of the egg, or absorb it with the warmth of the brooding breast that gave them life?

Listen, and out of the silence which follows the noisy dispersion of the family you will hear the low sibilant voice of the mother calling her children to her or cautioning them to continued hiding, and perhaps you may see her alertly skulking among the underbrush still uttering that tender, persuasive cry, so faint that the chirp of a cricket might overhear it.

Scatter her brood when the members are half grown and almost as strong of wing as herself, and you presently hear her softly calling them and assuring them of her continued care.

With many other things that make you aware of the changing season, you note the dispersion of this wildwood family. Each member is now shifting for itself in matter of seeking food, safety, pleasure and comfort.

You will come upon one in the ferny undergrowth of the lowland woods where he is consorting with woodcock, frighten another from his feast on the fenceside elder-berries, scare one in the thick shadows of the evergreens, another on the sparsely wooded steep of a rocky hillside, and later hear the drum of a young cock that the soft Indian summer has fooled into springtime love-making, and each has the alertness that complete self-dependence has enforced.

Still, you may come upon them gathered in social groups, yet each going his own way when

flushed. Upon rare occasions you may surprise a grand convention of all the grouse of the region congregated on the sunny lee of a hillside.

It is a sight and sound to remember long, though for the moment you forget the gun in your hands, when by ones, twos and dozens the

dusky forms burst away up wind, down wind, across wind, signalling their departure with volleys of intermittent and continuous thunder. Not many times in your life will you see this, yet if but once, you will be thankful that you have not outlived all the world's wilderness.

Review of 1915 Game Legislation

THE year 1915 has seen many changes in the game law of the various states. Legislative action in this respect has been widespread over all the country. Not since the year 1911 has it been necessary for those interested to take into consideration the fact that in forty states of the Union some changes have been made in the statutes protecting game.

During 1915 a total of two hundred and forty

More than 240 new game laws were enacted during 1915—a larger number than in any previous year except 1911. Forty-three states held regular legislative sessions, and in all of these States except Arizona, Georgia, and Nebraska some changes were made in the statutes protecting game. The largest number of new game laws passed in any one State was 61, in North Carolina; but in California, Connecticut, Maine, New Jersey, Oregon, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin the number reached 10 or more. Several measures were vetoed, including a general game bill in Idaho, the first bill appropriating the hunting-license fund in Pennsylvania, a bill protecting bears in California, and three sections of the game bill in Washington. A number of bills were introduced for the purpose of harmonizing the State laws on migratory birds with the Fed-

new game laws were enacted, forty-three states holding regular legislative sessions for this purpose. Of this number only the laws of Arizona, Georgia and Nebraska remain unchanged. North Carolina heads the list with the greatest number of new laws in any state; the legislature passing sixty-one new game laws while in seven other states the number reached ten or more.

eral regulations. In at least nine States changes were made which brought the seasons into substantial agreement, viz, California, Connecticut, Maine, Michigan, New Hampshire, Tennessee, and West Virginia; in Illinois the seasons for all migratory birds except coot and waterfowl, and in Washington for the smaller shore birds, were made to conform with the regulations under the Federal law. Uniformity was also secured by provisions in the laws of Connecticut, Maine, New Mexico, North Dakota, Washington, and Wisconsin, prohibiting hunting between sunset and sunrise. On the other hand, Delaware adopted a resolution opposing the migratory-bird law, and Ohio and Rhode Island, which has harmonized their seasons in 1914, changed the laws on waterfowl this year.

As a result of the decision of the Supreme

Court of the United States on January 19, 1914, sustaining the alien hunting law of Pennsylvania. Legislation prohibiting aliens from hunting or owning shotguns or rifles were enacted in at least four States—Massachusetts, New Jersey, North Dakota, and West Virginia—but certain exceptions based on property qualifications were made in Massachusetts and New Jersey.

Close seasons extending for several years were provided for certain kinds of big game and also for game birds. Hunting mountain sheep was suspended in Idaho, Montana, and Washington, and goats were protected until 1918 in Montana. Moose were protected for four years in Maine, the first absolute close season on the species for 35 years—since the suspension of hunting from 1878 to 1880. Antelope were given absolute protection in New Mexico and Montana. In Michigan, New Mexico, and Oklahoma prairie chickens were protected for several years. Michigan extended complete protection also to quail, imported pheasants, grouse, and wood ducks for five years. Minnesota protected doves, woodcock, plover, and wood ducks until 1918. New Mexico gave protection to pheasants, bob-whites, pigeons, and swans. Oklahoma protected doves, grouse, wood ducks, and curlew. Several birds were removed from the game list and protected throughout the year. Oklahoma gave such protection to pelicans, gulls, and herons. Tennessee declared ring-neck pheasants, bullbats, robins, and meadowlarks to be nongame birds. In a few cases protection was removed from certain species—notably the turkey buzzard in Delaware, Florida, and North Carolina; owls and starlings in New Hampshire; and cormorants in Illinois and North Dakota.

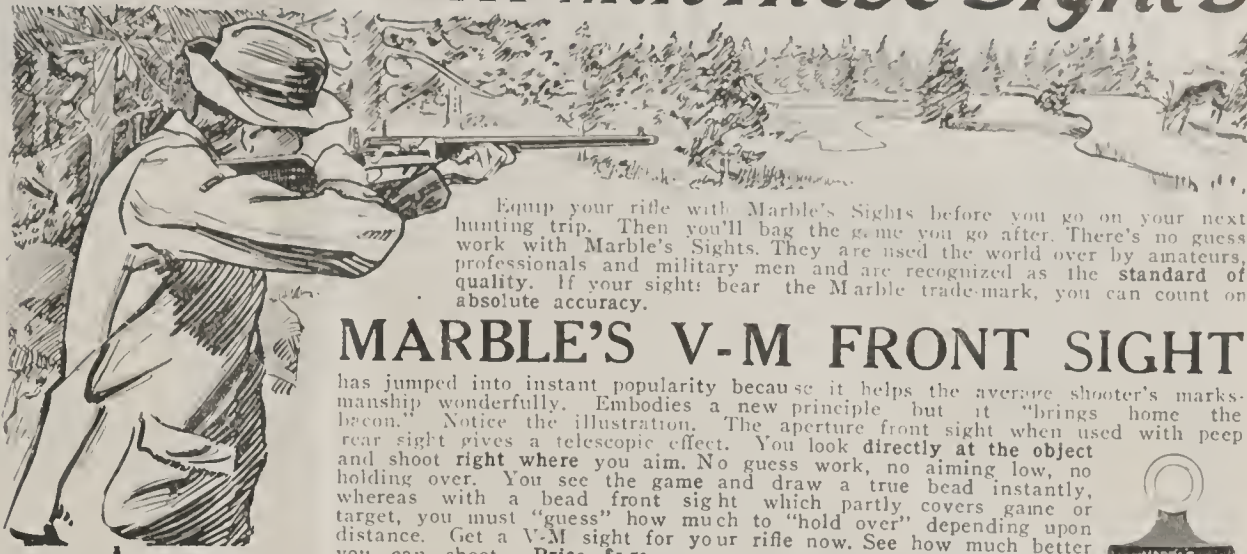
For the first time in 12 years moose hunting is permitted in Wyoming, and for the first time since 1907 prairie-chicken shooting is permitted in Indiana.

Among the novel features in the laws this year may be mentioned the declaration in the Florida law that ownership of game is vested in the respective counties; the provision in the California law protecting spike bucks, or deer with unbranched horns, instead of deer with horns of a certain length; and the Wyoming experiment of allowing the killing of 50 bull moose under \$100 licenses instead of an indefinite number during a limited season. Methods of hunting were restricted in Michigan by prohibiting the use of automobiles in hunting partridges, and in Indiana by prohibiting the use of searchlights or other artificial lights attached to autos for hunting game on or near a highway. Several new restrictions on shipment appeared for the first time: Illinois prohibited importation from points outside the state of any game except deer legally killed. Pennsylvania prohibited shipment of game by parcel post, and Wisconsin, shipment under an alias. Connecticut authorized the commissioners of fisheries and game to grant permits to bring in game lawfully killed outside the State, provided such game is not offered for sale.

Big Game.

The more important changes affecting big game included the closing of the season for four years on moose in Maine; authorization for the killing of 50 bull moose in Wyoming; lengthening the season on elk in Montana two weeks; closing the season on mountain sheep in Montana; changes affecting does in 8 States, including the removal of protection (1) in Florida, Nevada, New Jersey, and Wyoming; establish-

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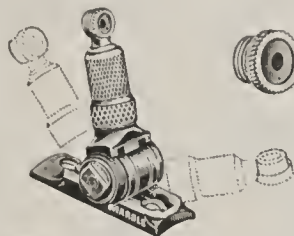
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ment of a limit in Arkansas; and decrease in the limits in Alaska, Michigan, Montana, and Nevada.

Under present conditions deer hunting is permitted in 36 States, in about one-third of which the hunter is limited to one deer a season and in most of the others to two. Seventeen States protect does at all seasons and allow only bucks to be killed—namely, Alabama, Arizona, California, Georgia, Idaho, Missouri, Mississippi, New Mexico, New York, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah, Vermont, (1) West Virginia, and Wisconsin. Pennsylvania requires that deer killed shall have horns two inches above the hair, New York and Vermont, at least 3 inches long, and West Virginia, 4 inches long, while California prohibits entirely the killing of spike bucks.

¹ Vermont has suspended the restriction during 1915.

Quail.

Notwithstanding the agitation in favor of protecting quail for several years in some sections, no bills of this kind were passed this year, and 38 States still provide quail shooting. The seasons were shortened six weeks in Oklahoma and two weeks in Nevada. Limits were established for the first time in Arkansas and New Hampshire, reduced in Iowa from 25 to 15 per day, in Oklahoma from 25 to 10, in Minnesota from 15 to 10, and increased in Nevada from 15 to 20. All but 14 of the States which permit quail hunting now have a limit of 20 birds or less per day.

Waterfowl.

All the States now allow waterfowl hunting, but the wood duck is protected for several years throughout the northern zone and in the southern zone in the States of California, Kansas, and West Virginia. Daily bag limits were established for the first time in Arkansas and Connecticut, reduced in Oklahoma from 25 to 10, and increased in Missouri from 10 to 15. Most of the States now have a limit of 25 or less per day.

Open Seasons.

Open seasons were lengthened in Montana on elk and deer two weeks; in Florida on deer and birds three weeks; in Minnesota on quail 20 days; and in Nevada on sage hens four and a half

months, on grouse one month, and on quail two weeks. New Jersey reverted to the former plan of hunting deer on four consecutive Wednesdays instead of five consecutive days.

Seasons were shortened in a number of States. In the case of big game the deer season was curtailed in Arkansas three months; in Oregon and Washington two weeks. In New Mexico the seasons were generally shortened and arranged in two districts divided at latitude 35 degrees. In California the dove season was made later and in Minnesota shortened 20 days; in Oklahoma the quail season was curtailed six weeks, and in Michigan, Nevada (ducks), Tennessee, and Wyoming, spring shooting of waterfowl was abolished.

Export and Sale.

Three important changes have radically affected traffic in game in the Mississippi Valley during the present year. In February the Supreme Court of Arkansas (1) held that a local law permitting shipment of game from the Chickasawba district of Mississippi County, Ark., was unconstitutional, and that the general law prohibiting shipment of game was in effect in this country as well as in other parts of the State. A little later the Legislature of Tennessee prohibited the sale of all protected game taken within the State, thereby cutting off the market for ducks killed on Reelfoot Lake. Finally, in June, a new game law was passed in Illinois prohibiting the sale of all game, native or imported, except rabbits. For twenty years or more Illinois has permitted the sale at certain seasons of game imported from other States. Illinois now not only prohibits the sale but also the export of all protected game except rabbits. Missouri has strengthened its export law by a provision prohibiting export of quail for any purpose.

¹ Jonesboro Lake City & Eastern R. R. Co. v. Adams, 174 S. W. 527.

Bag Limits.

A bag-limit law was passed for the first time in Arkansas—applicable to deer, bear, turkey, quail, and ducks. Limits were established in Connecti-

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cut on squirrels and waterfowl; in New Hampshire on quail, ruffed grouse, and woodcock; and in Pennsylvania on bear. Indiana opened the season on prairie chickens for the first time in several years, and provided a limit of five birds per day.

Reductions in limits were made on deer in Alaska from 6 to 3, in Montana from 3 to 2, and in Michigan and Nevada from 2 to 1. In the case of birds the more important reductions in daily bag limits were made in Illinois on doves from 15 to 10; in Iowa on quail from 25 to 15, and on prairie chickens from 25 to 8; in Minnesota on all birds except ducks, from 15 to 10; in Oklahoma on quail, plover, snipe, and ducks, from 25 to 10. Only a few increases were provided: In Illinois on shore birds, in Missouri on birds (except turkeys) from 10 to 15, and in Nevada on quail from 15 to 20.

Licenses.

Resident licenses were provided for the first time in three Southern States—Arkansas, South Carolina, and Tennessee. Arkansas established a \$1 license for deer and a \$1 license for dogs used in hunting quail; South Carolina a license of \$1 for hunting in the country and \$3 in the State, but 27 counties were exempt from the operation of the act; and Tennessee a \$1 license for the county and \$2 for the State. New Mexico and Vermont joined the list of States which now issue combined hunting and fishing licenses. Delaware, following the example of West Virginia in 1913, repealed the resident license provision adopted two years ago, while West Virginia restored the license by issuing free licenses to persons hunting in the county of residence and requiring a fee of \$3 to hunt elsewhere in the State. Fees for non-resident licenses were reduced in Illinois from \$15 to \$10, in Maine from \$25 to \$15, and for the special elk resident license in Wyoming from \$15 to \$10. New Hampshire and South Carolina, on the other hand, increased the non-resident fee in each case from \$10 to \$15, and Manitoba the resident big game license from \$2 to \$4. Exemptions were provided in a few cases—notably in Illinois, which allows veterans of the Civil War to hunt without a license, and in Oregon, which issues free licenses to veterans. In the latter State women are now allowed to hunt and fish without license, but in New Mexico similar privileges are not granted. North Dakota allowed actual settlers to obtain a resident license, even though

they have not acquired residence. In Michigan and Minnesota all residents are now required to obtain licenses to hunt in the county of residence. In North Dakota and Vermont conviction of violating the game laws not only results in forfeiture of license, but renders the holder ineligible to obtain another for a year, except with the consent of the game commissioner in Vermont.

Warden Service.

About one-third of the States have made important changes in the administration of warden service. Arkansas established a State game and fish commission of four members, while Florida abolished the office of State game and fish commissioner and intrusted the work of enforcement to county wardens. The total number of States which have general officers in charge of game-laws enforcement remains the same as last year, and four States—Florida, Mississippi, Nevada, and Virginia—still rely on local officers. Reorganization of commissions resulted in Minnesota and New York in the substitution of a single officer in place of a commission; in Michigan in the combination of the game, fish, and forest department with the public-domain commission; and in Wisconsin in the consolidation of the work of the game-warden department with that of several other State offices under a new conservation commission. In Illinois the title of the commission was changed from conservation commission to game and fish commission; in North Dakota to game and fish board; and in Ohio from an agricultural commission to a board of agriculture—the latter without salary. In Oregon the board was reorganized with the governor as chairman, and two members from west of the Cascades and two from the eastern part of the State. The position of warden in Tennessee was placed on a salary basis of \$2,500 per annum, the salary of the secretary of the Pennsylvania commission was made \$3,000, the salary of the secretary of the North Dakota game board \$1,200, and the salary of the State warden of New Mexico was increased from \$1,800 to \$2,000. Apparently the only important decrease was in the compensation of the conservation commissioner of New York from \$10,000 to \$8,000.

Increases in the number of wardens were authorized in several States. In Illinois the addition included 1 district warden and 18 deputies; in New Hampshire, 10 wardens; in New Jersey, an assistant fish and game protector; in North Dakota, a State game and fish commissioner; in

Pennsylvania, 20 protectors; in South Dakota, 1 additional assistant in the office and 1 in charge of the game farm; in Washington, 4 special deputy wardens; and in Wyoming, 3 additional assistants.

Game Refuges and Preserves.

Two national bird reservations have recently been created by Executive order—Mille Lacs, a small island the lake of the same name in Mille Lacs County, Minn. (May 14, 1915), and Big Lake, in Mississippi County, Ark. (Aug. 2, 1915). The Blackbeard Island reservation in Georgia, created in 1914, was abandoned as a national bird reservation.

Legislation affecting refuges was enacted in at least 14 States, and included not only provision for new refuges, but changes in boundaries and elimination of several of those already created. In California two refuges were created in the Angeles National Forest in Los Angeles and San Bernardino Counties, and one in the Trinity National Forest in Trinity County. Idaho established the Lewiston Orchards preserve in Nez Perce County, and the Black Lake game refuge in Adams and Idaho Counties (which was stocked with 50 elk from the Yellowstone National Park), and renewed protection for five years on big game and game birds in seven counties in the southeastern corner of the State. Montana enlarged the Snow Creek game preserve and decreased the area of the Gallatin preserve. Oregon abolished the Capitol, Imnaha, and Steens Mountain preserves created two years ago. Wyoming created the Hoodoo Basin preserve in Park County, eliminated a strip of 4 miles wide along the eastern boundary of the Big Horn preserve, changed the boundaries of the Popo Agie and Teton preserves, and abolished the Laramie preserve, the boundaries of which were not clearly defined in the act creating it.

Provision for the creation of State refuges on private lands was made in several States. Illinois, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia authorized the commission to enter into contract for the establishment of such refuges. Minnesota limited the minimum area of refuges on private lands to 640 acres, Washington required written consent of the landowners, and West Virginia limited the area in any one county to 10,000 acres. Tennessee provided for a propagating farm on lands set aside for the purpose and prohibited hunting on State lands, including Brushy Mountain and Herbert Domain.

Distinguishing Features of Minnesota Deer

PERHAPS one feature that distinguishes the Minnesota, or common white-tail deer, from many of the other larger game animals is its wonderful adaptability to live and thrive within the limits of semi-settled districts. Unlike the moose, they are little afraid of smoke from a settler's cabin, the sound of an ax, or even the nearby rattle of a freight train. In fact deer are not afraid of certain noises, while other sounds may disturb them greatly. Engineers and firemen who run through the North bush country have often reported deer lying so close to the tracks that the train fairly brushes them as it passes. Often the deer absolutely refuse to move from their beds when they see the headlight of a train, and many a fine deer has been killed because it was too careless to get off the track.

And yet the deer is a very timid animal. Those who have hunted them can give ample proof of this. The least sound of a snapping twig will send them off in alarm. The faintest scent of a man may speed them to distant cover; yet sometimes a careless tenderfoot walking through the woods may get very close to them before they flash their flag. The amateur they may regard much the same as the freight train. It is a case of having located the sound and being thoroughly familiar with it. If they lie still and hide he will probably pass by. The freight train made lots of noise, but it went by and never hurt them. The tenderfoot likewise may make considerable noise when walking through the woods. The deer hear him and probably smell him; yet they are not afraid. They know where he is; they know what to expect; and they will not move unless he happens to walk right onto them. On the other hand they might fly at the least sound from a more skillful hunter. This fact may suggest why the tenderfoot often sees the most deer; but only occasionally gets one.

In speaking of deer being killed by the trains, I once had an opportunity to be very near such a killing. It was in the month of October in Aitken County, Minnesota, two miles east of the town of Tamarack. Pardner and I were walking down the track one morning, and as we neared a place where short clover formed a feeding ground for the deer (between the walls of trees on either side of the track) our attention was drawn to a four year old buck, which had been killed by the train. His sleek body had been dragged along for some distance, yet the hind quarters were little damaged.

In pondering over the cause of this accident we hit upon many theories; but the most plausible seemed to be—that wild deer, no matter how alert and keen of senses, cannot be expected to possess reasoning powers which might govern the action of a human being, in a like situation. For instance—they cannot be blamed for not knowing the difference between lying down in the middle of the track, or from lying a short distance to one side. Hence the result. It may be that the blinding headlight and the roar of the train gives them a sort of adventure, which they like to indulge in. But the question of deer being killed by trains, is of course, a minor one, and I mention it merely to demonstrate that deer are not afraid of certain kinds of noises; and that the sound of axes, smell of smoke etc. are not the things that drive the deer out,—providing they have the other "natural" advantages.

Some of these natural advantages seem to be: cover, feed, shelter and above all else, a certain amount of wild, inaccessible places where they can take refuge from the hunters, and breed, unmolested. A fertile farming country, where all the land is available for agriculture, is naturally a hard place for the hunted wild venison to exist.

There has been considerable discussion as to whether deer at the present time are on the increase or decrease. It might not be out of place here to say a word for Minnesota, in this connection. That the southern and central parts of the north-star state has very few deer, I will not attempt to deny. Fifty years ago there were lots of deer in the central part of Minnesota. today that land is occupied by fertile farms to such an extent that even the prairie-chicken has a hard time to exist. On the other hand, almost the entire northern part of this state was formerly a solid mass of green, pine forests. At that time, old settlers claim that moose and caribou were plentiful in the north counties, while deer were more abundant in the central counties. The advent of the lumberman, and the gradual destruction of the best of the big timber, (by logging and forest fires) gave an entirely different aspect to northern Minnesota, especially so as regards the deer. In the final analysis, deer seem to have increased in numbers in northern Minnesota, since fifty years back; while in the central and southern parts they have practically disappeared. Moose, though fairly numerous in some parts, seem to have gradually decreased since the semi-disappearance of the big pines while caribou are almost extinct.

Different authorities have placed the approximate number of deer in Minnesota at from thirty to sixty thousand; while the total number of deer in the United States has been estimated at

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about five hundred thousand. The number of moose in Minnesota is probably in the neighborhood of eight thousand; while caribou I should say about two hundred head, possibly not that many, although they are reported coming over the line since the establishment of the big "Superior Game and Forest Preserve." Possibly in former years, when deer roamed over a greater area of uninhabited land, there were more deer than there are today; but those deer we cannot bring back, and I take it, we should concern ourselves at the present time with what we have and give them every means for protection and propagation, that the supply shall never decrease, but that there shall be a movement for the gradual and steady increase.

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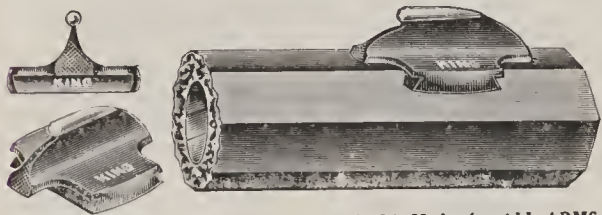
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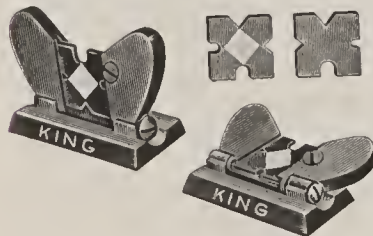
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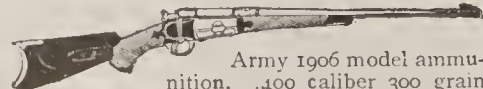


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That there exists a demand and a real need for the protection of deer cannot be doubted; yet the methods employed need considerable foresight and careful study, to get the maximum of results from the minimum of expenditure. State parks, game refuges, and forest and game preserves seem to be doing good work, and this form of protection is rapidly increasing. One thing in particular to be watched in connection with said protected districts is, that the settlers and people on the outside (i. e.—those who live there) do not take advantage of the game to the detriment of those who live outside.

But whether deer are protected by parks, refuges etc. or not, there is always one enemy of the deer that needs constant attention, when considering deer protection, and that is—the wolf.

I once heard a man say that "one good wolf trapper does more to protect deer than a dozen paid game-wardens hanging around the depots of our cities." Heretofore two ways have "generally" been used in fighting the wolves—a paid wolf hunter, hired by the state and paid a salary and a bounty; and a bounty provided by the local state and county separately. I believe the state bounty in Minnesota at the present time is \$7.50. Each county makes its own bounty, the highest being only equal to the state bounty.

THREE STRANGE DISEASES OF FISH.

FISHERMEN who have received and planted trout fry and fingerlings from state and government hatcheries are familiar with the paramount need of aeration of the water in the cans. But to most of them it will come as a surprise that too much air in the water can be as harmful as too little. While the methods of aerating the water in a can do not permit of overdoing the matter, there are nevertheless conditions at some hatcheries which necessitate de-aerating the water supply.

An instance arose a few weeks ago at the Chautauqua Station of the New York State Conservation Commission. A fine lot of fingerlings, all over two inches in length, some two hundred thousand in all, were in the rearing troughs, when a mysterious affliction, unknown to any of the employes of the station, broke out among them. The whole station went up in the air, and a hurry call was sent for Dr. Bean, Fish Culturist of the Commission, with headquarters in Albany.

Dr. Bean found the eyes of the trout protruding noticeably, and under the skin along their backs were clusters of little swellings, of the size of small shot. More alarming still, they manifested a strange inability to stay on the bottom, and swam helplessly about on the surface. They were

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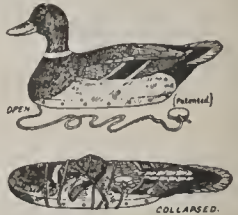
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literally up in the air, for trout, and along their sides were minute air bubbles, which broke away at a touch.

The trouble was at once diagnosed by Dr. Bean as *Pop Eye*, a very rare, though scientifically recognized, affliction which sometimes attacks fish in hatcheries. It was caused by a large excess of air in the water, which got into their systems. It worked into the eye sockets, making the eyes bulge out, thus giving rise to the name *Pop Eye*, and inflated the skin so that the trout couldn't stay down.

When a valve in the supply pipe was opened the confined air blew out with a rush. Measures for decreasing the air in the water soon relieved the fish, though the station staff were slower in returning to normal. Water for hatcheries must frequently be aerated, but it is seldom that any, except some artesian water, like that at Chautauqua, must be de-aerated.

Following the development of *Pop Eye* at Chautauqua, specimens of a small red organism from Rockland Lake, in the southeastern part of the state, were preserved in alcohol and sent to Commission. They are about the size of the head of a pin, and have been present in Rockland Lake in large numbers this season. As many bass, perch and pickerel were found dead simultaneously, the loss of the fish was attributed by the fishermen to these "insects," which some of them said "clung to minnows like a leech and sucked their blood." Identification as the *Diplodontus*, an aquatic mite, was made by State Zoologist Willard G. Van Name, who said that "the statement in the books as to food and habits of these animals are of a general and rather indefinite nature. They are said to feed on small aquatic animals, and some to be in their younger stages parasitic on aquatic insects, but no mention is made of their ever attacking fishes. Whether adult or nearly adult specimens, such as these submitted, would be parasitic at all," said Mr. Van Name, "seems somewhat improbable." Further testimony as to their parasitic attacks upon fish is desired by the Commission and fishermen who find incontestable evidence, in Rockland Lake or in other waters, of that fact, not heretofore known, have been requested to inform the Conservation Commission, sending specimens in alcohol if possible.

Another troublesome fish disease, resulting in the blindness and death of large numbers of trout perch in Oneida Lake last month, was charged to the account of a minute worm parasite, by the Fish Culturist of the Commission. It gets into the lens of the eye, causing cataract and eventually loss of the eye itself. The fish are not directly killed by the parasite, but when the sight of both eyes are gone they starve to death.

Thus the lowly crayfish is exonerated. Fishermen about Oneida Lake have believed that this fresh water crab picked out the eyes of the trout perch with its claws, since many of the fish have been found on the shore with their eyes gone. But with the indictment found against *Diplostomum*, the generic name of the worm parasite, another must lie against the kingfisher, the herons of other birds that feed on small fish, as accessories before and after the fact. The final host of the parasite is a bird, which eats the fish. The parasite is then voided by the bird, and the affection is spread.

The parasite also attacks pike perch, yellow perch and bass, though its ravages are most marked in the trout perch, which constitutes one of the

foods of the larger fish. The trout perch run into small streams in May to spawn, and they are then very commonly mistaken for small pike perch. The erroneous identification of the small fish caused concern among the Oneida Lake fishermen, who believed that the larger game fish were dying in great numbers. The little ones are entirely distinct, however, as Dr. Bean pointed out, never running much over four inches in length. They have a small adipose fin on the back, near the tail, while in the pike perch this fin is absent. Moreover, these little four inch fish are full of spawn, which they deposit in May, whereas the pike perch reach a weight of from two to three pounds before spawning. During the spawning season last May a considerable epidemic of cataract, followed by blindness and death, occurred among the trout perch of Oneida Lake, and specimens were obtained by the Conservation Commission which clearly establish the cause.

The New York State Conservation Commission which has on its staff, in the person of Dr. Bean, a fish culturist of world wide reputation, is constantly engaged in the scientific study of fish life and disease. It is believed by the Conservation Commissioner George D. Pratt that the fishermen can be effectively enlisted in many phases of this work, and he is now working out plans for securing through fish and game clubs and individually their closer co-operation in fish study and culture and in the very important details of proper fish planting.

NOVEL FEATURES IN GAME LEGISLATION.

There are a number of novel features in the game legislation in the several states. In Illinois and in Oregon veterans of the Civil War are permitted to hunt without a license, as half a century has elapsed since the close of the war, it is not likely that such liberality will result in much untoward slaughter of game. Oregon, in a spirit of gallantry, issues free licenses to women hunters. The license feature has been pretty well established over the United States and it is pleasing to know that a larger proportion of revenue so derived is going for protection purposes than before. States seemed to be prompt in changing conflicting sections of the game laws to comply with the Federal regulations—a move that is to be highly recommended. While the average sportsman waits in fear and anxiety on the outcome of state legislation with reference to game and fish laws, it is to be said that the 1915 record is much above the average.

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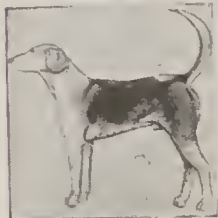
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WHEN BILL WENT A-FISHIN'.

(Continued from page 596.)

Daddy used to say he'd rather have you do almost anything than tell a lie; but you begin to learn after you go fishing a few times, that when you fool people about the fish you didn't catch, it isn't lying. It's the same when you swap horses. If fishes and horses were the only thing you ever lied about, you would stand a better show with the angel Gabriel when you get to Heaven, than you think you will.

Well, after you have fished three or four days in the East Branch, you get more trout than you can eat. The smaller ones are picked out for Mrs. Johnson to fry while you are staying at her house, and the larger ones are packed in ice till you are ready to go home. When you get back to Colonel Nevin's barn, each one takes his share. Daddy generally picks out the biggest ones in his lot, to send to someone who is poorly and can't go fishing.

Daddy never says anything about it himself; but you believe he'd rather find a good trout stream in Heaven when he goes there, than all the harps you could load into a two horse wagon. He can't play any musical instrument unless it is a hand organ, and if he has to work at playing a harp, he won't be very much pleased. You know he would rather go trout fishing, by a long chalk, and so would you.

ECHO LAKE, HOME OF THE LARGE MOUTH.

(Continued from page 590.)

miles of New York had been found. We had spent five days in the open, was returning with a generous coat of tan, a full creel and what is more, the future pleasure of looking back on a trip full of joy and fish.

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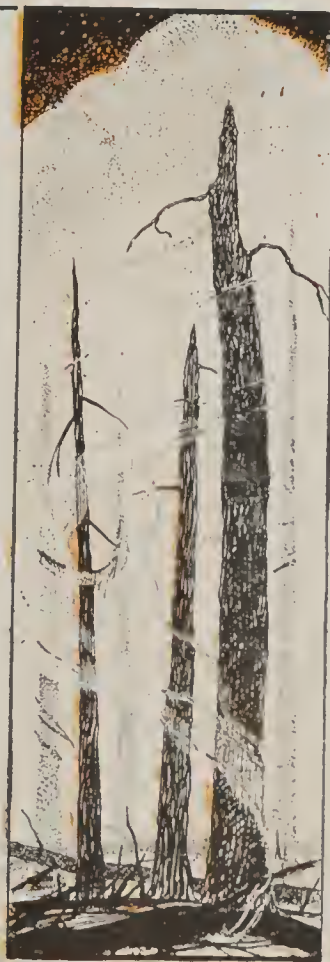
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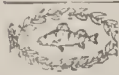
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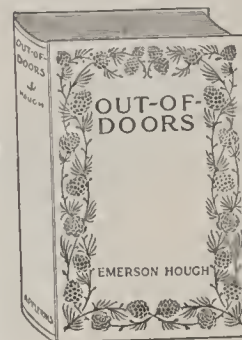
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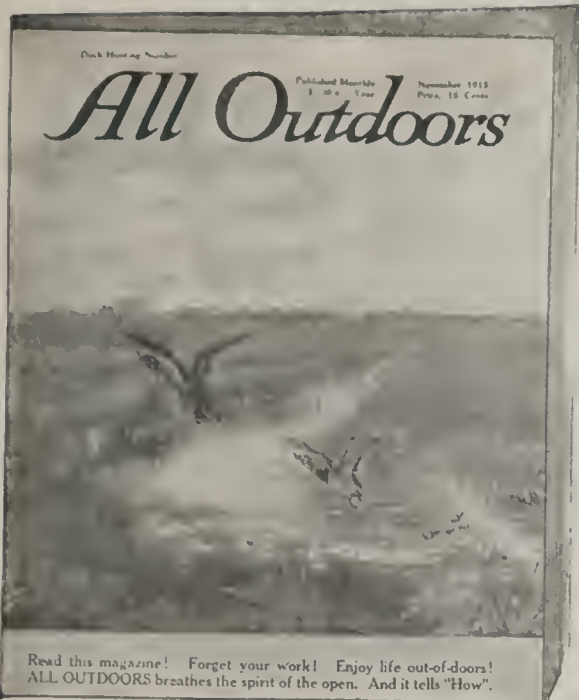
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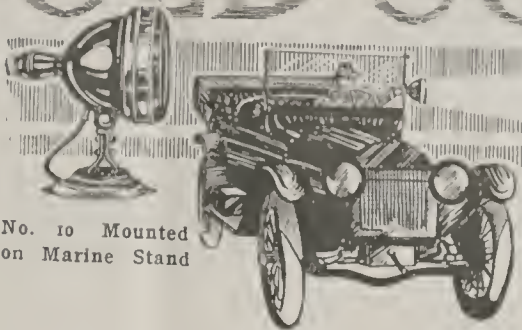
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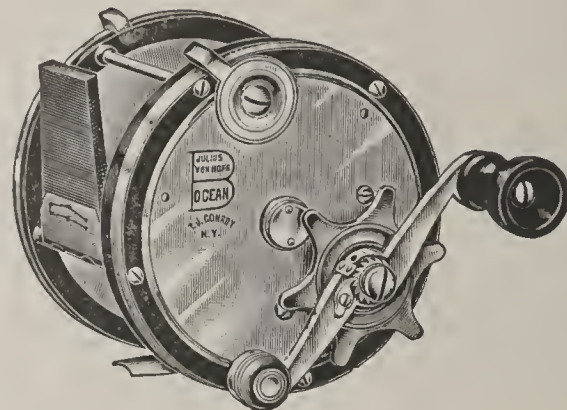
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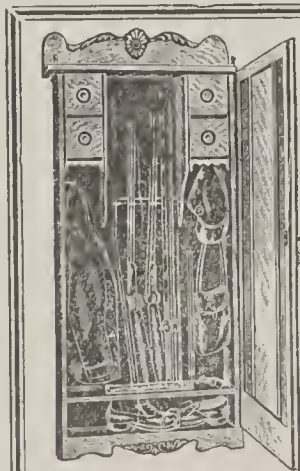
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Publisher, FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 128 Broadway, New York.

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Notary Public, H. B. Frank,



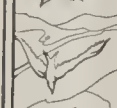



New York County No. 1109.

New York Register No. 6096. Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30th, 1916.)



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LIKE our Southern whitetail, the Cuban deer is rather an undersized animal; but for all that he is a handsome little specimen. Indeed, the attributes which have stamped the whitetail as king among his kind are rather enhanced than suppressed by his small proportions; and as far as bodily form and exquisite delicacy of limb are concerned, he appears to represent in miniature the perfect type to which, throughout all of its climatic variations, the species should conform.

Living in the humid temperature of the Antilles the whitetail, with no winter food problem to overcome, grows as plump and sleek as the European roebuck. Apparently he does not shed his horns at the time our northern deer are accustomed to. Of course, in the tropics, the seasons are more or less reversed, which probably accounts for the difference, for during a trip I made to Cuba, which lasted all of January and nearly all of February, every buck I saw had well developed horns. I did not see many, I admit, but since then I have been anxious for enlightenment on the subject and would like to find out definitely the tropical season of the year which stands as the equivalent of our horn-shedding period in the north.

Deer hunting in Cuba is done chiefly with dogs. A favorable locality being selected, the hunters are stationed at advantageous points on some grassy plateau lying well up in the moun-

tainous country. The dogs are then set out on fresh trails back in the pine woods and jungle scrub. As many of the runways cross these grassy open places, at least one of the party, if any game is started, is sure of getting a shot. Practically all shots obtained are at running animals.

Another method practiced, and one which savors more of raciness and true sport, is to follow a deer with a hound pack on horse-back and bag the animal by riding it down and shooting it out of the saddle. This, of course, can only be done in the valley-lands, where the country is spacious and affords a wide outlook as well as good footing. But as nearly everywhere in Cuba the mountain ranges slip down into a lovely park-like country both the above methods of deer hunting may be developed, according to one's personal taste in the matter.

Throughout the mountains of Pinar del Rio deer are more or less plentiful; also wild pigs and agouti. In the foothills and palm-dotted valleys abound quail and a variety of doves; so that anyone coming up from Havana for a few days of sport in the province, is practically sure of obtaining good shooting.

Perhaps there is no more pleasant place in this particular locality than the provincial town of San Diego de los Baños. Famous for its sulphur springs, and beautiful tropic scenery, it not only offers one the most comfortable lodgings, the best of food and the most delightful kind of bathing, but includes the pleasures of deer hunting, quail and dove shooting, and horse-

back riding through the wild jungle trails that climb and wind over the slopes of the great mountain barrier, known as La Cierras de los Organus.

This range of abrupt volcanic mountains shelters many deer and other small kinds of game. The main uplift of the system extends in a line nearly parallel with the north coast of the islands, and from verdurous plains populated with forests of royal palms and tobacco plantations, breaks sharply upward in waves of blue and purple that sweep the horizon above the reef of green foothills.

As far as the eye can see the range troops off to east and west till it melts in the haze of distance. Mountains, table-shaped and cone-shaped, buttresses smooth and jagged, slender volcanic peaks and broken spurs and minarets are piled against the sky in magnificent confusion. And the very continental solidity to their aspect makes it all the more difficult to believe that they stand as but a frail barrier against limitless ocean spaces, and are the children only of a strip of sun-kissed land swimming in a tropic sea.

The day we drove the twelve miles from Paso Real to San Diego was beautifully clear, and replete with the charm of seeing new things. After four hours in the train, we sat back luxuriantly in the comfortable wagon procured at the railway station, and let the soft airs and sunlight soak into our skins. Just under our feet a little silver-voiced bell chimed a musical warning to pedestrians and vehicles, as we sped



Great Plateaus Rolled Away to Meet Volcanic Mountain Peaks.

briskly along the smooth white road that wound like a huge snake toward our destination.

All around us stretched gardens of fertility—East, west and south the country rolled away in a succession of rambling hillocks and wide, shallow valleys. Now and again a palm-decked promontory would climb a little higher into the sky and be seen from a greater distance; or a valley more spacious than the rest, partly under cultivation and partly filled with guava bushes and a wild jungle growth, opened before us in a plain of shimmering green; while far beyond the tobacco fields and valleys and jungled foothills, the mountain walls of La Cierras de los Organos loomed saddle-backed and shambling against the deep blue of the horizon.

With the tinkling of the wagon bell in our ears we jogged steadily along under the mid-day sun. Overhead great buzzards wheeled lazily, while from the undergrowth bordering the roadside came the warblings of a variety of tropical song birds. The air was sweet with the perfume of flowers and luxuriant vegetation and the sun smote hot on the chalk-like boles of the palm trees, and filtered in mottled shadows through the silken fronds above. Very often we caught a glimpse of the close-thatched native huts, made of dried palmetto leaves, situated on the edge of small clearings or facing perhaps directly on the road. Quite as frequently we passed the proprietors of these plantations, black, swarthy fellows, clad in soiled white drill, with huge machetes swinging from their belts.

The machete, by the way, is not only used by the Cuban farmers as a means of defense, but serves chiefly a variety of purposes as an agri-

cultural implement. And as a matter of fact, these wayside individuals we encountered might just as well have been carrying a rake, or hoe, or brush hook, so far as the actual utility of the weapon was concerned. For at the time I speak of Cuba had undergone a pacific and cleansing treatment at the hands of the United States, and except in isolated cases the machete had been civilized to better and more fruitful purposes than the chopping up of people in insurgent warfare.

Our approach to San Diego was signaled by the gleam of red-tiled roofs and white-washed buildings fully a mile distant on the road ahead. Presently we rattled over a plank bridge under which gushed a tumbling mountain brook. Still farther along and we passed a quaint old Spanish church, with age-pitted bell tower and crumbling door step; and finally to the merry clanging of the wagon bell, turned sharply to the left, and were fairly launched on the main thoroughfare of the town.

San Diego lies at the western extremity of a sloping palm-forested valley. At its very doors one might say, the San Diego River sets its green current, flowing through thickets of delicate bamboo and cutting sluiceways between miniature chalk cliffs that gleam and flash whitely in the tropic sunshine. Close to its banks, in fact, not more than a few feet from where the water foams and eddies along a strip of pebbly beach, are the sulphur baths, springs of eternal youth they should be called, for after a dip in the bubbling, ill-smelling pool, you come forth feeling wonderfully invigorated and always in possession of an alarmingly large appetite.

In every direction from this little "one horse" village, with its mixed and curious population, the most delightful scenery unfolds before the eyes—exquisite in its contrasts and endless variety. And beyond the plantation fields, beyond the acres of scrub jungle and palm dotted foothills, the mountains soar blue and clear cut, exhaling at all hours of the day the purest ozone of a tropical wilderness.

The morning of our arrival at San Diego, the proprietor of the hostelry, Senor C.—(or I should really say doctor, for this worthy gentleman acted as the medico and general practitioner of the district) bade us welcome from the doorstep and forthwith conducted us into the cool roomy interior.

It would be hard to imagine a place of more delightful sojourn. To begin with it was spotlessly clean. From the front room, with its high ceiling, plaited mats and cool wicker furniture, to the bed-rooms kept in immaculate order by Francesca, the black maid of all work, there was nothing in the entire household to displease one with a sense of disorder or neglect.

Beyond the main living-room an airy stone-flagged apartment gave out on an enclosed garden, glowing with orange trees, and great bushes of purple burganvillia. It was here we ate our meals,—and such meals! Copola of wild pigeon, stewed quail, curried game fowl, rum omlet, and the best and sweetest of tropical fruits we happily discussed there twice a day and washed down the whole with black coffee, and rioja clarete, a mild native wine of delicious flavor.

The charm of this room lay not only in its delectable offerings moreover, but also in its im-

mediate environment. For as I have said it faced out upon the garden bounded on three sides by stone corridors, and odorous always with the scent of growing things. And here in the shade of one of these corridors were hung a dozen or more bird cages, each housing a feathered musician.

So, while we ate we could listen to the chiming of thrushes, the jocund warblings of a mocking bird, and the song of the clarino, that shy, silver-throated flutist, whose voice never fails to remind one of a running brook in the fastness of some mountain solitude. And at the same time we were enjoying this medley of delightful sound, we could look out into the garden with its golden oranges dappling the blue sky, and its clusters of bourganvillia massed against the portico in a fabulous wealth of color.

During our stay at San Diego I had only one opportunity to go on a deer hunt. On the other hand I enjoyed good wing shooting in the valley lands, and bagged a number of quail and doves.

Throughout Cuba, at least a dozen varieties of these birds are to be found in abundance. Of the doves I noticed five species,—the Carolina or mourning dove, ruddy quail dove, white winged dove, blue headed dove and little ground dove,—a pretty bird with a shell pink breast that looks mottled owing to the fact that the feathers shade to a darker tint along the edges. Unfortunately I did not succeed in getting any of the wood-pigeons (palomos) which are found in the mountain jungles and are very difficult and shy to hunt. But just to show what numbers of them are to be found in the vicinity, I remember one evening a swarthy young Cuban walking into the hotel with a back load of birds which included half a dozen varieties. Among them the red-billed and white-crowned pigeon were conspicuous—the latter was an unusually ornate specimen with iridescent coloration, and known under the local name of "Perdis."

One evening when we were topping off supper with an inimitable draught of black coffee, the Senor leaned toward me from his place at the head of the long table, and graciously inquired if I would care to participate in a deer hunt the following day. Needless to say I accepted the invitation without urging, and it was arranged that we should start promptly at seven o'clock the following morning.

I awoke early to find it still dark. The stars glimmered faintly in a smoke colored sky, and through the door of the room, which opened out on an upper balcony, wafted a light breeze, laden with the heavy sweetness of the garden. Then

all at once, as the yellow twilight of dawn crept into the east, a rodomontade of cocks broke upon the silence. From every niche and corner of San Diego these cheerful heralds of day crowed and crackled lustily. And as this unholy babble was mingled with the sound of clattering hoofs, yelping dogs, wagons rattling over cobble stones, and the subdued chatter of people waking up, the east became suddenly flooded with the clear warm gold of arriving day. A moment later and the sun broke over the feathered crests of the palm trees, and touched with its long level rays the blue wave line of the mountains.

Amid the general noise from outside, I got up, dressed and went downstairs to the posada, where I found the Senor and Lieut. M.—of the Rural Guard, already seated at the breakfast table. In a few minutes we were joined by the Senor's son, a tall lank youth with melting Spanish eyes, who like his father valiantly struggled to converse in English. He was kind enough to lend me a Marlin Carbine, as I left my own rifle in Havana, I also carried a 12-gauge shot-gun in case we happened to run across any feathered game.

Breakfast over, we repaired outside, mounted our horses and rode off up a steep trail toward the mountains. Besides the Senor, his son and Lieut. M.,—we were accompanied by a sergeant and four privates of the Rural Guard. These men were part of a small detachment stationed at San Diego. They were trim, fine looking fellows, immaculately uniformed in khaki, and armed with Remington carbines, caliber 7.7. M. M. Each man owned his own horse, splendid beasts caparisoned with russet leather saddles and bridles. Indeed the stamp and conformation of these mounts made one regret all the more keenly the shortcomings of horse flesh in the American army.

The work of the Rural Guard was at the time very efficient. No body of men could have served the government better during periods of stress and factional disturbances. Especially in outlying provinces and districts infested with banditti they had done much to preserve peace and order. And certainly to the American officer Col. Herbert J. Slocum, who was the instigator and organizer of the Rural Guards, does Cuba owe a large debt of gratitude. Let us hope that she will always maintain this invaluable constabulary and in seeing that it is officered and recruited with the right kind of men, keep up its original standard of efficiency.

From the door of the hotel our way led uninterruptedly toward the mountains. Sometimes we dropped into a little gully; sometimes forded a brawling mountain stream; sometimes crossed

the green, rolling plantation fields that extended far up into the foothills. Very frequently we would break from the lucent shadows of the jungle to emerge unexpectedly on the outskirts of a banana garden, smuggled away in the greenery of the tropical forest. And as often we would follow a hillside clothed with ceiba and mahogany trees, or ride along the crest of a beautiful valley, where the early sun smote deliciously warm upon our backs, and the quail piped sweetly in the long grasses. Then again we would dip into the cool of jungle thickets, mysterious twilight places, streaked with vivid sunlight, festooned with great lianas, alive with the bubbling ecstatic music of birds. Always the trail climbed steadily upwards.

The Senor led the cavalcade, a Winchester across his knee, a hunting horn slung over one shoulder and a pair of hungry looking hounds trotting under his pony's heels. After him rode his son, a picturesque individual clad in white drill and likewise equipped with rifle, horn and hounds. Lieut. M.—and myself, with the sergeant and the four privates of the Rural Guard, brought up the rear.

Of the party, however, the Senor cut decidedly the most fantastic and unique figure. He reminded one of a character out of Dumas' Monte Cristo, with his bean-pole anatomy, great hooked nose and flowing side whiskers, which as he conversed he stroked constantly with lean yellow fingers. His manner brooked no stupidity on the part of those he was directing, and he rode with the air of command, his big Panama hat set jauntily on his head, his legs thrust into shiny boots of the ring-master style, that were several sizes too large.

From the time we left San Diego until our return in the afternoon this quixotic gentleman and his son kept up a rapid fire conversation, accompanied at times by wild gesticulations, and explosions in Spanish of a vituperative character. No one seemed to know just what they were so vehemently discussing, but I believe those two men were endowed with leather lungs, for they talked continuously from start to finish of our hunt. When they weren't arguing they blew noisily on their hunting horns.

Gradually as we ascended into the mountains the growing freshness of the air told us that we had reached an altitude of eight or nine hundred feet. The clouds of doves we had seen skimming with arrow flights over the valley lands, were encountered no more; but on every side echoed the clear whistle of the mountain quail. Once we came directly on a big flock sunning themselves in the dusty trail, but in the scramble



Then Again We Would Dip Into the Cool of Jungle Thickets.



Breakfast Over, We Mounted Our Horses.

to dismount from our horses and load the shot guns they wisely took warning of the danger, and with a whirl of wings rose like one bird and sailed down into the valley.

We were now well up into the Cierras de los Organus, where the country presented an entirely new aspect. Great moss-covered plateaus, studded with groups of white pines rolled away to meet volcanic mountain peaks, or plunged abruptly into valleys banked deep with royal palms, ceiba and mahogany trees. On the right, marking a bloody battlefield in the Cuban war of Independence, the jagged blue outline of Caccara-jicarra broke against the sky, while northward, far in the distance and ranged like congealed waves along the horizon billowed a succession of pinnacles, crags, buttresses and carved minarets beautiful indeed to behold.

Over the shimmering green of the valleys; over the blue solitude of the mountains and across the yellow plains with their park-like groves of pine trees, the morning sun shot its long golden shafts. Away toward the west a chalk cliff caught the light and reflected a shield of dazzling white. Now and again an errant gust of wind brought with it from beyond the blue volcanic ranges, the tang of ocean spaces; the salty breath of the sea, mingling with the spiced aroma of the pine trees and fugitive perfumes of the jungle. Overhead two buzzards wheeled languidly in a sky of lapis-lazuli.

From a cool ravine cut between two plateaus, we presently rode out on to a broad grassy plain. Across it the trail twisted and wound until reaching the far side it plunged into a shallow gorge, or canyon, at the bottom of which flowed a copious stream. Here in the shade we rested and watered the horses. Then after a drink all around of black coffee from the Senor's immense Thermos bottle, we re-mounted and continued our way toward the hunting grounds which we were rapidly nearing.

Without any premonition, as we rode along, the trail brought us suddenly out into a little jungle glade. Lianas mottled and of a clear green, twisted snake-like through the tangle of tropic foliage overhead; parasitic plants and orchids of rare color drooped from the tree trunks and woven branches, while the glade itself was carpeted knee deep with delicate ferns and fairy grasses. From above an occasional ray of sunlight pierced the leafy roof and entered as a moted beam into a darkened room to brighten the riotous growth of vine and fern and flower. An exotic fragrance filled the air and an ancient hot-house damp pervaded the shadows.

In the middle of this little glade sat a lank Cuban mountaineer on a rat-like pony. Indeed the pony was so small that the grasses in the glade brushed the line of his body, while his rider's feet nearly touched the ground on either side. Both horse and man seemed to be enjoying a sort of siesta and, motionless as statues, quietly waited our approach.

To have found another specimen of humanity quite like this raw-boned mountaineer, you would have had to have looked a long way. One of Remington's scouts come to life could not have cut a more romantic or adventuresome appearance. From under a rough palmetto-leaf hat, his melancholy eyes met ours with sombre directness, while the drooping mustache and lean, rugged lines of his face, enhanced at once his outward air of imperturbable reticency. He was poorly

clad, but heavily armed. Across his saddle lay a brightly polished carbine; a large revolver glistened at his side, in company with a large machete. The upper half of his body fairly bristled with cartridge belts.

The Senor rode forward and shook hands with the stranger. Then the two engaged in an earnest conversation, the outcome of which was apparently satisfactory, for the Senor smiled a wide beaming smile and immediately turned to Lieut. M.—Then the Lieutenant smiled broadly and turned to me.

"The guide tell our friend there are plenty of deer," he translated, "We must surely get one."

With hope refreshed and under the new leadership of the lanky mountaineer, we once more hit the trail. But less than half a mile farther on the locality selected for the deer hunt was reached, and on a spacious pine-dotted plateau we dismounted and took up our respective stations.

Our host, accompanied by his son, the guide and two of the Rural Guards, now set off to put out the hounds. Lieut. M.—and myself in the meanwhile settled ourselves in a grove of white pines that crowned a little hillock overlooking a palm valley, and commanding an uninterrupted view of the plateau.

It was nearly noon and after our long ride we were glad to rest and investigate the lunch bags. The horses were tethered on the shady slope of the hillock and given a feed of oats. Thus in this pleasant spot, steeped in sunshine and shadow, and warm piny odors, and musical with the droning of tropical insects, we ate our lunch and listened expectantly for the first baying note of the hounds.

Presently it came. Lieut. M. was just in the act of striking a match to his cigarette, when that old, familiar and blood-stirring sound of dogs giving tongue on the trail of game smote suddenly on our ears.

My companion dropped his match as though it had scorched his fingers. Simultaneously we both threw a cartridge from the magazine into the barrel of our rifles. Then we waited.

Deep-throated and almost continuous, the baying of the hounds came steadily in our direction. Sometimes the sound would grow a little fainter; again it would swell loud and near as if the pursued animal had gained a higher stretch of ground. Now and again a clamor of excited squeals and thrill yelpings would tell that the quarry had been sighted. One dog, evidently much slower than the others, could be heard farther away, complaining in a series of mournful howls and defeated barking.

We gripped our rifles and sat close. Nearer and nearer came the tumult, and I half imagined I could hear the crash of running bodies through the undergrowth. Then in a moment when it seemed that deer and hounds must literally be on top of us, the noise of the pursuers veered suddenly, and swept by us out of sight, down into the valley. A second later from below the crash of a rifle reached our ears followed by a yell and the loud fan-fare of a hunting horn. After this ensued a dead silence.

Lieut. M.—and I looked at each other, and the Lieutenant shook his head dubiously.

"We have missed a good shot," he said in his broken English, "that deer, I think is very unkind."

The clamor in the valley which had ceased for a few minutes, now commenced again with renew-

ed loudness and vigor. Excited talking punctuated by the yelp of some poor canine who had just received a Spanish boot in the ribs, floated to us distinctly on the wind. And not more than ten minutes later, we heard horses coming in our direction from the valley. As we waited, the Senor followed by his son, the lank mountaineer and a bevy of crestfallen hounds broke the fringe of the forest and rode toward us.

Perspiration was streaming from the Senor's face. I have never seen a man look more silently enraged or discomforted. His black eyes were snapping and his long arms gesticulated violently as he endeavored to explain the situation.

"Peegs!" he cried, shaking himself out of the saddle, "those damn dogs chase the peeg!"

Lieut. M.—endeavored to soothe his indignation but the Senor's wrath only seemed to flame higher, and not until he had exploded several bombshells in Spanish of profane character did we learn what had actually taken place.

It seemed that the dogs had started two deer almost immediately after having been set out on a very fresh trail. They had coursed them for half a mile or so and were heading well down toward our point of concealment, when as bad luck would have it, they jumped a herd of twelve or fifteen wild pigs! At once there resulted a general stampede, and the hounds became so demented that they dropped the deer trail and took up with zest the fresher scent of the piggies. For all he could do the Senor was unable to check the wild chase after the skuttling grunting herd, until a single member infuriated at the state of affairs swung around and faced the dogs. But before the Senor could arrive on the scene the pig had slipped out of sight in the brush. He had caught up with the dogs, however, and belabored them soundly with his riding whip. The shot we had heard had been fired by his son who was some distance farther down in the valley, and had stirred out a deer, doubtlessly one of the animals the dogs had started an hour before. He had obtained a running shot, but owing to the dense cover, had missed.

Suddenly the ludicrous part of the performance struck me and I commenced to laugh. The Senor and his son and Lieut. M.—however, wore solemn and disappointed looks. All the way back to San Diego they rode along in glum silence. Continuously they kept lamenting the fact that it was too late in the day to start a fresh hunt.

We reached San Diego just as the sun was slipping down into a sea of gold over the palm forests. True, we had returned with an empty game bag and disappointed hopes, but for all that we had fared only as many other hunters fare, and personally I shall always recall that long ride through the beautiful mountains of Pinar del Rio with keenest pleasure.

That night at the supper table the Senor was profuse in his apologies over the failure of the deer hunt.

"Next time we go to a better place," he said; than added "a place where there is all the deer and no peeg."

But, as fortune would have it, this hunt of greater promise was never to be effected, for two days later we said good-bye to the hospitable Senor, and left behind the sleepy little town of San Diego, and the gray-blue mountains of La Cierras de los Organus to return to the sea airs and bustle of Havana.



THE SANTA CATALINA ISLAND TUNA CLUB AND FAMOUS CATCHES.

1—Dr. H. K. Macomber, Pasadena. 2—E. L. Doran, Los Angeles. 3—Clifford S. Scudder, St Louis. 4—C. F. Holder, New York and Pasadena. 5—Fitch Dewey, Detroit.

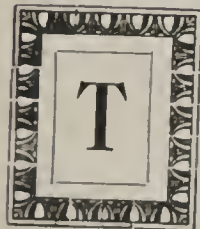
Club has many members who have taken the leaping tuna weighing 100 lbs. with 21-strand line. The largest fish is C. F. Holder's then record catch, 183 lbs.

The Fighting Yellow Tail of the Pacific Coast

A Story That Will Send Thrills Through the Nerves of any Angler, be He "Fresh Water" or "Salt"

By Charles F. Holder.

Just as this number of Forest and Stream is about to go to press word comes of the death of Dr. Charles F. Holder, the author of the story which follows. Dr. Holder was not only a famous scientist, but was one of the most charming writers on outdoor subjects in the United States. His connection with Forest and Stream extended over the entire period of its publication. At the time of his death Dr. Holder was engaged in the preparation of a series of articles for this paper on big game fishing. We believe that several of these have been completed, and if so they will be published in succeeding issues.—Ed.



THE Southern California sea-angling season is on, and men with long leather and canvas objects, suggestive of rods, are wending their way to Uncle Sam's island, San Clemente, and Santa Catalina, off Los Angeles County. This region and the Santa Catalina group, made up of four or five islands, has become world famous for the game fish of large size. The islands are the summits of off-shore Sierras which rise from depths of a mile or so in the waters of the Black Current, the Kuro Shiwo, of Japan. For sixty or one hundred feet below the surface there is a fringe of kelp or sea-weed, often one hundred or more feet in length; a huge vine with colossal leaves which lies on the surface at ebb tide, and at the flood, reach away, swaying and fluttering in the current.

In some places the kelp has the appearance of a vast olive- and golden-green forest. Like the trees of the land, these forests of the sea have their inhabitants. The white sea bass, rock

bass, black sea bass and others roam amid them, poising, and in and out of the alcoves and colonnades we shall see what is by all odds, the game fish of the people in Southern California.

This is the yellowtail; one of the most beautiful of all fishes, and a cousin of the famous amber jack that gives joy to anglers at Palm Beach and along the shores of lower Florida. It is a delicate green or olive above, silver beneath; and from eye to tail runs a streak or stripe of vivid yellow or gold. The top fin is long and beautiful, and the fins are dashed with yellow. Its eye is clear, large and scintillant; the mouth large, also the head. The average yellowtail of the Tuna Club is twenty-five pounds in weight, but it runs up to sixty pounds, that being the Club record. This fish was taken at San Clemente Island by Mr. W. H. Simpson of England, and ultimately found a resting place in the British Museum with a replica of the rod, line, leader, etc.; in itself a startling exhibit as the line is a thread for so large a fish.

A thirty-pound yellowtail is not only a thing of beauty but a joy forever, and to see the

Southern California angler and his equipment is to witness the last step or word in true sport in its highest phase of exaltation.

You may take the California amber jack any way. You may let your sardine lie on the bottom in the consciousness that some ultra curious *Seriola* will take it, or you may cast from the beach, or launch, or troll. The latter is the ordinary method, but to collect the fish about you and cast and reel as the launch drifts, has its peculiar charm and delight.

Santa Catalina is twenty miles off-shore and has a north and northeast coast line of twenty miles, with high, abrupt cliffs which afford a perfect lee part of the day, so that the angler floats and trolls from ten to fifty feet from the shore in deep blue water,—ideal and enduring conditions which made tuna fishing famous here, now partly replaced by the Santa Catalina swordfish, the premier game fish of the world. In a word, the environment counts. It must be beautiful and attractive, and Santa Catalina with a rough sea would be Madeira, but as it is, it is Santa Catalina itself, and charming, due to the fact

that from ten feet to five miles off-shore one often has the clear smooth water of a trout stream depending upon the time of day. Again, there is almost constant cool and delightful weather. The season, from May to November, is stormless, rainless, a strange and attractive condition almost unbelievable, and when it is added that you are but three and a half hours from Los Angeles, a city of 500,000, and that the island has all the facilities for comfort—a town of 5,000 in summer, good hotels, cottages and tents, any and all accommodations; when the angler realizes that that great essential, *comfort*, is within his grasp, the real charm of this region can be understood.

Again, it may be said to belong to the people, as San Clemente, one of the three islands which make up the group of the Santa Catalina channel, is government property, and here the angling differs. The island is about twenty miles in length and has peaks a quarter of a mile in height. It is interesting from its wild character and the fact that it once supported a large native population. Not only this, the fishes taken here are for some reason much larger than elsewhere; as stated previously, the record yellow-tail was taken here. The line was of but nine strands, each breaking at a strain of two pounds. In other words, a pressure of over eighteen pounds on the line would break it, by which some idea of the care and skill required to land a sixty-one pounder may be imagined.

The yellowtail appears to range from Santa Catalina down to Mazatlan, Mexico in numbers; and at times it strays north to Monterey, over three hundred miles from Santa Catalina; but even at the Santa Barbara Islands, one hundred miles north, it is not over common. Santa Catalina and San Clemente appear to be the locations where the largest number are found. To illustrate how they run, on June 21, 1915, I quote from the Tuna Club report of this week, it being remarked that all the fishes of good size are reported to the Club, and the catches recorded, the Tuna Club awarding prizes for the largest fish in its tournaments.

BUTTON FISH. TUNA.

W. C. Boschen, New York, 70½, Farnsworth, Captain.

YELLOWTAIL.

George Blumenshien, Chicago, 31½, Fisher.
W. A. Forman, Brooklyn, N. Y., 25, Goulding.
J. P. Gilmer, Los Angeles, Cal., 33½, Gray.
C. A. Ritchie, Topeka, Kan., 22½, French.
J. W. Robertson, San Francisco, 32½, Wilborn.
Mr. Fleming, Los Angeles, Cal., 20½, Halstead.
J. F. Mason, Portland, Ore., 31, Halstead.
Wm. Mason, 20½.
C. H. Sharp, Los Angeles, Cal., 30, Halstead.
E. D. Ulrich, Los Angeles, Cal., 25, Halstead.
Mrs. L. Baker, Los Angeles, Cal., 21, Halstead.
H. Givens, San Francisco, 22, McKay.
Milt. Sandfelder, Chicago, 20, Neale.

ALBACORE.

Nate LeVene, San Francisco, 21½, Warren.

BLACK SEA BASS.

J. A. Wilborn, Avalon, Cal., 192, on 9-9, Wilborn.

The yellowtail has been known to spend the winter at Santa Catalina. I have taken it in Avalon Bay every month in the year; but it is a migratory fish and lives from December on, off-shore and the south, coming again in April in detached or compact schools. I believe the fish spawns in the open sea along the islands

in summer, at least I have found the fish in spawn at that time; but I have never seen a young yellowtail or a fish under three or five pounds. In fact the breeding habits of the fishes here are little understood; but migratory fishes found with spawn are supposed to deposit their eggs at the end of their migration, as birds in migrating nest at the terminus of their migration.

But some bands of fish are not spawning; others are, and only records covering a series of years can be depended upon. In the winter, yellowtail are found on the coast of Mexico; yet the winter at Santa Catalina is comparable to October in the East, so far as cold is concerned.

So established is the yellowtail or amber Jack as a game fish that it has effected the evolution of boats, and what is known as a Santa Catalina angling launch has materialized suited to the situation. It is eighteen or twenty feet in length, broad, heavy, large enough to stand heavy sea. To illustrate, I once ran from San Clemente in half a gale in a sixty-ton yacht, and my boatman followed in his little launch. I repeatedly saw this boat thrown bodily by the big waves, but she landed right side up, nor did she ship many seas through under power and sail.

The boats cost from \$800 to \$1,000; have a six or eight-horse power gasoline engine amidships. They are open and will hold six or seven persons, but three are a full complement. This means two anglers and the boatman who is steersman, gaffer and engineer. The anglers sit side by side in comfortable chairs facing the stern; one with rod to the right, one to the left. At the strike the boatman stops the engine and takes his gaff, after the fish has been brought alongside.

These boats run alongshore in water mostly perfectly smooth, but they are well equipped to go off into rough water. The tackle of the yellowtail angler is interesting. He has several rods. One is eight or nine feet in length and weighs sixteen ounces. This is for swordfish and big tunas. Another weighs nine ounces; is seven feet long and has a line known as No. 9. Still another is of six ounces and has a line of six strands. The last two are yellowtail rods, and are the result of many experiments of T. Daniel Potter, Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy and others, and roughly, are the sort of rods and tackle used for black bass in the East not many years ago. Now the same tackle is employed on a thirty- or forty-pound fish. I have stood on the beaches of Santa Catalina and cast into the clear waters, played my game and reeled it in upon the singing sands of Cabrillo or Avalon while the east was tinted with encarnadine, and have seen some remarkable plays.

One catch in many stands out clear and distinct, a beetle in amber. I was fishing with Gifford Pinchot, Steward Edward White and Governor Pardee of California. We were trolling up and down the extreme southeastern point of San Clemente where a great mass like the Giants Causeway looks into the sea. There was so much to see that I was paying but little attention to my rod when my boatman, Mexican Joe, told me to look at a school of fish inshore. We turned in and I soon saw that it was made up of yellowtails, thirty, forty and perhaps fifty pounders, which, with dorsal fin out of water and jocund air, were sailing down this Rialto of the sea, all in the shadow of the rocky cliffs that rose sheer from the blue waters at this point.

There must have been several hundred in the school, and they were swimming slowly along as one walks in the shade on a hot summer day. We ran slowly in, and as Joe pulled his wheel to starboard, he placed them on the quarter not fifty feet distant. I reeled my sardine bait to the tip, and with an overhand cast, dropped the silvery lure about five feet in front of the school. It was a mean heartless trick as the guileless yellowtail thought it a gift of the gods; thought that some other enemy had frightened the sardine and it had leaped and leaped again, landing perchance directly in his line of progress.

I am assuming that you have never caught a yellowtail, hence may like to know how the fish strikes and what this particular yellowtail did to me. The rod I was using was a "3-6"; in the angling language of the "Channel Islands," a rod of six ounces and so pliable that to strike with it hard was out of the question, and as the line would withstand a strain of but twelve pounds, attention had to be paid to that. What happened was this: The moment or second the bait dropped, a yellowtail of thirty pounds or so, shot ahead and seized it. I gave a whirl on the watch-like reel taking up the slack; then gave the butt, softly, gently, and with sufficient circumspection to keep within the twelve-pound limit. At once, not suddenly, but with a deep determined strain, the rod bent to its limit. The yellowtail had seized the lure, his powerful jaws had closed over it and nothing could induce him to give it up. A few seconds of strain, then the big sharp O'Shaughnessy hook pricked him and with a blare of sea music from the reel he was away.

Ah, the joy of this rush! How can you describe it? The virile magnetic thrill up the rod, the quivering line and singing reel, the quick turn of the boat and the tense whisper of the boatman, "You got him!" The one regret, if I may call it a regret, in yellowtail angling is that in nine times out of ten you hook your fish in deep water but near the rocks, and he has the time of his life sulking as no salmon ever sulked. He points his head down (as I have often seen him when lying flat on deck and peering through a water-glass); and there he stands, his big tail working in a cork-screw-like motion most effective.

In this divertimento the fish may have four hundred feet of line out; in fact certain wise fish have been known to take so much line, say five or six hundred feet, that in a savage rush the weight of the water would break it. Here was an opportunity to play a big fish with light tackle—3-6—on the surface. I sprang to my feet as soon as the idea took possession of me, told the boatman to put on full speed, and away we went not one hundred and fifty feet from the splendid rocky cliffs in hot chase.

The yellowtail has taken about three hundred feet and was going down the coast at the top of its speed while the school spread out. We could see them under the boat and everywhere, a most extraordinary spectacle, not to say disconcerting. As we ploughed along I stood and literally bent to the reel, eating up the line so that in a few moments I had it taut and almost out of water for its entire length. Try as I would then, I could not take in an inch of line, though the launch was going at the top of her speed over the luxuriant gardens of the sea. Nothing could have been more exciting, or beautiful, than this an-

gling picture staged along the cliffs of San Clemente. I now told my boatman to give the wheel a turn to starboard. This turned us off-shore a little, and gradually pulled or enticed the fish around, and by giving the boat a port helm I caught up the slack and by alternately turning off-shore I soon began to make line. The splendid game was always in sight, and on the surface, the entire school dashed and dotted with flashes of yellow and gold.

Nothing could be more exciting, and as I passed, acquaintances in other boats, many playing fish in deep water, shouted exultant encouragement.

In this way, flying along after the fish, playing a racing game, I played this fine fish for an eighth of a mile; then the yellowtail seemed to realize that something was wrong, as in one turn, instead of going back inshore he kept on, headed for blue water. So I endeavored to carry him completely around in a big circle over blue water. I now had him within seventy-five feet of the gaff and was beginning to include him among the catch, but as he reached the edge of the little submarine plateau on which I had been playing him, he plunged down the side of the mountain with an irresistible rush taking yards of line, every inch of which I had worked for. Down, down, the reel screaming, he went and out, as San Clemente is a vast mountain peak rising out of the sea nearly a mile and a half high, with a peak twenty miles long, it was evident that my yellowtail was going down in the Valley of Despair, as far as I was concerned.

We had slowed down and were now adrift just off the hook of the island, and in ten minutes that fish had filched three hundred feet of my line and I was giving him more, endeavoring to stop him by making him think he was free. But this sophistry invented by my friend Potter did not work; the line went on and eternally on. As

we drifted toward the hook we figured with mathematical precision and positive nicety on the size of this goliath of fishes. The record was 60½ pounds; the second 51 pounds; the third 48¾ pounds. Joe picked him as a sixty pounder. I remembered that Bullen in his "Voyage of the



The Author at His Favorite Sport.

Cachelot" referred to a 100 pound yellowtail, so I established, in the unfathomable depths of my imagination this yellowtail, that was wearing my heart out, as a seventy pounder. All the time he was boring down, and I pumping, lifting the rod to nearly vertical, then dropping it rapidly and reeling.

In this way in an hour I had the fish within fifty feet. Joe swore he could see him—a silver star against the azure. I was an officer in the navy for a brief period, before the days of grape juice and am somewhat old fashioned, and on hearing this I ordered grog to be served to all hands. Ten minutes later the fish, a giant, the Daniel Lambert of fishes, came to the surface like Aphrodite and slowly circled the launch; a captivating scintillating, alluring spectacle. I raised the limit to eighty pounds, figuratively speaking, and Joe lighted one of my best colored "Lords of England," made expressly for his majesty the King, so I was told. No one but an angler will appreciate this confession of weakness. No one but an angler will believe that a human being otherwise sane can be sent into a mad whirl of intellectual vacuity by a big fish that had the bit in his teeth. Yet it is true. Such an angler would not exchange his chances for the treasures of the universe.

Another ten minutes of untrammelled joy and anticipation and the yellowtail, bigger and more luxuriant, was now but ten feet away, slowly circling; its splendid dorsal in the sunlight; its gigantic tail, so suggestive of power, fanned the "ambient seas." Joe was fingering his gaff. The fish weighed one hundred pounds if he weighed an ounce. I was perfectly cool, I insist on this. I reeled with delicacy of touch. I had seen. Joe reached for him with the gaff. The yellowtail saw the move; something happened; him on the quarter, the biggest yellowtail ever my line floated idly overhead.

Joe tried to do it justice, but he was *not* equal to the occasion. He, did say, however, "he has went," and "he weighed one hundred and fifty pounds." There are moments in life's history over which it is best to draw a veil.



THE MARSH

A Free Translation of Gautier's "Le Marais."
A mon ami Armand E.



"Ainsi pres d'un marais on contemple voler
"Mille oiseaux peintures."

Amadis Jamyn.

En chasse, en chasse heureuse."

Alfred de Musset.

I know a marsh whose water sleeps
And covered by a mantle creeps,
Of nenuphars and camel's-hay:
Ev'ry sound 'neath their leaves glaucous
Makes the choir of bullfrogs raucous
Leap in the pool and hide away.

There black-grey snipe you'll find
When blows November's wind
Of mornings chilled with rains;
And oft from clouds dun, black or white
Fall plovers, peewits, curlews, cranes
Tired out by a long flight.

Where the water-lentils creep,
Their necks the wild duck dip,
Of sapphire shot with gold;
There bathes the teal in the morning cold,
And when all round the twilight seeps,
Sheltered by rushes, softly sleeps.

Friend, when the haze and fog of Fall
Extend their monotonous pall
On the obscured front of the skies,
When in the city all still sleeps,
And hardly yet does daylight peep,
And night hath a thousand bright eyes.

Armand, my friend, whose faithful lead
Always strikes the swallow dead,
You who ne'er at thirty paces
Miss the fleet hare when he races,
Come on then, my bold chasseur,
Whom the long way won't deter.

While Pete your peerless pointer-dog
Follows you through the high-grassed bog,
A Remington* in your right hand,
In flannel shirt and hunting clothes,
Come and near where the current flows,
Behind this broken tree-trunk stand.

Your hunt will be a marvelous one,
And into your gamebag will run
Mallards and grouse in steady flow,
And tired and muddy you'll return
Home when the first faint star doth burn,
Joy in your heart, pride on your brow.

SAMUEL F. WOLCOTT.

*Or Parker, or Fox, or Smith, or Marlin, or which ever you use Literally, "good bronzed barrel."

The Husky Dog—Beast of Burden of the North

He is Often Maligned, Always Abused, But Without Him There Would not be so Much Civilization North of "54-40"

By R. J. Fraser.



HE corporal swung around the corner of the barracks, the five dogs leaping hungrily at his heels. "Here's the doctor's team, sergeant," he called out to the officer standing in the doorway. "All but old Mike. Traces chewed off and they're 'bout all in. Down, Blackie, down, you brute!"

"Something's happened to the Doc, sure. Wonder if Mike stayed by him."

And something had happened to Doctor Flood, late surgeon to the Northwest Mounted at Fort Churchill, that storm-swept post on the bleak, northern shores of the Hudson Bay. The relief party found the body thirty miles to the northward. From out the snow burrow that contained all that was mortal of the doctor a gaunt and shaggy form crawled forth to greet the searchers. Mike, toughest of wolf-dogs and prize "tripper" of the district, had stood by his master to the end. The keen-eyed Chippewyan guide had quickly read the signs of the trail. No mystery lay there. The sense of direction, so often confused on the trackless barrens, had deserted the traveller. Time and again, with the fear of the lost gripping at his heart, the Doctor had driven Old Mike, leader of his team, on to a new and equally false trail. As many times, in spite of orders and blows, had the intelligent brute revolted and stubbornly led his comrades out of the deep, tiring snow back toward the firmer surface of the homeward trail. The end came—exhaustion and the fearful cold. When the doctor dropped the faithful leader had halted; had watched the other five patiently, persistently gnaw their way to liberty; had seen the walrus thongs part, the starving dogs, one after another, leap to their feet, and take up the southern trail to the barracks; and then seen the master drop—asleep.

So they found Mike. Plainly did the snow tell how he had stayed with the helpless man, lying first on one side of the body, then on the other, in an attempt, heroic though vain, to keep it warm.

The faithful "husky" won his reward—exemption from further service and an extra half ration of fish every second day. Only last summer his pension matured, when, at the Master Driver's command, he took up the last long trail. His body now rests at the foot of Dr. Flood's—whom he served so well, on a little, rocky Knoll bordering Churchill Harbour.

"MUSH! Mush on!" No longer will Old Mike, faithful leader that he was, answer to the cry. No more will he leap from his burrow on the side of the trail, the long, rawhide lash crackling about his ears. But—"Mush! Mush! mush on!" comes the call from a hundred different snow trails of the North. As many other

"huskies" spring to their feet, strain to the harness till the rawhide bands are lost from sight in the thick, bushy fur; the toboggan creaks from stem to stern, loosens from its frost anchorage with a jerk, and the trek is on. Throughout the white-clad Northland—from the lonely prospector's shack on the Temagami to the chilly igloo



Reversion to the Wolf Type.

of the oily Nechillingmiut in the Arctic, from the rugged cliffs of Labrador to the Yukon Peaks—hundreds of furry-pelted, bushy-tailed "huskies" answer to the call. In teams of five, six, or a dozen, hitched to freight-laden toboggans, to mud-shod "Komatiks," or to "carryalls"—the Pullman of the North—the hardy little creatures tug on the traces, "hitting the trail" from dawn to dark. It is the "husky" dog who makes possible the mail and freight transportation of the North.

It is often claimed that Alaska is the original

home of the wolf-dog. This is not quite true. Greenland, Labrador, and the Arctic shores of the Hudson Bay breed the "husky," as they do his blubber-eating master, the Eskimo. The Alaskan "malamute," a writer has said, is of the wolf strain—a statement quite true as far as it goes. But the "malamute" is a mixture of the "husky," which contains the wolf strain, and the hundred and one canine bloods that have trailed the Yukon snows since the days of '98. The "malamute" is but one grade better than the Indian dog, that mixture of snapping snarling mongrelism that roams throughout every Indian camp on the more central and southern plains.

Short-legged and chunky of body with long nose, short, pointed ears and bushy tail, and over all a coarse, thickly-furred pelt—this is the characteristic appearance of the "husky" dog. "Husky" is not a derivative of the word "Eskimo," an explanation often given, but is a term of contempt used by the Northern Indians, who hold in disdain their oily neighbors of the snow houses.

To the Indian everything suggesting Eskimo is "husky" or "hucky," but the generalization of the term being little known, it has been centred on the poor dog, and so as the "husky" he is known to us today.

The Northwest Mounted Police alone have in service two hundred and fifty of these animals, all picked specimens of their race. Each one is named and numbered, and a record of his age and service kept at headquarters in Regina. At their several Northern posts they have comfortable winter quarters—individual stalls—receive regular rations, and are treated in a manner similar to a troop of cavalry horses. The police dog's lot, compared with the majority of his kind, is an enviable one. Hardship and privation often falls to him, but it usually has its reward. He is a valuable adjunct to the force, and as such is taken care of.



"Mush! Mush!" the insistent cry that is heard all over the Northland.



Much less happy, though, is that of the "huskies" owned by the fur-trading companies, and even more miserable still his, whose master happens to be a shiftless, improvident Chippewyan. Dog, Rib, or Cree—starved all summer and worked all winter. Hardy though he be, he yet requires a certain amount of food to sustain life in his overworked and viciously beaten body. He is, therefore, only half starved in wintertime.

The best type of and truest blood "husky" is to be found on northern Labrador and among the natives of the Arctic islands. As one journeys inland he meets with crosses and mixed breeds, while south of the sixtieth parallel the Indians and trappers break into harness every type of canine that falls into their hands, and so intermix the breeds as to produce mongrels of all sizes, builds and colours. The weaklings quickly perish while the hardy ones grow hardier. Nature somewhat relieves their miseries by lengthening and thickening their furry coats, protecting them from the severe Northern cold. Otherwise they could not survive the winter hardships of the trail. I traveled with a team in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, four of which were full-blooded huskies, born in the Eskimo igloo; the fifth, the leader and most intelligent of the five, was an inland dog, only one-quarter "husky." During journeys to the wind-swept sub-Arctic shores the inland dog required the shelter of a blanket at night, while his four team mates slept in the open, unprotected except by their furry hides.

On the hard-packed snow of the barrens of the North and about the shores of the great inland seas, the more common flat toboggan is replaced by the Eskimo "mud-sleigh." It is a low, broad sled, from twelve to fifteen feet in length, and thirty inches broad, having two heavy runners, which are shod with a plaster of frozen mud and water, from which the sled derives its name. These are capable of carrying from eight hundred to one thousand pounds, whereas the customary load of a flat toboggan does not exceed five hundred. A "husky" is supposed to draw a hundred weight, but except when on a very hard, smooth trail, he seldom gets away with more than eighty.

As a rule, when on the trail, the dogs are fed but once a day, and that at night time. But often, when times are hard and the trip is long, they are forced to travel for days at a time and each

night go to bed supperless. Whitefish, with which the Northern lakes and streams abound, is the commonest and cheapest food. Upon the barrens, where the caribou are plenty, the "husky" dines regally on venison, though his summer rations are the less palatable whale meat or "blubber." In the more southern districts, where game is scarce, dog "pemmican" is a common food—a mixture of cornmeal and tallow. However, the "husky" is partial to almost any kind of food—moccasins, deerskin clothing, even his own harness, often providing a meal for the half-starved beast.

Half wolf though he be, the "husky" dog is more tractable and less treacherous than the sneaking, savage, Indian inland dog. But when hungry the blood of a long line of wolfish ancestors comes uppermost. In the stress of starvation the wolf dog does not belie his breed. Especially is this the case in the summer months, when he is allowed to roam about at will. Strange as it may seem, the summer season more so than the winter, is one of privation to the "husky." For then no work is required of him and no thought is given by his master to the idea of feeding him. Consequently he must forage for

himself, and from morning till night he is continually thieving and fighting, or away in the hills hunting his food in the primeval manner of his sires. It is no wonder then that the wolf blood comes uppermost. In Labrador alone, in the last four years, no less than fourteen settlers, three of them men in their full strength, have fallen a prey to packs of these savage, famished brutes. The few cattle, horses, and reindeer, that have been imported into the more settled southern parts of the Labrador coast require constant watching to protect them from the attacks of the ravenous dogs. For this reason they are so dreaded that in Newfoundland a very heavy fine is imposed on any person landing a "husky" on its shores.

NEW JERSEY TROUT DISTRIBUTION.

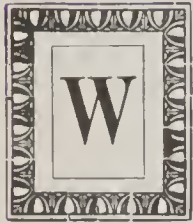
Under the direction of State Protector James M. Stratton, the New Jersey State Wardens have commenced the Autumn distribution of Brook and Rainbow trout reared in the State hatchery at Hackettstown, and a half million of these fish will be put in the inland waters of New Jersey before the end of the year.



Jo-Dog and Ole Spot, The White Turkey

A Charming Yarn of Early Days Along the Gulf When Florida Was one Great Game Paradise

By Osceola.



W E boys all knew him as "Ole Spot" because he had a queer patch of white on one side and wing, and we had seen him fly off looking as though he had a hole in one wing. We rarely had a glimpse of him on the ground—He was too wary for that apparently. One Sunday when we were strolling about we saw him skulking along near some blackberry bushes, where no doubt he had been making a mid-day meal. For we had long ago found turkeys were desperately fond of these berries. We thought he hadn't seen us and we tried to sneak in on him, but bless goodness! We never saw more than one big foot-print from where he had lit out behind a big stump.

Four of us boys, John, Frank, brother Tom and I grew up together close neighbors, along one of the Gulf rivers of West Florida in the days when game was plenty enough for all of us and if there was any close seasons, game protection or Audubon societies, the old folks never told us about them and we didn't know enough, and the more shame, we didn't care enough, to make any inquiry.

Once a month an old preacher came to the Iron Spring school house and preached three long strong sermons, flavored with brimstone and glaring with hoofs, tail and horns! No doubt it was good for us all. Nothing milder would have satisfied nor perhaps have held us in check, but in these days I fear he could not hold a congregation for the second session.

I believe the change in that line has been for the better as no doubt it has been in so many other directions, even if he does cost us all so much more to live and die.

In those days if we had business in our county town, eighteen miles distant, we would be well on our way an hour or more before sun-up astride a well-gaited mule, or if cotton or syrup was to be carried, we usually traveled most of the night and reached our market my sunrise and were ready to turn our faces homeward long before noon, unless it was fair day, circus-day or some other grand occasion, when we might stay over and then traveled back during the next night, a tired party but with enough to tell the neighbors, and home folks for weeks and feeling repaid for loss of sleep and weariness almost uncontrollable to a growing lad.

On such a trip we always carried lunch and feed for ourselves and the animals and rarely had occasion or opportunity to expend many nickels for anything not absolutely necessary. The pay for crops were all traded out. For the most part the dealers gave us credit in advance of the crop grown and we were forced to sell to him at his price and pay for what we needed at his price also. Little wonder that our yoke felt heavy and discouragement often came, and if

the crop failed—cotton for the most part—we fared badly for the next year. Corn, bread and syrup, hog meat and hominy were our mainstay at meal times and if the "cholera" carried off the hogs in the community, as it usually did about once in five or six years, we would expect our ribs to stand out like barrel-hoops unless game was abundant and then we boys knew we would have ample opportunity to hunt and fish and we made the best of it.

At twelve to fourteen years of age any one of us four boys would not hesitate to travel any swamp or bayou from Shepherd's Spring, five miles on the west, to Gum Swamp, six miles east, by day or night and many a deer and turkey we toted home or got in our boat and if wind and tide were fair came around by the lighthouse and up river home.

My father had grown up in south Florida and while not much at book learning he was unusually observant of living and growing things and took pains to teach the older boys of the family what he had mastered by hard knocks and keen eyes, of the things about us, so that we soon grew to know the names of trees, plants, birds and other creatures, where to find them and their uses so far as he knew them, and we sometimes could add to his information which was really a pleasure to him and he always boasted of such an event to his associates when he was at home or around the store of a late evening.

If ever a father was a "brother to his boys" we experienced that good fortune and I have to thank him for so keen an interest in natural history and for the pleasure derived yet in a trip afield, either walking or driving. While he went to his rest many years ago I often have to stop at sight of some object of especial interest and recall with what delight he would have seen such occurrence. Who knows but he does see it with me! I hope so indeed.

Well, you think "Ole Spot" is a long while in coming I reckon; but bear with a garrulous gray-headed Cracker who probably has few hunting seasons left and is living in the past perhaps more than in the present. It's a great temptation when an old fellow get to talking, to ramble around among the stumps and sticks and after awhile he is pretty sure to find his way to where he started and so I'll get back to that old gobbler.

For two years we had know that "Old Spot" was living around Osceola Bayou, which lay two miles south across the big marsh. It was a rather isolated hunting region, the bay and river marshes surrounding it on three sides with a very few scattered pines thereon, while off north to east two small streams sauntered through the saw-grass and reeds with two or three miniature lakes where they widened. On these, pond lilies opened their pure white blooms—we called them and other water plants "bonnets," while two or

three kinds of odd-flowered pitcher-plants and other curiously flowered plants bordered these ponds. I expect all have been named long ago. Father told us that a stranger from Boston had spent a week with him several years earlier and had said that many of these flowers had no book names at that time. "New Species" of course the botanist of to-day would proclaim.

Along these streams, trees and underbrush were more abundant, some pines, live oaks, water oaks and sweet bay, while in the bayou proper the trees grew more plentiful and cabbage palmetto, sweet gum, water oaks, ash and other kinds were numerous and large, while a few immense cypress trees grew where the water was most abundant, their numerous "knees" so thick in places as to bother us in getting about. For the most part, however, there was little running water because of a large "sink" that took in the waters of the two streams just below where they united and their further disposition was always a mystery to us, although similiar sinks were by no means rare through that country, where lime rock was abundant.

There was no other good hunting country close by this Bayou and the tramp across the marsh was tiresome so that we did not often get into Old Spot's territory.

With our sail-boat we could anchor two miles east of the lighthouse and row up another bayou about a half mile and so get within about three-quarters of a mile of Osceola bayou. This was our usual route when we went purposely to hunt the wary old bird.

The blackberries, on which he and others of his kin and now and then a bear, fed and grew fat, were on higher land off from one of the small streams with only a few small pines growing among them.

Tom had been the first of us boys to see Old Spot. He and father came through that way from East river swamp late one October evening and were hurrying to get home before dark. They had a big turkey hen and a pocketful of squirrels and did not care particularly for more game and so were taking no pains to go quietly and were not on the lookout.

Father was in the lead and walking fast, Tom told us, Jo-dog, as we called our "pup," was close at his heels and Tom followed a few steps in the rear. Tom noticed that the dog was uneasy and knew that some game was near and was not surprised to see a big gobbler put out from back of a gall-berry bush and streak it for brush. Tom cuffed Jo-dog to keep him in and called to father to look. Both had a clear view of Ole Spot as he scurried off with wings half open. One of them, as Tom declared to us, "with a great big hole in it."

That night we had John and Frank come over and stay with us as father had told us he would have something to say to us all. After supper,

as we sat about the hearth fire, built to keep the chills off, father said that he wanted us boys to go after that big gobbler he and Tom had just seen; that it was partly *albino*, which he had to explain to us, meant "white where it hadn't orter be." Sometimes, he said, birds and almost any four-footed animals came pure white all over and that people who collected such things wanted freaks of the kind and would give good prices for them. That a Mr. Chester, whom father had guided and hunted with a few years previously, wanted all such sort of birds and if we had a mind to hunt "Old Spot," as we then commenced calling the old fellow, that we might have free swing and that he would not try to get him at all. Of course we asked, how much he was worth but father would give us no satisfaction, only saying, "get him and we'll see, he is worth hunting."

About a week later four of us put out before day and hunted Osceola bayou hammock until 10 o'clock without seeing more than a lot of turkey sign—some big ones—and three hens that Frank jumped and would not shoot at for fear of missing a chance at Old Spot. It would be tiresome to tell you of the many times in the next four or five months that we hunted for the old gobbler. Once in a while we saw him, usually as he flew from a tall pine tree where he had roosted during the night; twice Jo-dog flushed him for us,—once too far off for a shot and the other time Jo had trailed for some time and we knew it must be turkeys but having seen a bunch of hens earlier in the morning close by we were not anticipating Old Spot and while John and I, who were hunting him that morning, both fired, we both scored a miss so far as we knew.

Occasionally father would ask us about the big white gobbler and if we wanted him to help us but we held him to his offer as we wanted all of the glory and profit as well.

The next spring, in "gobbling" time, we felt sure we could get him without fail but measles held us all several weeks just when we might have tried for him and later we all to fishing for trout and redfish and so Old Spot had a rest for a time. After the run of mullet the next fall and fishing was dull we commenced thinking of some way to get spending money for our fireworks for Christmas and other necessary luxuries and naturally Old Spot came up in our minds and we went after him again, generally the four of us together, hunting in couples, but each one of the other three had made a sneak off and hunted him alone, hoping to get all of the glory for himself.

One night early in December I concluded I must have a lone chance after him myself and made preparations and saw that Jo-dog was safe at home. He and I crossed the river and were legging it across the three mile marsh before four o'clock the next morning. There was no wind but frost was in the air; no doubt they were having snow in that north country I had never seen and wondered about so much. Once in a while I heard a big swamp owl call "Whoo whoo ah hoo—whoo whoo ah whoo ah." A big blue heron flew up as we skirted a pond and I could hear a bunch of mallards, "greenheads" we called them, quacking in the marsh creek not far off. Other things seemed still.

I always enjoyed hunting and tramping the



This Is *Meleagris Gallopavo* at His Best, but Not "Ole Spot."

woods alone, or with a good sensible dog—One that knew when to be quiet and when to hunt—and Jo-dog was the very best of that sort I ever knew. If I sat on a log in the woods watching for a bunch of turkeys to come along or on a runway for deer, all I had to do was to tap him with the toe of my shoe and point "down" and he was quiet enough and no fear of his going off on a side hunt. If he then winded a deer or a turkey before I saw them he would move his tail gently and half rise up in front and look at me. If I saw the game first I gave him two of three quick taps and he watched me to see whereaway was the hunt.

He was seemingly no breed at all; just a medium sized brindle dog. We had him from a Greek sponger who put in out of a storm once and who said, "He good dog; he catcha deer" which was not literally true, but he could follow a trail through mud and water without a sound and rarely failed to find the game if it was on the ground. When it came to turkeys he seemed to delight in hunting them and so long as they kept afoot he was steady, but let one take wing in the more open woods and he was off like a streak, to see it alight, and expected one to keep up or follow and find.

Jo and I reached our hunting ground just as the first streaks of light came up in the east away over the cabbage palmettos, bays and pines of gum swamp. I built a little fire behind some scrub palmetto and we stretched out to await developments. Two or three times I thought Jo winded game but it must have been too faint for him to feel sure, as he remained stretched out by the blaze. Just as I had noticed the first sunlight topping the tallest pines and scattering what little fog was afloat, Jo almost jumped to his feet and his tail swung with most unusual force. I found him, head twisted far to rear, gazing upward, and I reached for my gun that leaned against a pine sapling. Before I had it in hand, out went a grand old gobbler from the top of a thick pine about forty yards in the hammock from where we were stretched.

The very hasty and uncertain glimpse I had of him was not enough to be sure it was Old Spot, but I did know it was a grand big bird and I concluded to follow up and do my best to nail him.

I could only get the general direction of the flight on account of the heavy growth of palmetto and trailing moss intervening, but from experience I felt sure he would not go over two hundred yards and would probably alight in a big pine; so, letting Jo-dog lead, we hurried along for one hundred yards and then I steadied him with a touch and we commenced hunting in earnest. I say we, for Jo hunted with nose and eyes and knew well enough how and where to look.

We had thus traveled fifty to seventy-five yards and came to a lot of scrub palmetto through which it would be folly to push as I was sure the turkey was not far ahead and the rattle of the leaves would be too much for his nerves.

I thought once of sending the dog on direct while I circled, a trick I had taught him and found to work well under some conditions, but this time I took him with me around the scrub and I had not gone twenty steps when out went Old Spot! I saw him plainly enough now—from a tremendous pine draped with a heavy curtain of gray moss just beyond the bunch of scrub and on the opposite side from the one we had taken and too far off for a shot.

This time his course lay towards the edge of the bayou. If he cleared it I felt sure my chances would be poor for it was far to other trees across the marsh, and they were too scattered to allow my stalking him. The grass was too high and thick for Jo to work well for my success, hence I decided it was all up unless I could find him in a tree near the edge of the timber.

Our route after the gobbler would bring us to the edge of the open marsh in about one hundred yards, so when we had almost reached the last large timber I motioned for Jo to go on up the edge and cautioned him to go slow and watch close! I then circled back into the woods and made up to strike the marsh again about seventy-five yards above where I had left the dog as I came out towards the open I used all the art I knew to hunt carefully and all the while keep an eye out for Jo-dog. He was neither large nor of a color to show up readily and I hoped he would not be on the move, else he had not found the game.

I was now coming to the last big pines in that vicinity and decided if something didn't happen mighty quick it wouldn't happen that morning; then I wondered if I did see the turkey in a medium-sized live oak that spread far out on one side, a lot of moss trailing and swaying gently in the fresh air. For a few minutes I could not determine whether it was a bird or not, as a smaller branch cut him off from a fair view and the moss came down between. Finally as I fairly drove my eyes through the moss I felt sure I saw a quick motion that must mean a turkey, and shifting my ground a little I had him in good sight but fully sixty yards off.

My old gun was pretty good I knew, but I couldn't dare risk so long a shot. I found by going back ten or fifteen yards I would get

(Continued on page 670.)

After Caribou On The Barrens Of Newfoundland

Story of a Trip Which Was Attended by Some Excitement But Ended in Success—Big Game Hunting at Its Best

By "Double Barrel."

(Continued from October Forest and Stream.)



NEXT we came upon a small marsh in the woods, perhaps three hundred yards long and one hundred yards broad and at the upper end of it were three doe caribou and one small stag. We got behind some bushes and worked up to about seventy-five yards from them, then I took out my camera hoping for a picture but before I could snap one they caught sight of us and all started off on the run. They were as wild and shy as deer so I suppose they had been hunted previously.

From here we turned off through the woods and soon struck across another little marsh. I was somewhat behind Dan, and when we were nearly across I turned to look back and saw a stag on the further side just poking his head and nose out of the woods. I called to Dan and we both crouched down and waited until he came into plain view. He had a good head and I let him walk out until he was opposite about one hundred yards away. Then I shot the first barrel into him as he stood and the second as he sprang and he fell dead.

We found both bullet holes behind his shoulder not more than three inches apart. He had a beautiful and very symmetrical twenty-eight point head with two good brow points, symmetrical bays and tops. In fact, he was a very satisfactory head and I was much pleased although the head was not as large as I had anticipated. We at once made a fire and had tea and cooked some caribou meat which we had with us in the pack and then set to work to cut off the head and skin.

In skinning, beside the robe and head, Dan also removed the shanks, which was a new trick to me. He started about three inches above the knee joint of the back leg and skinned the back leg down to the dew claws, slitting down the front of the leg and skinning it over the knee joint in the back very carefully. When this was taken off the bend at the knee joint made a natural heel, and, by sewing up the front, these shanks made a perfectly fitting pair of moccasins. The guides kept them to wear on top of their seal boots during the winter and they made an excellent and very simple device which I had never seen anywhere else.

A soft, wet snow had begun to fall. Dan stopped to set two fox traps near the carcass. I carried the lunch sack, glasses and rifle, while Dan had the head on his shoulders. It was a long, hard pull because of the snow, and we had to stop once on the way to build a fire and make more tea.

III.

When you find your back is aching from the pack, As you start to feel a trembling in the knee, When you see a mist arise that begins to dim your eyes.

Then its time to bile a kittle of tea.

Back at the camp we found that Smith had taken a short walk with Ned but had not seen any caribou. His heels were feeling a little better, so he thought he could hunt the next day. That night, for the fourth or fifth time, we had the Newfoundland national dish for supper. It consists of fried salt pork, cod fish and hard bread, boiled together in sort of a general stew. Hard bread is soaked for twenty-four hours until it becomes thoroughly soft, then is cooked with the cod fish and pork. This is called "Bruise" and is a thoroughly filling dish and I have no doubt would make a hit on a fishing or sealing schooner, but, personally, I preferred caribou steak.

The next morning, the 26th, Smith and Dan started out for the country where I had shot my stag, and Ned and I determined to go over on the bare hills, where we had formerly been, while Tom and Piney went back for more food to the main logging camp and carried out the two heads.

Ned and I tramped all day, but found nothing except partridge berries, which we ate, and two ptarmigan, which we did not succeed in killing. Toward the end of the afternoon, we saw one solitary doe and fawn on the marshes, but they were very wild and gave us no chance to take any pictures. Ned kept repeating that the year before all this ground had been filled with caribou, but that now all the caribou had left the country.

On our return, we found that Smith and Dan had merely gone down to Wallace's look-out, a low hill, not very far away, from which they could overlook a large extent of country. They had only seen two or three cows, however, and no stags. It was almost dark when Piney and Tom returned to camp with fresh supplies, and two partridges, which they had shot on the road. These made a very satisfying supper, after which we decided the next day Ned and I should go back on the big marsh, where I had previously hunted, and that Dan and Smith should go as far as they could toward Millais Lake.

Our camp, by this time, was very comfortable. Tom had put three or four more layers of boughs in our tent and Dan had moved his bed into it. We also had two caribou skins on top of the floor cloth and had set up drying lines and candle sticks, and all the other para-

phernalia of a permanent camp. We read and smoked, talked and played cards in the evening, and fed the folding stove untold quantities of green birch. Smith had named it Frances after some mythical lady in his past, because it was entirely beyond human control. It either refused to burn at all, or else roasted everybody out. This was a most popular joke with the guides, and, I think, made us permanent reputations as humorists. At least, when we left, I know that they had named their two stoves Louise and Anna Maria respectively, according to their characteristics.

Morning broke dark and cold, with a very sharp wind. Ned and I started out over the big marsh and had gone about three miles when I saw the head of a doe sticking out behind some trees at a little neck of woods. I called Ned's attention to it and we crossed through the woods and crawled behind some little bushes where we found three does and a stag feeding. The stag was a beautiful creature with a big, white mane but his horns were too small to be of any interest. I got out my little camera and took several pictures then walked out on the marsh and took three or four more, as the caribou started off. These pictures came out fairly well, but the caribou were bits of white on the plate for we were fifty yards away, a distance too great to do any distinctive work. These caribou started off on the run to leeward but after we had gone about a mile we looked up to windward and saw them crossing the marsh about two miles ahead. They had swung a five mile circle while we were going a mile.

We tramped all day around the edge of the big marsh, getting back to camp late without seeing any other caribou. Smith and Dan also came late that evening, Smith very much used up. They had gone well over toward Millais Lake and although they had seen seventeen caribou none of them were worth shooting. They had come on them all at the extreme limit of their trip and none had horns. At this point our hopes of further success began to look very black as Smith's heels had now two bunches the size of hickory nuts on the tendons and he was so lame he could hardly walk. To add to our discouragement Dan said he thought there were but few caribou in the country and no good stags.

On consulting with Dan we decided to take the floor cloth of our tent and go up about seven miles further in toward Millais Lake and put up a lean-to there from which one of us could hunt. Smith said that he preferred to stay in the main camp for the present and rest his feet and that I should hunt first. As I had only one more head

to kill I felt fairly confident of getting a third stag. I realized however that it would be impossible for me to pick and choose under conditions as they existed and I decided that I would take the first respectable head that offered.

Accordingly, the next morning Dan, Ned, Tom and I started toward Millais Lake, with the floor cloth and a pack of bedding and provisions. I had my sleeping bag which consisted of an oil silk cover with one camel's hair blanket and an eiderdown quilt inside of it. It was a very good bed, light and very warm.

We started out toward Millais Lake and less than two miles from camp we suddenly came on the body of a caribou cow lying with the back horn out and fox traps set around it. Dan was furious and said that there had been strange trappers in the country spoiling his hunting ground and killing the caribou and this was the reason that there were not more caribou. In fact it seemed the general consensus of opinion in Newfoundland that the high prices given for fox furs had caused such an amount of trapping and illegal killing of caribou for bait that most of the caribou had been driven into the interior.

We had further proof of this about an hour later. We were going toward the place where Smith had killed his first caribou, walking along a caribou trail, when I heard a clash behind me. My first thought was that I had stepped on and broken a bottle. On investigation I found that I had stepped into a fox trap set in the middle of the trail. It was unconcealed and without bait and certainly would never have caught even the most foolish of foxes. Who had set it and with what vain hope we never learned.

About six miles further on we picked out a camping place in a grove of Spruce and Birches. There we left Tom to put up the lean-to while Dan and I started out across the marsh. We went directly to the place where Smith and Dan had seen the caribou the day before and saw four doe and a small stag. Then we pushed on across a high ridge with a broad marsh on the top of it. There were no caribou, and, as it was getting late we turned homeward. Almost at once a cold, persistent downpour set in. Just when we were thoroughly soaked we saw a small stag and soon after caught sight of a very big gray stag walking across the marsh about six hundred yards away. We ran for all we were worth about a quarter of a mile and crouched down behind some little Spruce for we could see the stag coming toward us across the marsh. He came to within a couple of hundred of yards and we then saw, that although he was a handsome beast, he had very slight and small horns. I took out my camera and focused it as well as I could considering the hopeless weather conditions. The stag continued to walk slowly across the marsh, feeding as he came and making straight toward us while the rain continued to pour down. He had approached us within thirty feet of our hiding place and was about to pass ten feet to our left when suddenly he caught sight of something suspicious behind the bushes and stopped.

He stood there and started with the rain drops running down his face and I watched through a little aperture in the bushes while the water ran down the back of my neck and began to soak the bellows of the camera. After a few minutes, which seemed hours, it became perfectly evident that the stag intended to stay and look at us forever, and, as I feared the camera would be ruin-



Wait Till He Comes Out!

ed, I stood up behind the bushes. I did this very suddenly with exactly the same effect as though a person had opened a jack-in-the-box before an unsuspecting child. The stag jumped straight into the air, and could he have screamed, he certainly would have done so. It seemed as though he jumped as high as his own shoulders. He then turned and made a number of bounds across the marsh, and, as he turned, I took one picture but the weather was so bad that when it was developed he merely showed as a gray blur.

After this stag disappeared over the horizon, Dan and I kept on to the place where we had seen the caribou in the morning. It was getting very dark and was still raining hard when we came on a bunch of six or eight caribou with one stag. We walked around fairly close to them and looked them over with the glasses as well as we could. I was somewhat in doubt whether I should shoot the stag but he was not a good head and I decided to spare him.

On arriving at our camp we found that Tom had the lean-to up and a roaring fire in front of it. We were soaked to the skin but managed to get our outside clothes dry by hanging them under the roof of the lean-to. Our underclothes dried quickly from the heat of the fire which was about eight feet long and as close to the lean-to as was safe. Our dishes consisted of a frying pan, a tea pot, one plate, cups, spoons and our sheath knives. With these we made a hearty supper of fried bacon, caribou meat and pan cakes. Tom mixed the batter for these in a birch bark pan which he had made during the day. After this stylish meal we smoked until our clothes were dry, and then went to bed with the rain still pounding on the roof. I thanked Heaven the floor cloth was waterproof and slept the sleep of the weary.

Next morning it was still raining when we had

breakfast but presently it stopped and Dan and I started out for a full day's hunt. Unfortunately a fog had shut down and we could not see more than two or three hundred yards. Where we had seen the last stag the night before we found a couple of cows in the marsh. We could not be sure there were no stags with them so we sat down on a little hill and waited for the fog to lift. To pass the time I ate my full of partridge berries, which were very plentiful.

An hour later the fog broke and we could see the marshes but no caribou so we started over the ridge toward Millais Lake. It was a long, hard pull, and we were soaked to the skin by the wet bushes which deluged us as we pushed through them. When we reached the top of the ridge near Millais Lake we saw two caribou cows crossing the marsh half mile away. Then we saw another cow and a fawn standing looking at us about three hundred yards ahead. In a moment they ran over the crest of the ridge and a big stag ran out of the woods a quarter of a mile in front of us. Evidently he had been disturbed by the doe and fawn. I passed Dan the glasses and he reported that the stag had long, straight spikes for horns and was of no value.

As this seemed to be a pretty good place for caribou we decided to lunch and soon Dan had succeeded in getting some dry wood and we had a fire burning in the marsh. We made tea and cooked steak and I took off my boots and wrung out my socks and made an attempt to dry them before the fire.

The motto of the Newfoundland guides should be "Tea And Plenty Of It." At breakfast everyone had three or four cups of tea; when hunting we always stopped early in the day and built a fire and had two or three more cups, and if the return to camp was going to be long, we would stop three or four miles from camp and have a



The Character of the Guides Forms an Important Problem in Any Big Game Hunt.

few more cups. Then as soon as we arrived in camp we always found the tea pot on the fire and everyone had another round of tea, and, of course, there was plenty more for supper. In addition to this, if anyone found time hanging heavy on his hands, the first thought was to boil the kettle and have some tea. Considering the health of the party and the amount consumed I believe the evil effects of tea are grossly exaggerated.

After lunch I put on my foot gear and we started toward Millais Lake. We went down the side of a ridge then around the edge of the lake and back toward home. It was getting late and I was beginning to feel tired out and about ready for a rest but it was absolutely necessary that I kill my third caribou in order to give Smith a chance though I began to feel that I might hunt for days without seeing a respectable head.

I was plodding along looking first at one foot and then the other with my mind a perfect blank when Dan suddenly said, "There goes your stag." In front of us were two small peninsulas of woods which ran out on each side of the marsh so there was a marsh between the woods about three hundred yards from us and about the same distance in breadth. Right across the middle of it a caribou stag was going at a fast pacing gait, sailing through the marsh as though it were an asphalt pavement. Dan said, "Shoot him, shoot him, you will never get any closer." I said, "I can't hit him at this range," but I sat down in a mud puddle and raised my rifle and let go, holding high and in front. The stag paid no attention to the shot and again I fired, holding just at the top of his head. At the crack of the gun he collapsed in a heap on the marsh.

When we reached him we found that the bullet had struck at the base of the neck and had broken the bone. He had a very pretty twenty-three point head, with two brow points and beautiful tops but his bays were very poor.

I was so glad to get my third head and to finish my hunting that I was fairly well satisfied with my luck, although sorry not to have killed a larger head. We skinned out the head and shanks and as the rut was now well over and this

stag did not appear to be very musky we filled the knapsack with meat. I carried the knapsack, the glasses, axe and rifle, and Dan managed the head and robe.

I was tired and cold and wet when I shot the caribou and now I had a heavy pack on my back so that by the time we reached the lean-to I was worn out. I think Dan had a fairly good test himself. Tom had lodged the lean-to up on the sides and had everything in fine shape. We had a good, hot supper and dried our clothes once more, then felt so comfortable that we stayed up until at least eight thirty. This is a late hour when darkness shuts in at five and you are through your supper by six and have nothing to do but smoke until bed time.

It was amusing to hear the conversations of Dan and Tom in the evening. Like all inhabitants of Newfoundland their greatest interest and most of their talk is of the sea, of trips after codfish or seal, and of the different schooners and the men who command them. I remember one sample of the conversation. "You know that Bill James, the one that lives at Alexander Bay and has got seventeen children? The first time I saw him he came aboard the schooner, "Mary," looking for a job as cook and had a pair of whiskers that he could tuck in his pants and I said to him, 'You would make a hell of a cook with them whiskers in the gravy,' and he came back the next day all shaved and I never knowed it was the same feller and hired him and he didn't like the job and the next day we anchored he stole one of the dories and run away and we never seen him again that trip."

The next morning we left Dan at the lean-to to get a rest while Tom and I took the head and went back to the main camp. We left early and were at the camp well before lunch. Tom and Smith started back in the afternoon to the lean-to while I went into the tent and filled a big pipe full of tobacco and got out Barchester Towers. I never moved that afternoon or evening, except to poke the fire and to have my supper and it was pure pleasure to rest after the ten days of steady hunting. It was very satisfying

to know that there were three heads waiting for me and I was perfectly content to stop shooting caribou. If my heads had not been very big ones, at least I had no misses to my discredit and I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had located two of my stags myself.

I decided to stay in camp the next day and took another day of rest. Tom had made a large trough on legs out of the trunk of a tree and filled it with plenty of hot water and did the family washing for the trip, washing every bit of my clothes, except the few I kept on for the sake of modesty. As the tent was full of drying clothes, it was hot enough so that not many clothes were necessary. I also targeted the guns and gave them a thorough cleaning and sharpened my knives and did the thousand and one things that can be done around a camp.

By evening I was thoroughly rested and when Ned and Piney came into the tent for a smoke I suggested that we all go down to the log camp the next day and while they took the heads out to the river I would stay around camp and try to catch a few trout. So next morning we started down without any baggage whatever, except my sleeping bag. They had some bedding at the log camp and there was plenty of food there. Piney took a twenty-two caliber rifle, while I carried my three barrel gun with a half dozen shot-gun cartridges. Half way across the marsh we came upon a flock of eight ptarmigan. They rose fifty yards from us and then six of them lit in the open. I went to within fifty yards and was then requested not to go any closer but to shoot the ptarmigan on the ground. As ptarmigan are a very rare treat in Newfoundland I resigned myself to this simple form of pot hunting and fired all six cartridges into the bunch. At the end of the fusillade all six birds were lying quietly on the ground. We walked over to pick them up when four of the wounded birds started off, one after another, across the marsh on the fly, each in a different direction. It was the most disgusting thing that I ever saw. Every twenty yards they seemed about to drop and then would take another spurt. Ned said that every one of them would be stone dead when they struck the ground. I had no more shells so we could only curse and watch our dinner disappear. Finally, we gave them up and took the two ptarmigan that were left and went on.

I suppose this night will be considered a judgment on one for shooting the birds on the ground but I confess that I regarded it strictly from a pot-hunting basis and wanted some ptarmigan to eat before I left Newfoundland. Later that day we came up to three more ptarmigan which Piney succeeded in stalking and then shooting one with his twenty-two. This gave us three birds and it was the only time in Newfoundland that I saw ptarmigan within shooting distance, and during the whole trip I did not see more than fifteen.

We reached the log camp about eleven o'clock and lunched there, then Ned and Piney each took one of the heads and started off to the river while I took a thin Spruce pole and a piece of string and a little meat and went up the brook about a mile to the outlet from a small lake. There I started fishing and when trout stopped biting I had sixteen fine fish. They averaged from

(Continued on page 679.)

The Bounty System Branded As a Failure

"We Must Now Begin to Learn Thrift" Says This Authority, and With it the Conservation of all Natural Supplies and Resources

By Sydney G. Fisher.



THE bounty system belongs to a phase of our legislation and policy that we had better forget and leave behind us as quickly as possible. We must now begin to learn thrift and the conservation of all natural supplies and resources, the preservation of our forests and streams and their natural inhabitants, instead of bragging about how much we can destroy and exterminate and still manage to live.

One species of vermin, the fox, a most interesting animal, capable, if given a chance, of living and surviving almost anywhere, has been denounced and hunted down in this country until he is largely exterminated, except in a very few localities. In England they have great numbers of them and instead of exterminating them with poison and the trap, hunt them with horse and hound and in a few places on foot. It is the national sport; improves the health and vigor of the race, makes life more enjoyable for all classes and real estate more valuable in every country. In England you hear constant complaint by game keepers and farmers of the depredations of the fox. As a matter of fact, he lives mostly on mice, insects and such things and his indulgence in a meal of feathers is only occasional. But there is no doubt he does indulge at times and keepers and farmers bring it up against the fox hunter. But they do not rush to the legislature to enact a system that will exterminate the fox; nor do they exterminate him in any other way. They are not such fools. They know how to balance things better. They have plenty of foxes and protect themselves from him or a particular individual of his race that goes wrong; and at the same time they have plenty of game and chickens; far more than we have. In other words, they know how to preserve the balance. That is the great point—the balance of nature, which was created by God long ago, and which is necessary for us if we would get the most from nature. The fatal defect in our system is disregarding that balance, trying to select certain animals or birds that we label beneficial and exterminating all the rest. It is a delusion because all are beneficial and all are injurious.

It is strange what a fit of the horrors some good refined people and nature lovers will have when they hear of one bird killing and eating another, although they themselves live on poultry, beef and mutton every day. They will never understand nature and learn to restore and develop nature until they learn to appreciate its

NOTE—This is the second of a series of articles dealing with game conservation, and the various methods which have been attempted to foster it, and the mistakes which have been incurred in the attempt. The third article by the same authority will be published in the December Forest and Stream.

struggle for life, its preying on itself. "This daily and hourly struggle," says Wallace in his book on Darwinism, "this incessant warfare is nevertheless the very means by which much of the beauty and harmony and enjoyment in nature is produced." Even all the plants of a country



I Have Frequently Seen Hawks Sitting for Hours with Small Birds or Flocks of Black Birds All Around Them.

are at war with each other. The animals, birds and insects besides being at war with each other are at war with the plants which they eat and destroy. And yet, in the long course of centuries what a perfect balance of most abundant richness, utility and beauty this warring process will produce and has produced as witness our own continent when first discovered by white men.

There is scarcely a bird or animal now-a-days against which you cannot draw an indictment for evil so-called, and in the next breath deliver an eulogy on him. Even the robin, a much loved bird, that most people, at least in the north, are anxious to protect is in point of fact the worst kind of a murderer of angle worms and a terrible destroyer of some kinds of fruit, especially strawberries and cherries. The angle worms, which he is so skillful in drawing from the ground are very beneficial to agriculture. Almost any book on the science of soils and their fertility will tell you that our most productive soils have been largely created and kept productive by these worms working them over and over in the course of long years and passing the earth through their bodies. So we could easily work up an argument against Mr. Cock Robin as an enemy of agriculture and ask the legislature to put a bounty on his scalp.

The Cape May Warbler, a very beautiful bird, a great devourer of insects and believed to have actually increased in numbers in certain localities, has recently been caught picking holes in grapes which are then stung by bees and injured for the market. How terrible! Let us exterminate him! And also exterminate the bees.

The cat bird, beautiful, full of character and interest, and in its mimicking power, almost equal to the mocking bird, is another wicked destroyer of fruit. Why not a bounty for it? I know a household that has a number of fine cherry trees. Two of them that stand apart; they have set aside for the cat birds, and robins. In the rest they put scare crows to keep the cat birds and robins away and amuse themselves watching the disappointed birds scolding at the scare crows. Their method is in illustration of the true theory that if we want to enjoy nature to the full and get all the benefit from it, we should be willing to share it with the birds and animals. Let them have their percentage of the crops and poultry. It is a very small percentage that they ask in return for immense benefit.

A prize fighter, a very rugged man, whom I once met and hunted with in the south, surprised me by his intense admiration for the beauty of nature. He explained to me in vigorous language that it was our duty because of our superior intelligence to take care of all the birds in the world; that God had put us here for that purpose. Good ideas often come to us from very unexpected sources; and this thought of the prize fighter fits into a striking passage in one of the books of the famous geologist, Shaler. Commenting on the probability and almost certainty that none of the planets or worlds that astronomy has explored, have an atmosphere that would support the animal life that we know, he called attention to the extremely frail and slight support that animal life has on

our planet. It exists merely on the surface and by no means in every part of our world, and is dependent on delicate conditions which from the point of view of geology or astronomy, are insignificant. If we, with our superior powers of destruction, wipe out that life or any part of it we are destroying what, so far as our knowledge extends, exists no where else in the universe. The species we exterminate is gone forever.

The purple martin is a bird which people all over the country are trying to encourage by building pretty colony boxes for him. They love him for his beauty and clever quaint character; and as an excuse for saving him from our general war of extermination, they make prominent the good he does in killing so many injurious insects. He is valuable, they say, just for dollars and cents. Yes; but among the insects he so industriously kills and eats are honey bees; and if you talk to a bee keeper he will tell you that he intends to shoot all your purple martins at sight and that he wants the legislature to put a bounty on the rascal's head.

On the other hand the bees while undoubtedly useful for honey and for assisting in the pollination of plants are often injurious to orchards, because they spread certain diseases, especially fireblight among the fruit trees. There you are again. So soon as you adopt the plan of exterminating the injurious and saving the beneficial, you find yourself reasoning round and round in a vicious circle, to which there is no end.

Ignorant of the balance of nature, we are always rushing to the legislature with some half-baked or selfish idea, that will destroy natural utility or beauty. A man who had had some pet ducks killed by stray dogs, went to the recent session of the Pennsylvania legislature, and worked up a case in support of a bill which, if it had been passed, would have almost exterminated dogs from the State, made the breeders and owners of fine animals the victims of graft, annoyance and excessive taxes and expense, and yet given them no property rights in their animals which, if found at large anywhere outside of a town, could be killed at sight by any one. In New Jersey some of the forestry people want all of the game of the State abolished because they suppose that sportsmen start forest fires.

Instances innumerable could be multiplied. Everything destroys something. Even your chickens valuable to you, will often destroy your neighbor's garden, and there are quarrels all over the country on this subject. Several species of wild ducks, notably the large blue bill, destroy a certain number of oysters. Other people rise up and say that wild ducks, however, are destroyers of mosquito eggs. The sheep owner, like the man whose ducks were killed, wants to exterminate all dogs and sets poison for them. The dog lover replies let us have both; live and let live. We have been protecting wood-peckers as destroyers of noxious insects and in Europe the forestry people greatly value them; but now they are charged with helping to spread the disease that is destroying the valuable chestnut forests in America.

Some state laws will not protect from destruction that most interesting and attractive bird, the kingfisher, merely because he eats a few little fish which, nevertheless, they cannot deny he

captures with the high skill of a sportsman and not as a potter. Why not also exterminate the beautiful fishhawk or osprey, which fishes along the sea shore with such wonderful plunges into the glistening water that he scatters like diamonds from his plumage as he rises with his prey. They have sadly reduced his numbers and his big nests and fascinating life are not seen as much as formerly.

A physician and naturalist whom I know well has made a considerable study of the osprey and his nest along the shores of Delaware Bay. In some cases, where the nest was placed on live trees in woods where it was somewhat shaded from the sun, he found a ball of damp blackish mud or clay about the size of one's fist. The osprey relies largely on the sun to incubate his



"The Popular Talk About the Marauding Hawk Is Nine-Tenths Nonsense."

eggs in the day time; and one wonders if the damp mud was used by the birds to judge how much sun reached the eggs.

Theoretically, technically the osprey is classified as injurious, because he takes from the sea some of the food that man also takes. But this, like the ban on the kingfisher, is mere formal ridiculous classification; and as an excuse for exterminating, you might just as well say you will exterminate him or any other bird, because they occupy space and air that man also occupies. There is no telling the lengths to which human meanness may go.

All water birds, including the beautiful gulls, were close to extinction, some years ago, and are not safe yet. But we are making some headway in protecting them. What water birds, even the predacious ones that feed on fish, can do for man is seen in the history of the Guano Islands. These islands, the Chinchas off Peru, began to be worked about the year 1840 for the millions of tons of droppings of sea birds which had roosted on them since the world began. The stuff was carried by ships to Europe and Amer-

ica to be used as fertilizer for the fields, until the supplies were exhausted. Then for some years, as the islands were undisturbed, the birds returned to them and to the surprise of everyone, the guano accumulated at a rapid rate, 10,000 tons a year in some places; and now the birds are protected and the working of the deposits forbidden by the Peruvian government during the nesting season. If the birds are let alone it is believed that guano for export to Europe and America will be available forever; and if such birds can be increased they will occupy other islands and increase the product. (Hall, Fertilizers and Manures, p. 232.)

The injury to poultry and crops by predacious creatures in my experience, is always greatly exaggerated, and an absurd fuss made over it. I lived until I was sixteen years old on a farm, where we had chickens and pigeons and there were always three or four hawks about pretty much all the year round. I never knew of a chicken being taken. Once, during a heavy storm, a hawk, no doubt desperate from hunger, entered my pigeon loft and killed several of the birds. I was able to capture him alive before he could escape from the loft. I built a slatted box for him to live in and expected to have an interesting pet; but the stern bird of freedom pined away and died. It was a good experience, however. I had made his acquaintance, studied him in crude boy fashion, drew closer to one of nature's strongest characters; and if such knowledge is as good for us as I think it is, the two or three pigeons he killed were well lost.

In those days of abundant hawks and since then in places I have known where they were also abundant, people easily protected their property by various devices which have been in use the world over for hundreds of years. A "scare crow" or anything hung up on a pole or in a way that it sways about in the wind, especially if it is shiny like a piece of tin, will keep hawks entirely away. Other forms of scare or threat are used. But they do not often have to be used. I have known of many farms which for long periods of years have suffered no depredations although there were hawks all about; and this was years ago when hawks were far more numerous than they are now. Depredations are the exception and when the country at large and all farms are considered, the insignificant exception. To make this slight exception an excuse for exterminating interesting and useful birds is shameful and a penny wise and pound foolish economy.

The popular talk about the marauding hawk and voracious, predacious wicked hawk, is nine-tenths nonsense. It is something like the exaggeration of "fish stories." Every one likes to make the hawk out terrible for the literary and dramatic or tragic effect. He is supposed to be always rushing about killing and devouring other birds, the frightened victims fleeing with screams in every direction at the sight of him. As a matter of fact, however, I have frequently seen hawks sitting solemnly on trees for hours or the greater part of a day, especially in the far south, with small birds or flocks of blackbirds all round them and sometimes on the same tree. In my observation small birds are not alarmed at a hawk unless he actually starts for one of them. The large majority of hawks feed on in-



These, Our Friends and Neighbors, Are, Because of the Ignorance and Stupidity of Man, Becoming Alarmingly Scarce.

sects, grasshoppers, mice, rats, snakes, frogs, etc.; and it is those creatures that they are watching for, and it is such a creature and not a bird that they seize when occasionally they are seen to drop suddenly to the ground.

In addition to the fact that there are only three or four varieties of hawk that prey to any extent on birds, there is the additional fact, that excess in that direction, so far as poultry is concerned, is a characteristic of only occasional individuals. One particular hawk in some locality develops himself in the habit or sport of chicken hunting, while all his brothers may be indifferent. This is also known to be a characteristic of foxes and crows. An occasional crow will sometimes develop quite a depredating habit. So of minks, skunks, weasels, and all.

The modern hostility to crows is most abused. The few of them that are left cannot possibly do any substantial harm. They are an extremely interesting and intelligent bird; and a great adornment to our winter landscape, which without them, would be barren indeed. We have exterminated so much from it, for heaven's sake let us keep the crow with his keen intelligence in self protection, and his shining gorgeous suit of black. His daily sweep of his vast domain of frozen ground and return to his roosting forest at night is a delight to all lovers of nature.

The hostility towards him of the last few years is most extraordinary when we consider that a generation or two ago he was at least five hundred times as numerous as he is now and did no substantial harm; for the song birds and game flourished abundantly in spite of him and had been flourishing along with him for thousands of years. I can remember that time when the fields were often literally black with dense flocks and those same fields gave larger crops and more game than now. Crows occasionally treat themselves to the contents of bird nests, young chickens and corn sprouts, just as do other parts of creation; and why not? Birds usually protect their nests from the crows. You can occasionally see them doing it; driving the crow away, flying at him and pecking him as he flees and dodges from them; and it is one of the interesting sights in nature. They have always been able to keep him off quite well; and hold the balance true.

The people who are so hot after the clever old fellow are those who want to exterminate everything except some little section of nature or of some game they have selected for themselves. The government experts take a different view and as reported in the Farmer's Digest for May, they find that the crow's vast destruction of grubs, cut worms, and other injurious in-

sects far more than pays for the few sprouts of corn he pulls up. In fact, they find that when he injures the corn sprout, he is usually looking for the cut worm. They followed individual crows from the cornfield to the nest, climbed the tree and found the cut worm fed to the young. In the corn season he is not in flocks but paired and widely scattered. If he is too industrious in a field a scare crow and a shot gun keep him off as they have done in the past when he was more numerous. After the week or two of the sprouting corn has passed the crow, as the U. S. Agricultural Department puts it, "changes from an abnoxious to an exemplary member of bird society." He wages war on the insects for the rest of the year. "The war he wages on cut worms earns him no scanty meed of praise from the grass farmer."

The blackbird is often as bad as the crow when he picks at the ears of corn in August when they are in the milky state. But in some places as along the Delaware River, he is a game bird and has recently been protected by law. Do not get too excited about his picking at the milky ears of corn. Drive him away with your gun as has always been done. I have had crops of corn every year all my life. Fertilize and cultivate your crop well and there will be enough for you and Blackey as there has always been.

(To be concluded.)



What of the Future?

THE population of the United States is now in excess of one hundred million people.

The waste lands and the forests are shrinking before the mighty onflow of our civilization, and even our lakes and rivers are losing their one time pristine wildness. Evade the fact as we may, the day of free shooting, free fishing, at least as the terms were understood in pioneer days, are coming to an end; first, because the open territory is being preempted for settlement, and second, and corollary to the first, the supply of game and fish is decreasing despite the best efforts to maintain it.

Nevertheless the day should never come when it can be said that there is no game left in this country. The intelligent efforts of the game departments of the different states will be redoubled in the future, and so far from the feeling of resentment which our people may have held in the past against seemingly needless restrictions on their rights to shoot and fish, we believe that every intelligent sportsman will co-operate with his state authorities to keep for future generations some reminder of our wild life and fauna.

Perhaps one solution will be the organization of sportsmen's associations and clubs with more or less restrictive rights over certain territories. We do not mean that this will lead to class privileges such as exist in England, but rather a co-operate effort by sportsmen to see that in certain areas under their control, indiscriminate slaughter of game and the too free taking of fish may be prevented. If all the sportsmen in any state took this attitude there would be more hope for the future, but as all cannot be banded together, there certainly is nothing wrong in associations representing certain sections of a state, or for that matter associations of sportsmen all over the country with territory in any state, taking up the work.

One thing is certain. The sportsmen of the United States have got to realize that unless they do some thinking and exercise reasonable restraint, the grand outdoor sports of this country will come inevitably at an end.

Effective Conservation Work

SO much emphasis is placed by State Legislatures and Forest, Fish and Game Commissions upon the penalties for violations of the conservation laws that it is refreshing to find a commissioner who is tackling the difficult problem of forest fire prevention from the entirely divergent standpoint of the personal interest of the sportsmen in the preservation of the forests. Conservation Commissioner George D. Pratt of New York State believes that a large percentage of forest fires are due solely to heedlessness. To overcome this heedlessness he believes that it is necessary to "get under the skins" of the sportsmen, to so stir their imaginations and arouse their active co-operation that they will become real protectors of the forests, rather than their unwitting enemies.

The design on the cover of *Forest and Stream* this month shows one step in Commissioner Pratt's campaign to appeal to the spirit of sportsmanship in those who go into the woods. The true sportsman is not heedless intentionally. Unfortunately, however, the handling of fire is so common—either in matches to light one's pipe, or in the camp fires that are a part of the daily round—that the danger involved is often forgotten.

Two means are employed on a card just issued by the Conservation Commission to fix this danger in the minds of sportsmen and make it a part of their daily thought in the woods. The first is a quatrain written by Commissioner Pratt, telling in four easily remembered lines the story of a match carelessly dropped. A jingle sticks in the mind better than any statement of the law and its penalties, and the following verses, which tell of the transformation of the green forests to the blackened waste, are designed to be easily remembered:

Only a man in a forest green,
Only a match that was dropped unseen,
Only a flame—some leaves and wood,
And only a waste where the forest stood.

The second means is pictorial. The story is visually told in a drawing by Walter King Stone, whose feeling for decorative landscape effects is well known to every reader of the current magazines. The moral in the panels showing the green wood, the man with his pack, the match that was dropped unseen, and the blackened tree trunks against the red glow of the passing fire, is unescapable.

Much educational work of this nature must be done before our forests are safe from the danger of carelessness on the part of those who are really their best friends.

Is Wild Life Property?

BEFORE the next issue of *Forest and Stream* is delivered to subscribers the Supreme Court of the United States may have passed on the constitutionality of the Migratory Bird Law. Naturally any discussion as to the outcome of this vitally important legislation is beside the mark, but it is pleasant to note that the regular work of the Department of Justice is being supplemented by briefs filed on the part of organizations and by individual attorneys of eminence supporting the contention that the law is legal. One of the most interesting of these briefs is that which was submitted by Charles Stewart Davison, on behalf of the Boone and Crockett Club and the New York Zoological Society.

Mr. Davison takes an entirely new and novel view of the question of wild life as state "property" and one that goes much further than the government attorneys. Is there a "property" in the United States in migratory wild animals? This it is held is a dangerous distinction to attempt to make, for there is apparently no basis on which to claim that the "property" of the several states at the time of the adoption of the Constitution in both migratory and non-migratory wild animals (which it is a necessary admission to make if the theory is to be sustained) passed to the United States of America under the terms of the Constitution. There has been some timidity in facing the real issue in the case because the court in earlier cases committed itself

to a position against the only theory on which the act can be sustained as constitutional: i. e. that there is no property in anyone in wild animals.

The question now raised has never heretofore stood for decision. Prior cases all related to wild animals *after the killing*—that is so far as the United States courts have been concerned. Anything which was said in earlier cases was not requisite for the purposes of those cases. The only difficulty now lies in the fact that in earlier cases careless expression and use of the word "property" did occur. But the finding that there was a "property," in the strict sense of the word, in wild animals, either migratory or non-migratory in anyone whomsoever was not necessary to the decision of those cases. Thus so far as the question of *before killing or capturing* is concerned the road may be open for the true solution of the matter, and to follow the rules laid down and theories advanced by every text writer of authority. In other words the court may abandon a precedent based on illy considered or erroneous words at a time when the question now on trial was not involved in the cases before the court.

The Boone and Crockett Club Plan

WE do not know who labeled the present movement for the establishment of game refuges in our national forests as the "Hornaday" plan. Of a surety its chief advocate may be exonerated, but in justice to the Boone and Crockett Club the plan should not take on a false title, for it is absolutely identical with the effort made by that organization in 1912 to accomplish the same result. The Boone and Crockett Club plan would have been enacted as a law but for the fact that the measure became tangled in a mass of appropriation bills and therefore died in committee. The arguments advanced in its favor in 1912 holds good to an even greater extent now than then.

In an editorial published in *Forest and Stream* on May 18, 1912, a strong stand was taken in favor of the Boone and Crockett bill. Among other things this paper said:

Should this bill become a law, it will mark the greatest advance toward the substantial preservation of our rapidly disappearing big game that has ever been made. The possibility of its passage should give hope to those who have already despaired of the saving of our magnificent big-game animals and should spur each one on to active support of the bill by writing to the Congressmen from his district. As a law the bill would make a new era in game protection.

What was said then is still true. No matter by what name the bill get into Congress, every friend of game conservation should lend assistance in pushing it forward.

Credit to Whom Credit is Due

The cover design of the October *Forest and Stream*, showing a lifelike reproduction of a white mountain goat in its natural surroundings, was the work of the well-known artist, Ernest Thompson Seton. The illustration was drawn for *Forest and Stream*, but through a typographical error the artist's name was omitted from the plate. It is only just and due to the talented artist and author that this announcement should be made through the columns of *Forest and Stream*.



LIVE NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Being Reports From Our Local Correspondents



GAME AND FISH CONDITIONS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Hendersonville, N. C., October 3, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The trout fishing in our streams is practically over for the season and now we begin to look over our guns and rifles to see they are in proper condition before the opening days for deer and other game. I am told deer are plentiful in certain sections of our mountains and also in the rough parts bears have increased. Then there are some turkeys and ruffed grouse.

There seems to be conflicting reports as to partridges (quail) but I have seen covies rise from the side of trains in passing through fields. Personally I think they are quite plentiful. The best quail or partridge shooting is undoubtedly in Clay County, the extreme of our western North Carolina counties. A good shot can make a limit bag there any day in the open season.

The County Seat is Hayesville, 16 miles across the range of mountains from Murphy which is the terminus of the Murphy branch of the So. R. R. Murphy is 123 miles west by southwest of Asheville, N. C. There are two trains a day each way.

I have done less fishing this year than last, having spent the summer too far from the trout streams to reach them by railroad. On my return home I had a little sport part of a day. The weather was very warm and I reached the stream too late for the morning fishing and left it to early for the evening fishing, having to take train home.

There is a bit of very promising water I have for years cast my flies on as I passed back down the stream, having fished up-stream from above this stretch of water and taken no trout nor taken a rise. The mountain comes right down to the brink of the stream, and the bank rock shelving off into the water dark and, rather quiet next to the rocks, but current midstream, a long pool and next to the rocks. The sun does not reach this water till up in the day. So this time I decided I would give this water a fair show and fish it up-stream. It was careful work, first because I did not want to step into a pot-hole or sink waist-deep in sand and get stuck there alone, and too, because I did not wish to disturb the water and frighten any fish that may be hid away by the rocks. When eighty yards and over below I saw that a trout took something on the water and this made me doubly careful. When within casting reach of the lower stretch of the pool, I cast out until little by little my line was long enough, by drawing it off the reel with my left hand, knowing if a trout was there he was watching my flies as they sailed

over the water without dropping on it. I do this on likely water and get good results by so doing. I finally let the flies settle and float back towards me, taking in the slack with my left hand. And the first drop on the water brought a 9 inch trout to creel. I kept him from going up to disturb others and eased myself a little further and again the same method and a 13 inch trout was the result, and he did put up a noble fight without avail. Then another shift up so as to reach with some thirty feet of line the extreme upper end and a 12 inch trout was the result. As a rule up-stream for good trout is my usual experience and here I demonstrated it.

I should like to add that most of the trout I killed that day were on a fly I tied of a new pattern, the body being of the long silky hair of a collie dog's tail.

ERNEST L. EW BANK.

THE CHANCES OF GOOD SPORT IN NEBRASKA.

By Sandy Griswold.

A NEW YORK reader of the *Forest and Stream* writes me to know about our open quail season out here and what the prospects are for a good ten days' shoot this fall, and something about our quail generally. In reply, I would say, that we have a sort of an apology for an open season on quail in this state,—the first two weeks in November, which means almost no open season at all, and for one we would just as leave see the bird protected perpetually. And yet, at that, there is much that is untenable in the sentiment over this bird as well as the laws protecting him. While a grand bird and one of large economic value, it is not the sportsmen who decimate his ranks in this state, nor the hawks, nor the owls, nor minks, coyotes, or weasels, either, but the winter weather. Where the gunner gets one bird, the cold and snows get their thousands. Primarily this is not a quail state, and never was, as I have observed many times, but will become one, I think with the enforcement of good laws, and the thicker settlement of the country. The wind breaks, or artificial groves, that are springing up so plentifully all over the state of Nebraska are rapidly making fine cover for the quail, and in the course of a few more years, the state, I feel, will be one of the most favored habitats of this royal little game bird there is in the country.

With the exception of an occasional intensely cold winter, like that of last year, during the past fifteen years the birds have multiplied in a wonderful manner, and with a continuation of this thrift Nebraska will surely become one of the best quail states in the union, but it will be hard,

on account of our independable winters, to keep it so, if sufficient cover is not forthcoming.

The birds love to hang about the outskirts of our artificial groves, where the grass grows tall and much of the shrubbery holds its leaves until late in the winter. When flushed, the whole bevy turns around and makes for the center of the grove, where the grass is the tallest and the bushes thickest. But even here there is a fair field for the gunner. The trees are not numerous enough to hamper the shooter in the least, and the undergrowth is too stunted to interfere with his view ahead. Hence the shooting is just about as satisfactory as it would be in the open, and yet there are plenty of opportunities offered to test the cleverness of the best shot living. Most of my readers, of course, are familiar with the sport, but there are many who are not fully educated and will not be until they endeavor to connect their line of sight over the gun with a rosewood flash through a maze of almost the same color. Vastly is the difficulty increased by the downward curve of the line when the bird comes curling down over or through the tops of the low, thin box alders and darts through the opening below. At other times it shoots straight upward long enough to lead you to think you have caught its direction, and then, having cleared the top of the brush, it scurries away on a horizontal line that has gone glimmering among the dream of interlacing tendrils and fluttering brown leaves before you can come anywhere near covering it. But you will fare better among the dead leaves and grass on the floor of the grove, where your bird lies hiding scarcely a foot from the nose of your dog.

But be as quick as you can, the little whirring blot of brown often fades into the russet canopy before you can possibly shift your gun upon it, but oftener you get a clean, open chance and are tolerably certain of making a kill. Again the bird curls back over both you and dog in the most exasperating way, and on such occasions only the eye of faith can aid you, and there must be no dust in that, either. In this grove shooting, however, a double is a rare achievement, indeed, unless made on the first flush, when the birds are going straight before you, and you have the pick of the whole bunch. Where the birds scatter and the dog is standing singles, you are never disappointed if you drop but one out of the brace that may unexpectedly take wing.

However, I would say to my New York friend, that the prospects are fairly good this fall, especially in the wild and tangly canyons up along the Niobrara, where there are always quail if they are anywhere. Chicken, too, are very plentiful in this particular section of the state.

Making Good On A Fish Story

By T. M. Tobin.

OH, that's a fish story!" How many times you have heard that expression, reader, as applied to any statement that the hearer is inclined to doubt? It is a mighty handy way of telling a fellow he is lying without his getting real mad about it and it covers a wide range, not necessarily big fish catches, either. We had a little experience



Out Came Illustrated Folder for Companion.

on one of our trips, a real fish story, too, that was doubted and we were lucky enough to make good with it in a way that can rarely happen.

My son Donald and myself captured a thirty-three inch salmon trout off Hinton Island, Island Lake, Algonquin Park, the summer of 1906. He held the fish up as shown while I got a snap shot just as he stepped from the canoe. Donald wore checked woolen knickerbockers, shoe pacs, sleeveless shirt and soft hat and it made a pretty good outing picture. The Grand Trunk people getting hold of it used the picture the next season on their illustrated descriptive folder of the Park. As these folders have a map showing that region with the lakes, streams and portages well indicated they are usually carried by outing parties and guides.

The season this folder appeared a party of four of us were returning from the Northern part of the Park on our way out and we stopped at Hinton Island for a few days fishing. While making camp eight canoes passed up the lake heading for a bit of sand beach a mile north of us which marks the beginning of a portage, where the party pitched their tents.

The next forenoon we observed the newcomers scattered about the little bays, evidently fishing in places we had never been able to get a strike.

In the afternoon, with one of our party, I paddled up to the sand beach and found a jolly crowd from Rochester, N. Y. They had constructed a crude stand of white birch sticks on the beach, bar high, which was stacked with the most lavish collection of liquors even seen in those parts.

As my friend and I were about to leave the spokesman remarked that they had fished without success all day and had come to the conclusion that there was not a fish in the lake. I told him we had never had any luck where we had seen them fishing, but we had always been able to catch plenty of fish in the deep water east of the island, indicating as well as I could with the wave of an arm, the zone of our success, at the same time telling them of the thirty-three inch salmon trout we landed the previous season. Inquiring for a Park folder a half dozen were produced by as many persons and turning to our catch I said, "Now that fish was caught by myself and son a year ago in that big fishing hole off the island," and, to make my statement more forceful I added innocently, "and that is my son holding it up."

That is where I overreached, as they doubted my story anyway, I am sure, and when I said, "that's my son," the yarn was queered for sure and I had a feel that the crowd was saying to themselves, "He must think we are easy and is trying to feed us a fish story, all right."

As we paddled away I called out, "I'll see what I can do for you." At camp my son took my companion's place in the canoe and we headed for deep water. Donald was dressed just as he was the year before even to hunting knife. With great luck a corking big salmon trout was landed after a lively scrap and stopping at camp only long enough to take a snap shot of the prize (as shown in the second picture) we headed for the Rochester camp with the rustic white birch sideboard, Donald in the bow seat.

Seeing us coming the entire party greeted us as we drove the canoe well up on the sand beach. The big fish lay in the bottom of the canoe, amidship, looking mighty fine, too, especially to a fishless crowd. They gazed at the catch in amazement and the spokesman broke out with, "What is it and where did you get it?" With another wave of an arm I said, "Oh, down there in that fishing hole I told you about."

Just then my son stepped out on the sand and picked up the fish. Then came my hour of triumph, the making good on a fish story. Out came illustrated folders for comparison and I had a mighty exultant feeling that they were saying, "We take it all back, old man, it was no fishy fish story you gave us, but the Gospel truth, for here is a bigger fish and the identical fellow holding it up."

Someone suggested picture and there was a rush to tents for cameras. Hailing from the town that made the snap shot famous they were well equipped in this line and for a few minutes there was a merry clicking of shutters as every man in the party took his turn holding up the salmon trout for a picture.

When this pleasing picture feature was over

I presented the fish to the spokesman. This was another surprise and they protested, "That's too much, you should not give that fish away."

With another grand wave of the arm I said, "Sure, we catch lots of 'em, and bigger 'n that, too, down in that fishing hole I was telling you about."

But say, reader, true to tradition, just a little excusable lie was tacked on at the finish, for the catch was really the biggest we ever made.

As we paddled back to Hinton Island the whole bunch were gathered around the rustic white birch sideboard on the sand beach.

OHIO'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE BOUNTY LAW.

Columbus Ohio—The much discussed hawk one dollar bounty law passed by the Ohio legislature last winter, which went into effect on March 11, has proven a success as far as killing the birds is concerned. General John C. Speaks, chief game warden of the state estimates from official reports sent to his office from the various township clerks throughout the state up to June 30, that about 6,300 hawks have been killed. The reports show that 1,580 hawks were killed and presented to the township clerks for the one dollar bounty and General Speaks estimated that this number is but one-fourth of the number slaughtered. Many of the township officers objected to the law and made no appropriation for the payment of the bounty, the law providing that appropriations up to \$200 in each township might be set aside to pay the bounty. Many townships appropriated but one dollar in order to comply with the law



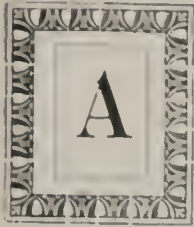
Then Came My Hour of Triumph—the Making Good on a Fish Story.

and scores of hunters when they presented from two to four hawks killed were therefore unable to secure the bounty.

C. B. GRIFFITH,
Secretary Columbus Anglers Club.

How To Make a Three Pound Shelter Tent

By Edwin O. Perrin.



SMALL tent made of so-called "balloon silk" or similar light weight waterproof material, if bought from a sporting goods dealer, costs ten or fifteen dollars. A tent that answers exactly the same purpose can be made at home for less than two

dollars. Unbleached muslin, cambric, or any light closely woven cloth can be waterproofed very easily with any one of a number of oil and paraffin solutions which are now on the market. The shape of a shelter tent is largely a matter of individual taste and the amateur can safely follow any one of the standard patterns, or he can vary the design to suit his own fancy.

The fisherman, hunter, or forest cruiser, who carries his outfit on his back, requires first of all that his tent be light. It must also be of a model which can be easily and quickly pitched, and it should be proof against the hardest kind of wind and rain. There seems to be no style of tent made which answers all these requirements better than the plain little "A" tent, which is so well known as the army dog-tent, and as the trapper's tent of the Hudson Bay Company. It covers a very large area in proportion to its weight, requires very few pegs and no guy ropes, and can be pitched either with a ridge pole, or by means of a rope tied between two trees. If one end is left open the "A" tent catches the heat of the camp fire almost as well as the lean-

to, and it gives much better protection from the weather. A mosquito netting front can easily be added when insects are troublesome. The back end can be made to peg out in a half pyramid, which gives considerable extra floor space without appreciably adding to the weight. It is also wise to have a sod-cloth—a strip of material 6 or 8 inches wide, running all the way around the bottom edge, and lying flat on the ground inside. This keeps out rain, wind, and insects, and also



added when insects are troublesome. The back end can be made to peg out in a half pyramid,

makes a convenient shelf for small articles which are likely to be mislaid around camp.

I have thoroughly tried out a tent constructed on these lines, and I do not believe it can be beaten as a light shelter for two people. It weighs just three pounds, and the dimensions are as follows:

Length over all	8 ft. 1 in.
Width	4 ft. 9 in.
Height	3 ft. 10 in.
Side slope	4 ft. 6 in.
Back slope	4 ft. 4 in.
Ridge	6 ft.
Area covered	33½ sq. ft.

The bill of material is anything but imposing:

10 yds. unbleached muslin	\$.90
1 gal. liquid waterproofing85
10 ft. light rope10
1 roll ½ in. tape05
Thread05

Total \$1.95

With the aid of a sewing machine there is not much labor involved in making such a tent. As the cloth is 36 in. wide only four pieces are necessary. First, cut two strips each 10 ft. 2 in. long, and sew them together side by side with a double seam, lapping the edges about half an inch. This rectangle completes both sides of the tent, with 7 in. extra on each side for the sod-cloth. The back consists of two triangles each 4 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. 4 in. x 3 ft. 2 in. In cutting these out allow about half an inch on each side for seams, and 7 in. at the base for sod-cloth. The entire layout of material is shown in the accompanying diagram.

After the back is sewed in hem the edge of

(Continued on page 670)

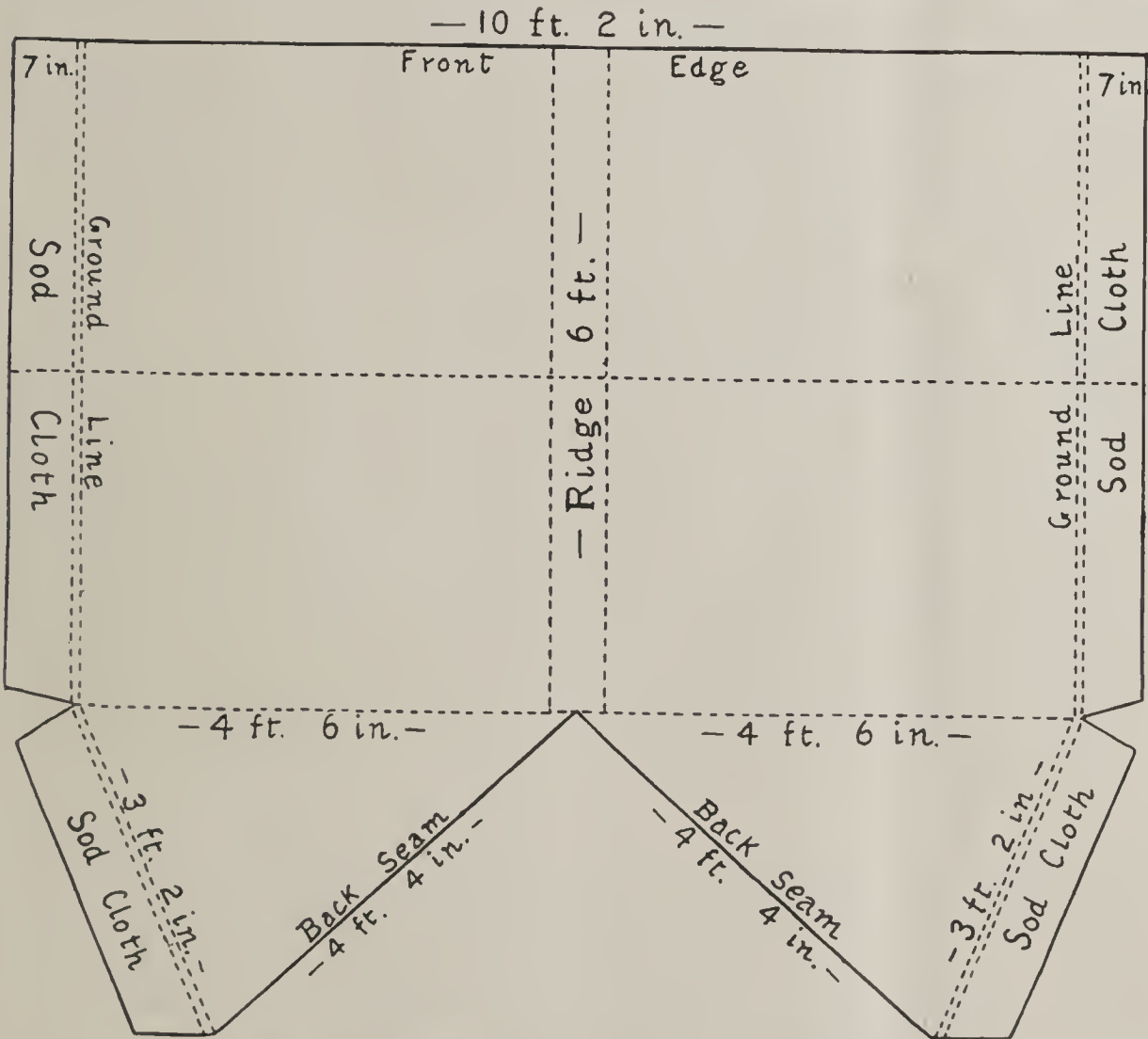


Diagram and Dimensions of Three-Pound Shelter Tent.

The Hunter and His Feet

A Feeling Article, Written from a Real Understanding of the Sportsman's Standpoint

By Chas. J. Lisle.



THAT shall I wear on my feet? A hunter, a soldier, anyone who goes much on foot, is only as good as his feet—and it is worth while to figure out the very best feet and foot-gear that can be had.

Thanks to too tight or ill-fitting shoes, most men have bunions or corns of some kind. Some of these can be removed, or corrected; if you are going out for a long hunt, and can have the services of a chiropodist for a few days before going, it may add more dollars than you can dream to the pleasure of your outing. But even if you do have such services, you can do much for yourself.

Soaking the feet in salt or alum water for a little while each evening, will help to toughen them. Of course, one of the benefits from this course is the daily acquaintance with the water! The feet should be rinsed off after each such medicated bath.

If the toes bunch up together—"hammer-toes" as it is sometimes known—they are sure to sweat and chafe and become raw. One can use powder, or vaseline; and it is a fine plan always to have some soft bandages of thin muslin, linen or silk, to wrap each offending toe. Don't wait until they become raw; start to care for the feet from the first day of the trip, and save hours of misery.

Rubber boots and waders are a necessity for a good outfit, for fishing or for waterfowl shooting. One almost must wear them, bad as the rubber is for the feet. One should wash and dry the feet, and use vaseline or some other emollient, after wearing the boots. But don't wear the rubber any longer than you must. Good feet are as important as the gun or the fishing rod, if you hope to enjoy your trip—and you need to care for them, which you can't do and wear rubber boots for any great length of time.

The west, and probably the east to a considerable extent, is full of the tall, lace-up, cruiser boots. Those from the better makers are durable and fit well. But the lace-up boot idea has been grossly overdone. Especially in the winter, the old-fashioned pull-on boot is usually superior—and much cheaper. The lace-up provides for supporting the ankle, which is of service in a rough country. But an ankle brace of soft leather, laced around the ankle before putting on the boot or shoe, is better, or at least as good; and in cold, wet, snowy weather, the old-fashioned boot is a real godsend as compared with the obnoxious lace-ups. No bellows-tongue boot, except one of almost prohibitive cost, will be waterproof; it is a physical impossibility to make these bellows joint as secure as the old boots were.

I have worn out several pair of the best high lace boots made, and still have one pair such; but never again shall I buy this kind of foot-gear. If I need the high boot, it will be the pull-on kind. A few trials, either actual or mentally, of a zero or 40-below-zero day, with ice

and snow and tired-out wearer, will convert more than one of the buyers who have been putting their money into high lace boots. And the lost time, the discomfort, of the high lace-ups in the warm, dry fall weather, ought to convert a whole army of out-of-doors men.

I have mentioned the high pull-on boot, not because I favor it for hunting, but for those who feel they must have a full-length foot covering. Personally, I prefer a shoe not to exceed seven inches; six inches, the ordinary street height, is usually better. A pair of puttees, or good canvas or soft leather leggings, will give about all the weatherproof qualities of the high boot, and weigh and cost far less. Besides, this combination is adaptable for all kinds of weather or ground.

Nine of the ten vital points in getting a comfortable shoe will be: Get It Long Enough. I might tell one of my own experiences. A party of us set out for a long hunt in the wooded breaks along the Clearwater river in Idaho—one of the ruggedest countries in the west, full of the sharpest of pitches, up hill and down all the way as steep as the ground could stand and not tip over. I had gotten a pair of eight-inch-top German sock rubbers; good footwear, but this pair was too short. I was out three days. From the jamming of the toes against the too-short front, as I went down the steep hills, I lost I believe every toe-nail but those from the two little toes, inside the next two weeks; and the heel was so bruised from the upward climbing, that I did not walk with comfort for two months. That happens, in a greater or less degree, every time you get shoes too short—your feet will suffer and your vacation will be spoiled.

The old army shoe, in which I tramped thousands of miles in the Philippines, was built on a comfortable last. Worn with leggings, this made as good a foot covering as men ever used. But the new army shoe, is far better than the old. It is, I believe, the best foot-covering ever devised. The American army carries an average of about a pound less on its feet, than the European soldiers—yet the American shoes, lighter, better-looking, infinitely more comfortable will probably outwear any of the clumsy European army footgear. For my own wear, I would not trade one pair of these army shoes, for a dozen of the high-priced, high-topped lace boots. There are a few other makers who put a foot-form shoe on the market, that will meet the needs of the hunters and trampers; but the army shoe is to my mind the best shoe ever made.

Some would hark back to the Indian moccasin as the ideal foot-covering. It is, for some purposes. As a camp shoe, to wear after the day's hunt and the heavier shoes are taken off, it is good. In summer time, for canoeing, for still-hunting in grassy or well-wooded country where the leaves are thick and soft, it is good. The saving in weight makes it easy to pick one's steps, and go softly and easily. But most white men's feet have been ill-shod and ruined since

childhood, and are too tender to stand the thin moccasin with comfort. One can have an extra sole sewed on, of buckskin or rawhide, and make the moccasin much more comfortable for walking.

The simon-pure Indian moccasin is not as good as the white man's factory-made product. It may have better, more pliable leather—those squaw-tanned deerskins have marvelous qualities of wear and pliability—but the finished moccasin is almost invariably flat and shapeless, and not so comfortable as one of better model as put out by good white makers. Except for strictly camp use, one should buy the six- or eight-inch tops; and it is a good investment to have, and to wear, a pair of lace ankle-braces inside the moccasin. We have become so used to the bracing of the ordinary-height shoe tops, and to the support of the rigid sole-leathersole, that the foot is liable to yield and to take painful if not irreparable injury, when going into rough ground with so soft a covering as a moccasin. Maybe if we had always kept to the foot habits of the Indian, who has never had a shoe to brace his ankles; or even of our boyhood days, when we ran barefoot over the roughest of stones and stumps, we should be in no danger with a moccasin today. But believe me, nine out of every ten white men who try the thin moccasin as their only foot wear for a hunt over rough ground, will rue it.

For severe winter, or for slushy snow or mud, the medium-topped rubber lace-ups for German socks are excellent wear. These can be had with rubber feet and thin, light leather tops, preferable to the solid, much heavier rubber. With German socks, or two or three pairs of common wool socks, these are warm, and dry, and comfortable. They need not be very heavy.

If one wants to draw an analogy from Nature, he will find that the sure-footed animals have small feet, that they can place carefully, lightly, testingly, in precarious footings. He can try for himself, and see whether he isn't more sure of his footing, in a light footgear like the army shoe, with his ankles flexible and free, than with an armor-plated high boot laced tightly clear to the knee. Not all men can emulate the chamois, the mountain deer, in small and dainty extremities! But by cutting his footgear to the lightest possible limit consistent with safety, one can come a lot closer. The ordinary white man needs the protection of a heavier foot-covering than the thin moccasin; his years of shoe prison have ruined his natural foot. Still, he needn't weight himself down with an excess of leather and hob nails, and add still further to his discomfort by lacing the leg down so that it impedes the circulation.

Except for the roughest mountain climbing—for which I should add the lumberman's screw calks also—I should not use heavy hob or Hungarian nails in shoes. They add to the weight, they are noisy, they cut floors into strings and make the hunter unwelcome in many a home—his own included—where he might like to visit.

(Continued on page 684.)

I know what you've been through in your Search for Shaving Satisfaction

Shaving used to be a nuisance and I know it— I've cut myself with old-fashioned razors, I've waited a half hour at the barbers—and then he cut me.

I've tried one safety razor after another, the same as you have. I've had a lot of clever holders and mighty few good blades.

A safe shave is not enough. A quick shave is not enough. Every man wants a *really good* shave *every time*, and that means a good blade every time—not one in three, but every one.

The real answer is the

Penn Safety Razor with the Blades that Shave

I made up my mind that a good safety razor needed good blades as well as a good holder. So first I got my blades right. Then I made the right handle.

I get the metal for my blades from Sweden; I have it especially treated at Sheffield, England. I have each coil tested twice, before I accept it.

I make each blade separately and *uniformly*. Temper them uniformly, grind them uniformly, hone and strop them uniformly, and then test each blade, at both ends and the middle, on human hair, to make sure it's a *Blade that Shaves*.

No blade can leave my factory unless it is up to my standard—I couldn't afford to, because I "moneyback" my blades. *They must be good*—up to standard—or they will come back.



\$1 Penn Safety Razor \$1
with Five Penn Blades

All complete in a nifty little traveling case—a silver-plated Penn Safety Razor and 5 Penn Sheffield Blades for \$1.

I said I knew what you'd been through. I said shaving was a nuisance. And now I say "If my razor doesn't give you satisfaction, I'll give your money back." Try the Penn Safety. Try it today—I take all the risk.

If you can't get it from your dealer, send me his name and \$1. I'll see that you get one right away. *Use the coupon!*

A. C. Penn
President

A C PENN Incorporated

100 Lafayette Street, New York

Enclosed is \$1. for a Penn Safety Razor and Five Blades that Shave.

Dealer's Name _____
Dealer's Address _____

My Name _____
My Address _____

A C Penn Inc., 100 Lafayette St., New York

Reforming Trap Shooters' Conditions

An Article Wherein is Outlined a Means of Enjoying the Sport Alluring at Small Cost

Once there was a misguided elevated railroad that allowed a baking powder company to tack tin advertising signs on the "risers," the vertical portion of the stairs on every flight on the railroad system. The signs stayed up only three months, then they had to take them down. Everybody was kicking against them. (Goak)

The present trap conditions are like those tin signs—and it looks as if they would have to take them down too.

The Interstate Association sent out return postals to everybody suspected of being implicated at any time in trap shooting. Said postals inquire whether said suspect would prefer the distance increased to 18 yards, or the shot charge cut down to $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz.

Now there are a lot of folks who will merely say "Fudge!" in reply to said postals. The changes suggested are not worth the postals they are printed upon.

Let us consider together the things that are not as they should be in the trap game, and then how they are best made sweet and holy.

First, the game is too easy—for some people. If you didn't add this qualification some fellow with a memory of two birds broken in twenty shots would kill you off. This here long run business is nearly run into the ground. In no shooting game should the mark be such that it has not gotten something on the shooter. Here in the shooting game, when Captain Richards went to work and managed to stick 14 bulls out of 15 shots in the three foot at 1,200, divers crabbers wanted right away to stick the target back to 2,000 yards. Apparently they are afraid Richards would do it again.

Never a thought did they give to the sixty-seven hundred, five hundred and forty-seven fellows who could not make 14 bulls out of 15 shots at 800 yards, let alone 1,200. Anyhow, that's the way they are in the rifle shooting game, they want to make the bullseye inaccessible, reserved, very hard to commune with even by such a shark as Captain Richards.

In the other game, where they holler "Pull!" and got pushed good and proper the next instant, they've got things on the other basis. They want to break them all.

One professional has a record in the last five years of something better than fifty runs of 100 birds straight—and some of the runs went up to the 200 bird mark.

It's got so 90% is nothing, it would hardly pull back the price of the entry and ammunition in a big shoot. When it gets to such a point that you can't sort out the sheep from the goats short of say 200 shots, then it's time to make things harder.

The second indictment is that the game costs like sin. Counting in the clay, the trapping, and the shell, each statement of pull by a competitor costs him about 4 cents. Out on the coast it costs nearer 5. It is not etiquette to refer to such unfortunates in print, but nevertheless there are a lot of fellows that like to shoot, but that

cannot segregate five sheckels for a hundred birds from the family funds twice a month, and not find out about it when it comes to buying that new suit. No man with a family and making around \$100 a month can afford to buck the trap game in very earnest fashion. The statistics show that among the lower classes—not naming you and me—there are a whole stack of fellows who don't grab more than said \$100 from the paymaster.

The third indictment is that the present loads kick unduly hard. Either the gun must be heavy, and therefore hard to handle speedily for a day's program, or else it pokes the little man all round the shooting yard. This being thus, the big man has it on the little fellow, because he can handle an eight pound, 34 inch cannon, and get by with it. Also he is not pushed clear back into the grandstand when he pulls the trigger.

It is not good medicine to make any shooting game such that size counts for anything. Colonel Colt made all men the same size in the shooting game, and it is up to the Interstate not to undo the Colonel's work. Size seems to be mainly an accident, or perhaps heredity, and filial affection should be enough to prevent the little trap shooter from going around and kidding his dad's pistol pocket up between his shoulder blades.

These three things being true, then where lies the sense in talk of increasing the distance? Increasing the distance cuts down no recoil—in fact it is quite likely to lead to still stiffer loads.

Increasing the distance lessens no cost. Increasing the distance six feet would not even serve the purpose of making the game more difficult. These sharks would merely quicken their time, and besides dozens of them have already broken the century from farther back than 18 yards. Increasing the distance would serve to make the outcast, usually known as the "donator," still more helpless and more assured of never being in the prize money, while it would worry the professional and the shark not at all.

You can stand off all day and throw bouquets like "sport alluring," at the great and money-making game of trap shooting, but the proposition before the house is to make the game the sport alluring, which it most decidedly is *not*. Now that the Interstate has awakened from its lethargy it had better make a job of it, and consider the fellow that would not touch trap shooting with a ten foot pole, so long, as it costs him 10% of his income to play at even half-heartedly. Then they can also feel for the man who is subject to gun headache, and who like most human beings is not entirely impervious to several hundred blows of thirty foot pounds each.

Then consider the other alternative—to reduce the shot load from $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. to $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. This is surely one huge and unbelievable reform movement. In effect they propose, for the cure of all the evils listed herein, to cut down the shot charge 10%! They allow that the game still

(Continued on page 672.)



Consummation of the Sport Alluring.

Born 1820
—Still going strong.



Colonel Fox-Hunter: "How ARE YOU GETTING ON WITH THAT NEW NEIGHBOUR OF YOURS?"

M.F.H.: "OH, SPLENDIDLY! HE IS A MAN OF TASTE."

Colonel Fox-Hunter (surprised): "WHAT! HAS HE YOUR PASSION FOR ANTIQUES?"

M.F.H. (with finality): "HE HAS. HE STOCKS 'JOHNNIE WALKER' RED LABEL IN THE NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE."

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Hunting Squirrels Calls for Great Caution.

would struggle along if they cut off 50 pellets from a 500 pellet load of 8's. Consider the poor shot makers who would not be selling that 50 pellets each time a gun went off. It is enough to move one to tears—then to a club, not a gun club either.

As a matter of cold fact a lot of guns pattern more evenly, and can be more relied upon with $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. than they do with $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. By a bit of selection of loads you can make that $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. work just as nicely and break just as many clays as ever did the $1\frac{1}{4}$. You'll recollect that the blue rock is normally broken with what shot there is in the thirty inch breaking circle, not that which goes off on paths of its own. Also by an infinitesimal quickening of the time, too small for a stop watch to detect, that lessening of the pattern density would be overcome. Also, what is still more important, there is plenty of shot in the $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. charge to break all of them at 16 yards, and your reform would not be worth one whoop.

Let's consider a real change.

It has been proved time and again that a 20 bore with $\frac{7}{8}$ oz. of shot is capable of breaking close to 95% of all birds thrown at 16 yards. The record in open competition is 96 birds out of 100, done with an L. C. Smith gun I think in Butte, Montana. Also there are numerous other public records of close to this, while I've seen repeated runs of 90% broken with a 20 bore. Also

this shooting was done with light guns, not as steady handling as longer, heavier guns would be, nor built for trap work. Build for example a single barrel twenty along the lines of the Greener or the Daly, to weigh about 7 or $7\frac{1}{4}$ pounds, make it trap in all its dimensions, then turn loose a straight pointer with the $\frac{7}{8}$ oz. charge in such a gun. That would be a show-down.

No matter if the shot is not enough to break them all, why should anybody break them all? No rifle made is capable of putting all its shots into the bull at all ranges, even though you do point it straight. If you asked a fellow to make 100 bulls like Stuart, Wise or Perry Schofield to prove that he could shoot, you'd have a riot on your hands.

The trap game is far too much of a cinch for the straight pointer. Let a little luck, say 5% work into it, nobody will care. Then make the guns used just as close shooting as they can be possibly made, and compel the shooter to be mighty quick, and mighty straight in his pointing to get 90% of them. As it is, even reasonably straight pointing gets the goods, it is the long strain on the endurance that counts and that shakes out the poor donator.

Just for example the fellow writing this, with all due modesty, butted into a tournament last spring, and without one day's practice, or previous acquaintance with the traps on those

grounds, broke 92% of 500 birds and 89 from 19 yards in a handicap. I wasn't entitled to it, I didn't shoot for it, I felt like a stage robber and kidnapper rolled into one when I drew down the fat roll that said percentage brought. No game in which high skill, and not endurance counts, would let some fellow fall into easy money in that fashion.

A $\frac{7}{8}$ oz. shot load is 70% of the present one. A $2\frac{1}{4}$ dram powder load is 75% of the present average. A 20 bore case is cheaper to make unless factories get their material free. While 20 bore cases cost as much now as do 12 bore, this is because of the comparatively small number turned out as compared with the bigger shells.

But, make the small load once the standard, and if the factories would not reduce the cost to us about one fourth, then we'd find somebody that would. Facts are facts, and while manufacture and inspection do cost a lot, yet nobody is going to get by very long with a price on a 20 bore load as large as he asked for a 12.

Needless to say, the recoil of the small load in a gun of around 7 to $7\frac{1}{4}$ pounds would be extremely mild, and no man—or woman—would have cause to complain. No man but can handle as quick as lightening, a gun of this weight, and this weight would be ample to make the recoil not noticeable.

Also it would be entirely possible to save a lot of birds with the proper straw matting for them to fall upon, and it would be entirely possible to obtain a show-down as to who could shoot, and who could not, short of 200 birds that is now the pleasant rule for a day's shoot.

Therefore let the Interstate cut out this flub-dubbery about six foot distance increase or 10% shot decrease, and either make a real, a beneficial change, or quit bluffing.

It would have been simple enough to specify in the December meeting that in future one ounce of shot and $2\frac{3}{4}$ drams would be the outside loads for American trapshooting, with the warning that a further shot decrease would be agitated in a year or two. This would still permit the use of the present 12 bore guns—and for that matter they could still be used with the $\frac{7}{8}$ oz. load—and nobody would feel that his pet shooting iron would be practically confiscated so far as trap shooting is concerned. Believe me, some of them would commence to get interested in loads that would pattern instead of depending upon that huge charge of $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz., to let them get the bird anywhere out to where he lit.

This talk of reform in a game that needs reform if any game does, and then handing out such stuff as 18 yards or $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. of shot is enough to make a man go out and throw rocks at his grandmother.

GOOD NEWS FOR SURF ANGLERS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

It is our good fortune to be able to report that out efforts to obtain a new supply of the high quality linen yarn suitable for making our Surfman's lines have been successful.

Our spinners abroad have been able to supply us with about a year's run of this yarn, and we are therefore advising the trade that we will be able to accept orders for this high grade line.

Yours very truly,
ASHAWAY LINE & TWINE MFG CO.

The 1915 .22 Cal. Rifle Matches

*A Succession of Victories
and New Records*

by users of

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Semi-Smokeless AMMUNITION

Team Championship of the Short Range League - -	} Won by Engineers Rifle Club of Cleveland, Ohio.
World's Record Individual Score - - - -	} 2200 out of a possible 2200 in N. R. A. Matches 2399 out of a possible 2400 in Short Range League 4599 out of a possible 4600 by T. K. Lee Far excelling any shooting performance on record
World's Record Team Score - - - -	} 1000 out of a possible 1000 by Engineers Team, Cleve- land, Ohio, in the 11th match of the Short Range League
Short Range Individual Championship -	} Won by T. K. Lee, 499 out of 500 E. E. Tindall a close second
Inter-Scholastic Championship of U. S. - -	} Won by Iowa City High School Team with an average score of 972.4 per match Fred Cox, of Iowa City, made High Individual Aver- age, 195.66 per match

Make No Mistake! Peters Semi-Smokeless Cartridges are more accurate and uniform than any others, therefore insure the shooter every point he is entitled to. This accuracy is equally desirable in field shooting—you get your game if you hold right.

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Evolution of Sportsmanship

By E. T. Grether.



HUNTING and fishing sports are as ancient as mankind. From earliest history there has been certain ethics recognized, which distinguished the sportsman from the mere pot hunter. As time passed, new ideals were created to be adapted to chang-

ed conditions.

I think it is safe to say that the dividing line between sportsmen and pot hunters, from the very beginning, was commercialism. The sportsman has always prided himself on being a gentle-

man who hunted and fished for pleasure's sake alone.

It was therefore apparent that he would adopt skillful methods, and use only the devices requiring expertness in the pursuit of his pleasures. The pot hunter, being one whose only interest was to "fill the pot" either for himself, or to sell to others, has always used any method calculated to be the least expensive and most effective.

Many of us can remember the time when sportsmen measured their qualifications by dem-

onstrating their skill in making great scores in game killed provided, it was all killed in "a sportsmanlike manner," about the only feeling of shame being the missed shots.

The pot hunter was the fellow who sneaked upon a covey of quail huddled in a fence corner, and shot them all upon the ground a dozen in one shot. The sportsman with fine bird dog, hunted a bevy of quail and killed them all on the wing, a dozen birds, in twelve shots. The market shooter, in his punt gun, with swivel gun, killed several hundred ducks per day, while the so-called sportsman killed the same quantity, but with his eight or ten gauge gun, "shot them on the wing." One sold his game, the other gave his to admiring friends.

The sportsman hunted occasionally, but the market shooter was always at it. He followed the migratory fowl from one section to another. It was a business with him, and he killed every wild creature that he could convert into cash.

When the game supply began to diminish, then sportsmanship began to mean something more than securing game and fish in a "sportsmanlike manner."

The few real sportsmen, who had been regarded previously as calamity howlers, because they had been bold enough to condemn excessive bags of game, soon began to receive more or less respectful attention to their arguments for conserving the supply of game, necessary to continue their sport.

The sportsmen began to urge game and fish laws, and these were opposed by the commercial interests and the dear public which wanted to eat game whenever it could be secured in the markets.

The public enjoyed eating most any of the birds large enough for the purpose, and likewise desired to use bird plumage for ornamenting ladies' hats. It is a long story to relate how the various states struggled with game legislation for many years.

In every case the restrictive laws were urged by the sportsmen and opposed by the dealers. The dealers organized, and so did the sportsmen. Eventually the dealers became less numerous, with the reduction in game supply, and restrictive laws, and the organized sportsmen outnumbered the dealers many hundreds to one. In these game law legislative fights were developed much argument calculated to gain public sympathy, either on economic grounds or sentiment. The dear public, not being organized, was practically "neutral" in these legislative contests, with dealers and sportsmen, each striving for their "moral support."

Early day sportsmen's publications were not numerous, and it was only the "survival of the fittest" that kept out of the publisher's graveyard.

Forest and Stream is one of the pioneer publications which has recorded most of the game law history of the Nation, and its back files will bear out the statement that sportsmen were the originators of the game protection movement.

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Edward Lipsett
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The same applies to your original Cuttyhunk as we have found these very popular for a cheaper grade line.

The writer hopes to see your display at San Francisco, although this is not quite settled as yet.

Yours truly,
E.L. *Edward Lipsett*

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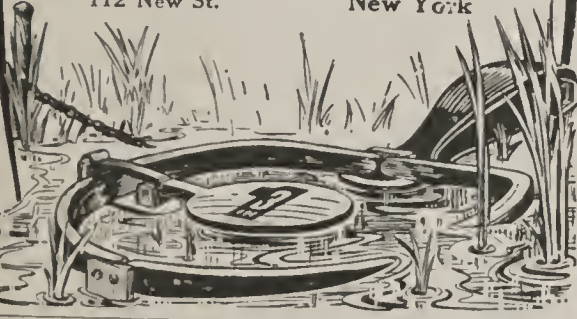
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draws fur bearing animals better than bait. Keeps traps in splendid condition, too. Prevents rust — makes them lively, strong, sure. Fine to keep them rust-proof through the summer. Oils guns just right. Prevents leading and pitting.

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FREE — Write for a free sample and Dictionary of uses.

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A desire to continue sport, produced game laws, and necessity to appeal to the public to sustain them, produced the early convincing arguments which have since been augmented by game conservation logic of the present date.

It was a long time before we began to learn that protection for the birds was necessary to prevent the bugs from destroying "all life on this planet," or exactly how many thousands of weed seeds a certain bird consumed and digested every few hours. Few of us even dreamed we would ever see official printed maps showing the zig-zag flying motions of certain birds or the route of migratory flight of wild fowl.

We know something about the "cork screw movements" of one of our long billed-birds; we also learned to guess fairly well when the ducks would arrive and depart; how to squawk duck-talk on a duck call, also how to take an observation along the rib of our gun barrels, but we had to take a back seat when in the presence of our new sportsmen's allies and "experts" who referred to our jacksnipe as *gallinaga delectata*, or to a red headed woodpecker as *melanerpes crythrocephalus*. We didn't dare dispute it—we simply had to sit back and look wise.

We fellows who had spent much time and money hustling to enact good game laws, never met these "experts" at our legislature and we never met them anywhere else on the continent while we were hunting or fishing, and yet, here they were with us, ready to tell us all about our sport.

On of their pet themes is to impress us with our unimportance, by letting us know that "sportsmen comprise but five per cent. of our total population," and that we have no right to disregard the wishes of "the remaining 95 per cent. of our population," when we urge changes in the federal hunting regulations, the latest legal development in game conservation.

If it had not been for this "five per cent. of our population"—sportsmen, there would not be a game law on the statute books of any state, nor would there be any need for them, as "the 95 per cent. of our population," including game dealers, would have killed, sold and eaten all the game in the Nation, outside of the zoological gardens.

If the sportsmen only comprise five per cent. of our population, how much less per centage can be credited to the "expert" subdivision now directing the destinies of "the greatest conservation law ever enacted"—the migratory bird law?

Be it far from my purpose to discredit those engaged in scientific investigations and statistics useful for educational purposes, and therefore entitled to be designated as "experts." Human nature is but slightly venerated with what we call civilization. It is a natural law for all improved forms of life, which have become adapted to artificial conditions, to revert back to the characteristics of the common stock, if opportunities permit.

The dear public, with its high ideals of civilization, can quickly revert back to savagery, such as is now demonstrated by the European war.

"Ninety five per cent." of these savages were unorganized, except by the "five per cent." who have conspired for war. They don't even know what they are fighting for, nor how to quit. They will eventually pay enormous war debts, in sums so staggering that they could have used this money in peaceful pursuits, so as to have ac-



Don't use expensive ammunition where a cheap cartridge is just as good. Buy a

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for squirrels, rabbits, hawks, woodchucks, skunks, muskrats, foxes, etc.—and save price of your rifle in the reduced cost of cartridges.

.25 Rim Fire—cheap, powerful and reliable—will kill foxes, skunks, woodchucks, muskrats, etc. as quickly and surely as more expensive ammunition.

Model 27 Marlin is the only repeater made for this splendid cartridge—so powerful it is used successfully for deer, so cheap you can shoot it freely at slight expense. Take-down; splendid sights; 8 shots; with 24-inch Round Barrel, \$13.15; Octagon, \$15.00.

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Model 1897—the best made .22 rifle in the world. Take-down; convenient to carry and clean; tool steel working parts; Ivory Bead sight; as steady and reliable as a big game rifle. With 24-inch Round barrel, \$14.50; Octagon, \$16.00. **Model 1892** is similar, but not take-down; with 24-inch Round barrel, \$12.15; Octagon, \$13.15.

.22 Pump Action

Model 29 has 23-inch Round barrel; take-down; a first-class repeating rifle; 15 shots; \$9.25.

Model 20 has 24-inch Octagon, heavier barrel; take-down; Ivory Bead sight; 15 shots; \$11.50.

Model 20 Full Magazine Rifle—the only pump action repeater giving 25 shots at one loading; \$11.50.

.32 Rim Fire—Model 1892, with lever action—uses .32 short, long and long-rifle rim fire cartridges; also .32 short, long and long-rifle center fire; 17 shots. A splendid all-around rifle for settled districts. With 24-inch Round Barrel, \$12.15; Octagon, \$13.15.

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quired all the monopolistic enterprises in the world and devoted them exclusively for public benefit in creating civilization really worthy of the name.

The few "experts" who have advocated peace on earth, good will towards men, were not numerous enough, nor practical enough to organize the great mass of humanity into a compact for resisting the manipulations of greedy aristocracy.

[Note.—Mr. Grether's theory of the evolution of sportsmanship will be developed in an article to be published in a future issue of *Forest and Stream*. His views may not be generally accepted by everybody, but they at least possess the merit of a plain presentation of the facts as he sees them.—Ed.]

IN MEMORY OF THEODORE GORDON.

New York City, October 15, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

It would be ungrateful indeed and unforgivable were I not to attempt in my poor way to supplement the pleasing tribute of Robt. P. Lincoln, in your October issue, in memory of Theodore Gordon, who, as a brother of the angle passed out of our fellowship last May.

When I first heard of his crossing the last stream, I was stricken with the keen sorrow of a personal loss, although it was never my privilege to meet him. I was attracted to the delightful art of angling late in life, and Mr. Gordon's articles in *Forest and Stream*, always interesting and instructive, opened a new world in my experience,

and appealed to me as containing just the information I, as a novice, stood in need of. That was five years ago, and, of course, I am still at the foot of the amateur class. But to what little efficiency I may have attained, and the huge enjoyment I have received in this outdoor pursuit, I must give credit and thanks to both Theodore Gordon and Robert P. Lincoln.

The delightful days I have spent on the lakes and streams in Canada, in the Maine woods, in the Catskills, and the Adirondacks, unforgettable and glorious days, not to be measured by the number of fish caught or the weight of my creel, but by that unspeakable something which enters into one's innermost soul with the murmur of the brook, the singing of the birds, the wild flowers beneath your feet upon which you hesitate to step, and the clapping of the hands of forest trees above your head. On such days and in such places, one stands face to face with nature and her harmonious music fills the soul to satisfaction.

"All these, and many more, of His Creation
That made the heavens, the angler apt doth see,
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they be;
And while he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky."

Into these priceless experiences of the angler, Theodore Gordon entered with fine perception and took his readers with him. He was my angling mentor and competent guide. Everything from his pen I would "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" with greater delight, and perhaps I ought to feel ashamed to confess, with more profit, than I in my youthful days studied the articles of the Catechism. If it be sometimes true, according to Mark Anthony, that "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones," it is also true, and on higher than Shakespearian authority, that the good that men do "follows after them." Theodore Gordon is dead, but he has left behind him a legacy worthy of our highest and long continued appreciation.

I am happy to say that I did not make the mistake of waiting until Gordon's death to express my appreciation of his value. In *Forest and Stream* in 1913, I acknowledged my indebtedness. It has been a long established fad of mine to give my flowers to friends while they live to enjoy their fragrance and beauty, which I think is far preferable to piling floral wreaths upon a cold grave.

So, Farewell, Brother Gordon. Our admiration and affection goes with him, and when on the streams he loved so well and with such skill portrayed the "gentle art," we will think of him—

"As in a happier mead,
Where fish are ever on the teed,
When skies are fresh and fields are green,
And never dust nor smoke is seen,
No news sheets, nor subscription-lists,
Nor merchants, nor philanthropists,
For there the waters fall and flow
By fragrant banks, and still below
The great three-pounders rise and take
The 'Palmer,' 'Alder,' 'Dun' or 'Drake,'
Now by that stream, if there you be,
I prithee keep a place for me."

CHARLES D. DAVIES.

Sportsmen in Colorado as well as the Fish and Game Commissioners are beginning to worry over the rapid increase in the number of coyotes, wolves and mountain lions that are destroying the deer, and it is said that unless a decided stand be taken against these animals, there will be no use in restocking the State with deer.

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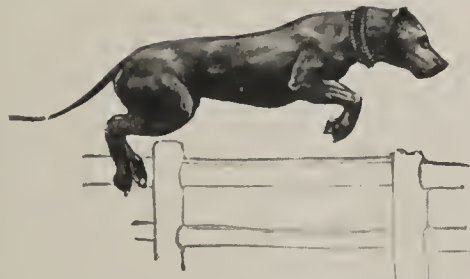
Write for our booklet called "Trapshooting." It is worth reading.

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Give your dog a food that will produce a smooth, glossy coat, regular habits—such a food is

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TRY THIS FREE GUN OIL

Here's oil that keeps guns and rifles in perfect condition. Dissolves the residue of all black and smokeless powders, including Cordite. Acts instantly—stops corrosive action—positively removes and prevents rust and cuts off dirt and gum. The wonderful properties of

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make it an absolute necessity to every gun owner. It's a perfect lubricant and polish as well as a rust preventive. 4-oz. bottle 25c; 6-oz. can 50c. Postage 10c extra. Direct by mail if your dealer hasn't it. Write today for free trial bottle. Mention your dealer's name. Ask for Marble's 60 specialties for sportsmen.



MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO.
2601 La Jolla Ave., Gladstone, Mich.

THE REAL ORIGINAL AMERICAN TONGUE.

New York City, October 1st, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Can any American translate this original American document? While in one of the wildest portions of the Province of Quebec recently, I ran across notices printed on muslin and tacked to trees, usually at the end or beginning of portages, reading as follows:

MILO KANAUAPAMIKOTS MESHTUKOTS

Nituashimitok, shtelimokuau tshije Otshimau. Nika uitshiikots lnuts ui kanauapamakuau mesh-tukots tshie tshi eka iskuashotau.

Kie mak shtelimokuautshije Otshimau; Misho iji uitshiituaui lnuts, tapiskots kassino etashiats nika milo totakonan i kanauelimaganits mesh-tukots.

Ekun etitak tshije Otshimau; Misko iskuashots mesh-tukots tapue tshika kasselitenau, eko tshie ots oshimots meloshits aushiss notshimits, eko mak tshie pon nagoshits mitshet nameshits shipits.

Nituashimitok, Auas-akamits ejinikatets atauculnuts kie mak kauapokuieshits shash tshi otshit-shipalots tshie tshi uitshiats tshije Otshimau etelitanilits, shash tshi pitshelik kanauapameuts mesh-tuko tshie tshi eka iskuasholits. Tshiluaui mak shetlitakushinau tshie tshi tshissinuapamekots nelu ua totats.

Nil JULES ALLARD etokoian,

Netau kanauapamakuau Meshtukots.

UEPISHTIKUEIATS ETAIAN.

13 e tshijituagant Uenisk Piishum 1913, meshinitseian.

As the foreign war has not yet extended to Quebec, I am quite at a loss to understand the meaning of the notices and send you copy as above for translation.

HUNTER.

We can assure our correspondent that the notice has nothing to do with war not is it printed in a foreign language. Rather it is in a real original American form—in short it is in the Algonquin or MicMac tongue and is dated March 1913. Its real significance is—but we prefer to have some learned *Forest and Stream* reader send us a literal translation or at least an approximate interpretation of the notice itself. Are there any who can do that?—Ed.]

A WORD FOR THE HUNTER.

THE following from the Boston Transcript is so true in word and theory that *Forest and Stream* takes pleasure in reproducing the article as expressing lucidly and legally the real position of the hunter with respect to his recreation and so-called brutality in killing game. The article follows:

In another column, a correspondent, Mr. J. M. Greene, makes the suggestion that the prevalent horror of European bloodshed and destruction should produce a revulsion against all kinds of killing, and thus deter men from going to the Maine woods this fall to shoot deer. "The present spectacle across the sea," Mr. Greene thinks, "should sicken the rational mind with every form of unnecessary violence and destruction." This is an interesting association of ideas, but is it not somewhat forced? The sportsman, it is true, kills. But does he kill cruelly or wantonly? Does he really lessen the number of the beautiful creatures of the wood, or increase the sum of their suffering in the world? Certainly not. On the other hand, the hunter for sport



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Make Them Yourself

Next time you go out with your gun you can make three simple tests that prove the quality of shot-gun shells.

THE BLACK SHELLS

Smokeless and Black Powders

(Winners of 1915 Grand American Handicap)

These tests are described in our booklet, "How to Test Shells," which will be sent on request. They are final proofs of primer strength, speed, waterproofing, penetration, and uniformity of pattern.

Write your name and address and the address of the store where you buy shells along the margin of this advertisement. Return to us and we will send you an order on your dealer for three free Black Shells for making the tests.

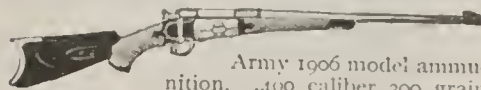
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LEAD CO., San Francisco, distributors on Pacific Coast

For Big Game, or to Guard a Nation Use A Blake Rifle

A modern high power seven cartridge revolving clip repeater. .30 caliber U. S. American



Army 1906 model ammunition. .400 caliber 300 grain Blake Ammunition. Both giving 3000 F. S. M. V. "A RIFLE—NOT A TOY!" Adopted by American Army during the Spanish-American War. Send for Free Blake Riflebook.

Blake Rifle Company

501 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

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free.



World's Record for Tournament Shooting Made by Lester S. German, with 499 x 500, and 647 x 650 on all 16 yard Targets, including Practice Day with Runs of 372 and 149 straight at the Westy Hogans at Atlantic City, September 15 to 17, 1915.

PARKER DOUBLE GUN Makes World's Record

Winner of professional average, Lester S. German, with 499 x 500; winner of amateur average, Woolfolk Henderson, with 493 x 500; third winner of amateur average, Allen Heil, with 485 x 500; winner double championship, Woolfolk Henderson, 86 x 50 pairs; second in double championship, Guy V. Deering, 85 x 50 pairs; third in double championship, Allen Heil, 84 x 50 pairs; Sousa Trophy, won by Woolfolk Henderson, with 100 straight; Shanley Trophy, won by Allen Heil, with 99 x 100, and 19 on the shoot-off; tied Westy Hogan's Trophy, Allen Heil, with 100 straight; National 18 yard championship, won by Allen Heil, 97 x 100.

In addition to the above, PARKER GUNS figured prominently in the winning of many other high places. Send for catalogue.

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Write for prices and send 2c. stamp for "Dog Culture."

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The Executors of the Estate of Michael Piel offer for sale

Share of Stock in the BACK BAY GUNNING CLUB OF NORFOLK, VA.

owning one of the finest American wild-fowl gunning islands along the Atlantic Coast; membership in the club small and limited by the Club's By-Laws. **Price, \$3,000.**

Further information will be gladly furnished.

Cor. Liberty and Georgia Aves.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.
Phone: East N.Y. 2700

THE ESTATE OF MICHAEL PIEL,
WM. PIEL, Executor.

preserves their species, and extends and enlarges their means of subsistence and enjoyment. But for its protection for game purposes, the deer would probably be extinct in New England today. As it is, the beautiful creatures range through every State, and for at least eleven-twelfths of the year they are safe from all harm. If life is a boon to all creatures that boon is brought to thousands by the interest of men killing a certain proportion of wild animals and birds for sport.

It is a strange thing, and to many it is incomprehensible, that hunting, within the true sportsman's bounds, does not at all develop a liking for bloodshed in the human soul. It has quite the contrary effect. It is virtually impossible to find a real hunter, who is inhuman. The instinct of the hunter lies deep in the human soul. It goes back to the very beginnings. It is not too much to say that the normal human being is a hunter. The "spirit of destruction," if that it is, works from within outward. It is a part of the substance of the man, and it is possible that it cannot be taken out of him without some harm to his mental and physical balance.

Very many of us do not like to shoot or fish. We would rather walk contemplatively through the woods, exalting our hearts in the beauty of nature, and leaving the creatures of God in peace. That is our delightful privilege. But whence came this out-of-door instinct, this love both of nature's outward aspect and her living beings? It came from shooting. There is not a true "Out-of-doors man" today whose instinct was not developed by ancestral ranging of the woods and fields for game. The human instinct of those of whose who protect the animals from cruelty was built up in the souls of men by generations of hunters' intimacy with animals and birds, and by admiration thus acquired for their characteristics. The ages of hunting has softened the human heart. The noblest races were ever the greatest hunters.

Nature's processes can by no means be reversed all at once, in this regard or any other. The Maine woods will not be deserted this autumn because a war-weary world revolts against killing.

STATE LAWS VS. FEDERAL REGULATIONS.

New York State gunners are again in a quandary because of the conflict between the State Game Laws and the Federal Migratory Regulations. The State Laws permit the killing of small shore birds and surf birds including sandpipers, tattlers and curlew whereas the Federal regulations say that there is no open season for these birds until 1918. Last season the Federal regulations were generally observed and doubtless they will be followed this season. The conflict of State and Federal laws will be argued before the United States Supreme Court.

Good Deer Hunting

Maine State Hunting License reduced to \$15.00. Perpetual closed time on Moose. A number of Camps, one to three miles apart. Accommodations in each camp for from one to four sportsmen and their guides. Near Canadian Pacific R. R.

Address Burt Packard, Sebec Lake, Maine.

THREE POUND SHELTER TENT.

(Continued from page 667.)

the sod-cloth all the way around. Then sew a piece of half inch tape around the inside of the tent on the ground line, that is, at the fold between the sides and the sod-cloth. The front edge should also be bound with tape. At the peak of the tent cut a perpendicular slit 3 or 4 in. long for the ridge pole. This can be finished off with a buttonhole stitch. It is also well to reinforce the ridge by sewing a strip of cloth 6 in. wide on the inside of the tent, thus making a double thickness over the ridgepole.

The next step is to attach the peg loops. There should be seven of these, three on each side and one at the back. Sew a small patch inside the tent for each loop; then make a small slit or buttonhole in the center of the patch. Tie a piece of thin rope into a loop 3 in. long, pull it through the hole in the patch, with the knot on the inside, and sew it fast with heavy thread.

The tent is now complete save for the waterproofing. Good liquid waterproofing costs about eighty-five cents a gallon, and it takes just about a gallon to thoroughly waterproof a tent of this size. Pitch the tent in a shed, or some dry place, with the bottom clear of the ground, and work the solution well into the cloth, using a stiff brush. An old clothes brush will do very well. As soon as it is dry the tent is ready for camp.

JO-DOG AND THE TURKEY.

(Continued from page 657.)

some better cover up to a closer range. For the next few steps I scarcely breathed and came as near to walking on air as I knew how. When I made the cover I had an easy time to get near enough for a fair shot, and when the smoke cleared I saw the old fellow pitching and whirling down trying his best to sail off and there was Jo-dog right on him as he struck the ground, and he had him by the neck before I reached them.

Jo had seen him, no doubt long before I did, and was watching and waiting for me to come up and I doubt not the old bird was looking down at the dog as I surrounded him.

I wish I could give the measure and weight of him, but in those days we didn't think of

YOUR NEW GUN



HAVE you ever bought anything, and ever afterwards had an indefinable feeling of wonder whether it would not have been better if you had selected something a little different?

The very first time you go out among your friends with a Fox Gun, you will have a mighty comfortable feeling that your selection was right.

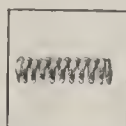
For Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt only voiced the sentiments of the best-informed gunners in the world when he said about the Fox—"No better gun was ever made."

Every Fox made, from \$25 to \$1000, is absolutely guaranteed for life.

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H. H. FOX GUN COMPANY, 4766 N. 18th St., Philadelphia

FOX



GUN

that. We called him "an old whaler." I remember we thought his "beard" the longest we had ever seen and the boys held a break-down when I toted him up home and had called them all in to see.

Father was able to skin him for the northern man, having learned something of birds and how to preserve them from a gentlemen who had been here collecting once, when we were little fellows, and who had taken pains to give father some instructions, so he could save any rare birds; he had at times found a few nice ones that he skinned and forwarded.

Shortly before Christmas father came in one morning with a letter and handed me a smooth fresh ten dollar bill that the letter said was "for the lad who shot 'Old Spot,'" for father had written him the whole story. Father wouldn't have any of the money for what he did so I called the other three boys together and shared with them and we each had more than ever before to spend for Christmas.

AFTER CARIBOU IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

(Continued from page 660.)

six ounces to about three-fourths of a pound in weight. There was no sign of Ned and Piney at camp so I cleaned the trout, washed the dishes, made a fire, boiled myself a pot of tea and sat down to smoke and wait for Ned and Tom. It was almost dark when they came in and Ned admitted he was tired out but Piney seemed as fresh as a daisy. Such is the difference between twenty-one and forty-five. We had trout and potatoes for supper and Ned and Piney made a good, hot fire and we turned in soon after on the floor of the log house and immediately all went to sleep.

(To be continued.)

MAINE SHOOTING LICENSE.

The New York Sporting Goods Company has arranged with the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners to supply Maine shooting licenses. The cost is \$15.00 for non-resident license.

CHARLES DALY GUNS

Both Single and Double Barrel Guns were victorious at Grand American Handicaps. Chicago, 1915

We have just received an invoice of some

Charles Daly Single Barrel Trap Guns

If you want one—talk quick—Catalogue 69 F mailed free

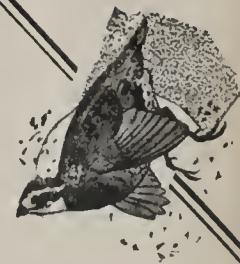
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NEW YORK



LEFEVER 20-Gauge



Swings Up Easily

Whether you are shooting from horseback or tramping all day, you will like the light-weight **LEFEVER**.

The 20-Gauge gives as much if not more penetration power with all the pattern you can ask for.

LEFEVER SHOT GUNS

All Gauges

List Prices

\$25 to \$1,000

Own a **LEFEVER** 20-Gauge
at \$37.50 (List Price)

If your dealer does not carry in stock, we will sell you direct. Write for offer.

When you write for catalog, enclose 75c. for the Lefever Ideal Cleaner. It takes the rust and powder burns out of any barrel.

The **Lefever** system of taper boring is now famous, because it gives longest range, greatest penetration, the least recoil and the most evenly distributed pattern possible.

For Field, Blind or Traps



\$25 Up
List Price

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200 Maltbie St.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

TENNESSEE STOPS GAME SELLING.

W. D. Howser, State Warden of Tennessee, in a recent letter to me, writes "Tennessee has joined her sister states in prohibiting the sale of game. This will especially interest those of your state who shoot on Reelfoot Lake.

"Last year we had thousands of ducks on Reelfoot Lake, and this year, those who visit the lake should find a hunter's paradise .

"Reports received from all parts of the state indicate that we have more game, especially more quail than we have had for years.

"We predict that the hunter who visits Tennessee will become an annual visitor. The people of the state are becoming more interested in the

conservation of our game and fish and the laws will be more rigidly enforced, and naturally, we will have more game and fish for those who handle the rod and gun. I want to congratulate you for the effort made towards the conservation of our wild life and we stand ready and willing to give you any assistance in our power, at any time."

The hunters of Missouri and adjoining states rank favorably with those of most any other locality in conservation energy and accomplishment.

If the federal law is declared constitutional it is apparent they should receive proper consideration. If the present law is unconstitutional,

we have no fear that our services will not be most welcome in any future efforts to obtain needed federal laws.—E. T. GREYER, St. Louis, Mo.

AS TO WILSON'S SNIPE.

Wilson's Snipe generally known as Jack Snipe is familiar to everyone who ever hunted over local waters. He is as regular in his arrival as the seasons and makes his appearance in the Spring and Autumn with never failing accuracy. To those who are versed in his habits and who have hunted him successfully, the bird that does not fly that furnishes such keen hunting. They are found in abundance in all lowlands, marshes and loamy soil of Long Island and generally come in the wake of a few warm days.

CHARLIE KNOWS THE DEER BY THEIR FACES.

By Switch Reel.

"Thet ther's a gosh danged good ol' rifle," said Charlie, as he patted his .44 carbine affectionately. "She never went back on me but once and thet warn't altogether her fault."

We were sitting on a stump by the corduroy road waiting for the buck board to take us in and we had a buck and a nice big doe to go in too.

"Wen 'uz thet, Charlie," asked Jud, "the time yer fell into the Agglesby's marsh and plugged her full o' mud?"

"Naw," flashed Charlie, "ner it warn't the time you tried to rassle the little buck in the barn and spoilt yer long tailed coat."

The laugh that followed silenced Jud for we all knew that story. It had become a classic in the Eastern Adirondacks. Jud had been badly beaten and, although not disgraced, yet a mention of the incident always acted as a notice to Jud that he was to keep still.

"Gwan, Charlie. We want to know the story," said Billy.

"Taint what you might call no story," resumed Charlie, "but along towards the first o' the huntin' one fall I an' Dick Baker was over around Grizzly Ocean an' we struck a good track. Dick 'lowed he'd put the deer int' the pond fer me to git so I went 'round to whar the boat was hitched and pritty quick I see the deer come into the pond. Wen he'd got about half way acrost I fired. The smoke hung a leetle but I knowed I'd held right so I jumped int' the boat and rowed out to git the deer. Wen I got thar I turned around to see an' thar was the gosh danged deer a' climbin' into the bushes on tother side o' the pond. I knowed I'd held right an' so I couldn't tell what was th' matter.

"'Bout two weeks afterward I an' Dick was comin' along a mile or two frum the pond an' Dick killed a buck. I ses to Dick soon's I seed its face that it looked like the one I lost in the pond an' Dick 'lowed it had horns just the same. We hunted it all over careful an' ther warn't no hole 'cept whar Dick's ball went in an' I couldn't understand it yit.

"But wen we got it skun an' dressed an' come to cut out the tongue there was a leetle round hole in that there tongue whar a ball'd went thro almost healed up!

"I ses to Dick 'at I's bet ther was sumpin' wrong with that front sight an' I pinte the ol' gun at a knot hole 'bout ten rod off an' the ball went about four inches to the right! See? I knowed I'd held right wen I covered that deer in the watter. Sight was knocked over. Hadn't fired her since the winter before. Knowed it was the same danged deer the minnit I see its face."

SALMON IN MINNESOTA LAKES.

Carlos Avery, State Game and Fish Commissioner has decided that as an experiment Chinook salmon is to be planted in one of the lakes of northern Minnesota. The Commissioner has lately returned from California where he has arranged for a large supply of eggs. This was tried in Sunapee Lake, N. H. and last year 5,000 salmon weighing as high as six pounds were caught in the lake by sportsmen.

THE SMITH



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Prize Fish

1. Caught by W. G. Harding, St. Louis, Mo.
2. 10 lb. Mackinaw Trout caught by F. L. Brian with Bristol Casting Rod.
3. 6 lb. Musk-Pike caught by John C. Wolfe, Zanesville, O.
4. 4 lb. Bass caught on a Bristol in Ossage near Siloam Springs, Arkansas, by Jack Maxwell.
5. A large catch with Bristol Rod by Della Glass, Parma, Idaho.
6. 300 lbs. Jew-fish, length 61 1/2 feet. Caught off coast of Florida, by G. W. Lyler, Columbus, O.
7. Lake-of-the-Woods Trout caught on Bristol Telescopic Rod by G. P. Calvert, Rainey River, Ontario.

The above are only seven of the hundreds of thousands of Prize Fish brought in every year on "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rods.

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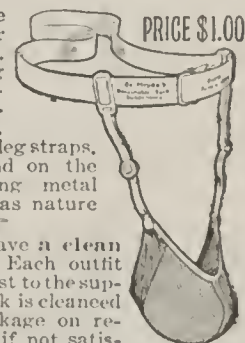
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With the S.S.S. you always have a clean suspensory every morning. Each outfit has two sacks, you can clip one fast to the supporting straps while the other sack is cleaned. All sizes. Mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet.

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Westy Hogan Shoot
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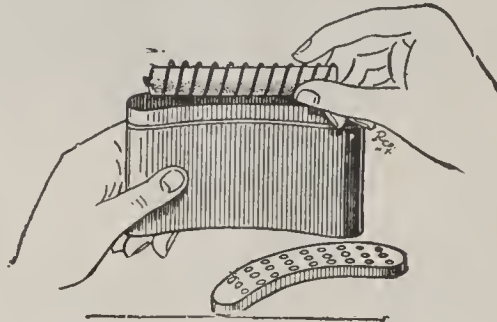
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only modern and sensible substitute for the Hot-water Bottle.

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NEW YORK

BRIEF REVIEWS OF THE SHOOTS OF THE MONTH.

Greene Gun Club.

At the shoot held on September 21st at the Greene Gun Club of Greene, Iowa, the program called for 150 birds. O. C. Hummel was high gun with a score of 147; H. G. Northey second with 144 and A. L. Yearous third with 143. High professional was R. Ragee with a score of 144.

Perry Gun Club.

The following scores were made on September 22nd and 23rd at the registered two days shoot of the Perry Gun Club of Perry, Mo. Out of the 300 birds shot at M. L. Barr was high man with a score of 283, F. R. Correll second with 280 and Joe Gray third with 277. High professional honors went to W. R. Crosby with 293. The shooting was hard especially on the second day on account of a high wind.

Central Pennsylvania Trap Shooters' League.

The Central Pennsylvania Trap Shooters League of Phillipsburg, Pa., held a shoot on September 23rd. It was an ideal day for the sport as the scores here-with will verify. Honors went to J. M. Hawkins with 96 out of 100 shot at, E. M. Bennett was second with 93, and Fred Ebricht third with a score of 91. A. A. Somers was high professional with 98.

Peotone Gun Club.

The registered shoot of the Peotone Gun Club of Peotone, Ill., was held on September 24th. Program called for 150 birds. Frank Graper was first with 147 breaks, C. J. Stade second with 144 and Henry Woemhofer third with 143. Of the professionals W. D. Stannard was high with 147.

Youghioghenny Gun Club.

At the afternoon shoot held on September 27th of the Youghioghenny Gun Club at McKeesport, Pa., the handicap shoot resulted in a win for A. H. Rigsby with 47 out of 50, closely followed by J. P. Calhoun, J. W. Wilson and J. A. C. Sward each with a 46; W. A. Cornelius and Norman Allerdice followed each with a 45. In the contest for doubles for the season, which was decided at this shoot, Calhoun performed the remarkable feat of breaking his entire string of 24 out of a possible 24 winning the trophy for the season.

Sac City Gun Club.

With a drizzling rain falling during the entire shoot a registered tournament of the Sac City Gun Club of Sac City, Iowa, was held on September 28th. Out of 200 targets shot at E. Welch, Jr. of Sac City was high man with a kill of 191, C. M. Merkle of Schaller, Iowa, was second with 186 and G. L. Schuyler and W. A. Legee tied for third with 184. High professional as was only to be expected was won by Fred Gilbert with a break of 199.

Steward Gun Club.

The following scores were turned in at the shoot held on September 29th at the Steward Gun Club of Steward, Ill. Out of a possible 175 C. C. Emery was high with 167, O. P. Goode was next with 166 and A. E. Sheffield third with 159. Of the professionals J. Graham was high with a break of 172.

Benson Gun Club.

The Benson Gun Club of Benson, Ill., held a registered shoot on September 30th. The scores are as follows: 150 birds shot at. J. G. Gray was high amateur with a break of 145 to his credit, E. K. Crother was second with 142 and C. J. Schade and V. L. Risser tied for third with 141 each. Art. Killam lived up to his name and took the professional honors with score of 147.

Saratoga Gun Club.

The September shoot of the Saratoga Gun Club shows that the shooters of the Springwater town hanker for a try at the traps even with the weather conditions most unfavorable. The following scores though not high show some improvement in the shooting of the members. In the 100 target match Levenston was high with 80 to his credit, Greene was second with 76 and Chamberlin third with 65.

The Lincoln Gun Club.

With fair weather and just enough wind to make the targets a little erratic the Lincolnville Gun Club held a registered tournament on October 1st. P. J. Cairns took the honors with a break of 141 out of a possible 150. He was followed by Fred Munsterman with 140 and W. H. Kaiser was third with 139. The professional honors went to W. E. Hubert whose score was 136.

Chatworth Gun Club.

On October 6th, at Chatworth, Ill., the Chatworth Gun Club held a very successful shoot. 150 targets were shot at and the high honors were carried off by F. A. Graper with a break of 146, second place went to E. J. Schade with 145 and M. K. Matheson was third with 144. High professional was Ed. Graham with a score of 147.

Youghioghenny Gun Club.

The shoot off for the 1915 series was held at the Youghioghenny Gun Club at McKeesport, on Saturday afternoon October 11th with the following results: Ad Hickman with a score of 42 out of 50 stood at the head of the list. Stallings and Cornelius with a 40 and 39 respectively following second and third. The next shoot at the club will be on November 6th and will continue every other Saturday throughout the winter months.

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SLEEP OUT OF DOORS

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Please mention "Forest and Stream."

Kankakee Gun Club.

The Kankakee Gun Club of Kankakee, Ills., held a two days' shoot on October 11th and 12th. Program called for 150 birds each day. The first day each shot at 16 yards. The second day was a handicap 16 to 20 yards. Mark Arie proved to be the winner. With a second day's handicap of 20 yards he broke 286 out of the possible 300 shot at. Max Kneussell was second with a handicap of 20 yards breaking 274 and L. C. Huckins with a handicap of 18 yards took third place with a score of 271. High professional at this meet was F. G. Bills who with a handicap of 16 yards broke 289 birds.

Metropolitan Gun Club.

In spite of the strong wind which sent the clay birds jumping in all kinds of ways some good scores were made at the shoot of the Metropolitan Gun Club at Chicago on October 11th. W. Campbell won the Du Pont trophy with a score of 44 x 50. Dr. Conners won the Silver spoon with a score of 24 x 25. Millor was first in the sweepstakes of 50 targets with a score of 25. R. Porter won the 10 target low gun event and Shealy won the beginner's event with a score of 11 x 25.

The Tampa Gun Club.

At a shoot held on October 14th by the Tampa Gun Club of Tampa, Kansas, the following scores are reported. With a program of 150 birds, Forest Luther carried off the honors breaking 140; P. J. Cairn' was second with 136 and H. H. Wetzig was third with 135. High professional was Ed. O'Brien with a score of 145.

SPORTSMAN'S CHOCOLATE BRACER.

At last a chocolate manufacturer has sensed the fact that more than four million men in the United States are sportsmen, that is sportsmen of the sort who use rod and gun, who tramp and pack mile after mile with light pack and heavy appetite. The Knickerbocker Chocolate Company has put up a chocolate bracer, especially for the man on the trail. It is made of pure chocolate, fresh cream, cocoa butter and pure cane sugar. It is sweetened to taste but not to indigestion. Put up in packages, two flat layers to the package, each layer equivalent to a meal of lighter variety. It is adaptable for noonday sandwich, and when placed between two thin slices of bread is a delightful bite full of nutrition and most refreshing. One particularly interesting feature of this new departure for the sportsmen's kit is the fact that the chocolate bracer is put up at a price that enables the camper to use it as a food and not a luxury. The price is two pounds for one dollar—sounds unreasonable but none the less it is true. Try it on your next trip. Any sporting goods dealer can supply it or send to Knickerbocker Chocolate Co., 445 West 31st Street, New York.

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The best goose and duck stand near Boston. One hour by train or motor. The three best points on a large pond included in this property. Address, J. P., care Forest and Stream.

EXCELSIOR BELT SAFE--Absolutely Water-proof

Indispensable to the BATHER to put your Eyeglasses, Jewelry, Bathhouse Key in before going into the water. EVERY CANOEIST, FISHERMAN, HUNTER, ETC.

should have one. Will keep your Matches, Cigarettes, Tobacco, Money, Jewelry Water-Proof, Dust-Proof Burglar-Proof. Small and compact, made of Brass, Nickel Plated, Gun Metal or Oxidized, and furnished complete with fancy canvas belt. Sent anywhere on receipt of \$1.00.

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Emerald Glo natural green lenses are extra large to protect eyes from wind, cinders, and dust. Lenses have a belt of ground glass to exclude glaring light, yet leaving a clear green open space to see through as large as ordinary glasses. Can be worn over ordinary glasses. Strong, light, shell rims; easy, pliable, "cable" earpieces. Prepaid for \$1.00. Money back unconditionally if not satisfied.

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You can always depend upon good old

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Supplied in Bottles and Splits by all Good Dealers.

C. H. EVANS & SONS, Established 1786, HUDSON, N. Y.

THE HUNTER AND HIS FEET.

(Continued from page 668.)

However, some form of nailing, even for the best of sewed shoes, will help to make the soles wear longer, and will keep the shoe from losing its shape. If one walks more heavily on the outside of the foot, put in an excess of nails there; for when one has a shoe that really fits, it is above price, and should be kept as long as possible.

Be sure that your shoe has a good, generous heel, extending well under the arch of the foot, if you want comfort. A short heel is an invitation for a crippled foot.

It doesn't pay to economize in socks. One can't afford to spoil a good vacation by foot discomfort, when he could have made himself easy with a few extra pair of sox. Either wash what you have, and so have a fresh pair every day; or throw the used ones away and put on new ones. Not the cheap ones—they are never comfortable, even though they wear well; get a good enough sock to be comfortable.

I am not talking of the miner, the farmer, the woodsman, who makes the outdoors his business all the time; he knows how to meet these problems, according to his needs or his purse, but the city man, unaccustomed to "roughing it."

TO GAIL.

O sweet October,
On thy fairy wing
The weary leaves take rest and sing
Of the joy a year can bring,
When work is done
And they move on to the Eternal One.

O sweet, sweet maid,
In thy gentle heart
Youth lingers long and lives a part
Of the Eternal throng, loth to depart.
Though life leads on
To joys unknown—
To mother-song.

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WHERE OTHERS DO NOT GO.

I HAVE found that trips for sport please me more when I go where others do not go. So one day when a trip was planned for combined fishing and hunting and I found San Clemente Island was the destination, I consented at once to join the party.

The next Wednesday night at ten o'clock was set as the time for the start and promptly on time, George Dawson, Thad Stevens, Doctor Parker and myself, met on the Long Beach pier all loaded down with blankets, grub, rods and rifles. At the boat landing Captain Paul Anderson and Engineer Thomas Albricht of the gasolene launch, "Eagle," met us. Everything being ready we boarded the Eagle and started at once for our destination via Catalina Island.

The night is bright; the sky is glittering with lights; the ocean is smooth; the engine works perfectly and with a foresail to help, we run the twenty-seven miles and anchor in Avalon Harbor, Santa Catalina, at two o'clock in the morning. Three hours sleep in the bunks and we trip anchor and tie up to the Avalon pier for breakfast at the cafe. Six o'clock and we are on our way to San Clemente; ten thirty and down goes the anchor in the harbor of San Clemente Island and a boat containing one occupant is putting off from shore. Al Shade is the boatman's name and he is so pleased to see someone that he insists we must come ashore and have dinner with him. Arrangements are soon made that we will catch a few fish and come ashore at noon. The question is asked, "Where is the best place to fish, Al?" "Fish!" replied Al, "Just look over the side!"

And such a sight! sandy bottom about fifty feet under water and perch, bass, white fish and sheep-head of all sizes, reflecting the sunlight in a medley of bright colors. It was just a problem of dropping the baited hook in front of the fish desired when with a rush Mr. Fish took the bait. The fish were small—two to five pounds—and we confined ourselves mostly to bass, as they are the most edible. A sufficient number having been caught to supply us with plenty to eat, we gathered up our supplies and Al rowed us ashore to his camp.

Imagine a cove with a small, deep harbor, a sandy beach for about a hundred yards, back of that a knoll, and then the mountains arising straight up for a mile.

Upon a knoll, a small well-made house constructed of rough lumber and canvas—three rooms; kitchen, dining room and bed room erected under the only trees I saw on the island. There is scarcely any vegetation excepting cactus, sage brush and mesquite.

Al Shade lives there the year round and makes a good living entertaining fishing parties. Sword-fish, tuna or smaller fish, whatever it is you want to catch, Al know where it is, can furnish the bait and cook for you—and such a cook! Such chowders! absolutely the best ever. Fish cooked any way wanted, and there are any kinds of fish to cook.

Dinner finished, we go about a mile along the shore and spend the afternoon fishing for the five or ten pound little fellows of all kinds. Nothing remarkable about the afternoon outside of the number and variety of fish caught.

We harbor again and Al's fish chowder, hot biscuits, tomatoes stewed, three kinds of fish and



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goat cutlets, stowed away, we get our rifles ready and all start in different directions up the mountains to ambush the wild goats as they come down off the tableland at dark. After a hard climb and many rests to regain my wind, I found myself skirting the edge of a deep ravine, rounding a jutting rock. A billy, three nannies and a kid see me about the same time that I see them. They are about fifty yards away and I drop one while they stop, startled, and the billy and another nannie while they are jumping a wide fissure. The other nannie and the kid disappeared over the rocks.

The goat first shot was easy to reach but the

other two were across a fifteen foot fissure that was so deep I could not get to them.

It was nearly dark, so I shouldered the goat and started back. Darkness came suddenly at it does in that part of the country, about eight o'clock, and such a time as I had getting back to Al's camp! I rolled the goat down cliffs and found a way down for myself. I never could have made it had it not been for my pocket flashlight and as it was I don't believe there was a square inch of my body that did not have from one to fifty cactus needles sticking in it when I reached camp.

I found Thad Stevens there ahead of me. He

Uncle Sam and You— Brother Sportsman

¶ Nobody ever told Bill Smith that his Uncle Sam was interested in him as a hunter . . . a strong believer in hunting.

¶ Nobody ever told him that the United States Bureau of Biological Survey connected with the Department of Agriculture was looking after *his* interests.

¶ Nobody ever told him the best men in the Bureau were brother sportsmen who became naturalists and entered the Government service through their enthusiasm for hunting.

¶ When he got hot under the collar, because he thought his Uncle Samuel was not giving him a square deal, he found no lack of sympathy on the street corner and in the newspapers.

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¶ Read Mr. Cave's articles, beginning in *Recreation* for November. They will explain everything.

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had shot a goat, not over two hundred yards up a ravine from camp. Then came Captain Anderson and Doctor Parker with a goat between them. Soon after Thomas Albricht came down the shore with no game. He had had two long shots but had missed.

George Dawson had not appeared but soon we saw a tiny light, leaping into a flame way up on the mountain side and concluding that George was unable to get down we took lanterns and made that weary climb again to find George had no flashlight and could not get down in the dark without help.

Stories until eleven o'clock and then bed. A single bed for each of us with plenty of cover and never a stir until day breaks, when Thad and myself started up the mountain to get the goats shot the previous evening, that I had not been able to reach. But twenty-five feet was as close as we could get to them. After many efforts we were finally obliged to leave them where they were and go back to camp to report our lack of success and have breakfast.

After eating we concluded to troll for yellow tail and tuna along the coast of the island and many an exciting fight was witnessed that forenoon as well as one ludicrous in the extreme. George was trolling with about two hundred feet of line out and speaking of the probability of catching a sword-fish so late in the season, when he had a terrific strike and a large fin appeared above the water in the vicinity of his bait. With a cry of "I've got a sword-fish!" George began to handle his reel, but the tension on the line suddenly slackened and when George reeled in he had only the head of a large bonita on his hook. A shark had struck the bonita at the same time that the bonita struck the bait and the tail of that shark certainly did look like the back fin of a sword-fish.

Back to the camp and dinner and the afternoon was spent in collecting abalones, a few of which Al prepared for supper. Did you ever eat one, pounded on a rock and cooked in batter? One is all you can eat. It is a plate full and surely delicious.

After supper, with regrets that we could not stay longer we started back for Long Beach, to arrive there at two o'clock the next morning after a rather rough trip.

That is an island I am going to visit again. The best sea fishing I ever experienced, and it is certainly worth the trip to eat one of Al Shade's meals.

San Clemente lies about thirty miles beyond Catalina Island and is about twenty-four miles long, by twelve wide. It belongs to the United States Government and the life on the island consists of rodents, foxes and goats.

The island is just a mass of mountains arising from the ocean with a tableland on top consisting of thousands of level acres which grow an abundant crop of wild oats and grass.

There is one spring on the beach above Al Shade's camp where fresh water can be obtained at low tide; the ocean covering the spring at high tide. With this exception the island has no water supply excepting the rain water caught in pot-holes in the rocks but that seems to be sufficient for the wild life on the island.

The shores of the island slope abruptly and the water is so clear that marine life can be plainly seen at a depth of one hundred feet.

D. O. NORTON.

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

Charles Frederick Holder, revered by sportsmen throughout the world, died on October tenth, at his home in Pasadena, California. Mr. Holder is known to every reader of *Forest and Stream*, through his writing during the past decade. Besides being a writer of note Mr. Holder, was an ardent enthusiast and worker in the matter of fish and game conservation and propagation. He was a member of the National Geographical Society, Linnaean Society, Academy of Sciences, Los Angeles Society for Protection of Game, American Fisheries Society, American Scenic and Prevention Society, National Conservation Society, American Game Protective and Propagation Society, Audubon Society of California and Los Angeles Zoological Society. Mr. Holder's writings include more than fifty books that not only are classics but the accepted authority on the subjects they cover. As founder of the Tuna Club at Catalina he developed what now is the first sport among big game fishermen. Charles Frederick Holder will be mourned by every real sportsman in America. Elsewhere in this issue appears what is probably the last work from the pen of this noted writer.

In the passing of Dr. Chas. F. Holder the outdoor world loses one of its most charming writers; science loses a distinguished member, and the whole world is poorer in consequence. Dr. Holder's long connection with *Forest and Stream* makes his death doubly regretful to readers of this journal, every one of whom, had grown not only to admire but to love a contributor who, in exact knowledge and wealth of vocabulary, has had no superior since the days of Isaak Walton. Dr. Holder will live in the many beautiful books he has given us. That his memory will be perpetual has also been made certain through the subscription of \$50,000 by a group of his friends to be used for an endowment chair of biology at the Throop College of Technology at Pasadena.

NAVAJO INDIAN RUGS.

Navajo Indian rugs are woven by hand of sheep's wool in fascinating designs and colorings. They are the only hand-wrought floor coverings made by a primitive people in the United States.

The Navajo Indian Reservation is situated in northwestern New Mexico and northeastern Arizona, and has an area almost equal to that of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut together. The Indians live in isolated houses, or "hogans," built of stones, mud and twisted cedar boughs, and here the famous "blankets" are woven. There are no towns or villages, for the people are not gregarious, and though the tribe numbers over 28,000 souls, a crowd gets together only when there is a dance, or "fiesta." There are many Navajos who have never seen a white man.

The weaving is done by the women and young girls, the latter being taught some of the steps as early as four years old. The great fear of the old chiefs is that as civilization encroaches upon the tribe, the art of weaving will gradually die out, and every effort is being made to perpetuate the remarkable artistry and craft-hood that has made the rugs of the Navajos superior in some ways to Orientals.

The dearest possessions of every squaw are

her weaving implements, and these are often passed down from mother to daughter through several generations. Rug weaving is not a specialized art, where one does all the dyeing, another the spinning, and so on. Each woman must know each step of the process and the acquisition of this knowledge means a life's work.

From the very beginning, when the wool is sheared, until the finished rug is untied from the loom, every step is taken in the most laborious way, and the most primitive tools are used; but the result is miraculous, and no one in looking at the riot of color and ingenuity of design can fail to appreciate that skill and patience play

a large part in the making. The Indian squaw lays thread upon thread, deftly, surely building up little by little a story of hope deferred or victory won, until, at the end of six or eight months, what we see as a rather attractive Indian rug is in reality a part of the weaver's life story.

White, black and brown sheep roam on the reservation, and from these the Indians get their white, black and brown wool. The gray is made by mixing, or carding the white and black together. In these colorings there is no dye. Other colors used are red, indigo, green and yellow; all native dyes except the red, which is a vegetable dye made especially for the Indian trade

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Santa Claus Library for Sportsmen

It soon will be time for old Santa to be picking out wantable things to tuck into your hunting socks. He always has spent a lot of time thumbing our sportsman's library and no doubt he has his eye cast this-ward right now. Want him to bring you anything to read in front of the log fire, to the accompaniment of the old Jimmy pipe, sending wreaths of Tuxedo smoke to the ceiling? If you do just carelessly mark on this page the books you would like Santa to waft in your direction and leave the copy, open, page upwards on your den table, and most likely Mrs. or Miss Santa will read your mind and fill your number nine woolens with good things by men who know the out doors and know how to tell about it.

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Camp Life and the Tricks of Trapping, by W. H. Gibson. Price, 50 cents.

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The Complete Sportsman, by Howland Caspar. Price \$1.00.

A manual of practical information for the instruction and guidance of devotees of the gun. Price, \$1.00.

Fetch and Carry, by B. Waters. Price, \$1.00.

Tells of methods by which a dog may be taught to retrieve either by the force or "natural" system.

Put Cross Before Books You Want

Hitting vs. Missing, by S. T. Hammond. Price, \$1.00.

A manual for the field shooter by a most successful field shot.

Men I Have Fished With, by Fred Mather. Price, \$1.50.

A series of sketches of character and incident with rod and gun from the killing of birds and little fishes to buffalo hunting.

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A work covering the entire field of fish culture of every kind.

My Friend the Partridge, by S. T. Hammond. Price, 50 cents.

A delightful reminder of crisp Autumnal days in the covers.

Training vs. Breaking, by S. T. Hammond. Price, \$1.00.

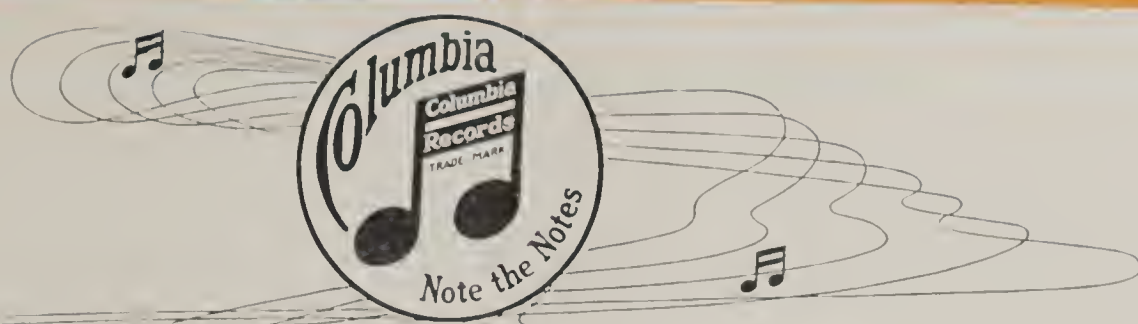
The author tells how to bring out the wonderful intelligence of a dog by kindness as opposed to force.

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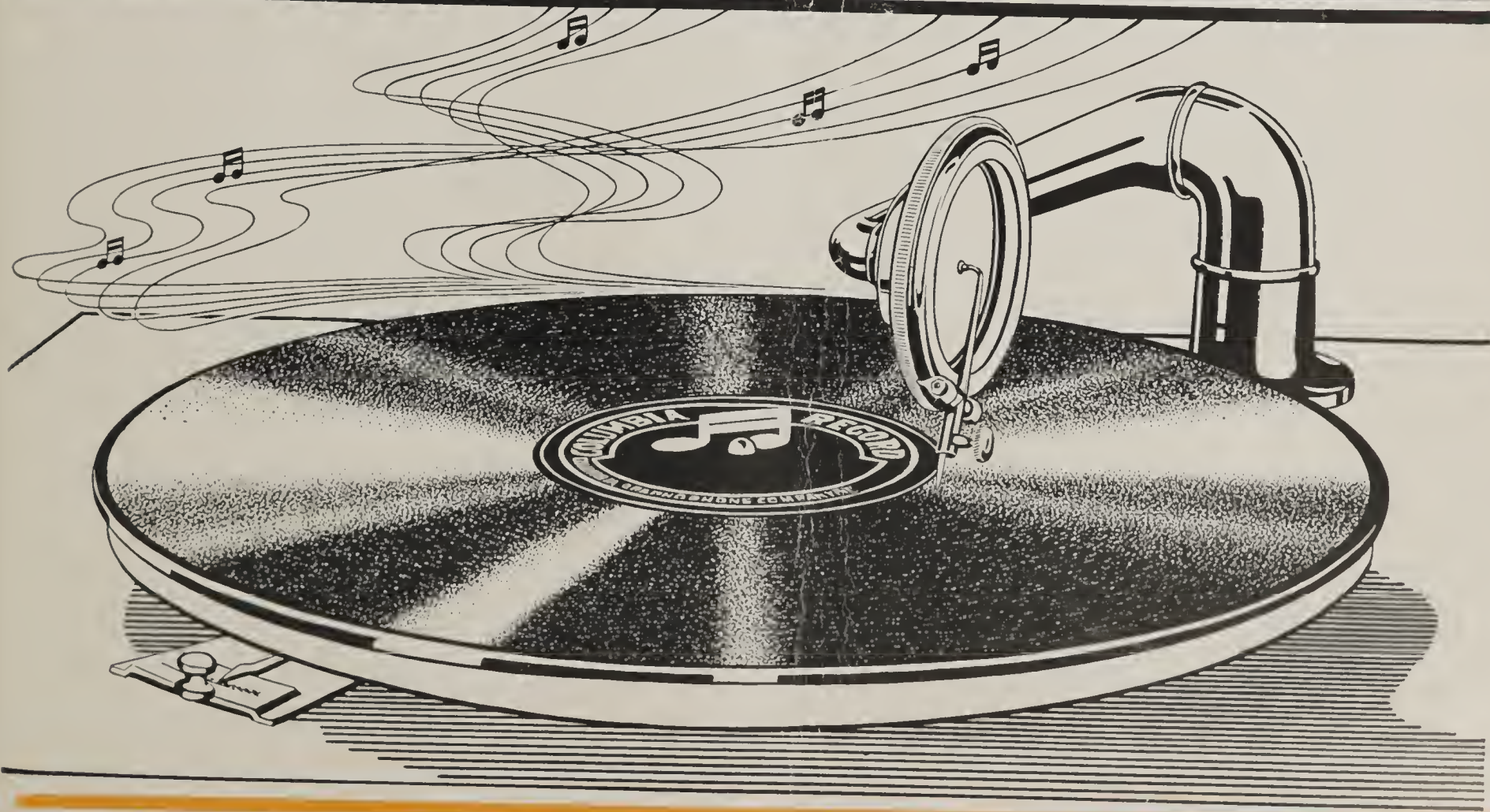
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December, 1915

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See Page 702

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"Double Barrel"
Walter Winans
Charles Bradford

Louis Rhead
Sydney G. Fisher
"Canuck"
Edward T. Martin

Lucien C. Dehart
Charles Lockwood
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We are not in the painting business and are not agents for depicitors of canine profiles but we have a dog picture that every dog owner or dogless doglover should have.

It is a reproduction in oils, on canvas and stretcher, of a famous painting by the world-famed E. H. Osthaus. None but an expert could distinguish original from copy. The minutest detail has been observed in the print, for it is a print, only instead of ink and paper, oils, true to color, and canvas have been used.



The title of the picture is IN SOUTHERN QUAIL FIELDS, and is shown (to very poor advantage) in the half tone on this page.

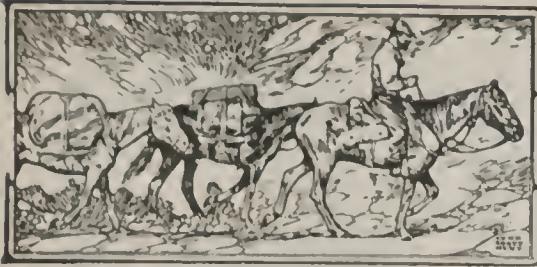
We want you to have this picture for your den—imagine your sportsmen friends coming in and exclaiming: "Where did you get that Osthaus painting, Old Chap?" You'd feel pretty cocky.

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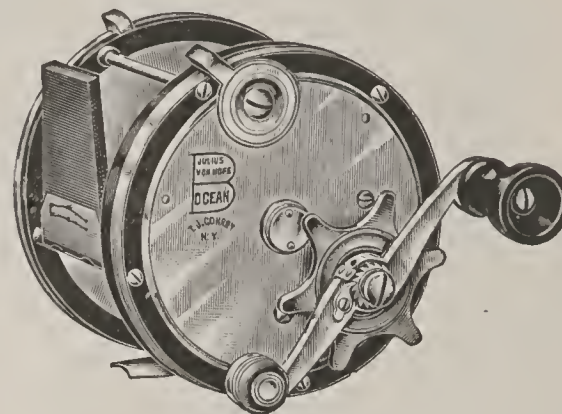
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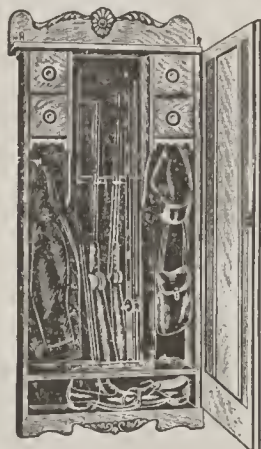
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THE MARKET PLACE

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PUBLISHING COMPANY**
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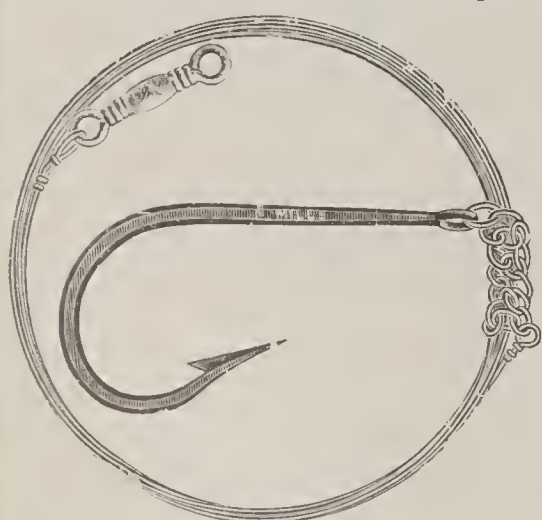
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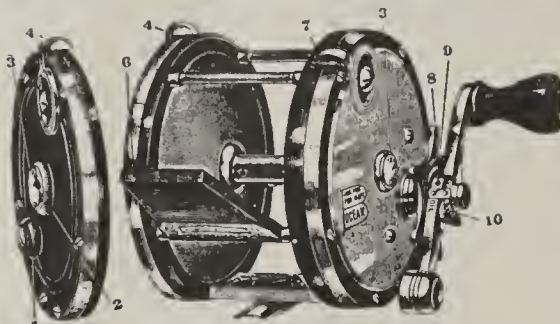
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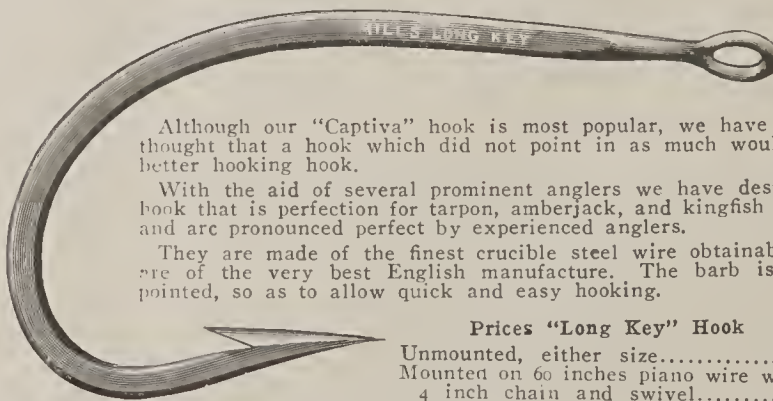
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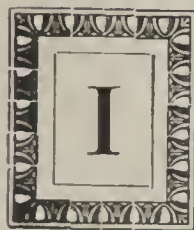
DECEMBER, 1915

No. 12

An Unexploited Wilderness by the Sea

In these Super-Civilized Days it is Hard Indeed to find a Genuine Bit of Good Hunting and Fishing Territory Comparatively Accessible, But Here is One

By Ellwood Colahan.



IN these super-civilized days it is hard indeed to find a genuine bit of unexploited country which is nevertheless comparatively accessible. It is not only delightful but positively novel to cruise through a forest where there are neither trails nor people to travel them and to pitch one's tent in a spot free of dilapidated tin cans and denatured cut boughs. In fact after a long and progressive experience which began in a Catskill hotel and ended in a New Brunswick "camp," I had about come to the conclusion that the real thing was not to be had south of 47 deg. N. latitude. Then I discovered the East Shore of Nova Scotia, the Wilderness by the Sea,—and changed my mind.

Like the old trout stream on the edge of town that nobody fishes, this fabulously quaint little corner of the universe has somehow avoided the vast and ever increasing migrations of sportsmen and tourists until it remains almost the only reachable country where the best sport may be had for the asking—and nobody asks. The desperately barren and agriculturally useless nature of the country and the consequent aloofness of the railroads may in a measure account for this state of affairs although it is certain that so attractive a slice of the happy hunting ground as the East Shore can not much longer limit its patrons to the few who have already had the hardihood to venture into it.

It was, therefore, with unmingled enthusiasm



A Handsome Nova Scotia Salmon.

that Yok and I greeted a letter from Jeff, an old Nova Scotia acquaintance of ours, asking us to join him on a two weeks' prospecting cruise through the fastnesses of the East Shore. While Jeff was nominally interested in sounding the country for gold quartz, which occurs frequently in this part of the world, his glowing description of the sporting possibilities of the district constituted the inducement that eventually packed us up. According to Jeff, neither guides, fellow sportsmen nor closed seasons interfered with the placid serenity of the exclusive East Shore. In the hunting season after killing one's limit, one need merely tie four feet of line and a hook wound with a wisp of grass to the muzzle of one's gun in order to get enough trout to stock an ordinary river, and vice versa in the fishing season.

But you see we knew Jeff; and while we didn't insinuate that he could tell an artistic one if he tried, we did come prepared for eventualities. No one realizes better than myself, however, that it is my business here to tell you what we actually did find.

So, late in August, we packed our gear and took wing for Halifax. As both of us were ardent disciples of "going light" there wasn't much to pack, our outfit consisting of a small balloon silk lean-to, a blanket and rubber blanket apiece, a small axe, a cooking outfit consisting of a pan, two pots, cups and spoons (purchased at Woolworth's for less than seventy-five cents), and dehydrated and powdered foods and soups with a background of bacon, rice and prunes,

together with the little necessities of camp life, a pair of Colts and plenty of fishing tackle. Our packs when loaded and ready for business (outside of Jeff's prospecting kit), weighed less than twenty-five pounds apiece; and I think that any forest cruiser will admit that this is cutting it down some for a two weeks' hike.

It was a stormy night in the last week in August before we found ourselves aboard the tiny little boat which ventures from Halifax eastward along the desolate storm-lashed, fog-ridden coast to M— Harbor, our ultimate destination. It was raining and blowing and fogging and altogether doing everything it could to be as nasty as possible. Incidentally to make matters interesting it appeared that the three staterooms of which the S. S. "D" was the proud possessor were already preoccupied by trios of violently sea-sick passengers, which disconcerting fact necessitated our bunking down in the only available place consistent with comparative safety, which happened to be the bottom of a pendulent life boat on the superstructure deck. It may be noted that the lower deck was usually knee deep in green water. So we spread the folds of our tent over the four inch slats that divided the bottom of our life boat at comfortable intervals and wrapping ourselves as best we could, settled down to the benign contemplation of the belligerent and amphibious elements around us. The "D." though by no means the proportions of a premiere danseuse performed more extraordinary feats in advanced acrobatics that night than one would believe possible in a boat not owned and operated by the devil himself. It is no insult to accuse a man of having been seasick on such a trip as that, for (to be Irish) anybody who wasn't was a liar! Needless to say that when we arrived at M— Harbor the following afternoon at five o'clock, some nine hours overdue, we were a very bedraggled and woe begone lot. Our rosy hallucinations about things in general had all disappeared in a riotous chaos of drunken life-boats and rebellious stomachs. The shifting of our water-logged duffel in the pouring rain to the flat barren rocks which constituted the only land in sight was not calculated to reassure us and a muddy mile of villainous road which wound in and out of a fringe of gray woods, fog-wreathed and stunted, occasionally broken by tiny poverty-stricken fishermen's cottages and bits of clearings where pitiful crops of hay and potatoes struggled for their scant existence, completed the ebb to which our mental and physical spirits had flowed.

It was eight o'clock before we were finally in the four room hotel of M— Harbor. A plentiful meal of huge pickled trout, caught only the day before by the family urchin and for some unaccountable reason promptly "pickled" for local consumption, with really delicious baked beans and ubiquitous tea and potatoes did much to revive us. After a man's stomach has been a vacuum for twenty-four hours a little nourish-

ment creates about as pleasant a sensation as one could expect to enjoy, especially the hot and monstrously strong tea that one always finds in these latitudes.

We were informed by our host, a burly Scotch-Irish giant, that Hen McNeill, the man who was to "take us in" had been called eastward on an unexpected lumbering expedition, and we, therefore, decided, and not without some of the exhilaration of school boys in a melon patch, to venture in alone.

Another couple of hours before turning in was taken up with preparations and the assimilation of highly specialized advice from three or



We Camped That Night by the Edge of the Great Forest.

four philosophers who were making desperate though fruitless efforts to assume the place of the delinquent Hen McNeill, and when the three of us eventually disappeared in our single, commodious and enveloping feather bed it may well be imagined that our joys and sorrows were speedily obliterated.

The morrow dawned, or tried to dawn, but made a very poor business of it, for a thick fog still clung to the visible portions of the dripping landscape. We rose, however, and were amazed to find at the unearthly hour of five A. M. that the selfsame coterie whom we had left at midnight were still engaged in silent speculation about the kitchen fire. I inquired discreetly whether it were customary to retire for the night on the East Shore, but it developed in the course of a few monosyllabic replies that the gentlemen had all been home, broken their fasts and dropped in to see us off. Whether this course of affairs was the usual

thing in M— Harbor I am not prepared to say, although judging by our reception I think I am safe in concluding that nobody present had ever beheld an American sportsman before.

Our last touch of civilization consisted of more trout and beans and tea and we were off for the open. The "closed," however, would have been a better name for it. Jeff was bound for a couple of mythical lakes somewhere in the remote interior and he claimed to be master of a system of dead reckoning which might eventually get us there. But judging by our start the question was not free from doubt. We had been instructed to take the first "old road" leading off to the northward with "two little blazes" by it. This was said to be "abote a mile." For the benefit of the uninitiated "abote a mile" in Nova Scotia is two hours' brisk walk, and a "road" any temporary thinning out of what would otherwise be an impassable jungle admitting of a human being's kicking himself through. As a matter of fact it took us all of three hours to find this particular road and then it was the blazes and not the road that finally caught Jeff's sophisticated and eager eye. But we had come to take chances and in we plunged. Besides the sun was beginning to burst through the rack of scud and the glamor of the woods was getting into our blood. Do you know the wild, mad exhilaration of going into a new country unknown and untried? Do you know the keen joy of wandering you know not, care not, where with new lakes, new streams, new mountains and the never ending mystery of the primeval and the eternal over you, under you and around you? Do you love the free vagabondage with nature, your all upon your back, king of illimitable acres and despot of unnumbered flocks and herds? If so, you would love the East Shore, for here are primeval woods, indeed, thousands and thousands of square miles of them, most of which are rarely if ever visited by a human being save perhaps an occasional lumberman or

lonely trapper from one of the villages on the coast. In spite of this utter isolation the peninsula is only some sixty miles across, which renders the coast always accessible in a couple of days' forced march.

Our first day's hike was a very arduous one. A scant trail led off to the north through a succession of marshes of deep green and reddish brown arctic moss, varied by parallel granite ridges thrown up like mighty parapets across our path and occasional hard wood hills of variegated second growth. Every now and then a little icy brook would wander across the trail, through an impenetrable tangle of bushes and alders giving promise of substantial piscatorial blessings to come. The air, bereft of the tedious vapors of the preceding days, speedily became crisp and cool and with the bracing blue sky life was again the joyous thing it was intended to be.

Signs of animal life began to appear in the



No Scales to Weigh 'Em, but They Look Well Over Three Pounds.

shape of an old hen grouse with her brood of adolescent young, almost tame enough to eat out of our hands, and a couple of fat porcupines, who watched us interestedly from the tops of their respective fir trees.

Well on in the afternoon we reached a river of good size for Nova Scotia, but quite uncanoeable on account of its practically continuous shallows. Here we pitched our tent in a fine grove of canoe birch and balsam and soon had everything ship-shape for our first good snooze in the woods. A meal of bacon, potatoes, coffee and water crackers was soon in preparation by Yok, our most skillful chef, and while Jeff wandered off to inspect some rocks down the river I splashed up the stream in quest of *leviathanus Nova Scotialis Jeffii*.

I cast assiduously for an hour and a half over some fine looking pools and succeeded in beaching a brace of six inch wrigglers, which I returned in disgust. A quarter of an hour later over one of Yok's most elegant repasts, when the facts were put up to Jeff, that worthy witheringly informed me that Nova Scotia trout do not lie in pools and rapids like civilized trout do, but that they are to be found only in the long, deep, still waters where the stream winds through the damp marsh country. The dinner was too good for me to pursue this dubious question further, but to put it mildly, I had me doots.

Of course, we lost no time in turning in. A big camp fire toasted our toes and kept away the cold, August though it was, until dawn, at which time I awoke positively numb, to find the bushes outside white with a heavy frost just beginning to melt in the first rays of the morning sun. It was cold work taking a plunge that morning, b-r-r! my teeth chatter even yet to think of it!

We covered only four or five miles per day

for the next three days, spending a good deal of time prospecting with Jeff. The granite country had given place to a quartzite slate, which occasionally showed more or less encouraging streaks. At first the going was really terrifying. It was a case of keep to the river or nothing, for under any circumstances knee-deep water is preferable to neck-deep brush; but on the second day we ran into an old lumber trail and after that things went more smoothly. As we progressed the country grew wilder and more picturesque. By the third day we were in uncut, aboriginal forests of hemlock, fir, beech and birch.

Game signs of all sorts became constantly more plentiful as the traces of our trail diminished. Grouse were so abundant that one of us actually knocked one over with a stone, never dreaming that the thing was possible. Porcupines, minks, woodcock and rabbits were also abundant and fresh signs of moose and deer, the latter of which are quite rare in Nova Scotia, began to appear. Even then we were perhaps not above ten miles from the sea as the crow flies. Our opinions of Jeff began to revive except with respect to the fishing though we had to admit that we hadn't as yet encountered a "stillwater" where his psychological theories might be put in practice.

But the next day we had our reward. After a journey of a few miles we came to the first fork of our river, the smaller branch which led off to the northeast, being the one we were scheduled to follow. Up this we tracked for the remainder of the day, leaving every vestige of a trail behind us and keeping principally to the decidedly chilly bed of the stream, which was constantly broken by pools, rocks and windfalls. We kept this up for about six or seven miles, passing two unapproachable still waters where the network of alders and bushes absolutely prevented the possibility of a cast.

In there Jeff assured us there were trout. Our replies will not bear repetition. Another three miles brought us to a third still, which started in to be the replica of its predecessors but finally opened out into a dark, deep winding stretch of water with comparatively clear, swampy banks. Packs were joyously cast aside and rods strung together. Jeff looked like a criminal facing the bar; his reputation as an angler and gentleman was fully and fairly at stake and he knew it. Unfortunately conditions were by no means ideal, as it was a bright, warm day and not late in the afternoon. I distinctly noticed Jeff's hand tremble as he dropped a small grouse and claret dropper and a flaunting Jenny Lind stretcher over a cluster of low bushes into the black depths beyond, but Jenny was too much for the finny swains in that still water—conditions or no conditions. They had evidently never seen anything like her before for three of them leaped clear of the water in a mad effort to discover what the strange new creature was. Jeff was vindicated. From then on, we practically lived on trout: it was no trick in some of the still waters to hook a dozen pairs in as many casts. These trout, it is true, were not large, running only to a pound and a half and averaging much less, but they were marvelously game in spite of the dead water in which they were caught and a finer pan fish could not be imagined.

The next day we traced the stream through a

succession of ponds and stillwaters, in all of which trout literally swarmed, to a sizeable lake hemmed in by fine hills of original hemlock and birch. As we approached the outlet three or four large blue herons rose to welcome us in a leisurely, grandfatherly sort of way and a brazen-throated loon chortled derisively from somewhere up the blue distances of the lake. We pitched our camp in a lovely spot among a lot of great pines overlooking the water, but before we had raised the tent a flock of black ducks appeared in the offing, gradually making toward us along the shore. Armed only with .32 Colts we advanced to an opportune screen of sheep laurel bushes and waited until the ducks got to some reedy shallows within thirty paces of us; letting them have it together we brought down a pair at the first volley. Most of these ducks seemed unable to fly but they were too speedy for our remaining shots, which all went wide. We waded out after our prey and a glorious dinner they made that night with the last jar of marmalade and plenty of rice, potatoes and coffee to back them up, or rather down.

We spent the better part of a week on this lake, principally prospecting. On the morning of our arrival we knocked a startlingly, unwieldy and cranky raft together on which we made some perilous voyages of exploration about the lake, which we found a beauty, some five miles in length by a mile in width, garlanded by wild evergreen hills which rose sheer from the water in places to a considerable height.

There is scarcely anything we wouldn't have given for a canoe, but the job of personally conducting one over the route we had taken was too terrific a possibility even to be contemplated.

(Continued on page 724.)



Here Are Two, but the Reader Will Have to Guess the Weight.



After Caribou on The Barrens of Newfoundland

Story of a Trip which Was Attended by Some Excitement but Ended in Success—Big Game Hunting at its Best

By "Double Barrel."

(This concludes one of the best accounts of a caribou hunt ever contributed to the columns of "Forest and Stream." "Double Barrel" desires to preserve his anonymity but the thanks and appreciation of all who have followed this story go out to him just the same.)

IV.

Back to the roar of the city streets,

Back once more to the grind and strain,

Still, I feel the moss 'neath my feet

And the smell of the barrens wet with rain.

Smith did not care to hunt any more caribou. His heels were again very sore and he could hardly walk. He said if we rested one day and went out the next it would suit him as he had all the hunting he desired.

Though the hunting had been poor, as far as heads were concerned, yet I felt that the trip was probably more enjoyable than if there had been more caribou, because we had to hunt long and hard to get our heads. Newfoundland differs from any country in which I have hunted, in that there is no game, except caribou. In New Brunswick, when you are through shooting moose, you can hunt deer, and so in the West, and in practically all other game countries there is always some other kind of game which you can hunt when you have secured your main trophies, but in Newfoundland, on the Terra Nova, there is absolutely nothing else to do. There were not even partridges and rabbits in sufficient quantity to count, and, when you were through hunting caribou, you were through with

your trip. The very country itself is bare of life. There are not even squirrels in Newfoundland and how silent the woods are when there are no squirrels! So too, there are very few birds. We saw a few camp robbers, or moose birds, and perhaps a half dozen other birds. Of animals we saw about three rabbits and they were the only animals, except the caribou. Were it not for the latter, Newfoundland would be a country entirely lacking animal life.

After the termination of Smith's hunt we spent one more day in our main camp resting up and getting things ready for our trip and then turned our faces to the river and went down to the log camp. The next morning a very heavy rain came on and Dan suggested that it would be wise to stay in camp another day while Ned and Tom carried all the extra stuff up the river. This was about seven miles so that Ned and Tom were elected to have a pleasant day in the rain, carrying out the caribou skins and heads, while Piney took care of things around the camp. Dan said he would like to go out and shoot a caribou for himself and that he would give us a piece of the meat to take home. We had been unable to take any of the meat of our caribou out to the lower camp, so Smith gladly gave Dan his rifle to hunt with while we went after more trout.

Dan returned at dark with the hind quarters of

a small stag, some pieces of the tenderloin and the skin. He told us that he would be delighted to have us take out the hind quarters and we were glad to do so. During the day Dan had visited the camp of two trappers and found them the sorest and angriest of men. It seems that they had caught alive a beautiful silver female fox, which was worth close to five thousand dollars for breeding purposes on a fox farm. They had made a stout pen of logs and put in it a lot of caribou meat for the fox to eat and then had gone to look at some other traps. On their return they found that a bear had visited their camp and knocked the pen to pieces to get at the meat, and of course, their fortune had gone through the first hole in the pen. No speculator in Wall Street, who sees his millions melt away in a panic was ever worse hit by fate than these two woodsmen.

Ned and Tom did not get back until late tired from a long, hard trip. Dan never seemed to mind how much work Ned and Tom did, and before the end of the trip, our stock joke was to say, "Let the Sweetapple twins do your work." They were at it morning, noon and night.

The next day was fine and we planned to leave the river that day. It was the last of the week, and, unless we caught the train that left Terra Nova early Friday morning, we could not get

into Canada until Sunday, and no trains left on Sunday in Newfoundland or the Eastern part of Canada. We therefore knew that we would have to make a long day of it. We started heavily loaded about six in the morning and took our packs down to Pynsent Lake. There we loaded the raft and discovered that it would not hold us all so Dan and I were elected to walk, while the raft was poled four miles down the edge of the lake. The walking was about the worst imaginable, being along the steep sides of a mountain leading down to the lake, over small scrub and fallen timber. In addition, it came on to snow heavily so that it was worse as we went along. Dan wanted to keep up with the raft so he went through the timber at top speed and we reached the lower end of the lake just about a minute before the raft arrived.

We were now four miles from the river and taking our packs we started across the marsh the way we had come. By ten o'clock we were at the river. We made a fire and Dan got out the last of the whiskey and everybody had a hot Scotch and then we put all the stuff in the canoes and started down the river to Terra Nova.

The first six miles down the river was fast paddling and we arrived near the entrance to the lake about noon and stopped on a sand bar. While the rest of the party were getting lunch, Dan set a lynx trap on the bar near us, and I have since heard from him, saying that when he went back he found a big lynx in the trap. He had seen the tracks of the lynx both on the way going up and coming down and so had decided that this was his regular haunt. We had lunch of ham and beans and dough boys. The latter had to be cooked twice because Piney filled the pot too full so that when they raised they automatically extinguished the fire and burned the boys and the pot. The second attempt was more successful and at half past one we were through with lunch and had started down Terra Nova Lake. A head wind was blowing, splashing the water over the bows of the canoes and for about three hours we put all the strength we had into the paddles. By the time we reached the bottom of the lake and were once more in the river I felt that my arms and back were nearly broken.



For a Swift Newfoundland River Cruising, This Canoe Appears Dangerously Overloaded.



A Very Good Head Obtained on the Newfoundland Barrens.

At last we beached the canoes at Terra Nova. As soon as they grated on the shore Smith and I jumped out and started for the station house as hard as we could go to get the news from home and the latest account of the war. When we had left, the battle of the Aisne and a big battle on the Russian frontier were proceeding merrily and we expected great news. At the station we found the station agent's father, who was visiting him, standing in front of the stove. He seemed to be a well-informed man and he told us that as far as the war was concerned nothing had happened except that Turkey had started in to fight also, and that things were going along about the same as when we left. It seemed impossible to us that nothing had changed during the three weeks we had been out of the world.

This was the first time that I had had a chance to view the metropolis of Terra Nova. On one side of the river was a deserted saw mill and four or five tumbled down houses, the sole purpose of which was to furnish Dan with

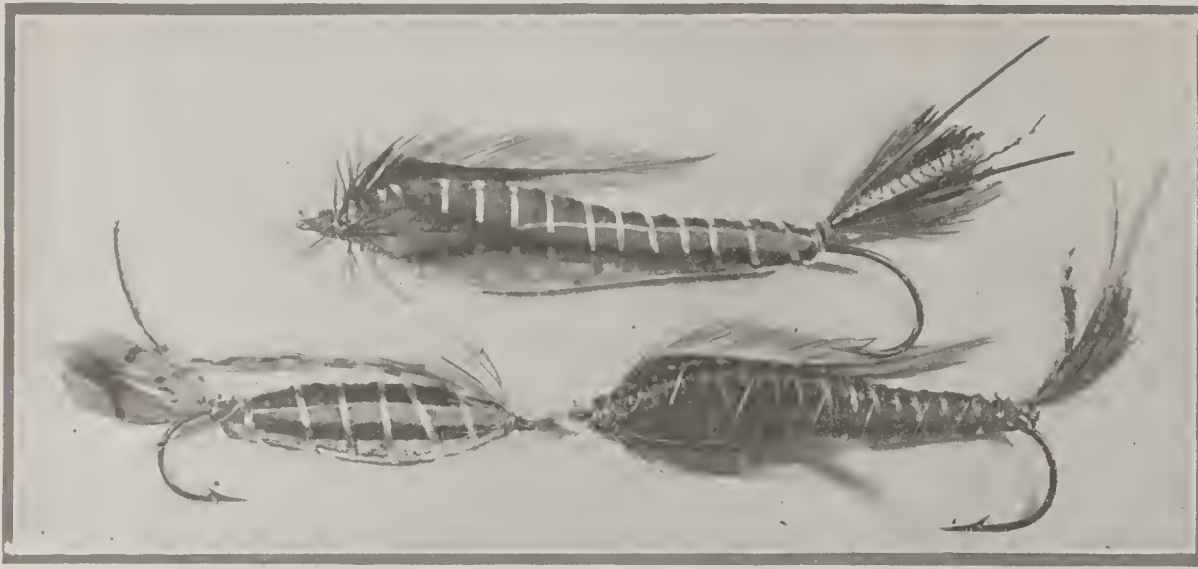
boards to make crates for the heads. On the other side was a big dilapidated shack. At one end of this lived a section hand with several dirty looking children, while in the rear, lived the station agent in one little room with a telegraph instrument, a chair and a stove. There was nothing else but a sea of mud and the railroad track.

We found one or two letters awaiting us and we gladly abandoned the slush of the station house and went back to the river to the tent. Meanwhile Dan had got some boards and crated the heads and we had supper and sat down to wait for the train which was not due until two in the morning. The evening passed slowly and we had tea and another supper at eleven o'clock. Although we had packed seven miles and paddled seventeen that day, we all sat up around the tent and smoked and told stories until about train time. The last two hours were spent waiting for a train that was two hours late. It was half past four before we said good-bye to Dan, Piney and the Sweetapple Twins and climbed on board the train for Port Aux Basques with two hind quarters of caribou on the platform of the car to keep cool.

It snowed hard all the way through Newfoundland and at the Northern end of the Island we saw a number of caribou hunters along the railroad track waiting for caribou to cross in migration. We arrived at North Sidney, changed our clothes, packed our trunks and went to the station to take the night train for Boston. We arrived twenty minutes early and found the station filled with soldiers leaving for the front. They were singing Tipperary, the people were shouting and cheering, and the women were crying. It was all very exciting and we watched it with the deepest interest until our train pulled out. Then, as we were sitting in the smoking compartment I leaned over to Smith, and, putting my hand on his knee, said, "It was all very interesting, wasn't it, but how long do you suppose it would have been before you thought of that we went off without checking our baggage?" Our trunks and other paraphernalia were left in the station at Sidney.

Such are the horrors of war!

(THE END.)



New Minnow Shapes with Real Gold and Silver Leaf Bodies.

Supplementary Notes Concerning Nature Lures

The Author Here Describes Three of the Best Minnow Shapes That Have Proved Deadly on a Moving Line

By Louis Rhead.

AMONG the numerous kindly letters received from anglers who have succeeded in catching fish with nature lures there are several that failed, and made inquiries as to why they did. There may be other *Forest and Stream* anglers having similar experience and it is to these—if there be any—that I would like to point out a way to sure success with them. All these lures being made to float must of necessity be constructed of lightweight materials which compel certain methods be strictly complied with for general success.

I am aware most anglers act upon the assumption they are skilful enough, when they get a lure, to know how to use it without instruction from anybody. But in the case of an entirely new idea, in fact a complete revolution of existing methods, it seems to me advisable to take some notice what the inventor has to say concerning them—in addition to their own expert knowledge. I must here call attention to the fact that the greater effectiveness of live bait (especially with bass), is in its continuous movement in the water. True it is, we see, at times a minnow, frog or crab lying perfectly motionless. For obvious reasons they dart off with considerable activity the moment they perceive a bass within their vision—in other words, self-preservation.

The same thing applies to imitation nature baits or lures—they must be made to act alive by the ingenious manipulation of the angler's rod-tip. This essential part of the method soon

becomes mechanical and the more you are expert in this practice, the sooner it takes the form of a greater delight in the game, viz.: to make a lifeless object a living thing, for no one can question these lures are accurate imitations in form and color of live baits, and it rests with the angler to do his part in giving life movement to them. Every angler if he tries as hard as I have, can do the same thing—that is, to make fish believe they take live bait. It is astonishing how much can be done with a trout rod-tip in the manipulation of a lure or fly in imitating true to life the action of fish food. This is seen to perfection in dry fly fishing, so far, the most perfectly artistic method in all fishing and the very essence of it all is the perfection of the rod-tip play. This same thing I expect and truly hope anglers will attain with these nature lures.

Now the first important thing is to use the right implements. You should have a powerful trout rod at least nine feet long (still longer is better) with a stiff yet pliable tip at the end of which should be an agate guide and another one near the handle a distance of nine inches, and between the two the rest should be snake guides. A good, yet soft oiled silk line that will slide through the guides as easy as grease. I now use an imported tapered dry fly trout line, because I find it the best and I can if desired, put on a fly without vexatious delay in changing reel and line. A two dollar single click reel will suffice.

The most important part of all is that you use with each and every lure a single bass gut leader from three to six feet long, neatly tied, without loop, through the eye of the hook at one end and the other attached to the line with a loop.

One angler wrote that his frog persisted in floating on its back. Yet every frog is made the same, of material that so balances as to be impossible of itself to turn over when dropped in the water. I found out the angler (an expert) had used a short double gut leader only six inches long, which turned the frog every time he cast. Another used no gut leader, but attached the light dragon fly to a heavy stiff oiled line which pulled the fly under the surface. Still another sat watching two hours with the rod resting on the boat waiting for bass to grab the lure lying still at the surface. But he *did* get a strike when reeling in. These are not stupid, but only careless mistakes, due to not having read instructions that go with each lure when issued in this magazine.

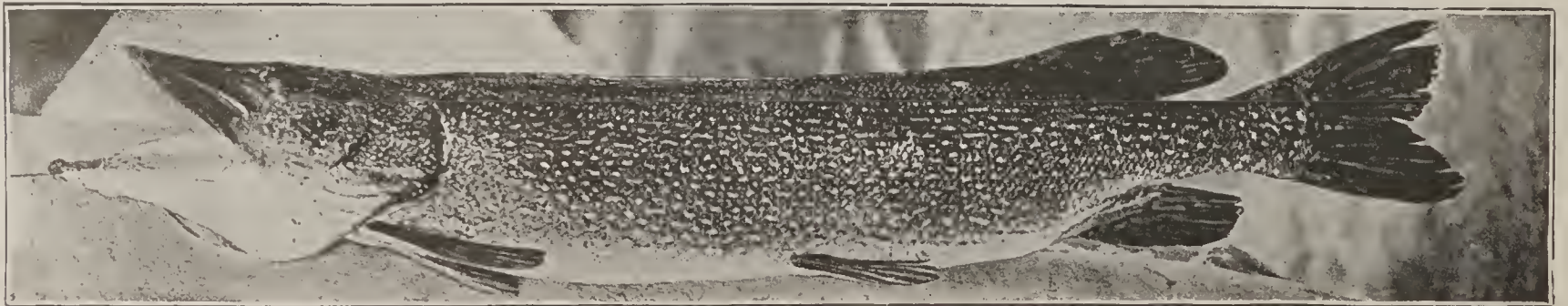
Every method—every bait—requires some particular kind of practice to attain success. The expert will get ten times more strikes with live bait than will the amateur who does not fish by method or rule. Casting the plug (western style) is a case in point. I spent much time learning how to drop a plug properly, then to retrieve the line without snap or other troubles.

These nature lures are not made or intended for trolling—except perhaps the larger sized minnows. But the frog, crawfish, grasshopper, helgramite, are all made suitable to cast but the short distance of thirty feet—more or less.

The three minnows here shown have a number of new features that I hope will be found an advance in compactness and durability. The improvement is that the belly of wood is covered over with pure leaf gold or silver, which I expect will last much longer and wear better than if wound with the more tarnishable silver twist and tinsel. As they are floaters they should be made to dart swiftly by a quick motion of the rod-tip or a pull on the line. If desired, they can be made to sink by attaching a single buckshot, four inches from the eye. They can be used, and are equally good for bass, trout, pike or wall eye.

TO MAKE GUT PLIABLE.

To make stout gut pliable before tying, a good plan is to put a dessertspoonful of glycerine in a pint of boiling water; after stirring well, put the gut in for three minutes, then tie while it is soft. Mr. Marston, Editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, London, suggests that it might be just as well not to have the water boiling when the gut is plunged into it. This seems to be a sensible and safe observation.



How Many Sportsmen Have Used a "Reporter" Dog?

Canine Intelligence is Supposed to be Pretty Well Developed in the Setter and the Pointer But in Sweden There are Dogs Which First Find the Game and Then Come and Tell You About it.

By an American Observer.

I WONDER if we have reporters in America? What a question! Are not our newspaper reporters the best and most indefatigable in the world? But I do not mean the reporting homo; it is the reporting *canis* I am wondering about. Do we have reporting dogs in America? If so, I have not seen them, neither have I heard of them. One hear stories about how pointing dogs revolve about "the point," and of the dog's sticking to it like grim death. "He's so steady on a point that you can't kick him forward on to the bird," says the dog trainer in highest praise of the brute he is trying to sell. And we all recollect the story of the crack Western dog, that was lost at the close of a day's shooting. Search was made next morning, and the dog was found in the brush, close to where he was missed the night before, and still pointing the game he had come upon as darkness overtook him. So I doubt if we have "the reporter" in the Land of the True, and perhaps a word about him may not be uninteresting to American readers.

I was out partridge shooting in the south of Sweden one fall. I had a sprightly fellow, Joseph, as guide and bearer of cartridges and game, and was shooting that day over an old German pointer a friend had loaned me, so that I could give my own dog a day's rest. We had enjoyed a fairly good day's sport, and toward evening were returning down the valley of the River Nissa, toward our headquarters at Oscarstrom. We were tired, the shooting was over, and our dog was allowed to roam at will. As we sauntered along I saw old Lila make her appearance over the top of a distant heathery ridge. She looked up and down over the valley, and as soon as she caught sight of us came toward us in a straight line on a brisk gallop, wagging her tail in a joyful sort of way. Coming in she raised a forepaw, placed it on my leg, looked up in my face, wagged her tail briskly, turned about, took a dozen leaps back in the track she had come, then looked around at me and wagged her tail again.

"Well, what does all this mean?" asked I.

"Oh, Lila has got a covey of partridges over the hill yonder, and has come in with the report," answered Joseph.

"Nonsense!"

But Lila rushed on a dozen steps more, looked back, and seeing I did not follow her, came in, put up her paw and again went through all her motions.

"Well, old girl, lead on!" I said at last, "we'll follow and see what you've got, at all events." So over the hill we went, Lila leading and ever anon looking back—down across a valley, then straight up the further hillside where she

came to a point at a bunch of bushes. Before I got within shot the partridges began to whirr up; at least a dozen flew, but old Lila stuck now to her point, and on my reaching her side that last bird of the covey flew, which I knocked over and Lila retrieved. We now hunted along the bosky hillside, and Lila pointed and I shot six more of this covey, bringing up my bag for the day to nineteen partridges and a hare.

"You didn't know Lila was a reporter?" quoth Joseph.

"No, I did not know before this day that there was such a dog in the world."

Since then I have made the matter of "the reporting dog" the study of some leisure hours. The reporter occurs most often among German pointers, or in crosses between German and English pointers, but even among them not more

than one trained dog in twenty is a reporter. The trait is rare among English full bloods, and I have never yet seen a setter report.

It is asserted that a dog cannot be trained to report. The reporting instinct must be born within him, and then he takes to it naturally. I, however, am inclined to think that any dog that "rings" game, or from any cause breaks his point to take up another, may be trained to report, by whistling him in, whenever he comes to a point, and then advancing with him to the quarry. "Reporters" have different ways of imparting their information; not every dog is so clear as old Lila. Some come back only till they make themselves seen, then return directly to the game. Others hop up on a hillock or stone and jump and wag their tails till you approach.

Here in Sweden a reporter readily sells for one-third more than an equally good dog without this faculty, and I can assure American sportsmen that the report lends an additional pleasure to the chase.

As the shooting season again approached I looked about for a reporter, and at last bought a large, powerful pointer, a cross between the German and English.

I shot black cock and capercaillie over Nero, and as the season advanced, partridges, but as I always kept well up with him never saw him report, and had half forgotten that he possessed the accomplishment. One day my boot hurt me, and leaning my gun against a fence I sat down, took off my boot, pulled off my stocking and made a general readjustment. As I was lacing up my boot in came Nero over a rise of the field, and looking up at me turned about and came to a half point, then looking up once more shot along the track whence he came. Following over the hills I came in view of the blue waters of Lake Nefode; Nero was still rushing on in a straight line over the field. When he reached the lake shore he came to a point at a tuft of dry rushes. But it was an easy kind of a point. Every few moments he looked back at me, and expressed his satisfaction at my approach with one wag of the tail, which instantly stiffened into business again. Reaching his side a little flock of seven partridges hustled up, and I had the pleasure of retrieving them. Since then I let Nero hunt as far and wide as he pleases, confident that he will come in and report all game he finds out of my sight. I frequently whistle him in when he points at a distance, and then advance over the field side by side with him. Sometimes when Nero points at a distance, and is sure that I see him, he will lie down, so as not to scare the birds, rising on his forepaws now and then and looking back at me if I make any unreasonable delay.

The other day he came to a point far away



These Beyond Question Are "Reporter" Dogs, but Not the Kind Mentioned in This Article.

over a vast plowed field. Looking around and making sure that I saw him, he backed in his tracks a dozen steps and then disappeared from view as absolutely as if the black plowed field had swallowed up his white body. We kept on toward the spot where he was last seen, and after some five minutes' plodding over the soft up-turned earth, Master Nero arose out of a dry ditch just in front of us and quietly resumed his point. Coming up with the dog, two great coveys of partridges arose, my friend made a right and left shot out of the flock to the right and I took a bird with each barrel of the left covey.

The trait of reporting causes a dog to be freer and easier on his point, he is less like a cast-iron statue, more like a reasoning being.

As Nero and I advance on a running covey, he lifts his ears, looks up at me and takes in the situation "like a little man," pointing now here, now there, and ringing the game in between us if necessary.

A reporter really seems to go through a chain of reasoning something like this, "Here is game, but where is my master? Of myself I can do nothing. Here's for it. I'll go hunt him up, for it takes both of us to do the shooting."

Frequently when Nero makes game I hide to see him go through his motions. Gradually he stiffens into a solid point then looks around, first one side, then the other. No master in sight. Then he slowly backs out of it, step by step, a dozen steps or so; next he turns round as slyly as a snake, then sneaks away, and in another moment is in a full gallop toward where he last saw me. I always meet him with a pat on the head and a "Bravo, Nero!" It seems to me that the advantage of a reporter it at once apparent, whether it be on the wide prairies of the West, in the hill country of the East, or in the dense coverts of New England. What a comfort and luxury to have a dog who will come in and report game and then lead you quietly to it. How many forced marches in the alder swamps one might save, and how lazily he could saunter along the ridges, leisurely waiting for the report of his faithful four-footed friend. Americans are never satisfied with anything short of the best. If we have not the reporter in America, we have not the best possible pointing dog.

Is not the subject worthy the attention of our dog breeders and dog lovers? Why not import the reporting pointer and cross with our best pointers of English blood?



MY LEETLE CABANE

By William Henry Drummond

I 'M SITTIN' to-night on ma little cabane,
more happier dan de king,
An' ev'ry corner's ringin' out wit' musique de
ole stove sing
I hear de cry of de winter win', for de storm-
gate's open wide
But I don't care not'ing for win' or storm, so
long I was safe inside.

Viens 'ei, mon chien, put your head on dere, let
your nose res' on ma knee—
You 'member de tam we chase de moose back on
de Lae Souris
An' de snow come down an' we los' ouse'f till
mornin' is bring de light,
You t'ink we got plaece to sleep, mon chien, lak
de plaece we go here to-night.

Onder de roof of de leetle cabane, w'ere fire
she's blazin high
An' bed I mak' of de spruce tree branch, is lie
on de floor close by,
O! I lak de smell of dat nice fresh bed, an' I
dream of de summer tam
An' de spot w'ere de beeg trout jomp so moche
down by de lumber dam.

But lissen dat win', how she scream outside mak
me t'ink of de loup garou,
W'y to-night, mon chien, I be feelin' glad if
even de careajou
Don't ketch hese'f on de trap I set to-day on
de Lae Souris
Let heem wait till to-morrow, an' den if he lak,
I geeve hem good chanee, sapree!

I see beeg cloud w'en I'm out to-day, off on de
nor'-eas sky,
An' she bloek de road, so de cloud behin', don't
get a chanee passin' by,
An' I tink of boom on de grande riviere, w'en
log's fillin' up de bay,
Wall! sam as de boom on de spring-tam flood,
dat cloud she was sweep away.

Dem log's very nice an' quiet, so long as de
boom's all right,
But soon as de boom geev way, L'enfant! It's
den is begin de fight.
Dey run de rapide, an' jomp de roek, dey leap
on de air an' dive,
Can hear dem roar from de reever shore, jus'
lak dey was all alive.

An' dat was dey way wit' de cloud to-day, de
res' of dem push aside,
For dey're eomin' fas' from de cole nor'-eas' an'
away t'roo de sky dey ride
Shakin' de snow as along dey go, lak grain from
de farmer's han'
Till to-morrow you can't see not'ing at all, but
smoke of de leetle cabane.

I'm glad we don't got no chimley, only hole on
de roof up dere,
An' spark fly off on w'ole of de worl', so dere's
no use gettin' seare,
Mus' get more log! an' it's lucky too, de wood
pile is stannin' near,
So blow away storm, for harder you go, de
warmer she's eomin' here—

I wonder how dey get on, mon chien, off on de
great beeg town,
W'ere house is so high, near touch de sky, mus'
be danger of fallin' down.
An' worsor too on de night lak dis,' ketchin' dat
terrible win',
O! leetle small plaece lak de ole cabane was de
right plaece for stayin' in.

I s'pose dey got plaintee bodder too, dem feller
dat's be riche man,
For dey're never knowin' w'en t'ief may come
an' steal all de t'ing he can
An' de monee was kip dem busy too, watchin' it
night an' day,
Dunno but we're better off here, mon chien, wit'
beeg city far away.

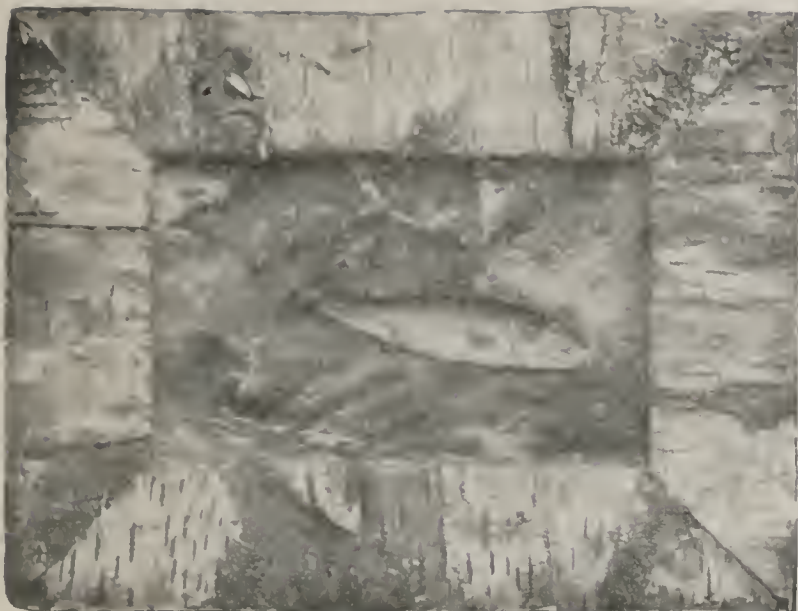
For I look on de corner over dere, an' see it
ma birch canoe,
I look on de wall w're ma rifle hang along wit'
de good snowshoe,
An' ev'ry t'ing else on de worl' I got, safe on
dis place near me.
An' here you are too, ma brave old dog, wit' your
nose up agen ma knee.

An' here we be stay t'roo de summer day, w'en
ev'ry t'ing warm an' bright
On winter too w'en de stormy win' blow lak
she blow to-night

Let dem stay on de city, on great beeg house,
dem feller dat's be riche man

For we're happy an' satisfy here, mon chien, on
our own leetle small cabane.

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TROUT FLIES

Natural and Artificial

Copyright, 1915, Chas. Bradford

A Composite Appraisalment by

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DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
DR. EDWARD BRECK
CHARLES HALLOCK

CHARLES ZIBEON SOUTHARD
ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN
LOUIS RHEAD
CHARLES BRADFORD

Prepared Especially For FOREST AND STREAM

"I mean therefore to put on a gayer fly
than any we have used hitherto."—REV. HENRY NEWLAND.

"The wide range of difference between the wet fly and the dry fly lies in the fact that the wet fly is an imitation of no special thing active and living, while the dry fly purports to be an imitation of the natural fly. It is generally a well-known fact that any of our well-known American wet flies can be converted into exceptionally good dry flies by giving them an ablation of oil."

—ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

Then the wet fly resembles the dry fly, and therefore the wet fly is an imitation of the living fly. Of course it is. Is not the artificial black gnat imitative of the live black gnat? And is not the white miller artificial fly patterned after the living white miller fly? Certainly. Mary Orvis Marbury, author of "Favorite Flies," and daughter of Charles F. Orvis, one of America's greatest flymakers, says so. So says William C. Harris, Seth Green, Frank Forester, Louis Rhead, A. Nelson Cheney, Frederick Mather, Dr. Henshall, Charles Hallock, Dean Sage, William C. Prime, Charles Z. Southard, Dr. Van Dyke, Edward Breck, et al. All angling writers in discoursing upon artificial flies use the expressions "in season," "seasonable flies," etc. Now, could this or that artificial fly be in season if it were not copied from the living fly? Of course, there are some artificial flies that are not copied from nature, but, the artificial fly in general is a duplicate of the living thing. "When a fly is said to be in season," says Alfred Ronalds, "it does not follow that it is abroad on every day of its existence." But, Robert, our opinions must not be harshly expressed—rather set forth "in pleasant discourse," as Walton says—for, as Pritt tells us, "one of the charms of angling is that it presents an endless field for argument, speculation, and experiment."

CHARLES BRADFORD:
New York Press.

After the foregoing matter appeared I wrote several of the authorities mentioned, asking their views on the subject, and following will be found their replies.—C. B.

Henry van Dyke, author of "Little Rivers," "Days Off," "Fisherman's Luck," etc.:

For flies as "wet," or flies as "dry,"

I do not care a whit—not I!

The natural fly is dry, no doubt.

While through the air he flits about;

But, lighting on the stream, you bet

He very oftens gets quite wet.

This fact is known to all the fish;

They take their flies just as they wish,

Upon the surface or below,

Precisely *why* we do not know.

The honest angler should not be

A man of rigid theory.

But use the most alluring fly.

And sometimes "wet," and sometimes "dry."

Louis Rhead, author of "The Book of Fish and Fishing," etc.: After thirty-two years active

fishing for trout, beginning with a worm as a bait, I have developed through various stages to now fish with nothing but my own nature flies. I have made careful color pictures of all the most abundant insects and produced flies tied to exactly imitate them. Many insects do not and cannot float, yet an imitation can be made of them to fish wet. The English dry fly is not of necessity a copy of the natural insect. Halford has many fancy dry flies that are not copies of insects. Nearly all American commercial trout flies are fancy flies, do not imitate insects. To be exact, in fishing with a floating fly it is only right to use copies of insects that will float, mostly drakes. The average angler has been sadly fooled by this so-called dry-fly fishing, and books have been written (mostly culled from British sources), making anglers more bewildered than ever.

Charles Zibeon Southard, author of "Trout Fly-fishing in America": In reply to your question about trout flies, "Am I right?" I would say that unquestionably you are. From the earliest days of trout fly-fishing it has been the intention of anglers to have their flies resemble as far as possible the natural ones found upon their trout waters. One has only to read dear old Izaak Walton and the many noted fly-fishing authorities that have followed to the present day to be convinced of your view. Of course the art of fly tying has advanced with mighty strides during the past fifteen years and more especially during the past ten years, and to the makers of "dry" flies for the wonderful development of the artificial fly too much credit, in my judgment, can not be given. That wet flies are not such remarkable imitations of the natural flies as are the dry flies goes almost without saying. As a matter of fact it is not the question which fly is the better imitation, but that both the wet fly and the dry fly are patterned, in most cases, after the natural flies. From the time of Walton and before that, wet flies have been patterned after natural flies. In many instances now-a-days wet flies are not designed to represent natural flies, but, such flies are freaks, are short-lived and are seldom used by real trout fly fishermen. There is no doubt in my mind that taken as a whole wet flies have been intended to represent natural flies, but, quite often in the past and in the present day have not been and are not good imitations. As the art of fly tying has advanced, more nearly do the artificial represent the natural

flies, and this advancement is due, in a great measure, to the makers of dry flies. Speaking from a practical standpoint, the so-called dry flies are the very best wet flies obtainable, and on most American trout waters more trout will be caught on them when fished wet than when fished dry, especially the *fontinalis*.

Dr. James A. Henshall, author of "The Book of the Blackbass": Regarding the "Trout Flies" clipping sent me for comment I think the mention of my name in it is sufficient without adding anything more.

Robert Page Lincoln: Perhaps I should have said *some* wet flies are an imitation of no special object connected with living things. In the list of wet flies there are experimentations galore that will serve as well as any of the standard regulation flies. I can sit down and construct off-hand a fly to be used as wet or submerged that I feel sure I can use with as much success as with the miller, gnat or any other fly that is no doubt much on the order of an imitation of the natural. Perhaps in writing the article I was thinking too deeply of the eccentric nondescripts that do not imitate nature. Yet these nondescripts (flies tied anyway to suit the fancy, yet having hackle wings, etc.) will get the fish; they are drawn in the water gently back and forth, thus purporting to be that of some insect drowning; yet I doubt very much if the fish can tell what sort of a fly, living fly, it should be. I do not care; it is the motion, the apparent endeavor of the fly to get out of that watery prison that arouses the fish's blood. However, Halford says: "The modern theory is that these patterns (the wet flies) are taken by the fish for the nymphæ or pupæ—these being the scientific names of the immature insects at the stage immediately preceding the winged form. **** Candidly, however, the presence of the wings in the sunk fly pattern has puzzled me, because in my experience I have never seen the winged insects submerged by the action of the stream. Sedges do at times descend to oviposit and so do certain spinners, but, the appearance under this condition, with an air bubble between their wings resembles nothing so much as a globe of mercury—an appearance which bears no resemblance to the ordinary sunk fly patterns." I have been strictly a devotee to the wet fly form, and always hold that it is the better fly for our swift western streams; in the wet form certainly

it is the better fly two-thirds of the time. Still, glassy pools, even smooth waters, come few and far between, but, where they are, there the dry fly is a valuable addition to the anglers' outfit. You might change my article (in the paragraph in question) to read thus: "The wide range of difference between some wet flies and the dry fly lies in the fact that a good number of wet flies are an imitation of no special thing active and living, while the majority of the dry flies purport to be an imitation of natural flies." This would exclude the wet flies that make good dry flies, namely the suggested millers, gnats, etc. It would be interesting to know the number of captures made with wet flies as they fall lightly to water and for a moment ride the brim. Captures have been made wherein two-thirds of the time the wet fly has lain on the surface but a scant moment before they were seized. In my great number of articles printed in the universal outdoor press I have always suggested that the fly be cast easily to water, expecting, first, a rise

as it lies on that surface; second, failing at this, then the fly submerges and is drawn in the water, to assure the open and close of hackles, thus purporting to imitate the drowning, struggling insect.

Dr. Edward Breck, author of "The Way of the Woods," etc.: I suppose that I may subscribe to your paragraph in answer to Mr. Lincoln. We old chaps all know that laying down any hard and fast rules for trout is a futile undertaking; there are so many exceptions, and *les extremes se touchent* so very often. Many wet flies are certainly not imitations of natural flies nor are meant to be; as, for example, the Parmachenee Belle, which they say Wells fashioned to imitate the belly-fin of a trout, always known to be a killing lure. "Non-university" trout grab anything that looks like food, whether it has the appearance of an insect or something else. The more educated fish of the more southern waters may make finer distinctions. It is a vast subject, and as many authorities may be found for al-

most any statement as for the several pronunciations of the word "Bysantine!" You remember the scoffing English angler who dyed his dry flies blue and red and took a lot of fish with them, to the scandal of the purists! The charm of the whole thing is precisely that there are no rules. It is like style in writing English. Every man makes his own. Whether it is more pleasing in the sight of Saint Izaak to wait for a fish to begin feeding before casting over him, or for a man to sally forth, and, by dint of knowledge and patience and skill, actually make the trout rise to his lure, what arrogant mortal shall judge?

Charles Hallock, author of "The Sportsman's Gazatteer," "The Salmon Fisher," etc.: I have nothing more to say. I hung up my trout rod last summer at Chesterfield, Mass., in my eighty-second year. So, my fly book is closed. Let younger anglers do the talking and discuss ad infinitum. Flies are not on my line. Goodbye.

"To frame the little animal
Let Nature guide thee." —Gay.



SHOOTING NOTES FROM CALIFORNIA.

By Edward T. Martin.

The shooting season for quail and waterfowl opened in California on the 15th of October. On waterfowl the former state law was amended at the last session of the legislature and made to correspond with the Federal Law, the season closing February 1 instead of March 1 as before. But shooting is permitted half an hour before sunrise and half an hour after sunset (section 626 m.) in place of sunrise and sunset—the Federal law limit.

Opening day there was an unusually large number of home bred ducks over the entire northern and central parts of the state and limit bags of mallard, sprig and teal was the rule on all preserves and baited ponds.

On the Alvarade marsh territory that on three occasions was searched carefully by the State Game Farm men for eggs for home hatching, several thousand young birds were in evidence mainly on the Smith preserves and Hess private ponds, this showing how carefully a duck will conceal her nest. The writer in company with Dr. Harold C. Bryant, Game expert of the Commission and Supt. Dirks of the game farm, twice combed the marsh in question so thoroughly it did not seem possible a nest could have been overlooked or even an egg missed—more than 300 were gathered—yet when hatching time came ocular demonstration was given that many more eggs had escaped our notice than were secured. These home bred ducks all picked up and left so that recently shooting had been poor. Northern birds are just commencing to work in and the shooters are hoping that both bay and ponds, open grounds and preserves, will soon be populous with canvas and blue bill as well as the shoal water varieties.

Quail also were plentiful at the start but in marching army rushed to the attack. Men, women, boys, by hundreds and the quail in these parts alive and unhurt on the morning of the 16th

blessed their lucky stars, took to thick brush and are so educated now that it requires good dogs and hard tramping to get even enough for an invalid's breakfast.

There was one particular party of four that on the 15th and 16th killed nearly 100 birds. To do so they fired some 430 shots, every one easy and at close range. That is as easy as shooting on a bush covered California hill side ever is. Ten days later three of the same men tramped many hours over the same ground, fired only about 30 shots and got but 6 quail, which shows how quickly game becomes educated and learns to adopt the "safety first" rule.

The Game Commission estimates 12,000 deer to have been killed during the season just closed. My own idea is that 18,000 would be more nearly correct as I am sure not one deer out of every two killed is reported. Besides on outlying ranches and in far mountain camps there is never any close season and on the beat of one or two deputy wardens that I have been told of, the policy is "so as you boys only kill what you wish to eat and keep the hides and horns where I don't stumble on to them it is all right." The fact the deputy knows no local jury will convict a native of the parts in question even should he

FISHING LICENSES FOR NEW YORK.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Every fisherman, meaning line fishermen, of course, will be interested in the assertion of Conservation Commissioner George D. Pratt that he intends to ask the legislature to amend the law so as to license them. The plan is to add fishermen to hunters and trappers without increasing the \$10 fee which hunters have for some time paid. Incidentally the plan involves the addition of about 200,000 anglers to the 200,000 hunters and trappers now paying the license.

In return for the fee, Commissioner Pratt promises that he will undertake to improve fishing conditions in the inland waters of the state

and he already has selected the Oneida district for scientific and exhaustive study. It is proposed to find out what fish are fitted for the waters before stocking them, to find out the natural food supply and the amount of it, and generally to record those things which long ago should have been known by those entrusted with the work of keeping up the supply of fish. It is admitted that the hunters never got much of anything for the hundreds of thousands of dollars they have paid to the state, but Commissioner Pratt promises that the fishermen will be treated differently.

Should the combination license idea prevail, as there are many reasons why it should, every man who goes a fishing will have a real interest in the lakes and streams which he frequents. The fishermen also will be able legally to have a gun in camp as protection and for use against animal nuisances which sometimes favor campers with their presence. Also the rifle may be used for target practice when fishing is bad. There will be no license required for women, unless they fish to sell, nor for boys under 16 years.

It remains to see how the people will regard the plan, but it may be said that many anglers already have spoken in favor of it. If it leads to a scientific fishing law, it is the judgment of many that it will surely have achieved one really useful purpose.

JOHN D. WHISH.

WILL A DOG RUN FROM A RABBIT?

Will a dog run from a rabbit? "Office Appliances," in describing the trip of the Stationers' Convention through Glacier Park, says that several observers testified that they saw a rabbit chase a dog from its sojourning-ground in the park. Other members of the Convention derided the story, saying that the "rabbit" was one of those pretty black and white animals that know well how to make themselves shunned. The original observers return to the attack by making affidavits that the rabbit was a real one, and by submitting a photograph of themselves as men unlikely to prevaricate about a matter that did not concern business!—Outlook.



The Setter Swung Into a Handsome Point in the Open Field.

Disconcerting Tactics of the Wily Ruffed Grouse

He is Ever on the Alert and Proud May the Hunter Be Who Succeeds in Bringing Him to Bag

By Lucien C. Dehart.



FROM an interesting conversation with the efficient game commissioner of western Massachusetts, relative to the enormous coveys of the above mentioned birds, I simply had to visit the ammunition dealer for the purpose of purchasing more shells, then bethought me to order still another box by telephone. I was determined not to visit such a game paradise unprepared for a real day's shoot; I frequently caught my thoughts running upon the possibility of having lived to see a game millenium. However, there was just a shade of scepticism when the dog was boosted into the automobile for a six mile run. The new law with regard to transporting hunting dogs is not very attractive to the hunters. It is now necessary, in western Massachusetts for the sportsman to obtain a written permit to carry a dog on the trolley cars. Not infrequently one may be a long distance from the trolley office where such permits are issued, the man who issues them may not be out of bed when it is time to start for the cover. From the sportsman's standpoint the new law is an infernal nuisance. My hunting chum and I were carted to the cover in a more refreshing manner,

hence both the lungs and the propelling apparatus—physical—felt more in tune for a lovely October morn.

Just at seven o'clock we disembarked two miles south of the little hamlet of L—— and within a few moments received a challenge from an old cock pheasant. The old chap was giving his approval of an ideal morning and we did not accept it to try conclusions. The dog did not seem to pay any attention to the proud cock's tones, nor did I care to interrupt his pleasure. The game commissioner had but recently posted me as to the superabundance of birds. What should we care about the loud crowing of one upstart cock pheasant? He was simply ignored while he shouted at the old Plymouth rock rooster at a nearby farm yard. In less than twenty minutes after entering an ideal cover of small birch, yellow sedge grass and briars, with quite a number of small grain fields in the same vicinity, the setter picked up the trail of a pheasant, worked it out into a corn field and showed me where the breakfast had been eaten from corn sheaths stacked up here and there over the little field; then turning off at right angles the dog entered a thick cover, there were many briars and grape vines. The thought was that

the bird would get up in the very thickest portion of the cover, then I would have only the consolation of hearing the flush. However, the setter has an attractive little trick all his own acquirement. If there is a possibility of heading the bird off and forcing the flush toward the open field, a flanking move is made and the bird is pointed from the opposite direction.

I have witnessed this tactic many times, while I was looking for the dog, heard the rush of a pheasant, and at the same moment caught sight of the setter pointing directly towards me. The bird had flushed from the dog, hence the flight was almost directly towards me and gave me a very fair shot. As the bird dropped the setter came out to meet me. There was a most decided expression of pleasure and a cheerful wag of the tail, which indicated to my mind "that is just the stunt I prepared for you, I am real proud of you for catching on successfully."

As we swung around and came out of the cover, on the south side, imagine my surprise when the setter, running across a rag weed patch, swung into a very handsome point in the open field. From his pose and with the surroundings I would have said quail, beyond a doubt. There was not a few moments to con-



The Best and Handsomest Game Bird on the American Continent—The Ruffed Grouse.

sider the question, for up flushed a pretty covey of twelve or fifteen quail.

For the first time in my hunting experience I was shooting a 28 bore gun—I think that it is the smallest bore shot gun. As it is invariably my rule, when hunting alone, to pick the lead bird, I dropped the first one at a very rapid passing shot; the second score was made on just a slight right quartering shot. The two birds fell within fifteen feet of each other. I might have attributed the first score to a scratch, had the second not been made, but both were as clean kills as I have ever seen. The first bird was shot through the head. Then I resigned every speck of prejudice against the "twenty-eight." Having from force of habit gotten accustomed to the twelve gauge, I thought that it was simply a matter of fad, using the smaller bore guns. I will now take it all back.

Both for carrying and for rapid handling, the small gun is as handy as a walking cane. I do not mean to boast of the shooting but the rest of it, after quail, was in a marsh, open enough to make all clear shots. With the little gun only one bird in the seven shot at got away. That one flushed wild and a long quick shot was taken; however, had I scored would have been just one bird over the limit per day, hence it was a providential miss.

My dog had now been into a good bath and gotten well cooled off, proceeded to a most attractive hill side where I remembered to have

killed grouse some ten years since. As we climbed along a gradual hill side—large chestnut wood to the right and small birch to the left, with an old stone fence as the dividing line—the dog got busy on what seemed to be a good warm trail. While intently watching the work up jumped a wild flusher and attempted to cross the stone fence into the chestnut wood. The fence was crossed though I very much doubt the wisdom of the flight, for the grouse landed on the ground just over the fence. Wild?—they will not allow the dog to get within pointing distance.

That fact may be easily accounted for by the tremendous rush, of every man who can purchase a dollar license and carry a gun. Into the forests on the very day the hunting season opens, they hunt grouse, rabbits, the poor little "grays"—squirrels, skunks—and even crows and owls. The game birds under such conditions of noise have scattered in every direction and seem to be wilder than I have ever seen them. I note that the number of my hunting license is 7579, and you will remember that our community is not as large as that of Manhattan. When such an army of guns rush into the forest for the short season of thirty days, it may be readily imagined that the timid pheasants and grouse are very liable to be frightened to kingdom come. I should prefer to accept the fright theory than to doubt the statement of my game commissioner, relative to the great quantity. Over the

same cover that I have hunted, and made good bags of grouse, quail and wood-cock, ten or a dozen years since, just two grouse and one pheasant were flushed.

At about the noon hour we decided to give over the try in the great territory, and hike toward another, where there is a very attractive brook with many covers of dense alders, and with birch thickets on the hill sides—called by the Indian name "Pecousic." As far back as I have had any hunting experience in western Massachusetts the Pecousic brook has been a famous place for grouse; there were many quail there also, a few years since. It is being re-stocked from the Forest Park preserve—and bird hatchery. Flushes, however, were distressingly conspicuous by their absence, for that ideal day at least. At about three P. M. while trudging along decidedly discouraged, from what the hopes had been built upon, two grouse flushed very wild, from a thick place just on the bank of Pecousic. Several rods further down the stream a trail was picked up, the gun was brought to attention and up rushed a cock grouse. There was absolutely no chance for any kind of shot but a poor snap. At the crack of the gun the old cock whirled and lit into a thick pine tree; I thought that I saw distinctly where he stood on the pine limb. After re-loading I thought that there would not be one chance in one hundred to get a wing shot, should the bird go out of the opposite side of the tree. A pot shot was taken simply because I felt that I was entitled to one more bird, after the tramp taken. At the report of the gun, instead of falling to the ground, that bird jumped off of the limb and came towards me. The bird may have thought that I was nothing to reckon with as a wing shot, otherwise he certainly would have chosen a different course. As a different course was not chosen, the risk of his life was up to him—and he lost out.

Another flush was heard somewhere, instead of being seen. Traveling by the direction of the sound, we crossed a very steep ridge and came into a dingle. As soon as the dog was fairly over the ridge he got a scent and worked down hill. Another wild bird flushed away ahead and went straight up the opposite hill side. In grouse shooting that is one of the most difficult shots for me, simply because I do not think to allow for the bird's hill climbing process—until afterwards. I was forced to record the shot as an unpardonable miss. Had the gun been held just a few inches—say six or eight, over the bird's head, to "lead" him, the shot would have scored undoubtedly, as it was a simple straight away shot—only a little more so. From the fact that the target was climbing rapidly the entire charge went behind the bird. The thought of that afterwards is exceedingly aggravating.

I had started out to bag just six quail—two pheasants and three grouse. The outing was an ideal one, the day was as perfect as though it had been made to order. There is nothing in the form of outdoor exercise that so strongly appeals to me as a real strenuous hunt with the gun and dog. I do not care whether there is another gun along or not—aside from being neighborly and sharing a good dog with some other fellow who loves to hunt. Even then I much prefer to pick my fellow. The dog and I hit it off very amicably together, we quite understand each other, after many hunts. We have

been in Virginia, the Carolinas, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi, besides the hunts in Massachusetts. There are never disputes or any other unpleasantness over a shot or the way a certain bird flew, etc.

This chap, now lying a few feet away from my seat—probably dreaming of a hunt that we have in contemplation toward West Brimfield, a famous cover, within a short time—is not a prize winner, nor has he ever been entered anywhere save in all kinds of fields and covers, yet I have not seen nor hunted with a canine of any breed that will demonstrate more genuine nerve and stamina. He has an excellent nose, is under fairly safe control. As a younger dog he was almost too fast for grouse shooting, yet we have bagged quite a lot of birds in the old New England hills.

On one occasion, while hunting quail in the south, a winged bird fell under a barb wire fence. Intent upon catching the bird the dog had the tip of his ear ripped open by a barb. A capillary artery of sufficient size to bleed was cut; the blood was stopped half a dozen or more times by simple compression, but upon re-entering the cover the bleeding started afresh. I should have stopped then and there and gone home. However, the dog showed no possible evidence of distress—on the contrary he was eager to hunt. It was an unusually fine territory for quail. As far as I could determine there

was no defect in the dog's hunting quality or of his schedule. He was then an exceptionally fast hunter. We bagged twenty-two quail. At sundown when I removed the shells from the gun to get into the buggy, the dog flung himself down in the grass and could not be coaxed to



He Has an Excellent Nose.

move until I lifted him up and into the buggy. It was my intention, of course, to ride him home, but he usually climbed with fore-feet on the step and was lifted in. There he was now, simply all in. The hunt was ended and he did not care to go another step. I really believe that

he would have stayed where he tumbled down by the roadside, had I not lifted him into the buggy.

As you may imagine I did not enjoy the ending of that hunt nor the ride home, principally because of the work of a very remorseful conscience. Then I tried amends by making my companion—wounded in the cause—as comfortable as possible. When we returned to the temporary home, a warm soft bed was made in a large box on the back piazza—and just under the window to my bedroom, so that I could play the part of nurse in the night if necessary. A large bowl of warm mush and milk was fixed up for the wounded soldier's supper, and after seeing him eat his fill and wag his tail, I was satisfied that his nerve would pull him through. He looked up to say that it was all right with him, groaned in expression of weariness and went promptly to sleep. Of course, the hemorrhage had long since stopped, but the following morning I was almost forced to laugh when I looked at my dog. All that I could think of was an old Jersey wagon hack, bereft of its curtains. My dear dog did look like the ragged edge of an ill-spent life. With rest and good food he rapidly recuperated. During that winter spent in Dixie, we bagged nearly five hundred quail, besides quite a number of Jack snipe.

But I regret to have to inform my friend the commissioner, that our game millenium is not yet.

A Mixture of Psychology, Partridge and the .22 Automatic

By Frederick L. Coe.

IT had snowed steadily all night, a heavy, wet snow, and when morning came it had just cleared off, a bright, warm day, with every branch and twig covered to the limit of possibility with its load of soggy snow which was simply dazzling in the strong sunshine. It was doubtless a beautiful sight—but not to me—as it rendered brush shooting a practical impossibility, or at least so disagreeable as to amount to the same thing. And I wanted to get out in the woods, but I knew very well that if I once found myself near any cover with my gun that in I'd go, wet snow notwithstanding. So, to play it safe I started off with the little .22 automatic, having in mind the chance of a squirrel or a stray rabbit. I'd be out in the woods and fields, which was the main thing.

A squirrel flashed around a tree and disappeared in a hole seemingly only a few inches from where a big red-headed woodpecker was industriously pounding away on a dead chestnut stub with all the power of his tireless neck muscles. Thinking that the squirrel would soon venture out I scraped away the snow from the roots of a big hemlock and sat down to wait. The woodpecker soon finished his drilling operations and started off after another contract, with his curious, flickering flight. I waited patiently for a half hour or more, but as the gray did not appear I resolved to give it up as a bad job.

As I rose, a little cramped from my position, I indulged myself in the luxury of a long stretch and was right in the middle of it when some-

thing happened. A roar like an express train came from above my head and I looked up in amazement just in time to get a fine young avalanche of snow full in the face, and through it to catch a fleeting glimpse of a great partridge crashing out of the snow laden branches.

Having a good idea of where the partridge was headed, and knowing the country as well as I did, I was pretty certain where he would light, in a patch of side hill birches near a lot of second growth hemlocks. Out of curiosity I resolved to follow and see if I could get a good rise. Maybe I didn't wish for my old brush gun about then. So hurrying through the woods I approached the birches, picking out the lines of least resistance as to thickness and wetness of the brush. I circled around and through the cover as well as possible without any result, and had about concluded that he was a long flight bird and had volplaned down the hill to the tamarack swamp when I heard a subdued clucking. For an instant I did not realize that it was the partridge, it sounded so different from the usual cluck or more a peeping which I understand is nearly always made by the female.

I was standing in a little glade, the easterly slope of which was there thickly covered with clumps of witch hazel with the white birches growing just behind. The clucking increased and I was almost paralyzed with surprise to suddenly see a huge cock partridge step out of the brush and stand in the open glade. He looked

as large as a turkey, the ruff fully extended and the beautiful fan all spread out. And he actually seemed mad at something—possibly at my following him. He was about fifteen yards away, and at that distance with the sun directly behind him he looked absolutely black against the background of snow, the delicate yellow shading of the witch hazel blossoms blending in as a touch of color.

Almost afraid to breathe, each instant expecting to see him fly, I slowly raised the little automatic, took careful aim at his head and fired. At the report he fairly shot into the air, and I wondered if he was going to tower as a partridge shot through the brain so often does, but it was only a convulsive leap and he collapsed, the strong wings beating the snow.

I have always wondered what caused the bird to appear as he did, coming directly out of the thick brush. He must have both seen and heard me, as I was plainly visible, walking up the glade. Never have I heard of a partridge performing such antics before or since, though I have seen them scurry around on the ground early in the season when coming on them suddenly. But this chap was so evidently mad at something—presumably me—like nothing so much as an old hen with chickens. It was the first,—and probably the last—bird that I've shot with a rifle. And last but not least I hit him in the head—where I aimed—which to me is the most surprising thing in the entire proceedings.

Something About the Breeding of Water Fowl

An Expert Observer Finds Many Queer Things of Interest in the Present Efforts at Artificial Propagation—
The Future, However, is Promising

By Edward T. Martin.

ANOTHER season has passed and game conservationists in California are reviewing their work, considering results and discussing errors made this year that can be remedied another. At the State Game Farm many hundreds of pheasants and quail have been released and many added to the flocks that are to be carried over for breeders. There are 300 ducks on the farm pond including twenty-five of the rare fulvous-tree duck variety. These are so tame and easily handled it is believed they will be as dependable for a duck farmer as mallard, wood duck and teal. Plans have been made to run a certain amount of water over several acres of pasture, in this way forming into a sort of marsh for the ducks' benefit, thereby considerably more than doubling the capacity of the pond and giving room, it is thought, so at least 1,000 ducks can be raised next year above farm requirements. This will be the nesting place of a large flock of home-raised mallards which, with not a few teal are no longer wild but as thoroughly domesticated as their tame cousins.

A noticeable thing about water fowl is that the shyer kinds, those that are very smart and very wary in their natural state are the most ready to adapt themselves to the new conditions found on a game farm and to recognize man as their master. It was only yesterday that two "honkers" in a private pond followed the writer as a dog might and ate pieces of bread from his hand, while mallards, sprig and tree ducks at the Game Farm, mallards particularly, know no more fear than barnyard fowl, hardly enough to keep them from underfoot when a person is walking near them. But mud hens and ruddies always keep as far from human visitors as they can and although the mud hens are home raised, it surely takes them a long time to learn that man is their best friend. Quail, released on the farm, stay there, showing no desire to leave, sometimes even coming into the pens where they were raised, for food and shelter. The ducks are pinioned, yet were they not I feel quite certain that like the quail they would stick to a good thing, stay around and grow fat without having to hustle for a living.

There are many persons breeding pheasants in California. The birds do very well as long as kept in the breeding pens, so well in fact that, caused by a rather overstocked market, the price for the more common ring-neck variety has dropped as low as \$3 per pair, with about \$10 a pair the ruling figure for the fancy ones. Yet these same birds which increase so rapidly in captivity, as soon as released and forced to shift for themselves do very badly. By degrees they grow small in number and beautifully less until now it is doubtful if there are in a wild state many more than the 5,000 that have been released in California during the past few years. The

whys and wherefores of their failure to increase have given rise to much debate and caused many arguments. The writer claims the fault is largely with the carnivora. The Game Commission says, "Unsuitable climatic and food conditions," but the result of an experiment with Hungarian partridges at the Pacines Ranch in San Benito County, rather gives the carnivora claim the better of the argument. A year or two ago on this ranch under management of Dr. Henry J. Macomber, experiments in conservation were made "just to see the game around." No shooting except of predacious birds and beasts was permitted on the 14,000 acres comprising the property. Mounted guards were placed to do patrol duty and special efforts made to destroy



Tree Ducks Raised on California Game Farm.

all carnivora, from rats and weasels to wolves and mountain lions.

The first efforts in game propagation were made with quail which were fed and encouraged in every manner to make the ranch their home. They liked it, became very tame and finally were considered as much a part of the ranch belongings as the poultry, the hens and turkeys, and during any September evening of the last two or three years, they would come on the lawns and about the buildings in droves of two or three hundred, more in places where grain had been scattered for their benefit, utterly fearless and regarding the people on the veranda of the ranch house with as much curiosity as the humans did them.

Pleased by the way the quail thrived in their wild state with but little care, a few pheasants

were obtained from the State Farm, which increased until this year there were 170 of them laying in specially built pens. As fast as the young were able to care for themselves, they were released to keep the quail company. It is hard to say just how many of them have reached maturity, because some of last year's hatching joined those of this year, often bringing with them healthy broods of 8 or 10 chicks each, tame and glad to get the abundant food and water placed where they could reach it so handily.

The success with quail and pheasants prompted the ranch management to branch out and this year nearly an acre of well watered bottom land was enclosed with inch mesh wire netting, roofed with two inch. In the pen thus made were released 65 pair of Hungarian partridges. Elsewhere the trouble with this variety of birds has been that when liberated and expected to breed, they would go away and stay away, never coming back any more. Consequently it was not thought advisable to accord them the same liberty given quail and pheasants. Their enclosure was some little distance from the pheasant pens and also away from the ranch buildings where lights, noise and the passing of people back and forth, might alarm the very shy birds and prevent their nesting. No one was permitted near the cage except their keeper to bring his daily dole of food, and him the birds soon got to know and also to expect what he brought. His report showed many nests, plenty of eggs and a hatching of at least 500 young partridges was expected, some of which the intention was to release as the pheasants had been, while others were to be added to the flock of breeders, also as an attraction to cause those turned loose to stay around. Weeks passed. Not a single brood of young could the keeper see. Weeks grew into months. Still no signs of a hatching; then the management decided an investigation should be made even at the risk of disturbing the nesting birds. Result, nothing was found but a lot of broken egg shells. Every nest had been raided by squirrels of which there was a considerable colony on a nearby rise of ground. Every egg, and there must have been 800, eaten and the experiment with Hungarian partridges for 1915 a complete failure. So squirrels were added to the list of undesirables, many killed and as a preventive against those remaining, an out-hanging board nailed around the top of the pen which also was newly roofed—this time with inch mesh wire—for the depredators unable to force their way through the sides had run up to the top and entered through the roof which, built only to keep the partridges in, would not keep the squirrels out. The nests of the quail, probably because more scattered, had escaped and it seems likely the squirrels had first been

(Continued on page 735.)



These Little Fellows Deserve Your Earnest Attention This Winter.

Victims of the Snow and Ice

Game Birds With All Their Cunning, Suffer Severe Losses in Winter

By C. H. Lockwood.

IN previous articles I have called attention to numerous causes of destruction to the pinnated grouse, or prairie chicken. When one stops to consider the many enemies that are constantly harrassing this popular game bird, it is no wonder that, at last, the hunters are becoming interested, and are willing to cooperate in any measure that will mean protection to the prairie chicken.

All too late some states have awakened to the fact that the prairie chicken is well nigh extinct. In other states a sudden turn in the weather may kill off thousands of birds—and from whence will the stock or supply increase?

In considering the weather, as an element of destruction to the prairie chicken, I shall here deal with birds that have reached maturity. The death rate to young prairie chickens from spring rains and chilling of the eggs is a fact well known to the average hunter; but death from the elements to the full grown bird is something that possibly only the few have observed.

Most outdoor men are aware that as soon as cold weather comes on, in our northern states, the prairie chickens accumulate into large flocks. These flocks range in size from a dozen or more

birds to perhaps hundreds. As winter progresses the food supply of the wild chicken becomes ever scarcer; and from a lazy, well fed bird gradually becomes more or less tough, scrawny and particularly wild and difficult to approach. Almost invariably these winter flocks have sentinels on watch, and the poacher who may attempt to get within shooting range must use unusual tactics.

Corn in the shock and straw stacks, where they may find a certain amount of loose grain, attract the chickens in early winter, as feeding places. But there soon comes a period when the farmer has gathered in all his corn stalks and the ground is covered with a deep layer of snow. Although the prairie chicken is well feathered and capable of standing extreme cold weather yet, the storms which invariably come with the advent of winter, tax to the limit the vitality of this underfed bird grown to be largely dependent upon the farm and its products.

Where to spend the night, with the most comfort, therefore, becomes largely a problem with the chickens. Quite often they manage to crawl under straw stacks or into corn shocks; but

perhaps the main thing they depend upon for warmth and shelter is the snow. The prairie chicken is not unlike its brother (of the woods), the "ruffed grouse," in this respect. In fact practically all of the northern species of the gallinaceous family have this habit of seeking warmth and shelter beneath the snow. And further, this habit relates not only to warmth and shelter, but also as a means of protection against its natural enemies.

In the case of all the gallinaceous family which have the habit of seeking shelter and protection beneath the snow, the feeling of security thus afforded is often the cause of their "destruction." Occasionally there comes that freakish change in the weather when the deep, inner snows may remain normally dry yet, owing to a damp outer surface, a crust may form during the night. Additional to the crust may come a heavy fall of sleet or even a sprinkling of rain. Then perchance the wind may change and come direct from the north, and over the heads of the peacefully resting chickens a tough barrier of icy crust has formed, making them "prisoners of fate." When the birds discover this barrier to their liberty they undoubtedly wander about beneath the snow searching a place to escape; but everywhere it is the same—no outlet, no open way to the light of day. Finally, we imagine them foolishly settling down to partake of a long winter sleep, waiting for Nature to release them from their predicament. How well they sometimes get released the skeletons of birds which have died in this manner, furnish ample proof.



It Looks Like Pot Hunting, but More Than One Wing Shot, Who Gazes at This, Will Recall Incidents of Boyhood Days.

The Small Bore Shot Gun Is Coming Into Its Own

This Author Thinks That for Ordinary Shooting It Fills the Bill Perfectly—and Think of the Saving In Weight

By T. H. Grant.

EVERY common reference in sportsmen's papers is to "the little 16 bore." It may be a little gun, for size and weight do not always follow the gauge, but the probability is that it would tip the scales at $6\frac{1}{4}$ to $6\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., has 28 or 30 in. full choke barrels, and is capable of doing the best work ordinarily demanded of a field gun. The regular length shell is 2 9-16 in. which will accommodate $2\frac{3}{4}$ dr. of bulk smokeless powder and 1 oz. of shot. This load is above the average and requires a good gun of some weight and a good shell. The regular load of $2\frac{1}{2}$ dr. of a strong bulk smokeless powder like Du Pont and 1 oz. of shot will usually prove sufficient, or the shot may be reduced to $\frac{7}{8}$ oz., keeping the powder at $2\frac{1}{2}$ dr. While this sixteen is called a small bore it is at the top of the list, and notwithstanding its merits is rapidly becoming an odd size.

The 20 is justly the general favorite among the small bores, ranging in weight mostly from $5\frac{3}{4}$ to $6\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. and having barrels from 25 to 30 in. in length. I am not writing of special freak guns. It has a greater range of value than the 16 bore owing to its being chambered for the $2\frac{3}{4}$ in. shell which is furnished only in the highest grade. The long shell is regularly loaded with $2\frac{1}{2}$ dr. of powder and $\frac{7}{8}$ oz. No. 8 chilled or other larger sizes of shot. The length is sufficient for ample wadding, so that the recoil is not excessive, but the come back is considerable with a gun weighing less than 6 lbs.

A 6 or $6\frac{1}{4}$ lb. 20, loaded with the long shell is some gun for ducks and chickens. I know a lady who this fall in Wyoming killed three geese straight using this combination. However, for quail and snipe shooting no such heavy load is needed, the regular $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. shell loaded with $2\frac{1}{4}$ dr. powder and $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{7}{8}$ oz. shot being sufficient, and does very well in the same chamber. The smaller load of shot which admits of more wadding does the better at 40 yds., while the larger load is better for the brush.

A good many shooters—and I am one of them,—began with the 12 and gradually stepped down the line till they got a 28 bore. Three winters ago I had great sport in Florida shooting a little scrap heap of this size. It had neither balance, looks, even dressing down nor boring. No adjoining 3 in. of either barrel gauged alike, yet it certainly was a killer for quail and snipe. It had 24 in. barrels, one of which was called cylinder and the other half choke. Its weight was just 5 lbs. But like many other good things it went wrong, slipped off by saddle and landed on a concrete floor. On leaving I regretfully gave it to a Cracker friend.

Ever since then I have had my mind set on having a good 28 and the past summer had Parker Bros. build me an ejector. It is the smallest of the three small bore guns illustrated

herewith. It has 26 in. barrels, 14 in. stock, 1 9-16 in. drop to comb and $2\frac{1}{2}$ to heel. Weight 5 lbs. 4 oz. I had both barrels bored $\frac{3}{4}$ choke because $\frac{5}{8}$ oz. shot affords so little room on which to come and go. The pattern must be just about right. A cylinder 28 is a crippling machine whereas a full choke is hard to hold on.

The usual 28 bore load is $1\frac{3}{4}$ dr. of powder and $\frac{5}{8}$ oz. of shot. It gives the same penetration at 30 yds. that a $7\frac{3}{4}$ lb. 12 gauge does with 3 dr. powder and $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. shot, and patterns about half as full. That is although one has the velocity he must get in action earlier to avoid having a bird go through the pattern. This can be done owing to the lighter weight. Two and a half pounds difference in weight of guns seems hardly to compensate for the loss of half the pattern; $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. lifted straight up seems to be very little but if this difference be multi-



A Battery of Small-Bore Guns.

plied by the distance from the center of gravity of the gun held in a shooting position to the center of gravity of the shooter, about 20 in., the product is 50 inch pounds, which has a decidedly slowing up effect in alignment and shooting.

The 20 bore is my old favorite gun for any game from turkey to snipe. It weighs 6 lbs. 1 oz., has 28 in. barrels, right improved cylinder and left full choke. Length of stock 14 3-16 in.; drop to comb 1 9-16 in.; drop to heel $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. It is unnecessary to say much about the rest.

The 16 is used for novelty trap shooting and is a most excellent gun for the work, being very handy and having no unpleasant recoil. Its weight is 6 lbs. 13 oz. It has 30 in. full choke barrels, 14 $\frac{3}{8}$ in. stock, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. drop to comb and $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. drop to heel. My ordinary load is $2\frac{1}{2}$ dr. Du Pont powder and 1 oz. No. 7¹/₂ chilled shot. It would be a good duck gun loaded with $2\frac{3}{4}$ dr.

The three above described guns photographed standing together, are ejectors built by Parker Bros. to specifications. The butt plates are set without pitch, which means that if the gun be stood up squarely on the butt the barrels are plumb. The two smaller guns balance $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. ahead of the standing breech and the 16 bore $2\frac{3}{8}$ in. ahead, so there is little difference in the feel of any of them, except so far as weight is concerned. Although ordinarily I like a pistol grip, I decided upon a straight grip for the 28, first for trimmer looks for a small gun and second because it admits of a quicker left, which is essential when using so small a load. They were built at different times and represent what my experience has led me to believe is a cut correct for the work I want them for.

A fourth gun, an Ithaca ejector of 5 lbs. 10 oz., having 24 in. barrels, one of which is cylinder is illustrated separately. It is handy in the brush, and on the marshes among the reeds and cat-tails. I cannot, however, recommend a 24 in. barrel for general use, for although it is long enough to develop the strength of smokeless powder, it is not enough to give good balance, easy aligning, or a good swing so essential to successful wing shooting.

In addition to the comfort of handling moderately light weight guns and ammunition, there is the satisfaction derived from the use of a neater and more sportsmanlike tool. My experience in the use of small bores which covers at least 25 years leads me to believe that one is not handicapped in the field to the extent that would be generally imagined. In fact with a good 20 bore and appropriate ammunition I feel that none of my companions has anything on me in respect to equipment, unless it be in very open long range shooting where the full choke 12 bore has the advantage by reason of its fuller pattern.



Business as Usual.



One Year as a Monthly Magazine

WITH this number *Forest and Stream* closes its first year as a monthly magazine. It would be remissness on our part not to extend to old subscribers and the thousands of new readers who have been added to *Forest and Stream's* family this year, a word of cordial appreciation for the encouragement and kindly praise that have followed the conversion of the weekly issue into a larger and better publication.

To elaborate on the mere promise of a program for 1916, would be easy. We will not attempt it, but we can assure every reader of this paper a better *Forest and Stream* during the months to come. We expect to accomplish this without in the least departing from the high plane which *Forest and Stream* has occupied consistently in the past. We feel that there ought to be one outdoor publication at least in the United States which can adhere to the principles on which this paper was established and still maintains. We say this without the least prejudice against those who prefer what might be termed the "rah, rah, rah" style of sporting journalism, with its easy slang and flippant verbiage. As Lincoln remarked, "for those who like this sort of thing, that is the sort of thing they like" but it pleases us to think that in the United States there are more people who admire and support papers of high class purposes and policies than the other kind.

For forty-three years—more than a generation—*Forest and Stream* has fought the battle of game and fish conservation in this country. In its long career, this paper has been more than a mere collection of hunting and fishing tales. It has been a living force in the outdoor world of America. Twenty years ago *Forest and Stream* announced its famous platform plank, "The sale of game should be forbidden at all times."

We all know what has happened in the twenty years that have passed. *Forest and Stream's* platform has so commended itself to the public intelligence that it has been embodied—in whole or in part—in the laws of more than forty-six states in the Union and Provinces of the Dominion.

The Audubon Society, now one of the great conservation bodies of the world, was organized by *Forest and Stream* and its certificate of incorporation bears the name of three of the then officers of this paper. Of that fact we are proud. But this does not measure all the work that has been accomplished through this paper and the assistance of its friends and subscribers. *Forest and Stream* during the past forty years has inspired most of the laws, the enforcement of which has pre-erved the portion of the game and fish left in this country. It has expended money lavishly but legitimately in fighting your battles, Mr. Friend and Subscriber, in order that your pleasure and recreation might not be interfered with.

In conclusion we can only say that we will

endeavor to be of the same service in the future, and we ask, and know that we are entitled to receive, the cordial co-operation and support of the good sportsmen both of the United States and Canada.

American Canoe Association Races

THE American Canoe Association, among the oldest of outdoor organizations in this country, and sponsor for the cleanest of amateur sport, has taken an important step forward in arranging a series of paddling races at Sugar Island next August, for the championship of America. As Commodore Spaulding well says, the prestige, the age and the size of the American Canoe Association warrant its assuming championship races. Paddlers, whether members of the Association or not, will be invited to enter without the obligation of joining unless they so choose, and canoe clubs throughout Canada and the United States will be asked to send their best paddlers so that the question as to who has the right to the claim to championship may be settled. Tentatively it is proposed that there shall be junior, intermediate and senior races in the single paddles, tandem paddles and fours events.

The meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association at Buffalo on October 23, endorsed the championship plan in detail and the races will be held with the full sanction of the organization. In closing it is only fitting that *Forest and Stream* should express its appreciation at having been again chosen as the official organ of the Association, an honor that has been held by this paper for years.

Canoeing is becoming more and more the recreation of the American outdoor fraternity. The sport owes all that it is to-day to the American Canoe Association and every man who uses a canoe regularly or who delights in occasional canoeing, should become a member of this pioneer organization. The annual cost is so small as to be almost negligible and there are many advantages extended members which make connection with the parent body highly desirable.

Game Conditions in New Country

VIRGIN hunting and fishing territory is hard to find these days, unless one has the time and means to penetrate regions far from civilization. Now and then the building of a railroad system makes accessible new territory that in the past had been closed to travel or casual exploration. An instance of this was furnished in the building of the great transcontinental line that crosses Canada far to the north of other existing railway lines and which penetrates for a considerable distance what had been regarded as the last big game field on the continent. Sportsmen who took early opportunity of getting into the new country wrote glowingly of the region, and one or more of them described the northwestern Quebec section as a moose paradise. An energetic Canadian citizen went so far as to erect a number of camps there in the hope of obtaining the patronage of better class sportsmen who were looking for new hunting grounds.

During the past season quite a number of such sportsmen resorted to these camps. They had

nothing to complain of in the matter of comfortable accommodation, but several, upon their return to the United States, wrote *Forest and Stream* that stories of the abundance of game had been much exaggerated and that good heads were lacking. This paper submitted the facts to the promoter of the enterprise and insisted that a straight answer and explanation should be forthcoming for publication—this in fairness both to himself and to readers of *Forest and Stream*. The answer will be found in another column under the heading "The Truth About Northwestern Quebec."

The explanation, reduced to last analysis, seems to be that while the particular portion of the territory picked out for exploitation was and is an ideal moose country, the hunting for 1915 had been unsuccessful because of fires, bad weather and other untoward conditions. When all this became evident, a new section to the south was hunted with good results.

The moral is that while a country may be virgin in every respect, it does not follow that game animals are to be found by the casual hunter. Much less is it likely that the inexperienced hunter can feel certain of obtaining good heads. But from the standpoint of all experience, the chances of success in a new country are much better than in the nearer-at-home, hunted-over regions. The one thing that militates against success in territories that have not been under the control of game authorities is that the Indians who prowl through sections adjoining barter posts and are more or less in contact with civilization, usually become meat hunters pure and simply, and work woeful waste with the game supply.

A Lesson From the Antipodes

WE have before us an extract from the 1915 report of the North Tasmanian Fisheries Association which cites as an ordinary instance the fact that one body of water, Lake Leake, covering only 1,500 acres or about $2\frac{1}{4}$ square miles, yielded during the past season 1,680 rainbows weighing 7,834 pounds or $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons; the largest fish on the fly scaled 9 pounds and on spinner 10 pounds, with the average of 4.2-3 pounds to the fish. Records equally startling hold good year after year. Think of a little lake like that in the United States or Canada which could stand such fishing!

The same report mentions another fact of interest to American anglers. This is that the beautiful Sebago salmon has been successfully established in Tasmania and will soon begin to yield fine sport. Another matter interesting from the ichthyological standpoint is that after fifty years of failure the quinnat salmon of the Pacific coast has been made to adopt a New Zealand home. These fish are now running in from the sea and spawning in the fresh water rivers. If the quinnat multiplies in New Zealand as have other fishes, the canned salmon of commerce certainly will not disappear from the earth. It is a long, long way to Tasmania, but the moral is that we of this country and Canada may find it better and cheaper to follow the intelligent methods of the Antipodes than to contemplate the possibility, not many years removed, of having to make that journey if we wish to continue our favorite sport of hunting or fishing.



NATURAL HISTORY

MALLARD IN SUMMER DRESS.

Bradford, Mass., Oct. 28.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am sending by mail the pressed wing of a wild duck about which I would like your opinion as to the species to which it belongs and to see if my identification of it has been correct. The history of the bird's taking was this:

While out gunning some winter yellowleg snipe on the morning of October 2 at my point on the marshes near Newburyport, Mass., a flock of what I took to be seven black duck swung in toward the blind but turned when at long range and sought to pass out by the channel. Though loaded with No. 8 shot I took a chance with the left barrel on the nearest bird and had the good fortune to kill it dead in the air. Upon picking up the bird I noted it was marked differently in some respects from any black duck we have ever taken before.

In general appearance it might well be taken by a casual observer for a dusky duck but the breast was mottled and speckled in a manner not found in black duck and beside possessed a well defined chestnut tint. The general color of the bird's plumage was of a tone a shade or two lighter than usually obtains in black duck. In those two excellent volumes devoted to wildfowl and sport Grinnell's "American Duck Shooting" and "Game Birds, Wildfowl and Shorebirds," by Forbush, it is stated, a positive means of identification is possible between the female mallard and black duck from the fact that the speculum or wing patch of the mallard is bordered *both before and behind* with a white bar which is entirely lacking on the wing of its more dusky congener. That being so your correspondent is of the opinion the specimen sent was taken from a female mallard since, as you will note, the distinguishing bars are plainly apparent. Are we right?

Massachusetts has never been famed as a state for mallard shooting and the taking of one is always looked upon as quite an event, as their place is taken almost exclusively with us by the black duck. In the volume above referred to by Forbush a Mr. B. T. Mosley, of Newburyport, an accomplished and accurate observer, is quoted as saying that mallards have remained about the same there for the last ten or fifteen years, ten or twelve birds being killed every year, so it looks as though we had gotten in on the dozen for this season at any rate, rare as they are. The weight of this bird was $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. and in table qualities quite the superior of any black duck we have ever eaten.

Our covers are well supplied with English pheasants here in Essex County this season and gunners who know this bird and his haunts are having no trouble in securing the bag limit as prescribed by law. Ruffed grouse a little scarcer than last year. Woodcock scattering; have killed but one bird, all we have seen so far.

CHARLES B. MORSS.

[Without seeing the specimen it is, of course, impossible positively to answer our correspond-

ent's question, yet we have no doubt whatever as to the bird sent. It was, in our judgment, a male mallard which still retained the post-nuptial plumage assumed by that species in summer.

It is very well known that many ducks—among them the male blue-winged and cinnamon teals, the gadwall, widgeon, pintail and scaup assume during the summer a plumage quite unlike that of the autumn, winter and spring, and somewhat similar to that of the female of the species. Comparatively few sportsmen know of this, because at the time the birds wear this plumage they are not shot and do not come under observation. The matter is discussed at some length in Grinnell's "American Duck Shooting," pp. 81-84, but it goes back to the early part of the last century, where notes on it are found in Montague's Ornithological Dictionary. Ridgway's Manual of North American Birds gives some of these plumages, and in 1899 Dr. Witmer Stone, in the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, has discussed the subject.

We are disposed to conjecture that Mr. Morss killed one of a flock of mallards, and that the one killed still wore the plumage referred to.—
Editor.]

WOODCRAFT INDIAN MOON TITLES.

Greenwich, Conn., Nov. 12, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In a recent number one of your correspondents referred to October as the Hunting Moon. It may be of interest to know the names that have been adopted by the boys of my Woodcraft Indians, following the best available names of the Red Indians. They are as follows:

January (Snow Moon), February (Hunger Moon), March (Crow Moon), April (Grass Moon), May (Planting Moon), June (Rose Moon), July (Thunder Moon), August (Red Moon), September (Hunting Moon), October (Leaf Falling Moon), November (Mad Moon), December (Long Night Moon).

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

RANGE OF VISION UNDER WATER.

Wilmington, Del., Nov. 8, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

An erroneous opinion is general that a fish has a very limited view of objects on shore. The actual condition is as follows:

Let A B represent the surface of a pond and B C a tree standing at the edge of the water.

Suppose the eye of the fish to be at D.

The angle ADE being an angle of 97 deg.-10 in. covers all the surface through which the fish can see out of the water for if he looks beyond A or E total refraction shows a reflection of the bottom of the lake against the surface of the water. Thus there is immediately above him, as it were, a circular opening in the water. Suppose that he looks in the direction F. Owing to the ray of light being bent on entering the water the object C which he sees appears to be at G. The exact amount of this displacement is found by noting that the sine

D H of the angle DFH is $\frac{3}{4}$ of the sine F J of the angle FKJ.

Now as the surface of the surface of the water will appear to him to be in the direction D E he will see the base of the tree at L. Thus the surrounding landscape will be entirely within his view and in the shape of a funnel.

The effect of the fish dropping to a lower

**What a Fish Sees When He Looks Out of Water.**

level at M is to enlarge his aperture of vision by removing the point of total refraction from E to N.

Light from the point C will then pass through O and the top of the tree will appear to be at P and its foot at R.

Thus it is seen that at any depth the entire landscape is in view but that as he approaches the surface the objects appear to rise higher and to decrease in size.
C. G. R.

WINTER PECULIARITIES OF THE GROUSE.

Apparently no ruffed grouse of the northwoods likes to sit upon the barren branch of a tree, letting the icy winds blow through its feathers, when just below him is a foot or more of soft snow. A sudden drop from the tree, a mere dent in the snow, showing where he disappeared—and all scent and sound have vanished. True there is a slight scent at the immediate hole where the bird disappeared, but the partridge usually crawls beneath the snow to a safe distance before settling down to roost. Thus, should some of its natural enemies happen to find the place where the bird disappeared, yet it would be rather difficult to trail the bird by its scent. Even the keen nose and silent tread of the wolf is often at a great disadvantage in thus stalking the partridge. But hunger makes both the wolf and fox very keen in this form of hunting; and often the partridge is flushed from the snow and caught in the cruel fangs of a wolf, ere it makes its escape. The partridge or ruffed grouse are generally found singly or in small numbers in winter, and in this respect they differ from the prairie chicken.



Why Not Offer a Bounty to Bring Back Animals as Well as to Kill Them Off?

Let Us Restore American Wild Life

By Sydney G. Fisher.

(Continued from last month.)

A good illustration to show the exaggeration of the loose talk about the injury done by game and wild life is the history of deer protection in Vermont as reported in the Bulletin of the American Game Protective Association of Jan. 25, 1915. In 1875 some men of business in Rutland in that state, started to increase the wild deer which had been practically exterminated. By securing favorable legislation and untiring efforts, they have been so far successful that the number of deer killed by sportsmen in the autumn of 1914 was 2,233. The average annual revenue brought into the state is estimated by the game commission as \$53,416, which is 4 per cent. on a capitalization of over a million dollars. In order to quiet objections the legislation required the state to pay all damages done to crops. People claiming such damage do not usually underestimate their loss and yet all the state had to pay for injury done by the great number of deer in the year 1913, was \$1,233.45.

While we are rushing to legislatures with demands for bounties and extermination of this or that bird or animal, we miss altogether the most important protection of wild life, and that is cover; places of seclusion in which to hide, nest and live. Unless this is provided all other efforts are useless. It is a mere common-sense proposition; and yet it is all the time forgotten or neglected. Immense sums of money are continually spent on projects which are well enough except in this particular cover and because of the lack of that, are impossible from the beginning. Astonished at their failure the projectors rush into exterminating the few wandering crows on the land, setting poison for everything, and making war on cats and dogs, only to make of the land more of a desert than ever.

We have to build houses for the purple martin because there are so few of the hollow trees in which he used to nest before the coming of the white man. Whole species of woodpeckers, owls, and the beautiful wood ducks that used that sort of habitation are now in danger of extermination. Many people are inclined to be hopeless about restoring the wild fowl because so many large districts like the Kankakee marshes in the middle west and innumerable reedy lakes and sloughs have been drained.

The cleaning up and cutting down have also destroyed a large part of the wild food supply. This is another point continually forgotten. People are continually assuming that a mere tract of land will support wild game or wild life. But there must be food on it; and not merely to-day or to-morrow, or during the summer, but for practically every one of the 365 days in each year. There must be food during the terrible months of January, February and March. Many an experiment in game restoration fails for this reason.

Food and cover are closely related. The destruction of the cover often destroys the food; but that fact is not usually known or remembered. In England where they have such great quantities of game and understand these subjects so well, we find them complaining of the decrease of partridge shooting because of the change in agricultural methods which abolished the large turnip crops that gave such excellent cover. In the times before our Civil War, a large part of England was planted to turnips which fed the immense flocks of sheep that were raised; and it was beneath the large leaves of the sort of turnips planted, that the partridges found cover and food. Those were great days

in English country life and sport. *Plenty of turnips, plenty of mutton and partridges, plenty of good ale; what more can the soul of man desire?

In the counties round Philadelphia, I have watched for years the effect of cover and food, or rather the absence of them. Every spring in those counties scattering quail appear, nest and breed; and why? Because everything is growing up green in that rich soil and there is good cover and food. When November comes and that luxuriant growth has died down or been swept away, the quail all leave, migrate away somewhere. People tell me they have seen them in the act of migrating; they appear in unexpected places, sometimes near a house or barn and are evidently on the move. At any rate they disappear and there is no shooting. If you take a few tramps through those counties in November and December, you see the reason. Everything is stripped bare; there is little or no natural wild cover and food. The quail had lived in the green crops and grass of summer; but when that was cut down they had to migrate or perish. Nothing in that region can survive the winter unless it burrows into the ground like the rabbits or sweeps over immense territory, like the crows; and sometimes I wonder that they are able to pull through, so bare is everything. And yet fifty or sixty years ago there was very fair shooting in the autumn in those counties, because after the summer crops were removed there were thickets, woods, swamps, grown up fence rows and the innumerable seeds and food from weeds and all sorts of wild plants that that condition implies.

When we cross the river at Philadelphia and pass down into southern New Jersey, we soon come to districts where quail remain the year round; and there we find increasing cover and hiding places and the usual accompanying food supplies. I do not mean to say that cover always implies food. There are places where it notoriously does not. It depends on what sort of cover it is and the kind of plants growing in

it or near it. We find another illustration in New England where bird life is numerous and many people believe has, if anything, increased of recent years. Wild game also holds its own there surprisingly well. We have already noticed the increase of deer in Vermont. The great increase of moose in Maine is well known. And the obvious cause of all this is the immense quantities of natural cover still remaining in New England. Any observant sportsman traveling through that country notices this; and the cover has, if anything, been increased in the last sixty years or more by the abandonment of many small farms on the rocky and less fertile land.

Those of us who go to North Carolina in the autumn see abundant instances of the effect of decrease of cover. This last year there were many complaints among the sportsmen and field trial people that the game as they put it, could be found now only in "pockets" that is in the little patches of cover with vast bare spaces to be tramped over in between.

We do not realize how terribly our country has been denuded of vegetation, thickets, forests and water in the last two generations. There has been a mania for clearing up everything, sweeping off trees and thickets as menaces, draining and filling up swamps, until there are hundreds of thousands of farms without a stick of wood on them and compelled to burn coal all the year round. I need not go through all the warnings the forestry associations have sounded of the dangers from droughts at one season reacting into excessive floods at another, and the washing away into the rivers and ocean of thousands of acres of farm soil, unprotected by vegetation. I may mention however as interesting that South Dakota is said to have taken up the protection and propagation of the beaver, because it is found that if let alone he builds so many dams on a stream that the water is without cost to human beings, delayed and stored up in innumerable ponds; fertile soil that otherwise would be washed to the ocean is accumulated in bottom lands; and in looking up his history in the past it is found that a large part of the fertile meadows and bottom lands east of the Mississippi were formed by his industrious work. And yet, as an additional illustration of the principle I

am contending for we find that lumber people want the beaver exterminated because he cuts down trees along his stream and because his dam sometimes kills them by submerging their roots in water. Railroad officials want his scalp because he will sometimes build a dam in a railroad culvert.

The newspapers recently reported that the beavers which have been protected by law in Wisconsin have become so numerous that some of them on the Wausaukee River built dams that flooded the corn fields of two farms. Not allowed to kill them the farmers kept tearing down their dams, which the animals would as often restore, sometimes in a single night. The Game Warden was appealed to and by repeatedly blowing up one of the dams with dynamite, he induced the beavers to leave that spot. The old farmer intends to sue the state for \$40 spent in destroying the dam that gave him so much trouble. The incident shows that there are necessarily inconveniences from wild life and it also shows how quickly, industriously and effectively those wonderful little animals go at once to work to restoring nature to what it was in this country one hundred years or more ago. They have been one of the forces of geology; and must have wrought enormous changes in the past. They largely built up and preserved the richness of the country, which our race found here on its migration. It is curious that the oldest and most thrifty nation in the world, the Chinese, have learned to imitate the work of the beaver. Learning long ages ago of the danger to natural wealth from the denudation of the soil and allowing it to be carried into the ocean by the rivers, they invented a most elaborate system for turning aside a large part of the water of their great rivers into canals where the rich mud in solution could be dipped up and returned to fertilize the land.

In the severe drought some years ago in Kansas, we found the government of that state offering a premium to every farmer who would make a pond on his place. There is the sound idea of a bounty system. Offer a bounty or reward to everyone who will restore nature instead of a bounty for ruining nature. May I suggest for every state a bounty system with

graded rewards to every land owner who preserves swamps, thickets, trees, wild life and waters? Why should there not be prizes for excelling in these benefits to the country? I believe that there would be even more votes from it for the politician than from the present bounty system of destruction.

For the encouragement of bird preservation we rely largely on people of means, not necessarily millionaires. But what does such a person usually do in establishing a country place. He clears up everything so as to make his place look metropolitan. He often cuts down forest trees and in their place plants mere sticks bought from a nursery. He has read of game and birds and wants them. But he is convinced from what he sees round him, that our native game is a failure. He therefore sends to Europe for partridges and pheasants, because he has read that these birds flourish most abundantly in England not to mention France and Germany, and afford excellent sport with immense bags. He brings them over to the great delight of the neighboring gunners, who pot a great proportion of them before they flee away from his bare desert. He forgot to investigate the cover and food conditions in Europe; the all year round cover and food conditions.

We have made a number of extensive experiments in this country with the Hungarian partridges, and English or Mongolian pheasants; and nearly all are failures. The one success has been with the Mongolian pheasants; in the mountains of Oregon where there is plenty of cover and they seem to have chanced on food conditions that are right. I know of another fairly good success in a heavily forested private preserve in Pennsylvania. But most of the attempts have been ludicrous from the start; and show that most of our people who are interested in these things do not understand first principles. Not a few people now believe that English pheasants, so far as they thrive at all, drive away the native quail.

Let us not waste money on such things until we restore cover and food enough for our own native game. Meantime, do not blame the hawks and crows and this thing and that thing, and start out exterminating an interesting part of nature you already have for the sake of an

(Continued on page 733.)



How Quickly Such Beautiful Specimens Yielded Before the Assaults of Commerce.

Truth About Northwestern Quebec Game Conditions

Submitting the Inside Facts Regarding this Virgin Hinterland and the Results Gleaned from the Initial Season's Experience in Opening it to Sportsmen.

By S. E. Sangster, "Canuck."



NORTHWESTERN QUEBEC, namely that portion above the Upper Ottawa and north of the Height of Land, a Hinterland for the first time made accessible with the operation of the National Transcontinental's new steel, actually comprises an area of approximately 100,000 sq. miles. Let that sink in to start with. It is full of hundreds of lakes and paddleways, many of them absolutely unmapped as yet. Last year (1914) readers will recollect my introducing the Bell River (Nottaway route) District. The following are the inside facts obtained after a season's cruising and work in establishing camps and opening up territory. Owing to unfair statements made by some sportsmen, a defense of myself and the country is in order.

The Bell River District, taking in the Bell itself, Shabogama, the lower Bell, the Nottaway itself, the through route to Rupert's House on James Bay, and the unlimited fishing and cruising waters east from the northeast Arm, stand forth as unsurpassed in the north for cruises, comprising a variety of white water of the real kind, the pick of routes to the Bay (having as its longest portage one three-fourths of a mile) and in the northeast section dozens of lakes and streams full of the genuine red-spotted, square-tailed speckled trout that never before even saw an artificial fly. The fish take any fly avidly, frequently three at a crack, in the hottest weather of July and August.

Three years ago a report reached the Quebec Government of the splendid moose territory north on the Bell River waters; so favorable was this that the present Minister, then an ordinary member of the House, sought to lease territory there.

In October last year (1914), I found conditions such as this earlier report would have indicated, *but* the fall of 1914 was one of bright days, clear nights and dry weather, whereas in the recent season (1915) we had nothing but steady winds and rain from September 13 right through until November, with only a rare clear night that was sufficiently still enough to attempt "calling." The rivers and lakes were bank full. When I say that the Minister of the Department of Colonization and Game himself cruised ten days through one of the known moose areas of Quebec in September and early October and did not in that time see any fresh game sign, it will indicate to all fair-minded sportsmen that conditions were such throughout the whole north that hunting was most unfavorable.

All through the summer months moose were almost daily seen on water right through from Shabogama northward, but so soon as a heavy

frost (August 25-26) rotted water feed they became invisible—why? My guess is that, because of bad fires in 1914 they sought other sections once the water feed rotted; likewise it is manifest that in the burnt areas lying northeast down the Bell and Shabogama and where now the second growth is commencing to spring up, in another year or two moose will again be found in large numbers throughout the entire year. The first parties we put in the North Camps, not knowing the sudden change that had occurred within five days, but as soon as we found every bull's track was heading south, the guides at once were put after them to locate where they were going, and so soon as this was found (which, needless to remark, took us some days), we at once put all sportsmen in this newly located district and, without exception, all who stayed there their reserved time and hunted at all either killed moose or else missed their chances.

I frankly admit that, owing to absolutely unforeseen conditions, the northern territory, down the Bell, this season proved a disappointment and a failure for hunting. Whether due to the unfavorable weather conditions, to high water or to the 1914 burning of sections thereof to the east I cannot say, but what I wish to emphasize is that all summer conditions through July and August gave us no advance inkling of the sudden departure of the moose at the end of August. As I have stated, we look for a return of autumn feed conditions in another year or two, but for 1916 anyway, and until such time as I *know* they are there to stay the year around, we have abandoned so far as moose are concerned any intention of hunting the northern areas of the Bell. I may add that similar occurrences have happened in Ontario's Height of Land region, where summer finds any number of moose on almost any lake, but in October they are gone elsewhere.

In all fairness I ask readers to remember that this territory is immense, some 100,000 square miles in extent and that this was the first year opened, hence the mistake was made of counting entirely on the northern section and it took us this year to sack the country out and accurately locate just where the game homed, for here, unlike more settled districts, there is nothing to prevent their travelling hundreds of miles.

Where the Moose Home.

Fortunately, while the northern cruising and fishing areas were such a disappointment for autumn hunting, we did find south of steel, in Senneville and contiguous townships near the watershed, one of the greatest moose haunts outdoors in Canada to-day. The northern edge of this lies not over fifteen miles from steel as the crow flies and only eighteen miles by way of Natagan Lake south from Natagan cross-

ing of steel, but this entails a seven mile carry; consequently the best and easiest access is via Amos, forty-three miles west of Nottaway Station, from where one can directly reach the moose streams and lakes by motor boat.

That this southern section will prove a moose country and fully bear out my predictions is amply verified by sportsmen whom we have put in there.

As opposed to the unfair and unreasonable attitude assumed by a few sportsmen of the arm-chair kind, I would mention those who got heads, which include Messrs. Laughrey and C. H. Loucks, of Scottsdale, Pa.; Mr. C. E. Burkholder, Seville, O.; Mr. M. J. Finet, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.; Mr. A. Osborne Mayer, Waterville, N. Y.; Hon. John Rex, Norristown, Pa.; Mr. Harry Lampert, Xenia, O. The above sportsmen, without exception, were enthusiastic over this new southern moose area, over their guides and equipment.

As stated above, the earlier parties were disappointed with some reason as the game had left the northern sections, but these I have offered to supply with complete outfits and guides and put them in the new camps now building next season without cost to them, providing they are in any reasonable way disappointed or fail to have a chance to get heads.

Now that this new southern district has been cruised and carefully sized up and found to have been for years a natural moose country, with all kinds of feed and shelter and no burnt sections, things will be operating smoothly in 1916 and sportsmen will run no chance at all of finding such conditions as we unwittingly ran up against the initial year. That I can promise.

The foregoing briefly sets forth the actual truth regarding this new Northwestern Transcontinental Country of Quebec. I am frank to admit the mistakes made, which could not, owing to the very immensity and virginity of this Hinterland, be avoided. I am enthusiastic over the unrivalled cruising and fishing attractions of the Bell River District, as also the summer photographic opportunities at moose, beaver, otter and fox and I am also ready to stake my reputation which, after eleven years of handling many hundreds of outers for all kinds of outings in Canada, has stood without a blemish, on this moose district in Senneville Township, where we have arranged to build camps and where for 1916 all efforts will be concentrated.

The Askigwog district will measure fully up to my prediction and, likewise, the Bell River waters will find equally great favor with cruisers and trout enthusiasts looking for virgin fields and who are not of the "rocking-chair" section of outers. I rest the defense confident that another season's results will clinch this accurate and conservative summary of the situation.

The 1915 .22 Cal. Rifle Matches

*A Succession of Victories
and New Records*

by users of

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Semi-Smokeless AMMUNITION

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| Team Championship of the
Short Range League - - - - | } Won by Engineers Rifle Club of Cleveland, Ohio. |
| World's Record
Individual Score - - - - | } 2200 out of a possible 2200 in N. R. A. Matches
2399 out of a possible 2400 in Short Range League
4599 out of a possible 4600 by T. K. Lee
Far excelling any shooting performance on record |
| World's Record
Team Score - - - - | } 1000 out of a possible 1000 by Engineers Team, Cleve-
land, Ohio, in the 11th match of the Short Range
League |
| Short Range
Individual Championship - | } Won by T. K. Lee, 499 out of 500.
E. E. Tindall a close second |
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Fred Cox, of Iowa City, made High Individual Aver-
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LIVE NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Being Reports From Our Local Correspondents

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT ANCIENT WEAPONS.

Claridge's Hotel, London, England,
Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your October number Mr. S. Allen, of The Facade, Charing Cross, London, says "Early hunting weapons are often amusing to modern eye."

On the contrary, it is not these weapons but Mr. Allen's remarks, which are so amusing.

He thinks that "The XVIII Century sword, which presumes (only presumes to Mr. Allen) remarkable sprinting powers" was used by *running after* a stag on foot and when the stag was overtaken, it was eaten with the knife and fork enclosed in the scabbard!!!

Mr. Allen seems ignorant of the fact that the stags were hunted with stag-hounds, the followers being mounted on horseback; when the stag went to bay he generally was "set up" in a stream or lake; the Master of the Hounds got off his horse, and wading into the water killed the stag, or wild boar, with his sword as it fought the hounds.

There was then a feast and the knife and fork were used at the feast of provisions which were brought along in carts.

The pistols were used later, instead of the sword, for killing the stag or wild boar when it was at bay, by men who were not active enough to use the sword.

In every case however the men hunting rode on horseback during the chase of the animal by the hounds, and only shot or used the sword from on foot when the animal was standing at bay no longer able to run.

I have hunted this way in France within the last few years; in France all the old customs of hunting still prevail.

The reason the stag or boar is killed with the sword or shot, when at bay, is because the stag standing in deep water with the hounds swimming round him can kill off the hounds piecemeal unless he is killed by human aid, and the boar, which usually goes to bay with his hind quarters protected by a thicket, can rip up hounds till he decimates the pack unless a man gets up quickly to the assistance of the hounds.

In the present French hunting, the Master of the Hounds, unless a young active man, carries a .38 carbine with short barrel, in two holsters in front of his saddle, the barrel one side and the stock the other.

But in every case the hounds are allowed to do all the work of tracking, hunting (often through herds of other deer, the hounds never leaving the hunted stag) till he is at bay and refuses to go on further, when he is shot, both to save the

hounds and to avoid cruelty to the stag from being torn by the hounds

It is never safe to sneer at what is not modern or to say it is "often amusing to modern eyes."

The ancients were not fools; they knew much more about hunting than those moderns who laugh at them, not knowing anything about hunting.

Oct. 21st, 1915.

WALTER WINANS.

A MONSTER LOBSTER—NEWFOUNDLAND'S SURPLUS CATCH.

St. John's, N. F., Oct. 25, 1915.

The following account clipped from a local paper, will interest *Forest and Stream* readers.

The largest lobster secured for many years on the West Coast was recently captured at Middle Arm, Bay of Islands (Nfld.), by William Clarke, who was operating a canning factory at that place. The crustacean measured three feet across from the tips of its claws, the girth of the body was one foot, and it measured eighteen inches in length. It contained sufficient meat to more than fill three cans.

Since the war commenced, the market for local lobsters has almost completely shut down. The consequence is that our dealers find themselves with immense stocks on hand.

It struck me that it might interest *Forest and Stream*, family or club men, to hear, that if they wanted delicious lobsters, at a cheap rate they could get all they want right here.

One of the largest dealers informed me recently that there are many thousand cases of prime lobsters on hand, with no market for them. They are offered in the open market for \$15.00 per case containing each 48 1 pound cans. I do not know how this price compares with American quotations, but if any reader wishes to get in communication with dealers to order anything from one to a thousand cases, I will be pleased to put him in communication with reliable parties.

W. J. CARROLL.

SOME DEER DON'TS.

Don't shoot at anything you can't see—the chances are you won't hit it, unless it is something you don't really care to hit—your hunting companion, perhaps.

Don't hustle around in the woods looking for an animal with the architecture and action of a cow—the critter you're after more closely resembles a collie dog seeking an interview with the neighbor's cat.

Don't believe all the dope handed you by the "deer slayers" assembled in the general store of the settlement where the cars drop you—and don't expect them to believe anything you tell them.

Don't neglect to make a careful study of the

bullet holes in the carcass your guide has hung up for you. It is sometimes embarrassing to be suddenly asked to account for a broken hind leg on the buck you dropped with a single ball through his heart.

Don't go crawling through thickets on your hands and knees. The attitude won't deceive any deer but it may mislead some well-meaning stranger into endowing you with a couple or three soft-points just where they will do you the least good.

Don't fail to shoot when you see a deer. Shoot at him, if possible, but by all means shoot—it makes a better impression upon the bystanders.

Don't rest your rifle on any hard support. It will shoot off aim if you do. Instead rest your body or your elbows.

Don't think it necessary to mangle your victim's throat with a bowie knife. It spoils the head for mounting. Stick him in the chest—and be blame sure he's dead before you do it.

Don't run after a wounded deer, give it time to lie down and bleed. The chances are that it will never get up, if well hit. About the only exception is when falling snow is obliterating the trail.

Don't hurry—that's a game where the deer has you beaten.

Don't go out without matches, a compass and a bit of something to eat stowed about your person. You may want to stay out longer than you anticipated. And again, you may have to when you don't want to.

Don't let getting lost fuss you. It'll take you about a week to starve to death and you won't freeze as long windfalls give shelter from the wind and wood and matches make a fire. Remember, your companions will begin looking for you the next morning and that a bonfire sending up a big smoke from the top of a hill will help them a heap in finding you.—C. L. GILMAN.

THE RECORD MOOSE HEAD OF SEASON.

What is probably the largest moose head secured in New Brunswick this year has been shot in the Tobique Woods near the Nictau Camps. Guide Adam Moore, of Scotch Lake, had a party of eight American Sportsmen at Nictau for the month of October, and they had shot four fine moose at last reports, one of the heads having antlers spreading 62 inches, while the other also had large spreads.

The moose were never more plentiful around the Nictau Camps than this year, and the party went after caribou on the barrens along the Canadian Pacific. After a couple of weeks caribou hunting they returned to Nictau and finished their trip hunting deer.



A Christmas Gift for Shooters

Whether it be brother, father, son or friend, if he's a shooter, here's one gift that will surely please him. A Christmas token that will give him many moments of pleasure. A new gift, something different, one that solves the problem of what to give him —

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Forest and Stream Again Chosen as Official Organ.

Association Goes in for Championship Races

Interesting Meeting of Executive Committee at Buffalo—Forest and Stream Again Chosen as the Official Organ

Buffalo, N. Y., November 10, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I enclose the minutes of the Executive Committee meeting of the American Canoe Association, held at the Buffalo Canoe Club, Abino Bay, October 23, 1915.

I desire to point out that a very important change in the constitution has been made in relation to division of dues. The adoption of this resolution is a vast step forward, as no division is at any time deprived of more than 50 per cent. of its dues, even if it has the Commodoreship. Unfortunately, it has been imagined by many members of the Association that the adoption of this resolution prevents a progression of the Commodoreship, as noted in the constitution. In other words, they feel that the constitution no longer applies in that each division in its turn, as prescribed in the Year Book, has the right to the Commodoreship and the task of holding the general camp. This idea is an incorrect one and the only reason for the Commodore this year succeeding himself was that owing to unsettled conditions in Canada the Northern Division waived its right to the Commodoreship.

The most important feature of the meeting however, was the resolution giving the Commodore power to waive certain rules, regulations and precedents, and placing in his hands the de-

tails for arranging a series of paddling races at Sugar Island next August for the championship of America. The prestige, the age, the size of the American Canoe Association, warrant it assuming championship races, and while there are certain formalities which will have to be gone through before the matter can be officially announced, the Commodore wishes to go on record at the present time as stating that the races will receive wide publicity. Paddlers, whether members of the American Canoe Association or not, will be invited to enter without the obligation of joining the Association, unless they so choose, and canoe clubs throughout Canada and America will be asked to send their best paddlers, so that the question of who has the right to the claim of the championship may be settled. Tentatively, it is proposed that there shall be junior, intermediate and senior races in the single paddles, tandem paddles and fours' events in a one day Championship Paddling Day. It is my intention to send you in time for your next issue, complete plans for what should be the biggest canoe paddling day in the history of the sport. In the meantime, I would be obliged if mention might be made of it in *Forest and Stream*, with the hearty invitation for anyone interested in canoe club matters to write to me and give me their views

C. A. SPAULDING, Commodore.



The Cruiser Canoeist Can Generally Dig Out of Difficult Situations.

MINUTES OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

Minutes of the Executive Committee meeting of the American Canoe Association, held at the Buffalo Canoe Club, Abino Bay, Ontario, October 23, 1915.

Present:—

Commodore, C. A. Spaulding;
Secretary, W. B. H. McClelland.

Atlantic Division:—

Edmund von Steeg, Jr., by himself;
John B. Clarke, by himself;
F. Edward Ahrens, by H. Lansing Quick;
Frederick Grant, by Robert J. Wilkin;
Ben W. Hill, by Percy F. Hogan.

Central Division:—

E. S. Dawson, Jr., by himself;
Meredith W. Scatcherd, by Alfred J. Bell;
Julius P. Gordon, by Jesse Armstrong;
S. O. Hall, by himself;
C. F. Wolters, Jr., by C. F. Wolters, Sr.;
A. F. Saunders, by John S. Wright.

Eastern Division:—

Wm. A. Heath, by J. R. Robertson;
A. Ritchie, by W. W. Heckman.

Northern Division:—

W. G. Sparrow, by himself.

Western Division:—

R. F. Abercrombie, by F. B. Huntington;
F. W. Hough, by Oscar J. West.

Guests and Members Present:—

Aubrey E. Ireland, Toronto, Ontario;
Farnum F. Dorsey, Rochester, N. Y.;
Clarence P. Moser, Rochester, N. Y.;
O. T. Wilson, Arcade, N. Y.;
Mr. Chadburn, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meeting called to order at 11:25 A. M. by the Commodore.

Mr. S. O. Hall, of the Buffalo Canoe Club, spoke a word of welcome to visiting members and guests.

Motion made by Mr. Huntington, seconded by Mr. Quick, that an expression of sympathy be sent to A. F. Saunders, Syracuse, N. Y., who was unable to attend the meeting on account of being ill. Carried.

On motion of Mr. Wilkin, seconded by Mr. Armstrong, the freedom of the floor was extended to the Board of Governors and visiting members. Carried.

Minutes of Executive meetings, held at Sugar Island on August 14 and August 15, 1915, were read by the Secretary and were approved as read.

Mr. Quick read report of Board of Governors and spoke on conservation of forest lands in New York state and asked that the Association do what they could to defeat the measure, to be voted on at the coming election. Judge Wilkin gave his views on the subject but did not think that much could be done by the Association as a body. The Commodore also spoke, pointing out that much as the Association desired favorable action on the subject, it must not be overlooked that the proposed constitution should be looked upon in a broad-minded fashion because of the many admirable provisions contained in it.

Mr. Heckman moved that report be accepted and filed as read, seconded by Mr. vom Steeg. Carried.

Judge Wilkin moved that it was the sense of the Executive Committee, that the Regatta Committee each year at the end of the races at the General Meet, shall notify the Board of Governors which trophies, if any, are delivered to the winners. Those not so claimed and a bond

given for them shall be turned over to the Board of Governors and any expense entailed thereafter in getting the trophies to the winners who have left the Camp, shall be borne by the said winners. This shall not apply, however, when such expense is necessitated through any action of the Board of Governors or other officers of the American Canoe Association. Seconded by Mr. vom Steeg. Carried.

The Commodore spoke on the subject of reports being submitted more promptly so that they may be ready for presentation at Executive Meeting in October of each year.

Treasurer's Report. Commodore read general account only.

Mr. Wilkin moved that the Treasurer's report be referred to the Board of Governors and that they be authorized to publish complete report in Year Book. Seconded by Mr. Wright. Carried.

Mr. Wolters moved that the publishing of the list of clubs and officers in the Year Book be left to the judgment of the Commodore and Secretary. Seconded by Mr. Armstrong.

Mr. Coppins amends that above matter be left with the Board of Governors. Seconded by Mr. West. Carried.

Original motion withdrawn.

Camp Site Committee's report read by Secretary and on motion by Mr. Hogan, seconded by Mr. Sparrow, was accepted and placed on file.

Judge Wilkin moved that the use of the boat, "Thistle," be referred to the Commodore and left in his hands. Seconded by Mr. Coppins. Carried.

Report of the Ladies' Camp Committee was read, accepted and placed on file.

Regatta Committee's report was referred to the Racing Board.

Mr. Coppins read report of Transportation Committee. On motion by Mr. Wolters, seconded by Mr. Hogan, report was accepted and filed.

Division Purser's reports.

Atlantic Division. No report received.

Secretary read a letter from former Vice-Commodore Ahrens of the Atlantic Division, offering several suggestions. Mr. Quick spoke and suggested that some means of publicity be adopted, regarding keeping up activity in Division work and the securing of new members. Letter received and placed on file; then followed a general discussion on points raised by Mr. Ahrens' letter.

It was proposed to hold an Open Paddling Regatta for the Championship of America, on the second Saturday of the General Meet, at Sugar Island in August, 1916. Judge Wilkin moved to pass a resolution that it was the sense of the Executive Committee, that the matter under discussion, viz., the Open Championship Meet, be referred to the Commodore with power to act. Seconded by Mr. Armstrong. Carried.

Central Division report accepted and filed.

Eastern Division Purser's report. None received.

Northern Division Purser's report accepted and filed.

Western Division Purser's report accepted and filed.

Adjourned for luncheon at 2:00 P. M.

Afternoon session resumed at 3:00 P. M.

C. F. Wolters, Jr., of the Executive Committee, arrived during the interim.

In accordance with Article VI of the Constitution, Mr. Heckman presented the name of Mr. Paul Butler to succeed himself, to serve on the Board of Governors, to represent the Eastern Division. Seconded by Mr. Wilkin. Carried.

Note: Letter read from Mr. Butler asking that his name be not considered.

Mr. Heckman moved, in case Mr. Butler declined to serve, that Mr. Robertson be elected to take his place. Seconded by Mr. Wilkin. Carried.

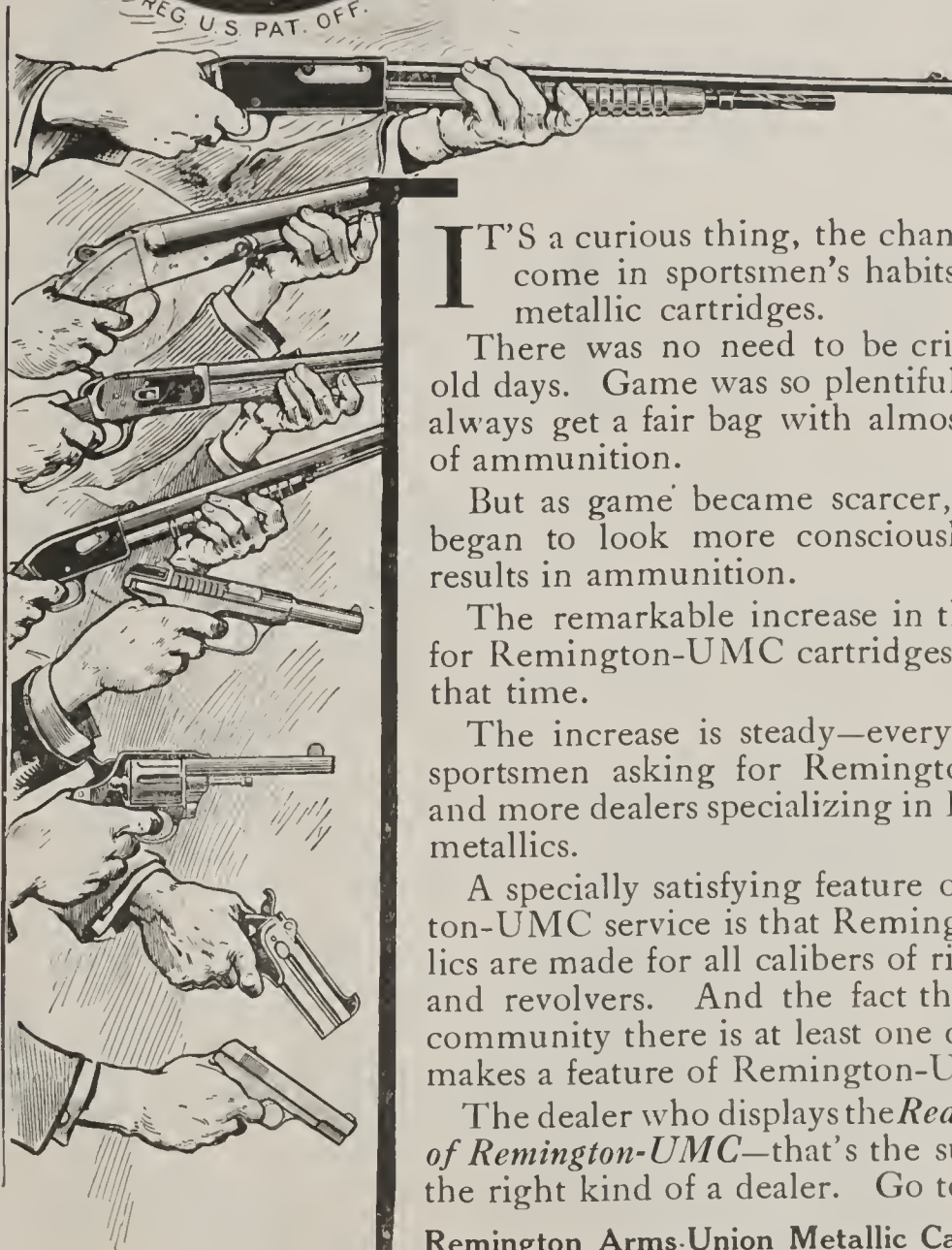
It was moved by Mr. Wright and seconded by Mr. Sparrow, that the next annual meet of the Association be held at Sugar Island, from August 11 to 25, 1916.

Mr. Wright moved an amendment that meet



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be held from August 4 to 18, 1916. Seconded by Mr. Wolters. Carried.

Original motion withdrawn.

On motion of Mr. Wolters, seconded by Mr. Wright, *Forest and Stream* was chosen as the official organ of the Association.

Racing Board report. On motion by Mr. Coppins, seconded by Mr. Huntington, report was accepted and filed. Carried.

The following amendment to the By-Laws was moved by Mr. Wilkin, seconded by Mr. vom Steeg, same having been published two weeks previous to this meeting, in the official organ: That Section IV, Chapter I, be amended by striking out the word "sixty" in the second line and substituting therefor the word "fifty." By striking out the word "forty" in the third line and substituting the word "fifty" and striking all the remainder of the line after the word

"treasury." Also by striking out all the fourth, fifth and sixth lines. Also by putting a capital "T" at the word "the" in the beginning of the seventh line and by striking out the word "other" after the word "from" in the seventh line. The new section will then read as follows:

Sec. IV—Division of fees and dues.—The entrance fees and dues shall be received by the treasurer, fifty per cent. for the Division and fifty per cent. for the A. C. A. treasury. The percentage due the Association from Divisions shall be figured on the total of all dues and entrance fees received during the year. Carried.

Motion was made by Mr. Wilkin, seconded by Mr. Quick, that Chap. III of the By-Laws be amended as follows, same having been published in the official organ, two weeks previous to this meeting, "by striking out in the third line all of the words after the word 'Division' and con-



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tinuing the rest of the Chapter as it at present stands." Carried.

Mr. Wilkin moved that meeting adjourn, subject to call of chairman, seconded by Mr. vom Steeg. Carried.

Mr. Dawson, Vice-Commodore, Central Division, calls to order a meeting of the Central Division.

Mr. Wright moved, seconded by Mr. Wolters, that the boundaries of the Atlantic Division be changed as follows—same having been published in the official organ two weeks previous to this meeting: "The middle Atlantic Seaboard and its leading rivers, including the lower Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna and Potomac, or the watershed of the eastern Alleghanies. Beginning at the extreme eastern end of Long Island thence running westerly through Long Island Sound to the southwesterly corner of the State of Connecticut; thence in a general northerly direction, along the boundary line of the State

NEWTON HIGH-POWER RIFLES HIGHEST VELOCITY RIFLES IN THE WORLD. USE FACTORY AMMUNITION. New American made bolt action rifle ready for delivery about next September. Uses Newton high power cartridges in .22 caliber, .256 caliber, .280 caliber, .30 caliber, .33 caliber and .35 caliber, also .30 caliber Springfield. .256 NEWTON—123 grain bullet, velocity 3100 f. s. .30 Newton—170 grain bullet, velocity 3000 f. s. Price \$40.00. Send stamps for descriptive circular. We have been delayed in getting machinery on account of the demand for making military rifles for export; but it is now coming in. Sporting stocks and .256 barrels for Springfield rifles now ready, \$12.50 each.

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of Connecticut to the point where the northerly line of Dutchess County, in the State of New York, intersects the Connecticut boundary line; thence westerly across the Hudson River at Saugerites; thence westerly following the northern boundary line of Ulster County, N. Y.; thence southerly on the western boundaries of Ulster and Orange Counties, N. Y., at Port Jervis; thence southwesterly through Mauch Chunk and Harrisburg, and along the central chain of the

Alleghany Mountains to the valley of the James River at Lynchburg, Va.; thence following the valley of the James River to Chesapeake Bay, which will include all rivers emptying into the bay; thence along the Atlantic Coast to the place of beginning." Carried.

Note: This change has been deemed advisable owing to the fact that there are quite a number of canoeists in the territory which is annexed, who can be more readily taken care

of by the Atlantic Division than the Central Division under whose jurisdiction they formerly came.

Moved by Mr. Armstrong, seconded by Mr. Bell, that meeting adjourn. Carried.

Note: Atlantic Division, through Mr. Wilkin, paid \$10 to cover cost and expense of taking necessary vote as provided in Art. X of the Constitution.

Executive Meeting again called to order by the Commodore.

Commodore reports on present status of formation of (new) Southern Division.

Mr. Quick moved that vote of thanks be extended to the Commodore and Secretary for their arduous work performed during the past year. Seconded by Mr. Hogan. Carried.

Mr. West moved that question of electing and passing on new members be referred to the Board of Governors. Seconded by Mr. Dawson. Carried.

Report of Entertainment Committee read by G. L. Baker and on motion of Mr. Quick, seconded by Mr. Wolters, same was accepted and filed. Carried.

Mr. Huntington moved that a vote of thanks be extended to the Buffalo Canoe Club, for their hospitable act in opening their home to the A. C. A. for the purpose of holding this meeting. Seconded by all present and unanimously carried.

Mr. Quick moved to adjourn, seconded by Mr. Wolters. Carried.

Respectfully submitted,
W. B. H. McCLELLAND,
Secretary.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

New Members Proposed.

Atlantic Division:—Dr. T. Ledyard Smith, 2131 Broadway, N. Y., by C. F. Parker; Alden D. Thompkins, 52 Prospect St., Yonkers, N. Y., and Robert S. Thompkins, 52 Prospect St., Yonkers, N. Y., both by B. M. Henemier; C. R. Fisher, 224 Somerset St., Bound Brook, N. J., by Jas. S. Cawley.

Central Division:—F. S. Dellenbaugh, 21 Shady Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., R. B. Harvey, 205 Gray Building, Wilkensburg, Pa., J. K. Benn, 413 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., W. C. Hawley, 430 Ross Ave., Wilkensburg, Pa., J. L. Wehn, 521 Coal St., Wilkensburg, Pa., and J. E. Billingsley, 605 Philadelphia Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., all by O. E. Watkins.

Northern Division:—E. A. Rees, 207 Bagot St., Kingston, Ont., Can.; J. H. Sutherland, 76 Gore St., Kingston, Ont., Can.; William J. B. White, 323 University Ave., Kingston, Ont., Can.; Robert G. Ashcroft, 140 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont., Can.; H. S. Crumley, 58 Union St., Kingston, Ont., Can.; and J. H. Seels, 243 Alfred St., Kingston, Ont., Can., all by W. A. Bearance.

WILD GEESE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Digby, Nova Scotia, Nov. 1, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Some time ago, Mr. J. O. Macdonald of Hermanville, P. E. I., made practically the same statements in "Rod and Gun" in Canada, that he now repeats in your October number, relative to wild geese and brant in Nova Scotia. I answered his former letter and pointed out to him wherein he was wrong, but as my words may have escaped his notice, would like to now again state, with your permission, that no wild geese or brant ever winter "off the Digby Coast of Nova Scotia." To begin with, Digby is not on the south shore of this Province, but is situated on the Annapolis Basin which is formed by the

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Tuxedo is sold everywhere—but if by any chance you cannot obtain the Christmas Jar of Tuxedo at your store, send us your dealer's name and 90c, and we will send a jar to you or to any address in the United States you desire, all charges paid.

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*This Tuxedo Christmas Humidor Jar is beautifully decorated with holly, ribbon and Christmas card, and packed in a handsome carton, for sending by mail or messenger; price complete, **90c***

Bay of Fundy tides running in through Digby Gut. The only places where geese winter in Nova Scotia are Port Joli, Sable River, Port Herbert and Barrington Bay, all these points being on the south coast of Nova Scotia. No brant winter in the Province. It is rarely we ever see any brant in Digby Harbour or Annapolis Basin these days, and the few which do stop here for a week or two, from the middle of April until the middle of May, are so poor they are not fit for food and not worth shooting. I have shot brant here years ago in the fall of the year, and they were always fat and in fine condition. Occasionally, some wild geese stop near Digby (at the head of St. Mary's Bay) in the fall during the month of November

and are in good condition, but those which come back in the spring are poor. At the last meeting of the Nova Scotia Legislature a bill was passed closing the season on all wildfowl on March 1 in compliance to a request made by the Nova Scotia Guides' Association. I believe it is generally conceded by sportsmen that spring shooting should be abolished. Macdonald speaks of two kinds of wild geese, the "White Bellies" and the "Grey Bellies," but I am of the opinion they are the same Canada goose, the white birds being the old ones. He also says that brant breed in Manitoba. Do they?

H. A. P. SMITH,
President of the Nova Scotia Guides' Association.



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FOX GUN

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(Continued from page 697.)


So we had to content ourselves with our raft, which with the help of poles, paddles and a blanket, rigged as a sail, would eventually "get there."

It was with the aid of the raft that we saw our first (to say nothing of our last) moose. We had landed in order to test the dirt on a rocky island a couple of miles from camp and some fifty yards from the main shore, which was low and bordered by a great field of lily pads. While the others were digging away merrily I went to the shore side of the island to have a try for trout and arrived just in time to see the disappearing haunches of a large cow and her yearling calf. She had probably whiffed us on the inshore wind and promptly taken to the woods. This was in broad daylight and not later than five in the afternoon. We moved our camp to the island the next morning, and on the two following days we saw no less than five moose feeding in the lily pads—all at twilight or about daybreak. The last of these, a good sized bull, chose the psychological moment to appear when we had just broken camp and shoved our raft out into deep water with all our belongings aboard. What a shot he did make as he stood there and gazed at us as though he knew perfectly well that the season "was on." No bull moose would ever have stood like that in season though cows (for which there is no open season in Nova Scotia) undoubtedly would. In the excitement of the moment Yok and I made precipitate dives for our respective cameras, which unfortunately were at the same end of the raft and the inevitable happened—we swamped. Down went the end of the raft and off slipped our duffle just as if everything had been arranged for the movie man. Of course, we should have had the stuff lashed, but as we had only about fifty yards to go it never occurred to us that we were taking a chance.

We consumed the greater part of the morning in dragging for our effects with poles and fish hooks and finally succeeded in reclaiming most of them, but the best part of our food, including dried fruits and vegetables, remained on the bottom of Blankety Blank Lake.

There was a theoretical trail leading east across the divide to another smaller lake out of which flowed a stream to the sea some twenty odd miles away, but we gave up the search for it and trusting to luck and our compasses we struck across country in the general direction where Jeff had been informed the lake bore. We spent the rest of the day hunting that lake and never did find it any more than we did the trail which was supposed to lead to it. I still am willing to bet that neither exists or ever has existed. But in the course of our wanderings we came to a small stream in a deep valley across the water shed and this we reasoned must be the beginning of the highway which was to take us back to the sea, and as events proved we were right.

We camped by the stream and spent the next day tinkering with the rocks within a radius of five miles of our camp. Here we found unmistakable traces of ore, but whether they would pay remained a question to be determined.



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Judging by other gold mines in Nova Scotia, they would not.

The next day we struck down stream. Some heavy moose seemed to have barely preceded us and we followed their trail for half a dozen miles, taking some small trout out of a couple of stills on the way down to replenish our sadly depleted larder. Towards evening we ran into a wonderful fairy forest of canoe birch and beech. The ground was low and moist and completely covered by a marvelous carpet of emerald arctic moss often a foot in depth, which clung to stumps and windfalls and ran up the very trunks of the trees until one could imagine a painted scene at some great theatre stretching away in a riot of contorted shapes of variegated greens, intangible masses, formless and obscure, in the half lights of the forest. The very air, like the ground and the trees, seemed to be a dark velvety green, and the effect was one of the most magical I have ever seen in the woods. No one could penetrate these mighty fastnesses without an eerie shudder at the uncanny glooms and shadows, the great green trunks, the dampness, the oppressive silence and above all the sense of tremendous, almost depressing, isolation.

We camped that night on the edge of the great forest, where a wide marsh broke in upon its solitude and stretched away into some barren hills to the eastward. The stream here turned into a deep narrow stillwater overhung by thick, heavy undergrowth which came to our shoulders and rendered an approach difficult in the extreme. We tried a few casts without effect but as a heavy storm was blowing up from the southeast we decided to put everything in order about the camp, and wisely, for with the last sip of coffee came the first drop of rain. All that night the friendly patter of the rain lulled us drowsily. Who has ever wakened and slept again to its music that does not love it?

The next morning, while the rain was still driving down at a great rate, Jeff informed us he was going to try the fishing. We inquired politely whether he intended to bag some of those five pounders we had heard about but not seen, to which he calmly replied in the affirmative. Yok and I "stuck around" and got breakfast with some dry wood we had preserved the evening before. Our amazement can better be imagined than described when half an hour later Jeff nonchalantly strolled into camp with four trout which though not actually five pounders were all between two and three.

"Gettin' 'em two at a time like that," said Jeff, trying to look unconcerned, but we were on the stream by that time.

And such fishing! I've never seen the like before or since. Trout actually were leaping crazy for the fly. I'd heard the phrase used but I never appreciated its significance till then.

But vacations, like stories about them, have a way of coming to an end. Two more days' hard tracking over barrens and burnt woods, mostly in the rain, brought us at last to the long inlet of the sea into which our wonderful little river emptied. An easy trail of a mile or two led us to the nearest fisherman's shanty, from which it was only a short sail to "Port B." where we met our sea going inamorata on her return trip and eventually reached Halifax safe and sound and happy as princes.



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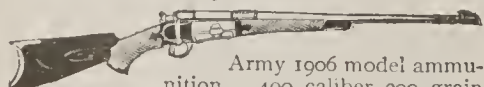
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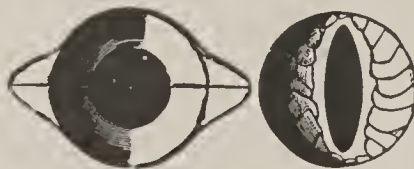


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Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In view of rumors which have gained circulation to the effect that this Company has changed hands, we feel called upon to advise that the "Remington Arms Co. of Delaware," whose plant is located at Eddystone, Pa., and which sold to the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Co., was merely a subsidiary company organized solely for the execution of a large order for military rifles. No sporting arms have been manufactured at that plant nor was there any intention to manufacture such. It was this plant only that was sold to the Midvale Company.

The REMINGTON ARMS WORKS at Ilion, N. Y., the UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE WORKS and the new REMINGTON ARMS WORKS at Bridgeport, Conn., and the REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE WORKS at Windsor, Canada, have undergone no change whatever and none is contemplated. These works are still being conducted under the same name, same ownership and same management as heretofore.

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Asst. to Vice-Pres. & Gen'l Mgr.

INTERSTATE MEET, DEC. 2.

Pittsburgh, Pa., November 15, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In accordance with a resolution adopted at their annual meeting of 1912, the Directors of The Interstate Association would be pleased to have the President, or some duly accredited representative, of the several State Associations and prominent gun club organizations, attend their annual meeting in 1915 and give them the benefit of their views on trapshooting. Said meeting will be held on the second day of December, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the office of the Association with The Corporation Trust Company, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, New Jersey.

THE INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION
 E. REED SHANER, Secretary.



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2. 14 lb. Chinook salmon caught in Lake Jumper by John Scott.
3. "How's that?" said Wallace Wright of Brockville, Ontario. "Most as big as the boy."
4. 7 lb. Bass caught by Harry Walker and Father at Medina, Dan.
5. 5 lb. Oswego Bass caught at Clearwater Lake, by J. E. Hamilton, Waconia, Minn.
6. A bunch of beauties caught by A. E. Reiburg, Grand Lake, Mich.
7. 19 1/4 and 16 lb. Muscullunge caught by W. G. Armstrong, Columbian Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

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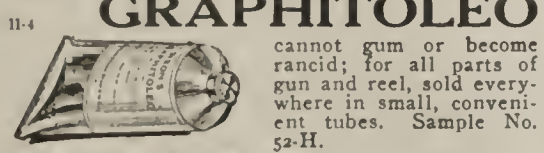
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"Forest and Stream" as the medium of communication between sportsmen is always willing to publish views covering both sides of a case, but it must not be inferred that "Forest and Stream" is responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents, or that it endorses them. The columns of this paper are open to any fair statement as long as personalities are avoided.—Ed.]

NOT THE BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB PLAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of your November editorials bears rather heavily upon the newspaper title of my favorite cause. It accuses some one of calling my plan by a "false name," and asserts that it is "absolutely identical" with the plan formulated by the Boone and Crockett Club in 1912.

Now, I realize that *Forest and Stream* and its editors are not specially interested in this matter; and also that you have nothing whatever against me. My reckoning, therefore, is not with you or your journal, but with the man who inspired your article against the name of my cause.

The idea of making game preserves in national forests is nearly as old as the national forests themselves. Just who thought of it first, no living man can say; but a great many men have remarked that it would be a good thing to do. My first formal declaration and proposal on this subject dates back to the International Conservation Conference at Washington, on Feb. 18, 1909, when President Roosevelt wisely advised me against making a campaign in that cause at that time, because the time was inopportune.

The Boone and Crockett Club's plan was embodied in a bill known in the Congress of 1912 as "H. R. 23,839—a Bill for the Protection and Increase of STATE Game Preserves"! That bill was so badly conceived, and so faulty, that it died in a Committee pigeonhole in 1912. It has lain three years in an unmarked grave, and in all that time the Boone and Crockett Club's game protection committee has not lifted a finger to revive it! It resembles the "Hornaday plan" just as much as a three-year-old corpse resembles a living man, but no more; and I can ill afford to have any member of Congress believe that my cause is a plagiarism of a bill that died in 1912 because it was unable to live.

The plan that the newspapers and people of the West elected to call by my name (with my entire approval for this occasion), was blocked out by me, and submitted to a conference composed of the chief officers of the U. S. Forest Service, the Biological Survey, and Mr. George Hewitt Myers. Then and there it was improved upon through suggestions made by various members of that able company, and finally it was agreed to (informally) by everyone present. For certain reasons that seemed to me thoroughly good, and calculated to promote progress, I became willing that for once a measure should, until landing in Congress, bear my name. Thus far I have seen no reason to regret that decision. The possible increment of kudos to me had nothing whatever to do with the case, and the sole object aimed at was—final Success!

And now Mr. Charles Sheldon strenuously puts forth the claim, to *The Outlook* and elsewhere, that the "credit" for the plan rightly belongs to the

(Continued on page 729.)

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NOT THE B. & C. CLUB PLAN.

(Continued from page 727.)

Boone and Crockett Club, and that it is a "shame" to mention my name in its title!

I will answer him by setting forth the following documents, from which he who reads can judge between Mr. Sheldon and the undersigned:

1.—The full text of the Boone and Crockett Club's plan, as set forth in the Perkins' bill, and furnished by Mr. Sheldon himself on September 16, 1915, in a letter of protest to the Editor of *The Outlook*;

2.—The text of "the Hornaday plan", and

3.—An exhibit, in parallel columns, of the 16 features of radical difference between the two plans.

1.—THE BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB PLAN.

H. R. 23839—A Bill for the Protection and Increase of State Game Preserves.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States is hereby authorized, on request in writing by the governor of any State and recommendation of the Secretary of Agriculture, to declare by public proclamation areas which are adapted for the protection and propagation of game or other animals, birds, or fish to be national game refuges, which shall be recognized as breeding grounds therefore

First—Whenever the Secretary of Agriculture shall certify that he has received in writing from the governor of the State in which such lands are situated a recommendation for the creation of a game refuge on national forests or on other unoccupied public lands; Provided, that the area of any one refuge shall not exceed fifty thousand acres, or

Second—Whenever the Secretary of Agriculture shall certify that lands held in private ownership have been relinquished to the Government for the purpose of establishing a refuge for birds or game; and the Secretary of Agriculture is hereby authorized to accept the relinquishment of such tracts in behalf of the Government of the United States.

Sec. 2—That when such areas have been so designated as provided in this Act, hunting, trapping, killing or capture of game or other animals, birds or fish upon the lands or within the waters of the United States within the limits of said areas shall be unlawful, except under such regulations as may be prescribed by the Secretary of Agriculture; and whoever shall violate any of the provisions of this Act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction in any United States court of competent jurisdiction shall be fined not more than five hundred dollars or be imprisoned for a period not exceeding six months for each offense, or shall suffer both fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court; Provided, That the Secretary of Agriculture may, when necessary, authorize the capture therein of any animals, birds or fish for propagation or exhibition, may authorize fishing with hook and line, may permit the collection of specimens for scientific purposes, and may exempt from protection and destroy such species as he may deem injurious.

Sec. 3—That it is the purpose of this Act to protect game, mammals and birds, and not to interfere with the operation of local game laws as affecting private or State lands, to encourage the reintroduction of elk and other big game in areas where they have become extinct, and to establish game refuges to serve as breeding grounds from which the adjacent parts of the national forests, the public domain, or other lands may be restocked with game.

2.—THE HORNADAY PLAN

(1) A federal law empowering the Secretary of Agriculture to select and delimit areas in national forests suitable for game sanctuaries. (2) These sanctuaries shall be established by presidential proclamation. (3) These sanctuaries shall be so located that they will not occupy land chiefly suitable for agriculture. (4) These sanctuaries shall be located where they will interfere to the least extent practicable with

3.—A PARALLEL-COLUMN COMPARISON.

Did the Boone and Crockett Club Originate the "Hornaday Plan?"

THE BOONE AND CROCKETT PLAN, 1912.
(See H. R. 23839—Bill of Senator Perkins.)

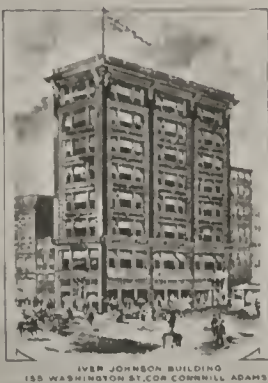
- 1 This plan proposes "State" Game Preserves.
- 2 Initiative must be taken by the Governors of states. (A fatal provision!)
- 3 Areas limited to 50,000 acres.
- 4 Private lands may be accepted and converted into game preserves.
- 5 The Secretary of Agriculture may "prescribe" regulations for "hunting, trapping, killing or capture of game or other animals, birds or fish" in the preserves!
- 6 The Secretary of Agriculture may authorize the capture of animals, birds or fish for various purposes, and on various pretexts—exhibition, propagation, scientific, etc.
- 7 Nothing said about interference with stock grazing and agriculture. A fatal omission!
- 8 Nothing said about locating preserves on waste lands.

THE HORNADAY PLAN, 1915-16.

- 1 This proposes "National" Game Preserves.
- 2 Initiative to be taken by the national government.
- 3 Areas unlimited.
- 4 A complication, open to objection, that is omitted.
- 5 No hunting of any kind is to be permitted in the preserves, except of predatory animals, which "are to be Killed."
- 6 Nothing of this kind is to be permitted in the sanctuaries to be created by the Hornaday Plan, except possibly fishing.
- 7 Interference with stock grazing and agriculture will be carefully avoided; the only basis on which a plan of this kind can get through Congress.
- 8 This plan is based on the use of the waste lands of the national forests that are unsuitable for agriculture and stock grazing.

On the above documents, and without any argument, I now rest my case before the bar of public opinion, and ask the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* to judge for themselves.

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.



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We think the Committee who judged your lines made no mistake in awarding you the prize, and remain

Yours very truly,

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the grazing of domestic stock, especially the stock of actual settlers. (5) These sanctuaries shall be established with the approval of the Governor of each State concerned. (6) It is expedient to establish a large number of sanctuaries of medium size rather than a few large preserves. (7) The ideal condition would be a chain of sanctuaries which in time would restore game to all the intervening territory. (8) Administration will be vested in the Secretary of Agriculture. (9) Boundaries are to be settled after full consideration of all conditions. (10) Predatory animals are to be killed. (11) The object of these sanctuaries is to provide breeding places for game which will spread over adjacent territory, where it will be subject to the regular open seasons provided by law. This will prevent danger of overstocking the ranges. It will therefore not be the general policy to extend these sanctuaries.



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Henryville, Pennsylvania

THE NEW FUR SEAL REPORT.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

At last we have the much disputed fur seal fishery reported upon by "unprejudiced" investigators.

Their report is a document which is well worth considering.

In order to dispose of this subject of frequent congressional controversy, the Department of Commerce requested the National Academy of Sciences, the Smithsonian Institution and the Department of Agriculture of nominate "persons free from all previous connection with the subject" to visit the seal islands and investigate. The naturalists selected, Prof. G. H. Parker of Harvard University, Mr. W. H. Osgood of the Chicago Museum and Mr. E. A. Preble of the Biological Survey, have on the whole, performed their task well, although we are not able to reconcile all of their conclusions, relative to breeding males with the statistics which they present.

Many years of ocean sealing has reduced the great seal herd to a mere remnant of its former size. The wasteful practice was fortunately ended by international treaty in 1911. It had for years been the object of all Americans concerned with the preservation of the fur seal to do away with pelagic sealing and the reports against it year after year, actually number many volumes.

It is gratifying to learn [we quote from the report] that the herd now "contains upward of 204,000 animals." "There are not less than 93,250 mature breeding cows." "Male life for the future is more than assured." "The increase was accomplished in spite of land killing and was wholly due to the cessation of pelagic sealing."

"During the period from 1880 to 1911 approximately 900,000 skins were secured and marketed by pelagic sealers." In this connection the investigators remark on "the futility of efforts at protection on land while wholesale destruction went on at sea," and state that it is "practically impossible to show that any land killing during American ownership has been excessive."

"From 1890 to 1895 the number of seals killed on land was 80,482; during the same period pelagic sealers took 205,065 and caused the death of at least several times as many more." "The reduced killing [on land] of the last three years has already provided a great excess of males," "at best only 1 male to 35 females being required for breeding."

"The seal herd is small only by comparison. Actually it is large and growing rapidly," and "is in excellent physical condition." "The maintenance of a supply of harem bulls in the ratio of one bull to forty bearing cows, meets all possible demands of safety and conservation." "There are good reasons both from the standpoint of economy and from that of the welfare of the herd to resume commercial sealing at once." "The law [restricting killing of surplus males] offers no compensation for its many disadvantages."

"The productive capacity of the herd is equal to that of an enterprise representing an invested capital of at least ten millions of dollars." A matter closely related to commercial sealing on the Pribilofs is the killing of blue foxes, which until quite recently have been abundant there. The report refers to the fox industry in part, as follows:

"The blue fox industry [on the Pribilof Islands], capable of yielding \$50,000 or more per annum is reduced to small proportions through

lack of seal meat for food." "The diminution of the fox herd was due to the reduced kill of seals."

"With the resumption of commercial killing of seals, an abundance of excellent food for the foxes will be assured."

Since this report which relates to the year 1914, was published, the census of the seals for 1915 has been made. The results, announced in a special information bulletin of the Department of Commerce, show a further increase of the seal herd amounting to 40,000 over the figures for 1914. The census of the seals for the two years indicate what has been long asserted, that with pelagic seafaring abolished we may expect a rapid increase in seal life and the eventual restoration of the seal industry to its former importance.

The general conclusions arrived at by this commission may be considered an indorsement of the policy under which the seal fishery has been managed by the Bureau of Fisheries, which has long been responsible for its welfare.

This report was placed in the hands of the Secretary of Commerce on January 25, but was not transmitted by him to the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Printing until February 17.

The date of transmittal was so late as to make it improbable that Congress would take any action at that session for the repeal of the law prohibiting the killing of male seals. The Secretary avoided making any recommendations in connection with the finding of this commission.

The report offers no comfort to the critics, either in or out of Congress, who for political or personal reasons have attacked the Bureau of Fisheries and its advisory board of naturalists.
T. C. H.

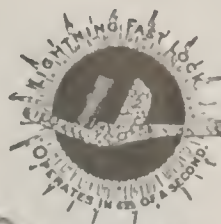
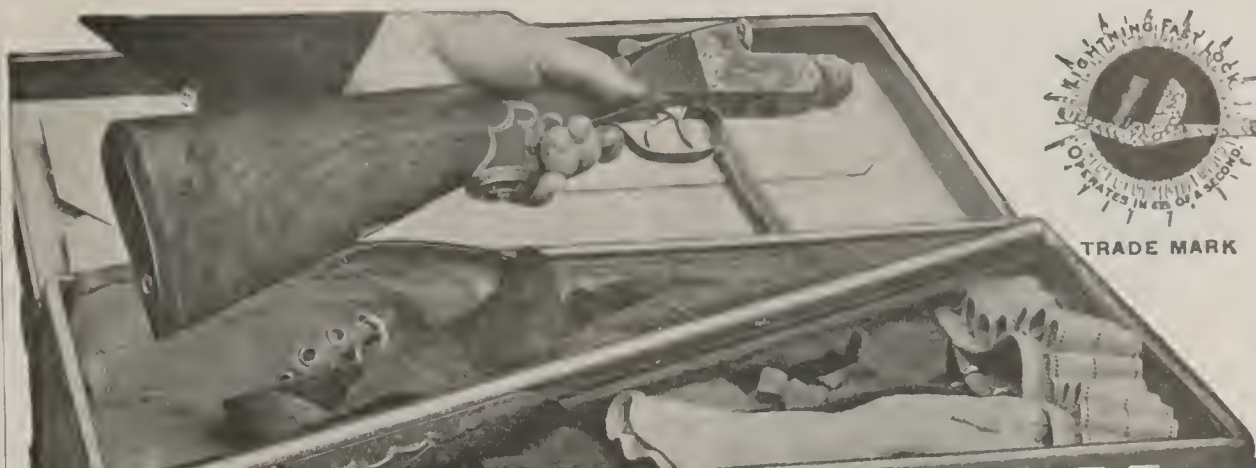
INVISIBLE FISHING LINES.

Commenting on the item in a recent number of *Forest and Stream* with reference to the new invisible fishing lines which illustrate the ingenuity of Japanese sporting goods manufacturers, Editor Marston of the *Fishing Gazette*, London, says:

"When the gut substitutes were first introduced here I examined them carefully and said I believed they were made from the raw silk as it comes off the cocoon. I thought the very fine, but very strong, thread of silk is doubled, and then doubled again and again, according to the strength required, and then the strands are cemented into one in some transparent waterproof glue. From this American account this seems to be pretty much how the substitutes are made. Some of our readers whose youngsters keep silkworms might try some experiments if they can find a waterproof glue. Perhaps that American fish-gut would do."

It is strange that up to this time few if any of the Japanese fiber leaders sold in England have reached this country. One firm, the well-known Allcock Company of England, is putting out the Japanese fiber leader fifteen feet in length, made of a single strand and of course without knots. These new Japanese fiber leaders resemble gut in appearance, are durable and of great strength and growing popularity. Of course, no one fishes with a fifteen foot leader but the length desired is cut from the coil.

High Amateur Average at St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 28-29, was won by E. W. Varner of Adams, Nebr., score 285 out of 300 with Peters "steel where steel belongs" shells.



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Plymouth, Mass.

BOY SCOUTS ENJOY FOREST AND STREAM.

Chattanooga, Tenn. November 8, 1915.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The Chattanooga Boy Scouts are learning and acquainting themselves with the state game laws, and every Scout will in a way be a game warden.

This Archery Club is enjoying the fine articles on "Archery" and "Game Protection" in your splendid magazine.

M. J. BURELBACH, Scout Executive.

LETTERS ON AN ELK HUNT.

By **Elinore Pruitt Stewart (Houghton Mifflin).**

Readers of "The Letters of a Woman Homesteader" will remember that the author wrote the last letter in the book just as she was about to start out upon an elk hunt. These new letters tell of that experience. They have the same human and humorous qualities that make all of Mrs. Stewart's letters such fascinating reading, and in addition there is the description of a novel phase of Western life. With frontispiece. \$1.00 net.

THE NEW RUSSIA.

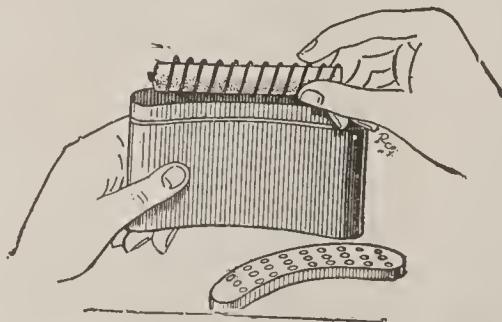
By **Alan Lethbridge; E. P. Dutton & Co., \$5.00**

"Russia the land of the future" is the author's cry, who sees in the vast untouched forests and mincs and unused water-power of Russia the great storehouse for civilization's needs in the XXth Century which the western United States were in the XIXth.

Mr. Lethbridge traveled thousands of miles through territory which hitherto has been unvisited by any but Russians. Archangel and the littoral of the White Sea, including a trip to the island monastery of Solovitz; up to the Dwina to Veliki Ustchuk, and from these to Viatka, then across to Perm and so through the Urals to Siberia. He describes sympathetically and graphically the real life of the actual Russian people, kindly, simply, and for the most part prosperous, folk; and points out the enormous market for English-speaking enterprise, in the opening of mines, factories and transportation systems which will spring up after the war.

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IMPORTED NORWEGIAN BEARHOUNDS, Irish Wolfhounds, English Bloodhounds, American Foxhounds, Deer, Wolf and Cat Hounds. Illustrated catalogue for 5c. stamp.
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offer for sale Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum Hounds, Varmint and Rabbit Hounds, Bear and Lion Hounds; also Airedale Terriers. All dogs shipped on trial, purchaser alone to judge the quality. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. 60-page, highly illustrated, interesting and instructive catalogue for 10c. in stamps or coin.

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LET US RESTORE AMERICAN WILD LIFE.

(Continued from page 715.)

imaginary benefit you dream of attaining in the future.

Our hostility and desire to exterminate the hawk seems like a strange piece of absurdity in contrast with the cultivation and almost worship of them in European and eastern countries. From time immemorial they have been made pets of in those countries and used for sport in hunting. Hawking is one of the oldest of out door pastimes; many books, highly technical in some of their descriptions of the methods of training the birds, have been written in several European languages. Though less heard of now in the multiplicity of modern amusements, hawking is still followed with enthusiasm. In the London Field for March 21, 1914, I noticed an account of over 400 grouse killed in one season by some one who followed this sport. The birds were found and pointed by setter dogs, and as they rose the hawk was turned loose to pursue and strike one down. I have seen a hawk strike a pigeon in mid-air and the dash and vigor of the blow is even more arousing than the dash of a charge of shot you turn loose from a gun. I can well understand the delight of having your fiery little pet return after such a dash to perch on your hand until you give him another chance.

He is a brother sportsman like yourself, and his methods are even more sportsmanlike than yours; far superior I should say to shooting a pump gun four or five times into a flock of birds. More sportsmanlike than even the double barrel.

It will be noted that those 400 grouse indicate something of a game supply. In Persia too, hawking seems still to be followed. A traveller writing in the National Geographic Magazine for December 1914, (Vol. 26, p. 569), describes the proud owner of a falcon two years old that already had 200 gazelles to his credit.

Our hawks in this country are rather mild and moderate so far as preying on birds is concerned. Most of them like the Red Tail, Broad Wing, Red Shouldered, Rough Legged, etc., cannot be trained to hunt as sport. They are too harmless; they feed too much in their natural state on mice and insects; and they have not the power and agility to kill on the wing. They usually take their prey on the ground, dropping down on it from their perch on a tree, or flying to it with a long swoop. Many of them spend nearly all their time for this purpose in one comparatively small locality. The Goshawk, Cooper's Hawk, the Sharp Shinned, the Pigeon Hawk, Sparrow Hawk, and the Duck Hawk, are more like hunters and fly over large tracts of territory in search of food. But of these only the Pigeon Hawk, Sparrow Hawk and Duck Hawk are capable of killing flying game in the air. They seem to be the only hawks we have of the kind used in Europe for hunting. They may be called, I suppose, true falcons, the most highly organized swift flyers, that can strike down their game in the air. They could possibly be trained to hunt as hawks are trained in Europe.

The best of them would probably be the Great Footed Hawk, or Duck Hawk, as we usually call it. His proper name is said to be the Peregrine Falcon and he is supposed to be a close

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And the quiet restfulness of it all! Recuperate, if you wish, with naught more disturbing than your own thoughts; but if you need company of the truly congenial sort, that you will find, too. Golf, tennis, boating, trap shooting, ice boating and skating and other out-door sports are yours for the taking.

Our conveniences are unique. Hot water heating throughout, with huge open log grates in each room.

American Plan. Prices, \$3.00 per day; with private bath, \$4.00 and upward. Special weekly rates on rooms and suites.

Pine Bluff Inn is situated ten miles from Lakewood, within a stone's throw of the main ocean motorway between Atlantic City and New York. A la Carte service to motorists.

Frequent train service, via Pennsylvania and Central Railroad of New Jersey from New York.

Telephone,
Point Pleasant 179

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relative of the bird of the same name in Europe. He is superb. He can kill a large wild duck in flight with one lightning swoop, striking him in the back of the head with his claw. He is a sporting aeroplanist of the highest type; and he loves to build his nest in wild rocky cliffs. But this bird, the pet and delight and fellow sportsman of Europe for a thousand years, celebrated in song and story and with a whole library of literature about him, is so relentlessly shot and destroyed on every possible occasion, that there soon will not be a specimen left among us unless it is imported from Europe.

As a possible indication of better things, I notice an account of Mrs. A. B. Morgan in "Bird Lore" of the taming of a red tail hawk caught when young. She made no attempt to train it in the European manner, and I do not know that our red-tail could be trained in that way. She simply made as much a pet of it as possible and watched the struggle in its nature between its interest in human beings and its inherited love of wild liberty. The way in which its native instincts were aroused by giving it live mice to kill and the effect of the sunshine to make it spread its wings, are well described. It remained domestic for a year and a half, when after one or two short trial journeys, the keen air and sunlight of a grand November day in the Green Mountains, broke the last thread and it flew away down the valley. He had "tried to think and act in terms of a human being," Mrs. Morgan says. "That he succeeded to an astonishing degree, none can dispute, and since having this experience, I cannot wonder that the ancient Egyptians worshipped the Hawk."

A friend of mine not long ago got a young fledgling sparrow hawk whose nest in the crevices of a large stone building had been broken up by workmen. It was interesting that the hawk had built his nest there, as he would in a rocky cliff. A duck hawk recently made his winter quarters among the roofs of the new municipal building in New York, and lived on the pigeons that nest there. As some people object to the pigeons in public buildings why not encourage duck hawks to live there too and thin down the pigeons? It would be a splendid object lesson in nature for the city public. The pigeons in the large buildings and the mounted policemen's horses are the best things in great cities now-a-days; and I am quite ready to add hawks.

The sparrow hawk fledgling was raised without trouble and I had a chance to examine him when not quite full grown. His fearlessness, intelligence and willingness to play and be affectionate with human beings were quite remarkable, far beyond anything of the sort seen in other birds which in captivity are very undemonstrative and monotonous. It is the qualities I found in this young hawk that have made his race so much valued in European countries. But in America, we are so blinded by our insane unreasoning desire to exterminate, that outside of a few naturalists there is scarcely any one who knows that hawks have these attractive qualities. When the fledgling was full grown he was let loose and returned to his wild life.

On Thanksgiving Day more than 5,000 gun clubs, scattered throughout the cities, towns and villages held contests. On that day there were a quarter of a million clay pigeon enthusiasts engaged in contesting for trophies, medals and cash prizes, or in shooting for the mere pleasure of the sport.

THE BREEDING OF WATER FOWL.

(Continued from page 708.)

attracted to the partridge cage by the quantities of grain left for the birds, but having once acquired a taste for fresh eggs, proceeded to gratify it as long as the supply lasted. So if squirrels, under the eyes of a watchful keeper, can raid and totally destroy the eggs of 65 pair of partridges, isn't it reasonable to suppose that they, reinforced by rats, weasels, skunks, coyotes, and helped by occasional raccoons and opossums, will make way with the greater part of the layings of a bird like the pheasant that has not had its hereditary instinct against such animals developed by battling for centuries against them? Moreover, isn't this further borne out by the fact that in the thickly settled East where for scores of years a constant war has been waged between man and the carnivora, resulting in predacious animals being reduced to a minimum, pheasants, probably all introduced game, do better than in a state like California where as yet the carnivora is quite plentiful. Of course, unfavorable climatic and food conditions may help, but the experiment at Pacines clearly shows that predacious animals do more harm than all else, although unsuitable surroundings no doubt prove a very powerful ally.

New ventures in the way of conservation will be made another year. The nucleus of a herd of elk including one baby born on the premises, a flock of wild turkeys, genuine old bronze wings from the swamps of the South and several deer have been added to the game. Dr. Macomber wishes "to see around."

In a smaller way others are trying quail farming. Also inquiries are frequent, "Where can I obtain ducks for breeders?" So it seems likely that in the near future, game farming for pleasure and profit will be much in vogue on the Coast. Those raising pheasants are making good money. Wood ducks, by the few engaged in raising them are quoted at \$10 to \$15 a pair. Cinnamon teal at \$25, both as yet being sold only for ornamental or breeding purposes. I imagine any having tree ducks to dispose of could name a very fancy price for they are so rare that half the shooters in California do not know what they are and many gunners the land over have never heard of them. So with fur in eclipse and sure to remain so while the war lasts, why should not the numerous mink, skunk, raccoon, opossum and muskrat breeders, looking around for other things to which their money and time may be devoted, decide that game farming is the thing and go to it with the energy until lately displayed in raising fur? Many will, now see if they don't? Then game farming will have a boom the like of which fur farming never knew.

BUFFALO ON THE INCREASE.

The government's herd of buffalo on the Wichita national forest in Oklahoma, which is also a federal game preserve, has been increased by the arrival of 10 calves, according to a report received by the Forest Service from the supervisor in charge. The herd, which now comprises 62 specimens of the almost extinct bison, is in good condition and promises to continue increasing at a rapid rate.

Eight of the calves are females, bringing the number of heifers and cows up to 30. The bulls number 32 and have been placed by themselves in

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a pasture which has just been fenced in for them. Three years ago the buffalo herd on the Wichita forest was little more than half as large as it is now.

It is said that the other game animals in the preserve, including the elk and antelope, also are increasing, due to the protection afforded, not only against hunters, but against wolves, wildcats and other predatory animals, which committed serious depredations from the establishment of the preserve in 1905 until measures were taken to stop them. In protecting the game from predatory animals the wardens and forest officers are also promoting the interests of local stockmen, who graze several thousand head of cattle on certain allotted areas within the preserve.

RESULTS OF TRAPSHOOTING CONTEST

The Cabot, Pennsylvania, Gun Club closed the season for the trapshooting October 23, at which time the DuPont silver trophy and the Gillespie silver cup were awarded.

C. A. George, the man who won the cup last year won it again this year, and under the rules he is entitled to ownership of it. There were five starters to shoot for the cup and all finished. Following are scores made for the cup:

	Targets	Broke
C. A. George	200	157
Dale Yingst	200	152
Ed H. Muder	200	143
A. D. Kennedy	200	135
J. A. Pugh	200	132

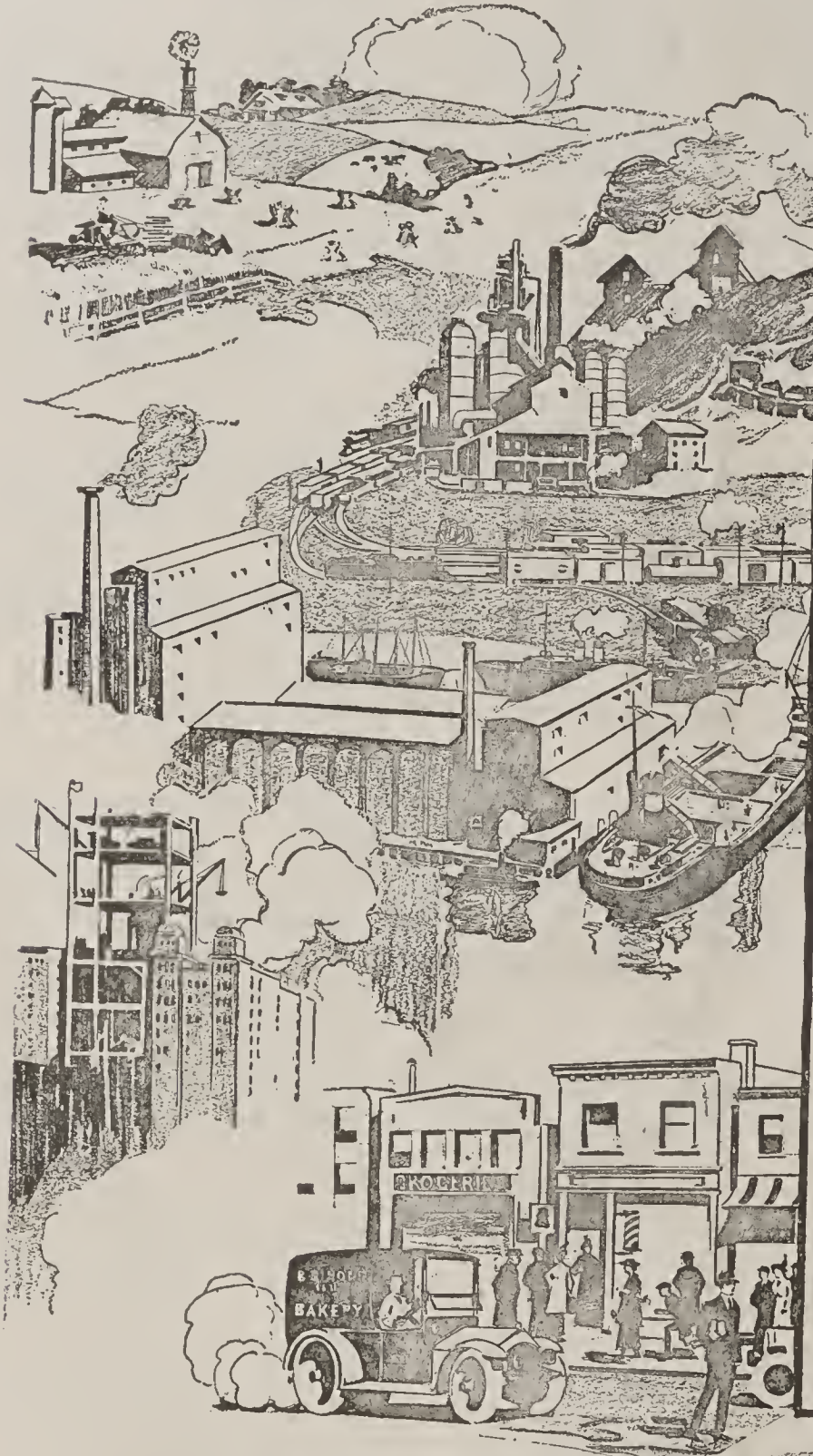
The DuPont silver spoon trophy was won by A. D. Kennedy, under the DuPont added target system, he using nothing else but a DuPont brand of smokeless powder. Ballistite was his favorite. Following are the scores on the DuPont trophy:

	Targets	Broke
C. A. George	200	178
A. D. Kennedy	200	177
Ed. H. Muder	200	175
Dale Yingst	200	169
J. A. Pugh	200	167

*Won Silver Cup, so could not win both prizes.

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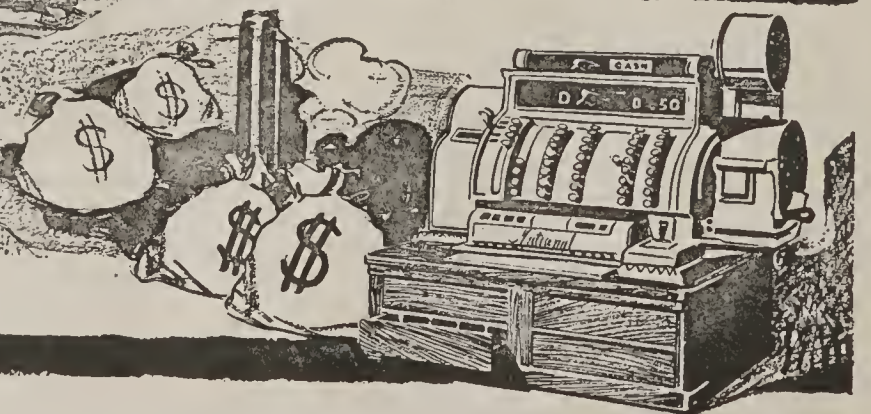
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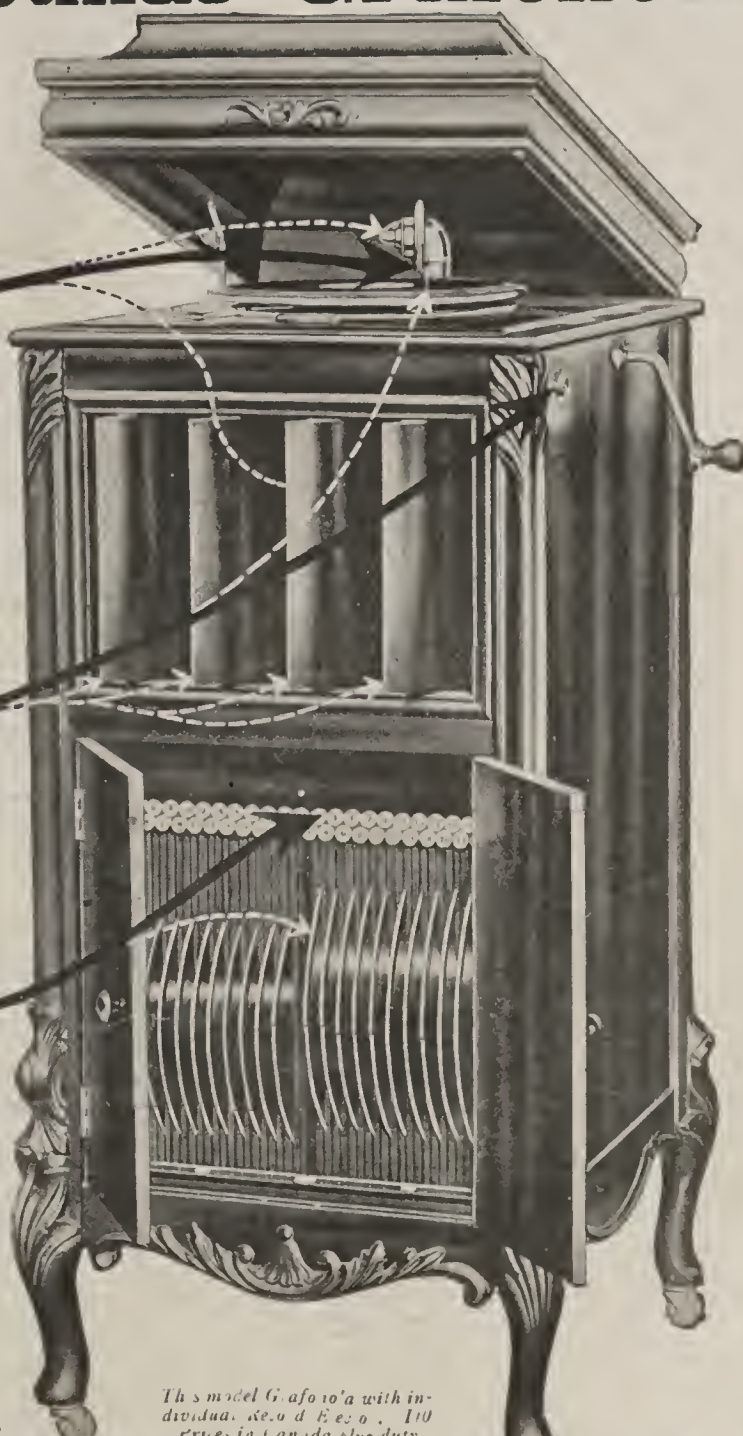
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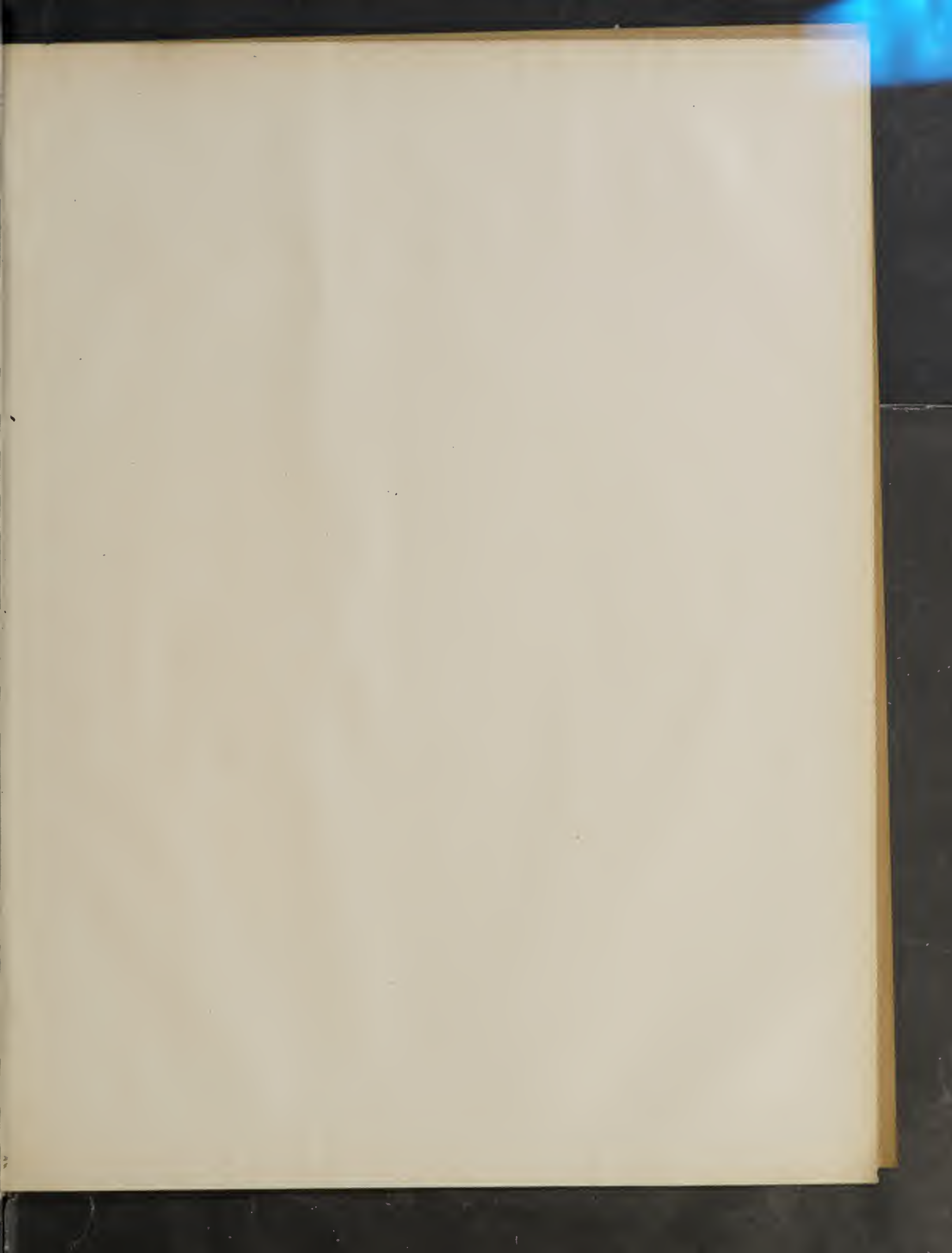
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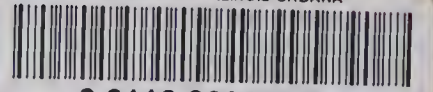
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